

# **THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON**



**Fourth Edition**

**Updated May 2022**

## FOREWORD

In September 2009, a colleague at the Secretariat of the Pacific Community in Nouméa, New Caledonia, forwarded me an email he had received from Moira Enetama, Director of Taoga Niue, the government department supporting and promoting the use and preservation of Niuean culture, language and tradition. She asked, “*Do you know anyone by the name of Bolton or a relative of William Washington Bolton, he was school teacher in Niue in the early 1920’s. Someone told me he has a relative working at SPC, if not current, maybe in the past few years?*” At the time, I had already compiled some information regarding my great-grandfather and I thought it would be appropriate to respond to Moira’s email by sending her a chronology of WWB’s life.

Months later, after filling in a few gaps, the chronology was finally completed. In the meantime, I had visited the Mitchell Library in Sydney to examine the *Bolton Papers*, a collection of WWB’s writings about his travels in the South Pacific and elsewhere, and there found his book about Niue, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*. It seemed a potentially important work and so with the help of the Mitchell Library, scans of the handwritten pages of the book were copied from microfilm to a PDF file and sent to me on a DVD, whereupon I transcribed *The Chronicles* into the digital age. There appeared to be a controversy regarding the anthropologist E.M. Loeb’s use of information obtained from WWB in Loeb’s 1926 book, *History and Traditions of Niue*, and so I did a study comparing the texts of the two books that treat the same subjects.

With the first three parts completed, the next project was to transcribe the *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, stories that WWB wrote about his travels and sent to his grandchildren while he lived in Tahiti later in life. And having completed that, it made sense to transcribe WWB’s letters, most of which are related to the *Tales*. The first edition of *The Writings of WWB*, consisting of Parts I to V, were published online in May 2011. The second edition, with Parts VI to IX, was published in October 2012, while the third edition, with Parts X to XII, was published in October 2013. The fourth edition, with Parts XIII to XV, was first published in April 2015. The fourth edition is the last substantive edition, although updates, with minor changes and additions, may be published from time to time.

If this document is being read on a device, click on a link below to go directly to the Part. Clicking on an item in any of the Tables of Contents in this document will take you directly to the text.

[Part I](#)      ***Notes on the Life of William Washington Bolton, 1858–1946*** : with a chronology and biographical information and inferences, by T.A. Lawson.

[Part II](#)      ***The Chronicles of Savage Island*** : the history, traditions and observations regarding Niue, where WWB taught from 1921 to 1924.

[Part III](#)      ***Did E.M. Loeb Use Information Obtained From W.W. Bolton in History and Traditions of Niue?*** by T.A. Lawson.

[Part IV](#)      ***Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*** : including 93 stories about his travels that WWB sent to his grandchildren from Tahiti, 1939–1941.

[Part V](#)      ***Letters*** : while Rector of the Episcopal Church of Saint Mary the Virgin, San Francisco, dated 1893–1894, and while living on Tahiti, dated 1939–1946.

[Part VI](#)      ***References to WWB in the Victoria Daily Colonist*** : concerning WWB’s exploration of Vancouver Island, the founding of the University School, and other matters.



- [Part VII](#)    ***Articles By and References To WWB in the Pacific Islands Monthly*** : dated 1935–1947, including WWB’s studies of the history and traditions of the South Pacific.
- [Part VIII](#)    ***Articles By WWB in Bulletins de la Société des Études Océaniques*** : dated 1935–1940, including three studies concerning French Polynesia.
- [Part IX](#)    ***Old Time Tahiti*** : a sketch of the history of Tahiti, with numerous appendices and addenda containing a broad range of information concerning French Polynesia.
- [Part X](#)    ***Tales of Roaming*** : an account of WWB’s trip to England in 1913, via Japan, China, Korea, Mongolia and Russia, and including two months spent in London, and his trip down the Yukon River in 1914.
- [Part XI](#)    ***Roaming the Pacific Waters*** : an account of WWB’s travels in Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Tonga and Samoa in 1920–1921, prior to his stay on Niue, and his travels to the Kermadecs, Australia, Lord Howe Island, Norfolk Island, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia and Singapore in 1924–1925, following his stay on Niue.
- [Part XII](#)    ***Memoirs of St Paul’s Anglican Church, Esquimalt, and the Episcopal Church of St Mary the Virgin, San Francisco, 1887–1897*** : including an account of WWB’s introduction to teaching.
- [Part XIII](#)    ***Roamings In the Great South Sea*** : an account of WWB’s travels in French Polynesia, with a sketch of the history of Pitcairn, and many other South Sea *curios*.
- [Part XIV](#)    ***Tahitian Vignettes*** : stories of incidents in the lives of the islanders and expatriates on Tahiti during WWB’s residence there from 1928 to 1946.
- [Part XV](#)    ***Exploring Vancouver Island*** : an account of WWB’s expeditions of 1894 and 1896.

For convenience, several of the stories recorded in *The Chronicles* are reproduced in Part III for direct comparison with work on the same topics in Loeb’s *History and Traditions of Niue*, resulting in some overlap between Parts II and III.

In each edition, typos and other minor errors were corrected. Other changes made to the first edition and published in the second are listed below:

- Further information concerning the red banana, *hulahula*, was added to the last footnote in the section *Opahi* in Chapter III of *The Chronicles of Savage Island*.
- Articles from the Victoria Daily Colonist in Part I, Appendix VIII were moved to Part VI and Part I, Appendix VIII was deleted. New articles were included in Part VI; the articles were published on 28 June 1896, 3 July 1896, 12 February 1889, 17 January 1897 and 8 October 1908. The date of WWB’s marriage to Lily Bushby — 11 February 1889 — was found in the article of 12 February 1889.
- Part VII, *Articles By and References To WWB in the Pacific Islands Monthly*, was added, and Part I, Appendix IV, *Articles by W.W. Bolton and Biographical References in the Pacific Islands Monthly*, which contained a list of the articles, was deleted.
- Part I, Appendix IX, *Mr. W. W. Bolton, Now 85 Years Old*, which contained an article published in the July 1943 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, was moved to the new Part VII.

- Part I, Appendix X, *the Good Work of the Late W. W. Bolton*, which contained an article published in the November 1946 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, was moved to Part VII.
- Part I, Appendix XI, *The Cession of Matavai*, which contained an image of an engraving and its caption, was moved to the article from which it was taken in Part VII, *Pacific Islands Monthly* of July 1942, page 14, *Light on a Half-Forgotten Incident of Early Tahiti*.
- A footnote in *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, Chapter IV, under *Things Practical*, gives references to Faséné, WWB's assistant teacher on Niue, in Margaret Pointer's book, *My Heart is Crying a Little — Niue Island Involvement in the Great War, 1914–1918*.
- Part VIII, *Articles By WWB in Bulletins de la Société des Études Océaniques*, was added, and Part I, Appendix III, *Articles by W.W. Bolton in Bulletins de la Société des Études Océaniques*, which contained a list of articles, was deleted.
- Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*, was updated with additional information, and the sources that had been listed in an appendix were moved to footnotes.
- Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, was added, with *Pioneer Missionaries of Tahiti* appended; the sources are Volumes 17–20 of the Bolton Papers in the Mitchell Library.

Changes made to the second edition and published in the third are listed below:

- In the *Chronology* and under *Genealogy* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*, the year of birth of Vyvyan Muriel Bolton was changed from 1890 to 1889; the former was taken from the Victoria Census of 1901 and may have been mis-reported by Lily Bolton — she is also thought to have mis-reported her own year of birth — while the latter is based on more reliable sources.<sup>1</sup> The year she died, 1976, was added.
- Also in the *Chronology* and under *Genealogy* in Part I, the name of WWB's son was also changed from *Eric Seymour Bolton* to *Eric Ion Bolton* and the reference to one of Vyvyan Muriel Bolton's married names as *Gallagher* was removed; Vyvyan Gallagher was the daughter of Eric Ion Bolton (1892–1950). These changes are based on information provided by Harry Bolton (pers. comm., November, 2012).
- Under *Genealogy* in Part I, the years of birth and death of WWB's mother, Lydia Louisa Pym, were added, as were the years of death of WWB's two brothers who died in infancy.
- In the *Chronology*, the reference to Staffordshire in regard to WWB's place of birth was deleted and a discussion regarding his place of birth was included under *Date and Place of Birth*. Items were included in the *Chronology* referring to the death of WWB's father in 1863, WWB's family's move from Kilburn to Wimbledon in about 1864, and the death of WWB's mother in 1914.
- A section on *Kilburn and Wimbledon*, where WWB lived in his youth, was included in Part I, based on the England Censuses of 1871, 1881, 1891 and 1911, and information provided by the Heritage and Local Studies Centre of the London Borough of Merton.
- Under *Moosomin* in Part I, the possibility that WWB's sister, Mary Louisa Bolton, was living in Saskatchewan when WWB was in Moosomin was noted.

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<sup>1</sup> The sources are listed on RootsWeb [here](#).

- A section on *St Paul's Anglican Church, Esquimalt*, where WWB was Rector during 1887–1889 and where he received his introduction to teaching while Headmaster of St Paul's School, 1889–1890, was included in Part I, based on his account in *Beginnings* in Part XII, *Memoirs of St Paul's Anglican Church, Esquimalt, and the Episcopal Church of St Mary the Virgin, San Francisco, 1887–1897*.
- In the *Chronology*, the reference to WWB's trip to Salt Lake City was modified, and a section on *Trip to Salt Lake City, Denver, Chicago and New York*, which WWB took while Rector of St Mary's in San Francisco, 1890–1898, was included in Part I, based on his account in *Playing the Sleuth* in Part XII, *Memoirs of St Paul's Anglican Church, Esquimalt, and the Episcopal Church of St Mary the Virgin, San Francisco, 1887–1897*.
- Further information regarding WWB's itinerary was added to *From Niue to Victoria* in Part I.
- Four letters written when WWB was Rector of the Church of St Mary the Virgin, San Francisco, were included in Part V, *Letters*.

Changes made to the third edition and published in the fourth are listed below:

- In Part VI, *References to WWB in the Victoria Daily Colonist*, the poem, *Crown Mountain*, which is found in the October 23, 1910 edition, was added. This is the only known poem by WWB.
- Photos of the Urzhumka train station and the Monument of Tears separating Europe and Asia, near Chelyabinsk, Russia, were added in a footnote to Part X, *Tales of Roaming, Across Siberia*, Chapter IV.
- Information regarding WWB's residences in Papeete, French Polynesia, 1928–1946, were added to Part I, under *Tahiti and Historical Research*.
- Information regarding the annuity of WWB's mother, Lydia Louise Bolton née Pym, part of which WWB almost certainly inherited upon her death in January 1914, was added to Part I, under *Kilburn and Wimbledon*.
- Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, was edited for punctuation, and photos of the trader, Robert Head, and the LMS missionaries, George Lawes and James Chalmers, were included in footnotes.

The fourth edition was updated in March 2016 with the following changes:

- In Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, photographs of various sites on Niue, which were taken from 16 to 18 June 2015, were added in footnotes.
- A letter from WWB to his granddaughter, dated 15 September 1941, in which he refers to the Military Cross awarded to his son after being wounded in France during the Bourlon Wood operations of September 1918, was added to Part V, *Letters*.

The fourth edition was further updated in December 2019 with the following changes:

- In Part I, a quote was added from *Victoria Landmarks* (1985) regarding the house, Trafalgar, at 649 Admirals Road, Victoria, British Columbia, which was built for WWB in 1900 and later received heritage designation.

- In Part XV, the names of the members of the Exploring Expedition of 1894 in the illustration by T. Burroughes Norgate were assigned according to a reproduction of the illustration found in the papers of Jane Elizabeth Van Roggen.
- In Part XV, a footnote on Jephther Skinner, cook and packer during the Exploring Expedition of 1894, was added, based on information provided by Jane Hutton, Curator, Port Hardy Museum, in an email to Lindsay Elms, and the entry for *Jepther Point* in *The Encyclopedia of Raincoast Place Names*.
- In Part IV, the identity of *The Squire* of Tale #71 was added in a footnote, with a link to *The Settlement of Cannington Manor*, which refers to WWB. The same information was added to *Moosomin* in Part I, together with a reference to WWB being the priest at St. Alban's Church in Moosomin during 1884–1885.
- In Part IX, Chapter X, a footnote was added to identify the Acting British Consul at Tahiti in 1842, C.B. Wilson, as the protagonist of Chapter XXI, *Proceedings of the Consul*, in *Omoo* by Herman Melville. And in Part IV, Tale #21, *Of Perseverance*, a footnote was expanded to refer to mention of 'Jim the Pilot' in Chapter XXVI of *Omoo*. Also in Part IX, Chapter IX, a footnote was expanded to refer to mention of Columba Murphy in Chapter XXXVII of *Omoo*. In *L.M.S. Pioneers* in Part VII, a footnote was expanded to note that the octagonal church of Papetoai, Moorea, is the subject of Chapter LXXIX of *Omoo*.
- The author of the story that appears in Tale #64, *Of the Portent and the Thunder*, in Part IV, and *The Portent of Thunder* in the 17 April 1939 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly in Part VII, is identified as George Archibald McTavish (1856–1922) in footnotes.
- In Part I, a paragraph and a map was added describing bungalows in the same waterfront area of Papeete where WWB had resided in a bungalow, after he stayed at the Hôtel du Diadème in Papeete and before he moved to his residence in Pirae.
- In its Preface, the date of completion of Part XIII was estimated to be no earlier than 1943.
- In Part IX, a footnote was added to *Papeete's Fête Day* stating that a Fête Napoléon was held in Papeete on 15 August 1870.
- In Part IV and Part XI, footnotes were added to *The Swallows' Cave* referring to Fonualei as the location of the cave, rather than Vava'u, according to William James Diaper (1820–1891).
- In Part IX, a footnote in *The Missionary Orsmond* was expanded to include a section of a letter by Orsmond on the sexual immorality of the Tahitians.
- In Part IX, a footnote was added to *Extracts from the "Journal" or daily diary of the first permanent white residents on Tahiti*, noting that Edward Robarts — author of *The Marquesan Journal of Edward Robarts, 1797–1824* — and his family were onboard the *Lucy* when it landed at Tahiti in 1806.

The fourth edition was further updated in May 2022 with the following changes:

- Further information regarding the idols of Pomare II (1782–1821) that are conserved in the British Museum was included in a footnote to *Pomare II's Correspondence* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.



- Information concerning his return address of Taaroa, Pirae, Tahiti, in a letter he wrote on March 7, 1939, and the meaning of *Taaroa* in this address, was added to *Tahiti and historical research* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

The numbering of each of the Parts referred to above reflects the order in which they were included in this document. A chronological ordering, reflecting the sequence of events in WWB's life, would be as follows:

- From 1884 to 1886, WWB was a missionary at Moosomin, Northwest Territories (now southeast Saskatchewan). His only writings concerning this period of his life are found in Part X, under *A Brush With Wolves*, and in Part IV, Tale #67, *On Wolves*, and Tale #71, *The Squire*.
- From 1887 to 1890, he was Rector of St Paul's Anglican Church in Esquimalt, British Columbia, and Headmaster of St Paul's School. Then from 1890 to 1898, he was Rector of Episcopal Church of St Mary The Virgin in Cow Hollow, San Francisco. This period is covered in Part XII.
- In 1894 and 1896, WWB led expeditions to explore Vancouver Island, which are the subject of Part XV.
- From 1906 to 1920 and from 1925 to 1928, he held positions at the University School in Victoria, British Columbia, which he co-founded. References to University School are found in Part IV, Tale #48, *On Leaving School*, and in several articles in Part VI.
- In 1913, WWB travelled from Victoria to England, via Japan, China, Korea and Russia. This trip is described in Part X, under *Letters from Japan*, *Across Siberia* and *After 30 Years Two Months at Home*.
- In 1914, he travelled the length of the Yukon River, which is the subject of *Alaska and the Yukon* in Part X.
- In 1920 and 1921, WWB travelled from Victoria to Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Tonga and Samoa, prior to his arrival on Niue. This trip is covered in Part XI, in the chapters up to and including *Beneath Tropic Skies (III)*.
- From 1921 to 1924, WWB taught at the school in Hakupu, Niue. His extensive writings on Niue are found in Part II.
- Departing Niue in 1924, he returned to Victoria via the Kermadecs, New Zealand, Australia, Lord Howe Island, Norfolk Island, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia and Singapore. This trip is covered in Part XI, from the chapter entitled *The Lonely Isles : the Kermadecs*, onwards.
- WWB lived on Tahiti from 1928 until his death in 1946. His extensive writings on the history of Tahiti make up Part IX; his travels in French Polynesia are described in Part XIII; and stories concerning Tahiti and its inhabitants are found in Part XIV.

This listing above is only partial; many other stories and articles regarding his travels and historical work can be found in Part IV, Part VII and Part VIII.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The following kindly assisted with the compilation of the source material: WWB's grand-daughter, Jane Van Roggen, Vancouver, Canada; Niue Public Library; Max Shekleton, Nouméa, New Caledonia; Pacific Manuscripts Bureau, Canberra, Australia; Mitchell Library, Sydney, Australia, especially Robynne Hayward; Library of the Secretariat of the Pacific Community, Nouméa, New Caledonia; Diocese of Lichfield, England; Société des Études Océaniques, Papeete, French Polynesia; Margaret Pointer, Khandallah, New Zealand; Voyager New Zealand Maritime Museum, Auckland, New Zealand; Merton Heritage and Local Studies Centre, London Borough of Merton, England; Brent Cemeteries, London Borough of Brent, England; Episcopal Church of St Mary the Virgin, San Francisco, United States; British Columbia Archives, Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria, Canada; L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, United States; Bureau du Cimetière Uranie in Papeete, French Polynesia; Protestant Maohi parish of Papetoai, Moorea, French Polynesia; and the Digital Library Production Service of the University of Michigan, United States.

References to the article in the *Victoria Daily Colonist* on August 16, 1896 concerning WWB's exploration of Vancouver Island and the book *The Official Centenary History Of The Amateur Athletic Association* were found on the *Beyond Nootka* website, which is maintained by Lindsay Elms. Lindsay provided references to the articles in the *Victoria Daily Colonist* that were included in the second edition and WWB's poem in the *Victoria Daily Colonist* that was included in the fourth edition. He also collaborated on Part XV, *Exploring Vancouver Island*.

The photograph of WWB on the first page of this document, and scans of the *Province Exploring Expedition of 1894* and the *Province Exploring Expedition of 1896* in Part XV, are published with permission of the Royal British Columbia Museum.

The photographs of WWB and his family in Part I were provided by Christopher Pullen, via Elizabeth Bolton.

The photograph of Kilburn Lodge, where WWB was born, in Part I, was provided by Hilary LeClanche of Gestel, France, whose great-grandparents, Edward and Eliza Clifford, are recorded in the Census of 1871 as having lived there.

Margaret Pointer provided references to passenger lists for steamers departing from Auckland in 1921 and 1924, on which WWB's name is found, and to the articles and letters concerning WWB's visit to Auckland from Niue in August 1923, which were published in the *Auckland Star* and the *New Zealand Herald*.

And thank-you, Robynne Hayward, Margaret Pointer, Sean Lawson and Brian McArdle, for spotting the typos.

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**PART I**  
**NOTES ON THE LIFE OF**  
**WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON**  
**1858–1946**

Compiled by Timothy Adair Lawson  
March 2011

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## CHRONOLOGY

- 1858 Born on July 3 in Kilburn, London, England, fourth child of Rev. James Bolton (1824–1863) and Lydia Louisa Bolton née Pym (c. 1827–1914), and brother of Robert Gambier (1854–1929), Francis James (1855–1858), Reginald Pelham (1856–1942), Mary Louisa (1860–1939) and James Beauchamp (1861–1863).
- 1863 WWB's father died on April 8, aged 39.
- 1864 Circa. WWB and family moved from Kilburn to Wimbledon, a district of southwest London, where WWB attended his first school, as a boarder.
- 1865 Agnes Jane (Lily) Bushby, wife of WWB, born on May 6.
- 1877 Admitted to Caius College, Cambridge, after schooling at Spencer House, Wimbledon and private tuition.
- 1879 British amateur champion in the half-mile footrace.
- 1880 Bachelor of Arts from Cambridge.
- 1881 Ordained deacon by the Bishop of Lichfield. Curate of Stoke-on-Trent until 1884.
- 1882 Ordained priest by the Bishop of Lichfield.
- 1884 Master of Arts from Cambridge.
- 1884 Missionary at Moosomin, Northwest Territories (now southeast Saskatchewan) and chaplain to the Rt. Rev. Adelbert John Robert Anson, Bishop of Qu'Appelle until 1886.
- 1886 Curate of Stoke-on-Trent until 1887.
- 1887 Rector of St Paul's Anglican Church in Esquimalt, British Columbia until 1889.
- 1889 Headmaster of St Paul's School, Esquimalt until 1890.
- 1889 Married Agnes Jane (Lily) Bushby on February 11.
- 1889 Daughter Vyvyan Muriel Bolton born on December 2 in Victoria.
- 1890 Minister at St Luke's Episcopal Church, San Francisco.
- 1890 Rector of Episcopal Church of St Mary The Virgin in Cow Hollow, San Francisco from February 1890 to February 1898.
- 1890 Circa. Visited Salt Lake City, Denver, Chicago and New York.
- 1892 Son Eric Ion Bolton born on February 1 in San Francisco.
- 1893 Son Arthur Gerard Bolton born on August 12 in San Francisco.
- 1894 First expedition to explore Vancouver Island in July and August.
- 1896 Second expedition to explore Vancouver Island in July and August.
- 1898 Returned to Victoria and taught at Mr Bolton's School.
- 1906 Co-founded University School in Victoria.
- 1910 Part of the Exploratory Survey Trip, which led to the establishment of Strathcona Provincial Park on Vancouver Island, with son Gerard Bolton.
- 1913 Travelled from Victoria to England via Seattle, Japan, China, Korea, Mongolia, Russia, Poland, Germany and Belgium, spending two months in England, and returned by steamer.

- 1914 WWB's mother died on January 26, aged 87.
- 1914 Journeyed down the Yukon River.
- 1920 Departed Victoria for Oahu and then New Zealand, roaming extensively in both.
- 1921 Arrived on Niue in June from New Zealand, via Tonga and Samoa, originally employed as temporary head teacher of Tufukia school, but instead was assigned to the school in Hakupu.
- 1924 Departed Niue and travelled to Australia, Lord Howe Island, Norfolk Island, the New Hebrides (now Vanuatu), New Caledonia and Singapore.
- 1925 Returned from Singapore to Victoria via steamer to become Headmaster of University School, after being contacted by the school while "roaming in the New Hebrides".
- 1927 Wrote *The Chronicles of Savage Island*.
- 1928 Departed Victoria for Tahiti.
- 1928 Began work on *Old Time Tahiti*.
- 1935 Published *The Beginnings of Papeete and its Founding as the Capital of Tahiti* in the Bulletin de la Société des Études Océaniques.
- 1936 Located the graves of early missionaries on Tahiti.
- 1937 First of his articles on the history of Tahiti and the South Sea published in the January edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly.
- 1938 Completed work on *Old Time Tahiti*.
- 1939 First story in *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather* sent to his grandchildren.
- 1941 Ninety-third and last story in *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather* sent to his grandchildren.
- 1944 Commemorated centenary of Henry Nott, pioneer missionary and scholar on Tahiti from 1797 to 1844, on May 22 at Ahu-Toru, Tahiti.
- 1945 Twenty-fourth and last article by WWB published in the September edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly.
- 1946 Died on Tahiti on July 28 and buried in the Uranie cemetery in Papeete.

In the notes that follow, the sources are given in footnotes. Text in square brackets within quotes have been added for clarification.

## DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH

The year of WWB's birth is given as 1858 in four sources <sup>1, 2, 3, 4</sup> and on the headstone of his grave in Papeete, French Polynesia. Articles published annually in the Pacific Islands Monthly (PIM) from 1942 to 1946 referring to his 84th to 88th birthdays, which WWB, a frequent contributor to PIM,

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<sup>1</sup> [\*Genealogical and Biographical Account of the Family of Bolton in England and America\* by Robert Bolton \(John A. Gray, New York, 1862\)](#)

<sup>2</sup> [\*Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College, 1349-1897, Volume II, page 429\*](#)

<sup>3</sup> [\*The Victoria, British Columbia Census of 1901\*](#)

<sup>4</sup> Spring 2002 edition of the St. Michaels University School bulletin, *School Ties*

would have read, imply that he was born in 1858.<sup>5</sup> The year of his birth in *Répertoire biographique de la Polynésie Française* is wrongly given as 1859.<sup>6</sup>

Three sources<sup>1, 2, 3</sup> and two articles in the *Pacific Islands Monthly* (August 1942, page 15; July 1943, page 9) give his birthday as July 3, while his headstone has July 5; the former is almost certainly correct. One article in PIM (August 1944, page 4) states that his birthday is in June.

Two sources<sup>1, 2</sup> gives WWB's place of birth as Kilburn, which is the borough of London where WWB's father, Rev James Bolton, was pastor at St Paul's Chapel, the first stating that WWB was born at Kilburn Lodge. However, another source<sup>4</sup> incorrectly states that he was born in the county of Staffordshire, which is in the West Midlands region of England. We know that WWB's father was ordained priest in 1849, became curate of St Michaels, Pimlico, an area of central London, in 1851, and from there went to St Paul's Chapel in Kilburn in 1852, where he was pastor until his death in 1863.<sup>1</sup> It is therefore certain that WWB was born in Kilburn, London.

WWB was baptised by his father at St Mark's Church, Hamilton Terrace, near Kilburn.<sup>1</sup>

## GENEALOGY

According to the *Genealogical and Biographical Account of the Family of Bolton in England and America*,

The Bolton Family is of an ancient British stock, the genealogy of which has been traced up to the Conquest [in 1066]. At this time it was in possession of great landed estates both in Yorkshire and Lancashire... Oughtred de Bolton, Lord of Bolton, by Bowland, in 1135 was the lineal representative of the Saxon Earls of Mercia.<sup>1</sup>

WWB represents the 22<sup>nd</sup> generation descended from Oughtred de Bolton. The Bolton family also has roots in the United States going back to 1718, when WWB's great-great-great-grandfather, Robert Bolton, who was born in England in 1688, moved to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. WWB's great-great-grandfather, Robert Bolton, was born in 1722 and moved to Savannah, Georgia in about 1744. WWB's great-grandfather, Robert Bolton, was born in Vernonburgh, Georgia in 1757.<sup>1</sup>

WWB's grandfather, Rev. Robert Bolton, was born in Savannah on September 10, 1788, and went to England in 1808, then returned to the United States in 1836. He went back to England in 1850 and died in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, on November 19, 1857.<sup>7</sup> His

fifth and youngest son was Rev. James Bolton [WWB's father], who was born at Weymouth, Dorset, February 11, 1824. He was twelve years of age when his father returned to America with the family, and young Bolton continued his education under the famous Dr. Muhlenberg, at College Point [in Queens, New York]. At the age of sixteen he returned to England, where he graduated from Corpus Christ College, Cambridge, in 1848. Having been ordained deacon, he was appointed curate of Saffron Walden in Essex. In 1849 he was ordained priest and two years later he became curate of St. Michaels, Pimlico. From there he went to St. Paul's, Kilburn

<sup>5</sup> See Part VII for all references to the *Pacific Islands Monthly*.

<sup>6</sup> *Tahitiens. Répertoire biographique de la Polynésie Française* by Patrick O'Reilly (Société des Océanistes N° 36, Paris, 1975, page 51). See Appendix III.

<sup>7</sup> WWB's wife, Agnes Jane (Lily) Bushby (1865–1944), visited England from 1916 to 1919 to be near their two sons, Eric and Gerard, who had enlisted in the Great War. She wrote letters to her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Seymour Bolton née Booth (1890–1972), Eric's wife, at least one of which, dated September 5, 1916, was sent from Cheltenham (Elizabeth Bolton, pers. comm., January 2013).

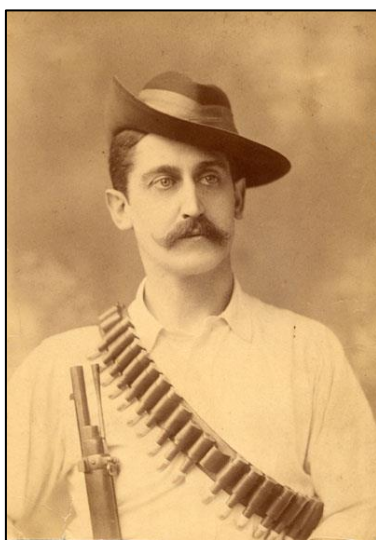


[where WWB was born], where his most promising career was cut short by death on April 8, 1863. The “Dictionary of Biography” carries the statement that “as a preacher to children he has perhaps never been surpassed.” He wrote extensively, contributing to the “Family Treasury,” the “Sunday Scholar’s and Teacher’s Magazine,” and other juvenile publications. His published writings comprise some thirty-five volumes.

On June 30, 1853 [at St Michael’s in Pimlico], Rev. James Bolton married Lydia Louisa, daughter of Rev. William Wollaston Pym, rector of Willian, Herts, a member of an ancient Bedford and Hertsfordshire family. On her maternal side Lydia Louisa Pym was descended from a Huguenot family, the Gambiers; her great-uncle, Baron Gambier, was the founder of Gambier College in Ohio.<sup>8</sup> Like her husband, Mrs. Bolton possessed literary ability of no mean order, seven books, all of a religious nature, standing to her credit.<sup>1</sup>

WWB had two somewhat famous older brothers, the zoological photographer Robert Gambier Bolton (1854–1929) and the engineer, entrepreneur and historian Reginald Pelham Bolton (1856–1942).<sup>9</sup> The former travelled to the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, Java, the Malay Peninsula, Burma, India, and South Africa, and accompanied the Duke of Newcastle, Francis Pelham-Clinton-Hope (1866–1941), on his world tour of 1893–1894, during which the two of them visited WWB in San Francisco, while he was Rector at St. Mary the Virgin.<sup>10</sup> He also had two brothers who died in infancy, James Francis Bolton (1855–1858) and James Beachamp Bolton (1861–1863), and a sister, Mary Louisa Bolton (1860–1939).<sup>11</sup>

### WWB’s brother, Robert Gambier Bolton



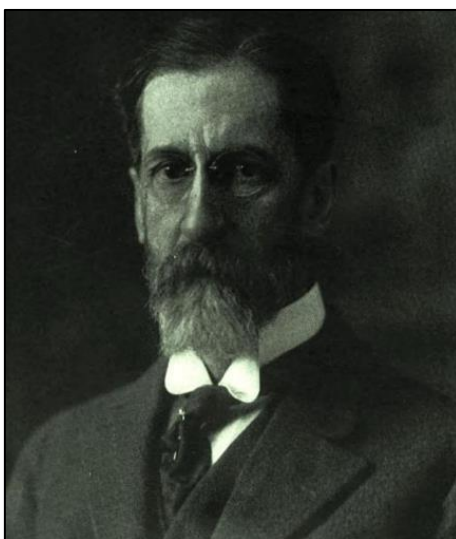
<sup>8</sup> Lydia Louisa Pym’s mother, Sophia Rose Pym, née Gambier, was the sixth daughter of Admiral Samuel Gambier, brother of [Lord James Gambier \(1756–1833\)](#); thus Lord Gambier was WWB’s great-great-uncle.

<sup>9</sup> [Gambier Bolton on Wikipedia](#), [Reginald Pelham Bolton on Wikipedia](#).

<sup>10</sup> [The Cow Hollow Church / The first seventy-five years of the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin / San Francisco by Rev. Keppel W. Hill and Robert England \(no publisher, 1965\)](#)

<sup>11</sup> [James Bolton \(1824–1863\) on Ancestry.com](#). Headstone of Mary Louisa Bolton in Ross Bay Cemetery, Victoria, B.C. Mary Louisa Bolton was a pioneer in Saskatchewan with her husband, Henry Colin Cummins; see, for example, CBC’s [Tales on the Trail](#).

### WWB's brother, Reginald Pelham Bolton



In the April 1947 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly* (page 76), we read that

The history of the ‘Duff’ missionaries has been so ably told in the ‘PIM’ by the late Mr. W.W. Bolton, that there is nothing this writer may add, except this: The ‘Duff’, on her return voyage, discovered the group of islands to which the Captain gave the name ‘Gambier’, in honour of the great patron of the LMS,<sup>12</sup> Lord Gambier. Mr. Bolton — the historian of LMS missionary enterprise in the South Pacific — was a member of the family of that Lord Gambier.

WWB married Agnes Jane (Lily) Bushby (1865–1944) on February 11, 1889.<sup>13</sup> Lily Bushby was the daughter of Arthur Thomas Bushby (1835–1875)<sup>14</sup> and Agnes Douglas (1841–1928), the daughter of Sir James Douglas (1803–1877),<sup>15</sup> the second governor of the British colony of Vancouver Island from 1851 to 1864 and the first governor of the colony of British Columbia from 1858 to 1864. WWB and Lily Bushby had three children: Vyvyan Muriel née Bolton<sup>16</sup> (1889–1976),<sup>17</sup> Eric Ion Bolton (1892–1950) and Arthur Gerard Bolton (1893–1940).

The Victoria Census of 1901 has the information below for WWB's family, then living on Belcher Avenue. The information includes the date of the interview, family name, surname, gender, family status, marital status, date of birth, age, country of origin (and year of arrival in Canada) and church (CE = Church of England):

10/26/15 Bolton, William, m, head, m, 3 Jul 1858, 42, ENG, to Can: 1883, CE, Clergyman.  
.....Rems: 1900DIR: Bolton, Rev. W.W., collegiate school, 41 Burdette Ave, h.Belcher Ave.  
10/26/16 Bolton, Lily, f, wife, m, 6 May 1868, 32, BC, CE.  
10/26/17 Bolton, Vyvyan, f, dau, s, 2 Dec 1890, 10, BC, CE.  
10/26/18 Bolton, Eric, m, son, s, 1 Feb 1892, 9, USA, to Can: -, CE.  
10/26/19 Bolton, Gerard, m, son, s, 12 Aug 1893, 7, USA, to Can: -, CE.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>12</sup> London Missionary Society (LMS)

<sup>13</sup> [Victoria Daily Colonist, 12 February 1889, page 4, near top of the first column: Announcement of Bolton—Bushby marriage on 11 February 1889](#)

<sup>14</sup> [Arthur Thomas Bushby in the Dictionary of Canadian Biography Online](#)

<sup>15</sup> [James Douglas on Wikipedia](#), [James Douglas in the Dictionary of Canadian Biography Online](#).

<sup>16</sup> Her married names were Cummins and then Grant.

<sup>17</sup> Sources for the year of birth are given on RootsWeb [here](#).

Lily Bushby's baptismal record shows that she was born on May 6, 1865 and baptised on June 4, 1865, so her year of birth in the Census, 1868, implied that she was three years younger than she actually was. The year of birth of Vyvyan, which was 1889, also appears to have been mis-reported.

## KILBURN AND WIMBLEDON

At the time of WWB's birth, his father, Rev James Jay Bolton (born February 11, 1824 in Southdown Cottage, Weymouth, Dorset), was the pastor of St Paul's Chapel in Kilburn. WWB and all of his siblings were born in Kilburn Lodge.<sup>1</sup>

### Kilburn Lodge, Egdware Road, London



James Jay Bolton died on April 8, 1863, aged 39, when WWB was four years old, and is buried next to WWB's mother, Louisa Lydia Bolton née Pym, and WWB's two brothers who died in infancy, James Francis Bolton and James Beauchamp Bolton, in the Paddington Old Cemetery. In *After Thirty Years, Two Months at Home* in *Tales of Roaming*, WWB writes about his visit to Kilburn in 1913:

... God's Acre was still there, not turned into Breathing Spaces as others elsewhere, and St Paul's. I could have found my way blindfolded from the latter to the former for the way had been burned into my childhood's memory as from the one to the other my Father's body was borne amid sorrowing procession of citizens. Others of my own flesh and blood lie with him. That visit of the Wanderer returned belongs to him alone.

**James Jay Bolton (1824–1863)**





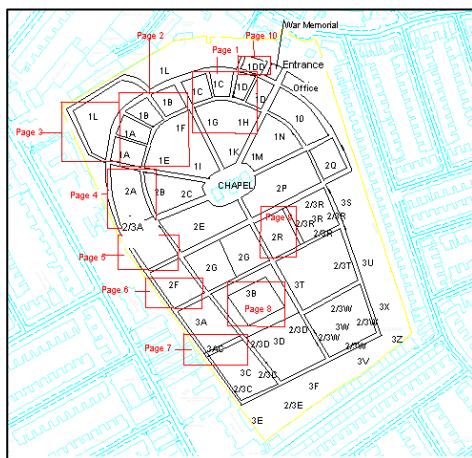
**Grave of WWB's parents, James and Louisa Bolton, and brothers  
James Francis and James Beauchamp.<sup>18</sup>**



According to [AIM25, Archives in London and the M25 area](#), the church of St Paul's on Kilburn Square was constructed in 1826 and enlarged between 1887 and 1894; in 1936 the church was united with Holy Trinity and the church was demolished.

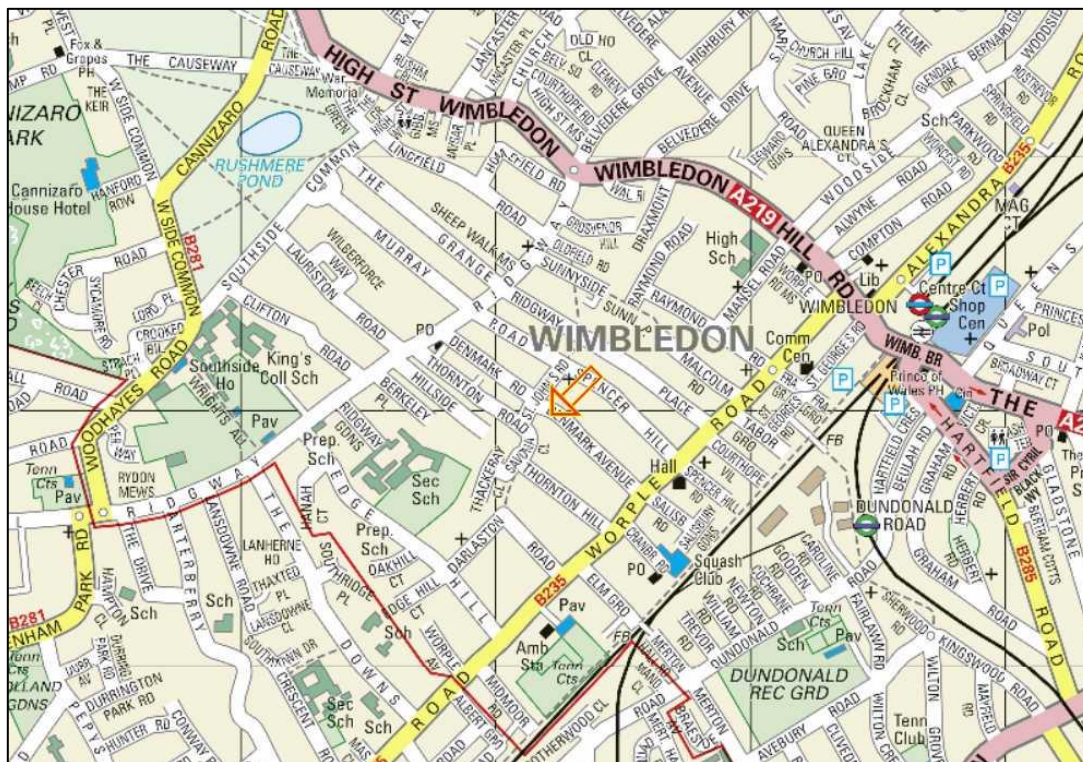
Information recorded during the England Censuses of 1871, 1881, 1891 and 1911 allow us to locate the residences of WWB's mother, Lydia Louisa Bolton, and family. Sometime after the death of

<sup>18</sup> The grave is in Paddington Old Cemetery, Section 1A, Grave N° 359:





WWB's father in 1863, she moved the family to Wimbledon, in the southwest of London, now part of the London Borough of Merton. The Merton Heritage and Local Studies Centre reports that, according to Trade Directories, the family lived at 4 Denmark Hill, between 1871 and 1874, and then from 1876 at 7 Thornton Hill (Gould, pers. comm., January 2013). The locations of the two houses are indicated by the red arrows in the street maps of Wimbledon below. The road that used to be called Denmark Hill is now two roads, Denmark Road and Denmark Avenue. Denmark Hill was named in honour of [Princess Alexandra of Denmark \(1844–1925\)](#).





The Merton Heritage and Local Studies Centre did not provide photos of the houses at the two addresses, but did provide photos of other houses of the area. They are all relatively large houses. The houses shown below are typical of Denmark Hill:



The houses shown below are typical of Thorton Hill:



A scan of the page of the England Census of 1871, with Lydia Bolton and family, is shown below:

The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the															
* Civil Parish (or Township) of		City or Municipal Borough of		Municipal Ward of		Parliamentary Borough of		Town of		Village or Hamlet, &c., of		Local Board, or (Improvement Commissioners) District of		Ecclesiastical District of	
										Mumblion		Mumblion			
No. of Schedule	ROAD, STREET, &c., and No. or NAME of HOUSE	No. of HOUSES	NAME and Surname of each Person	RELATION to Head of Family	CON- DITION	AGE of		Rank, Profession, or OCCUPATION	WHERE BORN		Whether				
						Males	Females				1. Deaf-and-Dumb	2. Blind	3. Imbecile or Idiot	4. Lunatic	
224	South R <sup>d</sup>	1	JAMES MARVER	Head	Mar	44		Chimney Sweep		Franklinston					
			Isabel	Wife	Mar	40				Surry Mumblion					
			MARY	Do	Daugh	19				Do	Do				
			MARIA	Do	Daugh	15				Do	Do				
			JAMES	Do	Son	13				Do	Do				
			JOHN	Do	Son	6		Scholar		Do	Do				
			JAMES OVERIDGE	Serv	Wom	22		Chimney Sweep		Do	Do				
			MARY WHITE	Do	Wom	21		Do		Do	Do				
			MICHAEL MURPHY	Do	Wom	20		Do		Do	Do				
225	Do	1	GEORGE BASSON	Head	Mar	44		Gardener		Surry Mumblion					
			MARY	Wife	Mar	28				Do	Do				
			JAMES	Son	12m					Do	Do				
226	Donnisk Hill	1	EDWIN L. BOLLON	Head	Single	44		Accountant		Surry Mumblion					
			MARY E. BOLLON	Companion	Wom	27				Do	Do				
			REGINALD BOLLON	Son	14			Scholar		Do	Do				
			MELICIA BOLLON	Son	12			Do		Do	Do				
			MARY BOLLON	Daugh	10			Do		Do	Do				
			LORENZO BOLLON	Son	5					Do	Do				
			JOHN	Do	Do	2				Do	Do				
			JOHN DEACON	Serv	Wom	44		Cook		Do	Do				
			CHARLOTTE FROST	Serv	Wom	17		Housemaid		Do	Do				
227	Do	2	MELVIN G. BROOKS	Head	Mar	30		Clerk in Bank of England		Surry Mumblion					
			MARION G. BROOKS	Wife	Mar	27				Do	Do				
			ROSEMARY	Do	Daugh	14		Scholar		Do	Do				
			AGNES	Do	Do	13		Do		Do	Do				
4	Total of Houses	4					10	15							

\* Draw the pen through such of the words as are inappropriate.

husband in 1863. But it is doubtful that the estate of her husband contributed significantly to her annuity, since, although WWB's grandfather, Robert Bolton (1788–1857), was wealthy, he states in his will that:

I give, devise, and bequeath all that shall remain of my estate and property of every kind and description whatsoever, and wheresoever the same may or shall be situated, unto my beloved wife Anne for and during her natural life, and at and after her decease, or immediately upon my decease, if she should die before me, I give, devise, and bequeath the said estate and property to my seven daughters, Anne, Mary Statira, Arabella, Rhoda, Adelle, Adelaide, and Georgiana, or to each of them as shall survive one another, in equal shares, share and share alike, and as tenants in common to any real estate I may leave; to have and to hold the same to them, their heirs and assigns forever. <sup>1</sup>

That is, Robert Bolton's five sons — including WWB's father, James Jay Bolton — received nothing.

The England Census of 1881 shows that, by then, she had moved in with her son-in-law and daughter in Cornwall. There she lived at 13 Vogue Hill, Gwennap, with Henry Colin Cummins and Mary Louisa Cummins, aged 23 and 20, their daughter, Ethel Mary Cummins, seven months, and three servants. Shortly thereafter, the Cummins left their comfortable life in Cornwall to be pioneers in Saskatchewan. (Mary Louisa's son, Thomas Cecil Cummins, married his first cousin, WWB's daughter, Vyvyan Muriel Bolton, in Victoria, British Columbia, in 1910.)

Lydia Louisa Bolton then moved to Brighton, on the coast, south of London. In the Census of 1891, she is listed as a 'Visitor' in the household of the widow, Frances Butler, age 82, in Broadwater, Worthing, about 10 km west of Brighton. And in 1911, she was living at 23 Seafield Road, Hove, adjacent to the west of Brighton, with eight other occupants, one of whom, Elizabeth Child, a widow, age 44, is recorded as 'Letting Apartments'. This may have been her address when WWB visited her in 1913, during his trip to England, which he describes in *After Thirty Years, Two Months at Home*. Immediately upon his arrival in Dover in July 1913, he went to Brighton to see his mother, then age 87 and in declining health. She died on January 26, 1914 and was buried in Paddington Old Cemetery with her husband and two of her children who died in infancy.

The Merton Heritage and Local Studies Centre concludes:

The impression that we get from our material is that Lydia lived in a fair degree of comfort as a widow, having been left some sort of annuity (by her husband, relatives, or possibly the church in recognition of her husband's role). She later moved to live with her daughter, who seems to have married well. For whatever reason, in later life she appears to have resided as a boarder in fairly large properties (living on her own means — i.e., she had sufficient money to care for herself), rather than living with family. The 1911 Census refers to a property of at least 20 rooms — it is not clear whether this was a general boarding house, or a property where older residents were accommodated — however Brighton and Hove were large, thriving and genteel seaside resorts at the time in question — popular with respectable, wealthy travellers. (Gould, pers. comm., January 2013).

WWB almost certainly inherited part of his mother's annuity upon her death in January 1914, after which he began travelling for leisure, starting with his journey down the Yukon River in the summer of 1914.

## CAIUS COLLEGE

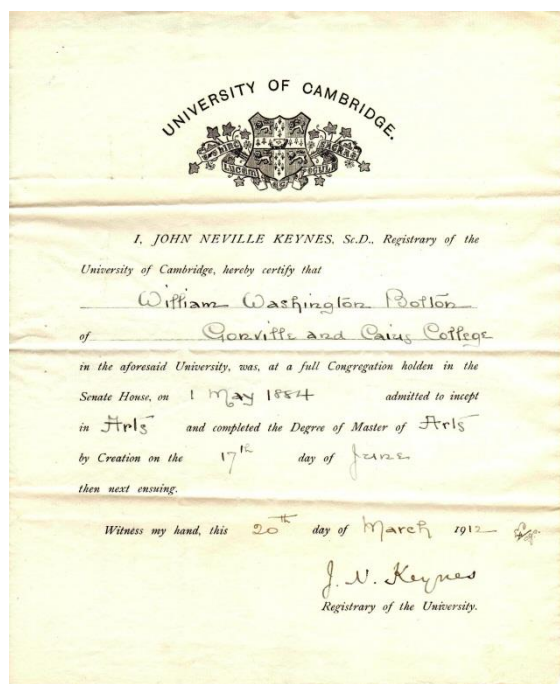
WWB attended Cambridge, as did his father. While at Caius College, Cambridge, WWB was president of the University Athletic Club. In the Spring 2002 edition of St. Michaels University School bulletin, *School Ties*, we read that

At Cambridge, his interests were equally divided between scholarship and sports. In 1879, he won the British amateur championship for the half-mile, and at the same period, set a record for the thousand-yard race. He was also a boxer, a footballer (both rugby and soccer), a long distance swimmer, and an ardent tennis player when that now universal sport was in its infancy. He was proud of being a Cambridge Blue, and a member of the Achilles Club of London, which is made of both Cambridge and Oxford Blues.<sup>4</sup>

The Spring 2003 edition of *School Ties* mentions that he had “an outstanding athletic career there”.<sup>20</sup> WWB’s other athletic achievements while at Cambridge are listed in *The Official Centenary History of the Amateur Athletic Association*.<sup>21</sup>

According to an article in the Victoria Daily Colonist of August 12, 1906, WWB played rugby for Blackheath in southeast London and other well known teams;<sup>22</sup> however, according to *After Thirty Years, Two Months at Home* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*, WWB played for the Wimbledon Hornets against Blackheath and other teams.

### Master of Arts Degree, University of Cambridge



<sup>20</sup> Spring 2003 edition of the St. Michaels University School bulletin, *School Ties*

<sup>21</sup> [\*The Official Centenary History of the AAA\*](#) (*Amateur Athletic Association*) by Peter Lovesey (Guinness Superlative, United Kingdom. 1979).

<sup>22</sup> See Part VI for articles in the Victoria Daily Colonist.

## ORDINATION

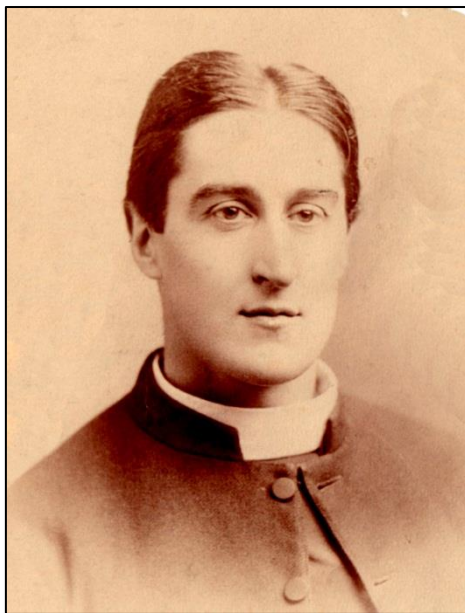
The biographical note on WWB in *Répertoire biographique de la Polynésie Française* states “*N’est jamais ordonné* [Was never ordained].”<sup>6</sup> This conflicts with the *Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College*, which states that he was ordained deacon and priest by the Bishop of Lichfield — then William Dalrymple Maclagan (1826–1910) — in 1881 and 1882 respectively.<sup>2</sup> St. Michaels University School, *School Ties*, Spring 2002, also states that he was ordained in 1881.<sup>4</sup>

The Diocese of Lichfield was contacted by email in this regard and the Lichfield Diocesan Archivist replied that

The Diocesan Calendar (an annual Directory for the Diocese of Lichfield) shows that your great-grandfather [WWB] is recorded as having been ordained Deacon in September 1881 and Priest in September 1882. I attach a [PDF] file of the relevant pages from the 1882 and 1883 Directories (these details were always recorded in the following year’s publication). The ordinations will also have been recorded in the Bishop’s Register for the period. This is deposited at the Lichfield Record Office and they should be able to check it for you and maybe even supply a copy if the Register is not too difficult to copy. The relevant Register is deposit number B/A/1/34 (Episcopal Register Book 1877-1883). [M. Tonking, pers. comm., December 2009]

The sources of the information in *Répertoire biographique de la Polynésie Française* are not given; however, in addition to being wrong about WWB’s ordinations, it also states that WWB was born in 1859, rather than 1858; that Caius College is at Oxford, rather than Cambridge; and it also refers to the article by J.N. Hall in the *Pacific Islands Monthly* and repeats Hall’s error that WWB went to Niue when he was 67, rather than 62 (see *Teaching on Niue* below).

### William Washington Bolton, recently ordained





## MOOSOMIN

The entry in the Victoria Census of 1901 for WWB is “*Bolton, William, m, head, m, 3 Jul 1858, 42, ENG, to Can: 1883, CE, Clergyman*”,<sup>3</sup> which suggests that he went to Canada in 1883. However, *The Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College* states “*B.A. 1881 : M.A. 1884... Curate of Stoke on Trent; 1881–4, and 1886–7. Missionary at Moosomin, Canada, and chaplain to the Bp of Qu’Appelle, 1884–6.*”<sup>2</sup> The latter indicates that WWB remained in England until 1884, travelled to Canada that year, remained in Moosomin, in what is now southeast Saskatchewan, until 1886, then returned to England, where he was Curate of Stoke on Trent before traveling to Esquimalt, British Columbia, where he became Rector of St Paul’s Anglican Church in 1887.

The Directory of the Lichfield Diocesan Calendar for 1887 lists the clergy present at the end of 1886 and the number of years of their service in the Diocese. WWB is listed as Curate of Stoke-on-Trent, with two years of service in the Diocese, which suggests that he may have returned to England in 1885; however, the Directory for 1886 is not available to confirm this. He does not appear in the Directories for 1885 nor 1888, the latter confirming that he left Stoke-on-Trent in 1887. [Tonkin, pers. comm., February 2011]

The Diocese of Lichfield, where WWB was ordained, currently has a missionary partnership with the Diocese of Qu’Appelle, in which Moosomin is located. If the partnership dates back to the 1880s, then this would explain why WWB was sent to Moosomin. In this regard, the Lichfield Diocese Archivist notes that

It is harder to find paper evidence about the diocesan links with Qu’Appelle (which do continue today). It appears that Bishop Adelbert Anson (later a Canon at Lichfield Cathedral) was instrumental in forging a link between the two dioceses, becoming the first Bishop [of Qu’Appelle] in 1884. Bishop Adelbert was from the Anson family (later Earls of Lichfield) and appears to have encouraged the Lichfield Diocese to have a mission to Canada. However, this is not recorded at all as far as I can tell in the Directories, nor in the Diocesan magazine. This information comes from a Wikipedia article on Qu’Appelle, (which also hints that Lichfield eventually gave up putting up the money!) But, as I say, I cannot trace any diocesan records of this. [M. Tonking, pers. comm., February 2011]<sup>23</sup>

Other information we have regarding his period at Moosomin, a prairie farmer settlement, include in *A Brush With Wolves* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming* — a shorter version of which is Tale #67, *Of Wolves* — in which he describes how his toboggan, drawn over the snow by his two horses, was menaced by a wolf pack while out visiting other settlers in the area, and Tale #71, *The Squire*, about an English gentleman farmer whom WWB often visited.<sup>24, 25</sup>

The ‘Squire’ was Captain Edward Michell Pierce (d. 1888), who established Cannington Manor, southwest of Moosomin, in 1882. WWB is referred to in the section *The Settlement of Cannington Manor*, by Capt Pierce’s daughter, Lily (Mrs George Shaw Page), in the chapter *Life in Old Country Settlements* in the book *The Story of Saskatchewan and Its People*, Volume II (1924). We also know that WWB was the priest at St. Alban’s Church in Moosomin during 1884–1885 from *Moosomin Century One: Town and Country* (1981).<sup>26</sup>

<sup>23</sup> See *Churches* in [Qu’Appelle on Wikipedia](#).

<sup>24</sup> See Appendix I for the catalogue of the Bolton Papers in the Mitchell Library, Sydney, Australia.

<sup>25</sup> See Part IV for *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, which WWB wrote and sent from Tahiti to his grandchildren in Victoria.

<sup>26</sup> Regarding Moosomin, see [Moosomin on Wikipedia](#), [Anglican Diocese of Qu’Appelle on Wikipedia](#), [Adelbert John Robert Anson on Wikipedia](#), [The Settlement of Cannington Manor](#), and *Moosomin Century One: Town and Country*, page 97. Cannington Manor is now [Cannington Manor Provincial Historic Park](#).

As noted under *Kilburn and Wimbledon*, in 1881, WWB's mother, Lydia Louisa Bolton, lived in Cornwall with her son-in-law, Henry Colin Cummins, and her daughter, Mary Louisa Cummins. Sometime thereafter, the Cummins gave up their comfortable life in Cornwall and moved to Saskatchewan, where they were pioneers.<sup>27</sup> Their son Thomas Cecil Cummins was born on August 6, 1884, in Grenfell, Canada. So WWB's sister was living about 100 km away in Grenfell, in what is now Saskatchewan, during the period that he was in Moosomin, 1884–1886, although he makes no mention of this in his writings.

## ST PAUL'S ANGLICAN CHURCH, ESQUIMALT

WWB briefly describes his period as Rector of St Paul's Anglican Church in Esquimalt, British Columbia, Canada, 1887–1889, and his introduction to teaching, as Headmaster of St Paul's School, 1889–1890, in the third to sixth paragraphs of *Beginnings* in Part XII, *Memoirs of the Church of St Mary the Virgin, San Francisco*. Writing in the third person, WWB notes that "He found Teaching a real Pleasure. He was rusty, very, but it was now up to him to brighten up every cog and wheel of that Teaching Machine within him, a gift wholly unknown to him before. And yet the Pulpit had all along been a training ground, for he had never been a Preacher of mere homilies and exhortations, but from the very first had conceived the pulpit rather to be a platform from which ceaselessly to Teach his various congregations the Faith as handed down the Ages."

## EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF ST MARY THE VIRGIN, SAN FRANCISCO

Chapters 1 to 8 of *The Cow Hollow Church*<sup>10</sup> cover the period during which WWB was Rector of the Episcopal Church of St Mary The Virgin, from 1890 to 1898. WWB had moved to San Francisco early in 1890 and was received into the Diocese of California on March 15, 1890. Cow Hollow was within the Parish of St Luke's Church and in response to an increasing need for attention, the Rector of St Luke's, Rev. William W. Davis, appointed his new assistant, WWB, as Priest in Charge of the area, with the assignment of establishing a Mission of the Episcopal Church in Cow Hollow, building on the work of Miss Florence Gay, who had established a Sunday school in Cow Hollow in 1888. "On March 3, 1891, the organization of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, was approved by the Standing Committee of the Diocese. It was admitted into union with Convention in April 1891, and was the ninth Parish in San Francisco..."

WWB had strong Anglo-Catholic leanings (although he insisted that he stood for Anglo-Non-Roman Catholicism) and these are described in an article in the San Francisco Chronicle of April 6, 1891:

The new Parish of St. Mary the Virgin has started on lines decidedly ritualistic. Whatever troubles may befall the new organization in the future, the question of "high church" or "low church" will not be one, for the people fully understand what to expect and have decided to stand by the Rector.<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>27</sup> According to the CBC series, *Tales on the Trails*, [here](#) and [here](#), Mary Louisa Cummins first saw the home her husband had built in Saskatchewan after an exhausting journey from England. "I was about all in when we arrived at the homestead and at the sight of the home I had come to I burst into tears. Am I to live in that, I cried, quite forgetting how hard Colin must have worked to build that little wooden box... So there we were." She recalled the advertising campaign that brought her and her husband from England to the Canadian plains. "At the time, the CPR (Canadian Pacific Railway) was plastering the country with fascinating pictures of glorious wheat fields on the great prairies," she wrote. "There was a fortune for everyone in three years not to mention glittering promises of practically free land. Hopes were high. So we, poor fools, fell into the trap." These quotes may have been taken from her memoir, *How About It?* published by Thomas C. Pullen in 1975.

The relationship between WWB and Frank M. Pixley, editor and publisher of the newspaper Argonaut, is the subject of the Chapter 2 of *The Cow Hollow Church*, much of which is quoted from WWB's memoirs. (The memoirs were provided to the Church by WWB's daughter, Vyvyan Muriel Grant, in 1949; see Part XII.) WWB approached Pixley to request land on which to build a church. According to WWB, "*He [Pixley] had a national reputation because of his caustic pen... His pet and particular aversion was the clergy; the very sight of one set his teeth on edge and he was all for fight...*" Nevertheless, WWB was successful in his endeavours and after sufficient funds had been raised for its construction, the Church was opened with formal services on October 4, 1891.

In Chapter 7 of *The Cow Hollow Church* we read that

Certainly William Bolton was an unusual man. He was a devoted Cleric and a fine Rector, who, despite all the criticism and newspaper publicity concerning his churchmanship and his outspoken views on public matters, managed to establish this Church and see it grow.

And in Chapter 8,

Throughout his eight years at St. Mary the Virgin the Reverend William Washington Bolton was seldom out of the newspapers or the public eye. He was criticized for his stand on cremation, for his part in the cremation service for Frank Pixley and for his views on various issues of the day. When Gambier Bolton [and Francis Pelham-Clinton Hope, the] Duke of Newcastle-under-Lyme [sic, Lyne] was accompanied by Father Bolton on a photography foray into the zoo paddocks of Golden Gate Park, only to be chased by an unfriendly elk, the papers had a field day. When Father Bolton went exploring Vancouver Island with J.W. Laing and M.A. Oxen, this was duly reported as well. But probably the most controversial aspect of publicity and Father Bolton was in the area of his Anglo-Catholicism. This reached its peak in January 1897, when the Reverend Marshall Law of the Church of the Advent in Oakland scored Bolton for his practice of cleansing the chalice with his own lips...

WWB justified his practice with reference to a Rule 29 that "*specifies the almost universal practice which has been handed down from generation to generation.*"

According to *The Cow Hollow Church*,

Still the pressures continued and in January 1898, Father Bolton resigned as Rector of St. Mary the Virgin. He was in Vancouver at the time of making his announcement. He had been ill during the Christmas season of 1897, and was on holiday in Vancouver. While he named ill health for his reason, it was generally believed his often-criticized Anglo-Catholic leanings were the real reason for his leaving San Francisco.

In a quote from the San Francisco Examiner, WWB writes that

It is possible now that I have brought the church to its present standing, that an American priest may be of greater usefulness among the people. I shall always be an Englishman and I fear that this has at times operated against the success of my ministry.

## TRIP TO SALT LAKE CITY, DENVER, CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

While Rector of St Mary's in San Francisco, WWB was approached by a wealthy member of the congregation and asked to locate the man's young wife, who had fled to the eastern United States. For WWB's account of this adventure, see *Playing the Sleuth* in Part XII, *Memoirs of the Church of*

*St Mary the Virgin, San Francisco*. And for his account of his visit to Salt Lake City, see Tale #57, *Of Mormons (1)*, and Tale #58, of *Mormons (2)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*. For the approximate date of his trip, see Tale #57, *Of Mormons (1)*.

## EXPLORATION OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

The B.C. Archives, Call Number MS-2777, contains

Records relating to the Province Exploring Expeditions of 1894 and 1896 sponsored by the Province newspaper. The first expedition, under the Rev. W.W. Bolton, explored Vancouver Island from Cape Commerell to Woss Lake in the summer of 1894; the second, which was organized by John William Laing but led by Bolton, explored the area between Woss Lake and Alberni in 1896.<sup>28</sup>

Regarding the first expedition, the article of July 2, 1894 in the *Victoria Daily Colonist* states that

the intention is to traverse the island from one end to the other with the idea of exploring the unknown interior and afterwards publishing the results. The utmost reticence has been observed as to the details, and the members of the party are under promises of secrecy, so that of course it is impossible to say who is the promoter of the scheme. It has leaked out, however, that Rev. Mr. Bolton is to be the leader of the expedition, while J. A. McGee, of Snoqualmie, a well known timber cruiser, goes along as guide. A photographer and sketcher, Mr. T. B. Norgate, has been secured, and tidings of the progress made on the arduous journey will be sent to the outside world by means of carrier pigeons to be taken from Victoria. All the necessaries for the trip, including a small tent, will be packed on the backs of the men who, in addition will each carry a rifle. A peculiar and apparently comical feature of the dress is that plug hats are to adorn the heads of the hardy adventurers, as it is asserted that the glossy silk hat slips through the brush much easier than any other form of headgear...

Regarding the second expedition, in the article of August 16, 1896 in the *Victoria Daily Colonist*, we read that

Rev. Mr. Bolton had in 1894 made a trip from the north end of the island to Woss lake, and from Alberni to Victoria, and their present trip was for the purpose of exploring the island's interior from Woss lake to Alberni, so as to complete the tramp through the whole length of the island. Woss lake it may be explained is 100 miles north of Alberni. The party consisted of Mr. Laing, Rev. Mr. Bolton, Mr. Fleming, the photographer; C. W. Jones, a timber cruiser; and J. Garver, cook.

This trip is also described in article in the *Victoria Daily Colonist* of January 17, 1897 concerning a lecture given by Mr. Laing and WWB in San Francisco.

Regarding the establishment of the Strathcona Provincial Park, WWB's explorations of Vancouver Island are mentioned in *Strathcona Provincial Park Wildlife Viewing Development Plan* and we read that

In 1909, it was a common belief that a park was the key to transforming Vancouver Island into a tourist mecca. Public pressures and Rev. Bolton's enthusiasm for the Buttle Lake area caused

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<sup>28</sup> [Records of the Province Exploring Expeditions of 1894 and 1896 in the British Columbia Archives](#). See Appendix IV and Part XV, *Exploring Vancouver Island*.

the Hon. Price Ellison to take his perilous journey in 1910, to determine whether or not the centre of attractions might not well be located there. Receiving a favourable report from Ellison, the Legislature, on March 1st, 1911, set aside a triangle of land, approximately 160,000 hectares, under the Strathcona Park Act...<sup>29</sup>

WWB met Lord Strathcona in person when the latter visited the University School on September 3, 1909.<sup>22</sup>

WWB participated in the 1910 Exploratory Survey Trip, which preceded Ellison's "*perilous journey*" mentioned above, together with his son Gerard Bolton, who was 19 years old at the time.<sup>30</sup>

The 1894, 1896 and 1910 expeditions are described in detail in Chapter Two, Early Explorations, 1894–1910, of *Beyond Nootka* and in three articles by WWB and J.W. Laing published in *Overland Monthly* and *Out West Magazine*.<sup>29,31</sup>

## MR BOLTON'S SCHOOL, 1898–1906

The Spring 2002 edition of *School Ties* states that in 1898, WWB "*returned to Victoria to start a small school for boys at his home on Belcher Ave.*"<sup>4</sup> That WWB resided on Belcher Avenue is confirmed by the Victoria Census of 1901.<sup>3</sup>

In *The Cow Hollow Church* (page 23), we read that "*After leaving St. Mary the Virgin, Father Bolton went to St. Barnabas Church on Belcher Avenue, Victoria, B.C., where he served for several years as the Headmaster of a Church School for Boys.*"<sup>10</sup> The parish was founded in 1880, but the current St. Barnabas Church at 1525 Begbie Street was constructed in 1951; there is no information on the Church's website regarding previous locations.<sup>32</sup>

The Victoria Census of 1901 also has the remarks "*1900DIR: Bolton, Rev. W.W., collegiate school, 41 Burdette Ave, h.Belcher Ave.*", which suggests that in a 1900 directory, he was listed as being at the Collegiate School on Burdett Avenue, while still residing on Belcher Avenue.<sup>3</sup> WWB mentions "Collegiate School" in Tale #48 (see University School below), but does not say whether he worked there.

In *Victoria Landmarks* by Barry F. King and Geoffrey Castle (G. Castle and B.F. King, 1985), we read (page 39) that "*One of the important criteria used when a home receives heritage designation is consideration of noteworthy former occupants. Trafalgar, at 649 Admirals Road, is no exception. The rambling colonial-type structure with dormers and extensive verandahs stands in half an acre overlooking Esquimalt Harbour. It was built in 1900 for Reverend William Bolton, founding principal of University School (now St. Michaels University School). His wife, Agnes Jane (Bushby) was a granddaughter of Sir James Douglas, who founded Fort Victoria in 1843. Bolton was a life-long athlete and celebrated his 85<sup>th</sup> birthday with a 40-mile hike.*"

<sup>29</sup> [Information in the British Columbia Archives and the "Strathcona Provincial Park Wildlife Viewing Development Plan" by April L. Maurer \(Parks Library, Government of British Columbia, March 1989\), relating to WWB's explorations of Vancouver Island.](#)

<sup>30</sup> ["Beyond Nootka, a Historical Perspective of Vancouver Island Mountains" by Lindsay Elms \(Misthorn Press, Courtenay, British Columbia, 1996\).](#)

<sup>31</sup> See Part XV, *Exploring Vancouver Island*.

<sup>32</sup> [Saint Barnabas Anglican Church](#)



In 1903, the Collegiate School was located at The Laurels, 1249 Rockland Avenue. The name of Rockland Avenue was changed from Belcher Avenue in 1905.<sup>33</sup>

According to the Victoria Census of 1901, Rev. John William Laing, with whom WWB explored Vancouver Island in 1896, was the Principal at the Collegiate School in 1901. The list of the occupants residing at the school includes Rev. Laing, his wife, a teacher, a matron, five students aged 11 to 16, a Chinese cook and a Chinese servant:

06/15/01 Laing, John W., m, head, m, 1 Apr 1853, 46, SCT, to Can: 1896, CE, School master.  
 .....Rems: 1900DIR: Laing, Rev. J.W., principal Collegiate School, 41 Burdett Ave  
 06/15/02 Laing, Ethel M., f, wife, m, 13 Jan 1876, 34, ON, CE.  
 06/15/03 Muskett, Henry S., m, teacher, s, 5 Mar 1866, 35, ENG, to Can: 1892, CE, School master.  
 06/15/04 French, Emma, m, matron, s, 15 Jun 1868, 32, ENG, to Can: 1888, CE, Matron.  
 06/15/05 Ellinge, Charles, m, student, s, 12 May 1884, 16, USA, to Can: 1900, CE.  
 06/15/06 Stebbins, Prescott, m, student, s, 19 Apr 1889, 11, USA, to Can: 1900, Psb.  
 06/15/07 Stebbins, Hory, m, student, s, 8 Apr 1893, 8, USA, to Can: 1900, Psb.  
 06/15/08 Darrell, Reginald, m, student, s, 15 Jun 1886, 14, ENG, to Can: 1890, CE.  
 06/15/09 Armytage, Jeffrey, m, student, s, 17 Jul 1886, 14, BC, CE.  
 06/15/10 Sam, -, m, dom, s, 7 Oct 1870, 30, CHN, to Can: 1884, -, Cook.  
 06/15/11 Tai, -, m, dom, s, 14 Dec 1882, 18, CHN, to Can: 1896, -, Servant.<sup>3</sup>

A classified ad in the January 27, 1907 edition of the Victoria Daily Colonist under “Educational” reads

Collegiate School / For Boys, Victoria, B. C. / Head Master / J. W. Laing, Esq., M. A., Oxford / Assisted by three Graduates of the Recognized Universities of Great Britain and Canada. Moderate terms for boarders and day scholars. Property consists of five acres, with spacious school buildings, extensive recreation grounds, gymnasium. Cadet corps organized. // Easter Term will commence on Monday, January 7th, 1907, at 2:30 p. m. // Apply to Head Master<sup>34</sup>

According to John Adams in *Old Square Toes and His Lady* (Horsdal & Schubart, Victoria, 2001), Sir James Douglas’ son, James Jr., attended the Collegiate School from November 1860 to about March 1862, when he left Victoria to attend school in England.

In a review of private education establishments that appeared in the August 12, 1906 edition of the Victoria Daily Colonist, *Mr. Bolton’s School* is described, without any reference to either the St. Barnabas Church or Collegiate School.

## YUKON RIVER

WWB describes his travel along the length of the Yukon River in Canada, from Whitehorse to the Bering Sea by boat, with a companion whom he met in Whitehorse, in *Alaska and the Yukon* in Volume 1 of the Bolton Papers — a shorter version of which is Tale #72, *The Klondike*. He does not give a date, but it was inspired by the gold rush of 1897. “*That wild gold rush had fascinated me for years.*” In Chapter X, he states that “*We made but 80 miles the first 24 hours, when (after another struggle with a sandbar) we reached “Hot Springs”.* A dozen years back, Alaska yielded up this secret

<sup>33</sup> [Heritage walking tour of the Rockland neighbourhood in Victoria, British Columbia](#)

<sup>34</sup> [Victoria Daily Colonist, 27 January 1907, page 7, seventh column](#)

*and men claim for them medicinal qualities and have made of them a health resort.”* He may be referring to [Manley Hot Springs, Alaska](#), which was discovered in 1902. If so, then WWB’s trip down the Yukon took place in 1914.

He covered 6,000 miles in six weeks, first travelling by steamer from Seattle to Skagway via Prince Rupert, Ketchikan and Juneau. *“We ran along the coast of Vancouver Island, and all day long I was passing over familiar waters, and noted peaks on the island to which I had climbed, pack on back in years gone by.”*

Then overland from Skagway to Whitehorse, where he looked for a vessel. *“The day came when Hopkins and I started down the Yukon. We had a 12 ft flat bottom boat, brand new, made of rough lumber and built in a day.”*

He describes each of the places he passed on the way, including Hootalingua, The Lewes, Big Salmon River, Little Salmon, Carmacks, Yukon Crossing, Minto, Fort Selkirk, Selwyn, Coffee Creek, Stewart City, Dawson (where he left Hopkins with the flat bottom boat and took a steamer), Fort Reliance, Forty Mile, Coal Creek, Eagle City, Fort Yukon, where the Porcupine River joins the Yukon, Fort Hamlin, Rampart City, Mission and Tanana, where the Tanana River joins the Yukon. Then up the Tanana to Fort Gibbon, Hot Springs, Sutherland, Minto, Nenana, Chena and Fairbanks. Then to the Bering Sea passing by Koyukuk, Malakoff, Nulato, Kaltag, Anvik, Holy Cross, Russian Mission and Andreaofsky, and reaching the Bering Sea at Kotlik. From there, they travelled along the coast to Nome, where he took a steamer homewards. *“We passed from the sea to the ocean between Unimak and Unalaska.”*

## UNIVERSITY SCHOOL

In 1906, WWB co-founded the University School (now St. Michaels University School) in Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, with Mr James Clark ‘Barney’ Barnacle. Then in 1908, Queen’s School in Vancouver moved to Victoria and amalgamated with University School. J.C. Barnacle was Headmaster from 1906 to 1923. WWB was Warden from 1906 to 1920 and Headmaster from 1925 to 1928. The Headmaster of Queen’s, Capt. Rupert Valentine Harvey, was Warden from 1908 to 1914. University School and St. Michael’s School amalgamated in 1971.<sup>4, 20</sup>

In Tale #48, *On Leaving School*, we read that

The first school in Victoria, long, long years ago, long before there were such places as Public Schools, was ‘The Collegiate’. It had its Ups and Downs. At one time it was like a candle blown out, it disappeared. Then all of a sudden Up it came again. That was a strange thing for a school to do — like a Jack-in-the-Box. That old School was below the Cathedral near the large tide - swamp now filled up, and for games the boys had to go Beacon Hill. It was alive when we thought it was time that Victoria should have a really large school, with large buildings and large playing grounds, much larger all round than the Collegiate. Now what should be its Name? We thought of many but none seemed quite the thing. Then it came into my head “What is larger than a College? Why of course a University”, and they agreed with me that that would be an excellent name, so it was adopted.

A classified ad in the January 27, 1907 edition of the Victoria Daily Colonist under *Educational* (page 7, immediately below the ad for the Collegiate School quoted above under School for Boys, 1898–1906) reads



University School / For Boys / Oak Bay Avenue, Victoria, B. C. / Day and Boarding School / Excellent accommodation for boarders: Chemical Laboratory, Workshop, Manual Training, Gymnastics, Boxing, Football, Cricket, etc. / School re-opens Monday, January 7th, 1907, at 9:30 a. m. / Apply for Prospectus to / Rev. W. W. Bolton, / J. C. Barnacle, / Principals. / Phone 1320.

According to the *Directory of Vancouver Island, 1909*, WWB and family resided at Ewyger house on Admiralty Road in Victoria (and his phone number was B726).

## TRIP TO ENGLAND IN 1913

WWB describes his trip to England in *Letters from Japan, Across Siberia* and *After 30 Years Two Months at Home* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming* — shorter versions of which are Tales #39, #40, #41, #43, #51, #52 and #54. He had left England for the first time in 1884 and for the second time in 1887, and returned in 1913 to visit his mother, then living in Hove, near Brighton, on the south coast, shortly before she died in January 1914, aged 87.

He first went by steamer from Seattle to Japan, where he stayed for perhaps two or three weeks to explore. Then he left Japan in May 1913 (one of the rare dates that appear in WWB's writings) and continued on by steamer to Shanghai. After visiting Nanjing, which he visited in June as per the date on Plate 7 in *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, he continued by steamer from Shanghai to Pusan, South Korea. From Korea he travelled by rail across Korea to Changchun, China, where he changed trains for Harbin, China, where he caught the Trans Siberian Express coming from Vladivostok. The train took him across Mongolia, then Siberia via Lake Baikal, Irkutsk, Tomsk, Omsk, Chelyabinsk and the Monument of Tears, which marks the boundary between Europe and Asia (so-called because that is where the exiles from the USSR entered Siberia on their way to the gulags). Then to Samara, Moscow, where he visited the Kremlin, Brest in Belarus, Warsaw, Berlin, Cologne, Brussels and finally Calais, where he took a ferry to Dover... "*and I stood again on England's soil after Thirty Years A' Roaming.*"

On his arrival in Dover in July, he went straight to Brighton to see his mother. Then WWB, very much the Londoner, spent most of his two months in England in that city, staying at his 'Club'. His detailed account of his visit to London in *After Thirty Years, Two Months at Home*, is an excellent guide to the city in which he points out many places that not even the Londoners of his day knew about. He visited Kilburn and Wimbledon, and also the estates of his maternal family, the Pymys, in the *Three Counties* of Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire and the *Light Blue County* (Buckinghamshire).

Regarding his return to Victoria, he writes simply "*From thence to steamer and the other side of the world.*" He would have returned in about September. Volume 2 is signed "*Vancouver Island 1913*", so he finished writing about his trip by the end of the year.

## DEPARTURE FOR THE GREAT SOUTH SEA

Regarding his departure from Victoria in 1920, the Spring 2003 edition of St. Michaels University School *School Ties* states that "*He was warden of University School until 1920, when he left for the South Pacific to be Inspector of Schools for the New Zealand Government*". WWB certainly inspected the schools on Niue for the New Zealand government, while working there as a teacher from 1921 to 1924. However, in Volumes 6 and 7 of the Bolton Papers, he wrote that the trip to Honolulu was the

only part of his journey that he had planned beforehand and that he was “*roaming*” while in New Zealand; he makes no reference to working as an Inspector of Schools in New Zealand.

WWB may have been influenced by his older brother, the nature photographer Gambier Bolton, who travelled to many places that WWB would eventually visit (see Genealogy above).

In Tale #93, he wrote “*Long years ago, ere I started my far roaming, I read a book entitled ‘White Shadows of the South Seas’ written by an American named O’Brien...*” This book was originally published in 1919, a year before his departure. One reviewer of this book writes that

The book sold like hotcakes in the early 1920s and a movie of it won an Oscar in 1928. I suspect, however, that a lot of the popularity of the book was due to photographs of undraped Polynesian women and hints of sexual delights. One of the female characters is named ‘Vanquished Often’. This is pretty racy for 1921, the stuff that escapist dreams were made of after the horrors of World War I...<sup>35</sup>

Later in Tale #93, WWB wrote that “*Having tested that author [O’Brien] in that [a description of the Darling Trail near Papeete] and many another description I must needs confess — and those who knew him here [Tahiti] cordially agree — that for effect he was given to exaggeration and oftentimes to romance.*”

In Tale #92, he also referred to *Typee* by Herman Melville and *In the South Seas* by Robert Louis Stevenson, but does not mention whether he had read them prior to his departure.

## FROM VICTORIA TO NIUE

WWB’s travels during 1920 and 1921, prior to reaching Niue, are described in Volumes 6 and 7 of the Bolton Papers and several of the Tales. In 1920, he travelled by steamer to Honolulu, which he explored in some detail “*during my many months stay.*” [Tale #55] While on Oahu, he walked from Honolulu to the northwest coast of the island, following the roads along the east and north coasts, and then returned on the road which passes through the centre of the island.

From Oahu, he travelled to New Zealand, passing by Canton Island in the Phoenix group, Futuna and Alofi in the French territory of Wallis and Futuna, and stopping at Suva on the island of Viti Levu in Fiji. Arriving in Auckland, he then travelled extensively in New Zealand, primarily by train.

While in New Zealand, he was offered the post of teacher on Niue (see *Teaching on Niue* below). A memorandum from the Secretary of the Cook Islands Department of the New Zealand government in Wellington to the Resident Commissioner on Niue, informing the latter of WWB’s appointment as teacher (with a salary at the rate of £350 per annum), is dated 24 January 1921 and must have been written immediately after WWB was offered the job.<sup>36</sup>

From Auckland, he travelled to Samoa, visiting Nuku’alofa, Vava’u and Niuafo’ou (Tin Can Island) in Tonga on the way. The ‘Shipping’ section of the Auckland Star dated 26 February 1921 lists “W.W. Bolton” as a passenger on the Union Company’s steamer, *Navua*, which departed from Auckland that afternoon for “Suva and the Western Pacific Islands.”<sup>37</sup> While in Samoa awaiting transport to Niue, he was also employed as a teacher, at the Malifa school in Apia (#25, #30). A memorandum from the Administrator of Western Samoa to the Resident Commissioner on Niue, dated 25 April 1921, states

<sup>35</sup> [Review of “White Shadows of the South Seas” on Amazon.com](#)

<sup>36</sup> Documents provided by the Niue Public Library (Amanda Heka, pers. comm., September 2003).

<sup>37</sup> [Auckland Star, Volume LII, Issue 49, 26 February 1921, page 6.](#)

that “Approval is given to the employment of Mr. W.W. Bolton, M.A., while waiting for transport to Niue. Mr. Bolton will be paid at the rate of £360 per annum, during his employment as assistant master, commencing from 14th March 1921 until the 9th April 1921.”<sup>36</sup>

Also, we know that he was in Samoa on March 17 because he visited Robert Louis Stevenson’s grave on Mount Vaea on Saint Patrick’s Day. [Tales #27, #28]

In Volume 6 of the Bolton Papers, a work about his travels in Hawaii, New Zealand, Tonga and Samoa entitled “*En Voyage*,” he states on page 293 that he travelled on the British sloop *HMS Veronica* from Samoa to Pago Pago, American Samoa and then, on page 295, he went direct to Niue, but he does not give the dates.<sup>38</sup>

We know from a newspaper article and a University of Canterbury Master of Arts (History) thesis that the *HMS Veronica* landed at Niue on 14 May 1921 in response to the murder of a policeman that took place in April 1921.<sup>39, 40</sup> Upon that landing, the memorandum dated 24 January 1921 (see third paragraph above) was delivered. In response, the next day the Resident Commissioner of Niue sent a memorandum to the Secretary, Cook Islands Department, dated 15 May 1921, which states that “*Your memorandum of the 24<sup>th</sup> January last notifying the appointment of Mr. W. W. Bolton as temporary head teacher of Tufukia School came to hand yesterday and the contents noted. Mr. Bolton has not yet arrived in Niue.*”<sup>36</sup> However, the last five words of this text are almost illegible on a photocopy and the text should be verified with the original.

It would have been strange for the *HMS Veronica* to leave Apia for Pago Pago and Niue in April or May 1921 without WWB, given that he had been waiting for transport to Niue for months, but perhaps this is because the ship did not travel to Niue from Apia on that occasion, but from elsewhere. This is suggested by the University of Canterbury thesis, which states regarding the murder that “*News of this incident was intercepted by HMS Veronica which then rushed to Niue. Twenty rifles were landed to aid the guard and two suspects were found and later transported to New Zealand aboard HMS Chatham.*” The word *intercepted* suggests that the ship might already have been at sea when it obtained the news of the murder by the wireless message mentioned by WWB in Chapter V of *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, where he writes that “*from Samoa hastened a man-of-war after a calling vessel had ‘wirelessed’ the news and need to the world outside.*”

In a letter dated 28 June 1921 from the Resident Commissioner to the Minister for the Cook Islands, the former states “*I have the honour to inform you that Mr. W.W. Bolton, the recently appointed headmaster sent by you to this Island arrived in Niue by H.M.S. Veronica on the 12th last and took over his duties the following day.*”<sup>36</sup> The second digit in the text “12th” is somewhat unclear and should be verified; however, it would appear that the *HMS Veronica* returned to Niue, with WWB, on 12 June 1921.

The first correspondence from WWB while on Niue is a two-page handwritten letter in which he proposed to teach at the government school in Hakupu, rather than at the government school at Tufukia; it is addressed to the Resident Commissioner and is dated 16 June 1921.<sup>36</sup> We know that he “*took over his duties the following day*” after his arrival and that he spent one day in Hakupu “*to size up the scholastic situation, to see the Teacher’s proposed Abode, the school building the villagers had erected and specially to meet Hakupu’s Council for a discussion of the future.*” [See Chapter VI,

<sup>38</sup> He also describes his travel from Apia to Pago Pago on the *HMS Veronica* in Volume 7 of the Bolton Papers; see *In Luck* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*. In *Pago Pago* in Part XI, he states that his stay in Pago was four days, during which he stayed aboard the *Veronica*.

<sup>39</sup> [Arrival of HMS Veronica at Niue on 14 May 1921](#)

<sup>40</sup> See page 16 of [Felicity Caird \(1987\), \*The Strategic Significance of the Pacific Islands\*, University of Canterbury](#)

*Hakupu*, in *The Chronicles*.] So it is entirely reasonable that he could have written the letter only four days after his arrival on 12 June 1921.

However, WWB's arrival on Niue on 12 June 1921 is contradicted by two sources. The first source is Tale #8, *On Niue's Call*, in *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, in which he writes "News came to Samoa by canoe! that a terrible murder had taken place on Niue and would the Government please send a Man-of-War quickly. There was one — the *Veronica* — there at the time. So off it went — and I on board. That was How I went to Niue, on a Warship of His Majesty's." This would imply that he arrived on Niue when the *HMS Veronica* landed on 14 May 1921, rather than when it landed on 12 June 1921. However, here he contradicts his own account in Chapter V of *The Chronicles*, where he states that "a calling vessel had 'wirelessed' the news" and not that the news "came to Samoa by canoe." Perhaps he embellished this story for the grandchildren.

The second source is the story "The Old Trader" in WWB's book, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, about Robert Henry Head, in which he states that "I missed him by just one month."<sup>41</sup> According to the website of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Head died on 5 February 1921, which would suggest that WWB arrived on Niue in March 1921, rather than on 14 May or 12 June 1921.<sup>42</sup> The record on the website also states: "Record submitted after 1991 by a member of the LDS Church." Either the date is wrong or WWB was mis-informed, or perhaps WWB was embellishing.

In *Niue*, in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*, he states, "It was Sunday noon when I was called to the Bridge to get my first glimpse of my Island Home." This suggests that WWB landed on 12 June 1921, a Sunday, rather than 14 May 1921, a Thursday.

## TEACHING ON NIUE

We have three descriptions of the circumstances of his applying for the teaching position on Niue. First, in an article published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Volume 173, Number 6, June 1944, entitled "Mr. Bolton's Birthday. A True Story", and reprinted in the February 1945 edition of *The Strand* and again in the *Pacific Islands Monthly* in June 1947,<sup>43</sup> James Norman Hall,<sup>44</sup> Bolton's American friend on Tahiti (and co-author with Charles Nordhoff<sup>45</sup> of the 1932 novel *Mutiny on the Bounty*), writes that

he [WWB] chanced to read an article in an Auckland paper that a teacher was wanted for Niue, a lonely little island dependency of New Zealand, 600 miles west of Rarotonga and 350 miles southeast of Samoa. Mr Bolton was then sixty-seven, and really thinking about retiring, but when he learned that the Niue post was not wanted by others because of its remoteness, he immediately offered his services, gratefully accepted by the Minister of Education.<sup>46</sup>

In fact, WWB was sixty-two, not sixty-seven, when he was appointed teacher on Niue in January 1921. This error by Hall was subsequently quoted in the St. Michaels University School bulletin, *School Ties*, Spring 2002, which appears to have been the source for part of the biography of WWB on the website of the book *Beyond Nootka*, and *Répertoire biographique de la Polynésie Française*.

<sup>41</sup> See Part II.

<sup>42</sup> The link to Robert Henry Head on [FamilySearch.org](https://www.familysearch.org) is dead.

<sup>43</sup> This story was also summarised in the article "Ex-Victorian, W. Bolton, 85, Walks 40 Miles," in *The Daily Colonist*, Victoria, B.C., June 30, 1944.

<sup>44</sup> [James Norman Hall \(1887–1951\)](#)

<sup>45</sup> [Charles Nordhoff \(1887–1947\)](#)

<sup>46</sup> See *The Late Mr. Bolton of Tahiti* in Part VII, *Articles By and References To WWB in the Pacific Islands Monthly*.

Also, WWB was offered the job by Sir Maui Pomare, then Minister in charge of the Cook Islands, rather than the Minister of Education.<sup>47</sup>

Second, in Tale #8, *Of Niue's Call, New-Ay*, WWB writes

The Niueans had appealed to New Zealand — which Protects them from all possible enemies — for education for their children. Hakupu (har-koo-poo) begged hard. They said they had 100 children longing to be taught and they had raised a large building as the schoolroom. Please send a Teacher. The Government told them that they should have what they wanted, but when they asked for a volunteer they could find no one at all willing to go. It was too lonely. I was then roaming amid the lovely scenery of New Zealand and read of the difficulty, so hastened to the Capital and asked the Ministers if they would let me answer Niue's Call. They were very much surprised at my request but very kind. They said that they feared the life there would be too hard and unpleasant for me but I told them that I was strong and hardy and would love to teach native children though I had never done so before. So all was settled and I said that I would give 2 years of my life to them — perhaps more if the children were not by then ready for someone else who would find a house prepared by me for a Teacher with wife and children, so as not to be really lonely. That was Why I went to Niue.

Third, in Volume 6 of the Bolton Papers, pages 135 and 137, WWB writes

There were yet many spots in the North Island [of New Zealand] alone inviting a call, the Bay of Islands, Kaipara one of the Cities of Refuge — alike with the Hawaiians in this custom — the towns of Napier and New Plymouth, whilst in the South Island were The Lakes, The Southern Alps, Milford Sound [in] Fiordland, the Goldfields and the towns of Christchurch and Dunedin : but unexpectedly the Island of Niūē called for a Teacher and having offered to go, I must needs away, for boats are rare to that lonely isle and Samoa is the handiest place to find one.

Further, in the tribute to the work of WWB in the September 1947 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, the author recounts how

On one occasion, he [WWB] told me [Eric Ramsden], he approached the late Sir Maui Pomare, then Minister in charge of the Cook Islands, for the post of schoolmaster at Niue. "What are your qualifications?" inquired the Maori Minister. The latter's degree, by the way, was American. "MA of Cambridge," replied the applicant. Recalling the incident years later when we met in Tahiti he remarked: "That satisfied him. I obtained the job!"<sup>47</sup>

WWB signed the Return of Attendance for the Hakupu school on 31 March 1924.<sup>36</sup> Plates 1 and 6 in *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather* are dated April 1924 and these are the last documents available regarding his presence on Niue.

WWB's efforts on Niue are referred to in the following letter to the editor of the *New Zealand Herald*, dated 30 June 1922,<sup>48</sup> concern reading materials sent to Niue from New Zealand:

<sup>47</sup> See *The Good Work of Late W. W. Bolton* in Part VII, *Articles By and References To WWB in the Pacific Islands Monthly*.

<sup>48</sup> [New Zealand Herald, Volume LIX, Issue 18130, 30 June 1922, page 5.](#)



## “NEVER SEEN A COW”

Sir, —

In reply to Mr. E. B. Vaile's letter under the above heading, I beg to state that “the erroneous ideas” which he quotes are from the writings of Mr. W. W. Bolton, the schoolmaster at Hakupu, the chief of the 11 villages of Niue, to whom I am referring Mr. Vaile's letter for more particular reply. As to reading matter, we send only a few fiction magazines. We send, by request, the Nineteenth Century, the National Review, and like publications. We furnish the world's news as it may be gleaned from English, Scottish, Canadian, Indian, South African, Australian, and U.S.A. newspapers as our shelves afford. We send instruction books on knitting, crocheting, and needlework for the womenfolk of the officers stationed on the island. For the Islanders we send, also by request, hymn books, for which they have a passion and of which there must by now be a weird collection there; simple hymn and song tunes; occasionally animal picture and ample reading books; and pictorial matter not required for home use.

Miss Juniper, who recently passed through here after a stay at Niue, gave a very graphic description of the arrival of the cases which she witnessed last December, describing the excitement as the contents were revealed. She assured me there was a use for everything the cases contained. These cases are received by the Resident Commissioner and sent to Mr. Bolton to deal with, and they have, by the way, to be dragged a long distance through the bush to the master's house. Niue contains 4000 people, of whom about 20 are whites. Mr. Bolton is a university man, and I judge him to be one of those unappreciated Imperial dreamers on the outskirts of the Empire to whom Britain already owes so much, and of whose type she was never in greater need than today. If our humble parcels contribute one iota to the fulfilling of his visions, he must have them: their cessation would be a tragedy in the little world of Niue.

A friend contributed to the shipment alluded to 50 small scrap books made from Christmas cards; on their receipt Mr. Bolton promptly set to work and manufactured 50 more from whatever material was to hand so that each child in his village received one for a Christmas-box. These booklets they carried round with them everywhere and perused them in church during the sermon; the parents got their chance while the children were in school doing lessons. We have already received an advance order for 100 this time.

H. Basten  
Hon. Sec. Mayoress' War Memorial Library Committee

During his stay on Niue from 1921 to 1924, WWB returned to Auckland at least once. From the Auckland Star dated 3 August 1923: <sup>49</sup>

## LIFE IN NIUE

## THE VALUE OF GIFT BOOKS

At the conclusion of the formal business at the annual meeting of the Mayoress' War Memorial Committee yesterday Mr. W. W. Bolton, of Niue, entertained the members

<sup>49</sup> [Auckland Star, Volume LIV, Issue 184, 3 August 1923, page 8.](#)

with a most interesting chat about life at that lonely place. He gave a graphic word picture of this island, which he said was a solid mass of coral, with a soil covering of from one to two inches deep, notwithstanding which trees, including our own kauri, shrubs and vegetation flourished exceedingly, and the bush was almost impenetrable. There were 4000 natives, including about 800 children, and 24 white people. He expressed the deepest appreciation of the pictorial matter sent, and described how each Friday, when school was dismissed, each child was presented with a sheet of pictures from an illustrated paper, which they carried into the village, and after excited perusal they would come back to ask the meaning of what they saw. At Christmas he had been able to present each of the 800 children with a card, and in his own village with a little scrap book as well. Niue now had in its chief village quite a nice library, the literature for which had come from the Mayoress' War Memorial Library Committee. Some of the pictorial matter sent he passed on to the hospital, and finally went to their solitary leper. He spoke feelingly of the pleasure afforded by the receipt of a parcel of cushions sent to the nurses by the Trained Nurses' Association from Auckland. He followed this with an appeal for a gramophone to take back with him from the citizens of Auckland. Throughout the speaker stressed the value of the influence on the native mind when they realised these were the free gifts of their white friends far away.

The financial statement presented showed receipts for the year £328 17/11, and expenditure £187 6/8. The credit balance at the bank was £205 19/4.

And regarding horses, and those cows, on Niue, a letter to the editor by WWB was published in the New Zealand Herald the next day, 4 August 1923: <sup>50</sup>

#### LIFE ON NIUE

Sir,—

I regret that through a misunderstanding, an error crept into the otherwise excellent report of my address upon Niue given at the meeting of the Mayoress' War Memorial Library Committee. That error related to the live stock of Niue Island, it being stated in the report that there were only two horses there. There are certainly only two horses that are fat and well-favoured, these being fed on imported hay and oats. One is the Government's horse, the other belongs to the missionary, but the natives have many, no village being without them. They are a sad and sorry sight, however, their bones stick almost through their hides, and they look as though they could not draw a baby carriage. The S.P.C.A. would certainly put on deepest mourning at the sight of them!

With reference to the cow mentioned, exception was taken some time ago in the Herald to the statement that some of the children had "never seen a cow," but it must be remembered that the reference was to children of tender years only. Certainly within the limits of the present school age, such a bovine animal has never been landed on the island, and what happened to the last bunch of steers is on record. It was an adventure and a failure, for several of them died promptly, owing to the distribution of poison to kill wandering pigs, but which also reached higher game. Owing to their being no proper feed — the so-called grass is but un-nutritious, weedy staff — the remainder were quickly slaughtered, and the dealer found himself a sadder and a wiser man. There is a record of

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<sup>50</sup> [New Zealand Herald, Volume LX, Issue 18469, 4 August 1923, page 7.](#)



a cow whose death took place some 20 years ago, and cattle have undoubtedly been seen, as the above statements show, but to the children, they are but a tradition of their elders.

W. W. Bolton

And in regard to the gramophone, the following letter was published in the New Zealand Herald dated 18 December 1923:<sup>51</sup>

#### GRAMOPHONE FOR NIUE ISLAND

Sir,—

A few months ago a visit was paid to Auckland by Mr. W. W. Bolton, M.A., who has charge of a school at Niue Island. Among other things he thanked our Mayoress and the members of her committee for many gifts of books, etc., and he came to me for some pictures and went away happy. He made one other request: "There is one thing above all that we desire for our hospital — a gramophone and some records." So I placed the request before the Rotary Club and eventually, per favour of Rotarian Charlie Nathan, was passed along to Mr. S. Coldicutt of the E. and F. Piano Company, who presented a new machine. Records were provided by several Rotarians; A. B. Wright and Sons carted the goods to the wharf free of charge and the mate of the Kaeo undertook the delivery at Niue, where they were landed before the ship went to pieces on a reef. I have just received a letter of thanks from Mr. Bolton. I should like to ask, through the columns of your paper, if any of your readers have any records that they would like to donate? Any old thing will be appreciated; I am sure that many people have records that they are tired of hearing; that are relegated to the bottom shelf and never see the light of day, some perhaps that are scratched. They will all be joyfully accepted and sent along to our isolated "foster-children" to whom they will give great delight. A ring to 'phone 2316A or a postcard to Box 1374 and I will gladly collect all that are offered.

A. S. Antiss

## HISTORICAL RESEARCH ON NIUE

During his three years on Niue, WWB wrote down the island's history and traditions based on stories he obtained from five of the elders. Until that time, the only systematic study of Niue's history and traditions had been conducted by Stephenson Percy Smith,<sup>52</sup> who founded the Polynesian Society in 1892 and was Government Resident on Niue for five months in 1902. The result of WWB's efforts was a book entitled *The Chronicles of Savage Island* — Savage Island being the name given to Niue by James Cook upon his finding the island in 1774. The book, which WWB completed in 1927 and copied in 1931, is currently available in its original handwritten form in the Mitchell Library in Sydney, part of the State Library of New South Wales, together with the other writings by WWB that are collectively known as the Bolton Papers. *The Chronicles* consist of seven sections: *The Island in General*, *Tales of Today*, *Tales of Yesterday*, *Tales of Romance*, *Folk-Lore*, a bibliography and an appendix (see Volumes 9–15 of the Bolton Papers).

At the beginning of the bibliography, we find the following:

<sup>51</sup> [New Zealand Herald, Volume LX, Issue 18585, 18 December 1923, page 6.](#)

<sup>52</sup> [Stephenson Percy Smith \(1840–1922\)](#)

## Note :

D<sup>r</sup> E. M. Loeb of the Bishop Museum Staff arrived on Niue during my residence, measuring skulls. Naturally at his request I gave him freely of my information. On his return I am told of “The History and Traditions of Niue” from his pen without any acknowledgement of the source thereof. The world is full of strange people.

Edwin Meyer Loeb <sup>53</sup> was a Lecturer at the University of California in Berkeley, under Professor A.L. Kroeber, and was funded by the Bishop Museum in Honolulu while on Niue. He arrived on 25 August 1923 and remained on the island for about seven months, departing on 17 March 1924. He was about 29 years old at the time. *History and Traditions of Niue* was published in 1926 as Bulletin 32 of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum. <sup>54</sup>

Many of the stories documented in *History and Traditions of Niue* are also found in *The Chronicles of Savage Island*. The question therefore arises regarding the extent to which Loeb may have used information that he obtained from WWB, without acknowledging his source. In an attempt to answer this question, the text of those stories that are found in both works were compared; see Part III, *Did E.M. Loeb Use Information Obtained From W.W. Bolton in History and Traditions of Niue?*

The only reference to *The Chronicles of Savage Island* that was found online was on page 195 in Thomas Ryan, 1981, Fishing in transition on Niue, *Journal de la Société des océanistes*, Vol 72–73: 193–203. <sup>55</sup>

## FROM NIUE TO VICTORIA

The chapters of Volume 7 of the Bolton Papers, on his travels prior to arriving on Niue, are in the order of his travels, i.e., Oahu, Fiji, New Zealand, Tonga and Samoa. WWB’s itinerary following his departure from Niue can therefore be surmised from the order of the chapters in Volume 8 of the Bolton Papers, on his travels after his departure from Niue, which is as follows: the Kermadecs, Tasmania, Australia, Lord Howe Island, Norfolk Island, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia and Singapore.

From *The Lonely Isles* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*, we know that he went to Auckland after leaving Niue, visiting the Kermadecs on the way. However, from the ‘Shipping’ section of the Auckland Star dated 30 May 1924, we know that he left Auckland on that date on the *Marama*, bound for Sydney, rather than Hobart. <sup>56</sup> And in *Launceston on the Tamar* in Part XI, he mentions crossing the Bass Straits from Melbourne, and in *New Norfolk* in Part XI, he states that he “*had lately been exploring the Jenolan Caves in the Blue Mountains back of Sydney*”, so, contrary to the order of the chapters, he visited Sydney and Melbourne before visiting Tasmania.

He departed Niue April 1924 <sup>57</sup> and returned to Victoria to become Headmaster of the University School sometime during 1925. In Tale #50, he writes “*I was roaming in the New Hebrides when word reached me that my helping hand was needed amongst you [at the University School].*”

<sup>53</sup> [Edwin Meyer Loeb \(1894–1966\)](#)

<sup>54</sup> [“History and Traditions of Niue” by Edwin M. Loeb, Bishop Museum Bulletin 32 \(Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Honolulu, 1926\). 230 pages, 5 figures, 12 plates, 1 folded map](#)

<sup>55</sup> [Reference to The Chronicles of Savage Island on page 195 in Thomas Ryan, 1981, Fishing in transition on Niue, Journal de la Société des océanistes, Vol 72–73: 193–203.](#)

<sup>56</sup> [Auckland Star, Volume LV, Issue 127, 30 May 1924, page 4.](#)

<sup>57</sup> See *The Kermadecs* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

## TAHITI AND HISTORICAL RESEARCH

Regarding his move from Victoria to Tahiti in 1928, the articles in St. Michaels University School *School Ties* states that he “*returned to the South Seas, collecting historical material for the French government*”<sup>4</sup> and “*he returned to the South Pacific to work for the French government*”.<sup>20</sup> His relationship with the French government, if there was one, is not clear. Hall states that after W.W. Bolton’s arrival,

He had rested for perhaps a week when he became interested in Polynesian history as it concerns Tahiti. So he started tramping the island over, exploring the sites of ancient buildings, and the scenes of ancient happenings, reading neglected manuscripts, making researches that no one before had had the energy or the interest to make.<sup>46</sup>

This would suggest that he conducted his historical research in only a personal capacity. In any case, in 1935 he published *The beginnings of Papeete and its founding as the capital of Tahiti*<sup>58</sup> and at some point deposited two handwritten volumes of his research with the British Consulate in Papeete.  
24, 46

In Tale #50, *Of the Lure of the Great South Sea*, he writes

So when I returned [to Victoria in 1925] to be again among my own dear flesh and blood and friends overwhelmed me with their kindness there was ever ringing in my ears a Cry from the Great South Sea. It was those loveable natives of Polynesia calling ‘Oh! Come back! Come back! You belong to us now and we want you.’ Day and night that Cry could not be silenced. I knew that it would have so to be, that somehow, somewhere amongst them, there was work for me to do: but it must not be till my helping hand was no longer needed which would have been to desert my Duty, and Duty comes First in your and my life, even above Love. Having seen far stronger, abler hands than mine take the helm, that longing, lonesome Cry had right of place for the years that might still be mine. To serve others, especially those below your own grade and standing will I hope ever be your Joy too. So I took ship once more, and sailed away down South to those Isles of Perpetual Sunshine whose Lure had gripped me in its arms from which there was no escape. As with me, so it has been with countless others. If it be your lot in years to come, may it be to like perfect happiness. Though it may mean loss of Country and of Home, of lifelong friends and loved ones, all in measure is made up for, not in wasted years of idleness but in useful and unselfish work for others who need you in your Old Age.

In a letter to WWB’s grand-daughter dated 3 February 1970, Robert Langdon,<sup>59</sup> the first Executive Officer of the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau, writes

I have always had a great respect for your grandfather, W.W. Bolton, since discovering his papers in the Mitchell Library in the early 1950’s while doing research for my book on Tahiti [*Tahiti, Island of Love*, 1959].

While on Tahiti, W.W. Bolton wrote numerous articles on Pacific island history for the *Bulletins de la Société des Études Océaniques* and the *Pacific Islands Monthly*.

<sup>58</sup> See Part VIII, *Articles By WWB in Bulletins de la Société des Études Océaniques*.

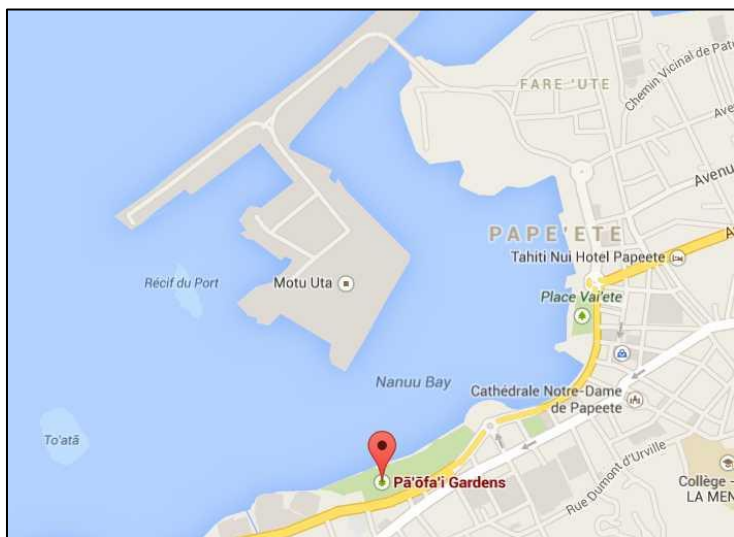
<sup>59</sup> [Robert Adrian Langdon \(1924–2003\)](#)

In recognition of his historical work, the London Missionary Society gave W.W. Bolton a steel engraving of the oil painting *The Cession of Matavai*.<sup>60</sup> The painting itself was a gift from the LMS to Captain James Wilson, commander of the ship *Duff*, which took the first missionaries to Tahiti in 1797. W.W. Bolton subsequently presented the engraving to the British Consulate in Papeete.

Regarding his residences on Tahiti, according to his story *Across Tahiti Afoot* in Part XIII, *Roaming In the Great South Sea*, his home in 1928, the year he arrived, was the Diadème; that is, the Hôtel du Diadème (left), which was previously the Hôtel de France (right), rue du Rivoli (since 1941, avenue du Général de Gaulle), Papeete.



He then appears to have moved to a bungalow on Papeete's waterfront. In *My Canary Bird* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*, he writes, "... I invited him to share my home... from which no finer view of lagoon, of sea, of mountains... is to be had on the waterfront of Papeete." In *La Maison de Santé* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*, we read that "Adjoining my onetime residence on the waterfront of Papeete is a charming bungalow..." and "He brought his Scarlet Woman to a bungalow two doors past mine..."



In *Papeete's Waterfront* in Part XIV, WWB describes the waterfront as extending in a half-moon shape from the industrial area on the far right, as one faces the sea, past the quay for the liners, the seawall where the schooners and yachts docked. Further along, "[t]he American Consulate is here and the Post Office, with a charming little park alongside, with abundant shade trees and moveable seats, whilst far along, past many a little bungalow, one comes to the native Church and the British Consulate, where the waterfront proper ends." The bungalows would therefore have been

somewhere between the current Hôtel Tiaré Tahiti — the site of the American consulate for almost a century until the 1960s — and the Paofai Temple, in the vicinity of the Paofai Gardens, which are shown in this Google map.

<sup>60</sup> See *Gift of an engraving of the "Cession of Matavai" from the London Missionary Society to W.W. Bolton and Light On a Half-Forgotten Incident of Early Tahiti* in Part VII, *Articles By and References To WWB in the Pacific Islands Monthly*.



In *Gauguin in the South Seas* (1965), Bengt Danielsson describes bungalows near the Paofai Gardens and diagonally opposite the Paofai Temple. These may well have been the bungalows referred to by WWB. Danielsson describes how they came to be rented out (page 133):

The enterprising and business-like lady who had recently [1893] gone in for renting houses in this new way was a Madame Charbonnier. She had arrived in the island in a rather unusual manner. Some time in the 1860s, when still very young, she had been picked up by the *police de mœurs* of Paris in a street of ill repute. With many of her unfortunate sisters, she had been deported ‘for rehabilitation’ to the penal colony of New Caledonia, where there was chronic shortage of women among convicts. On the voyage out, however, she had shrewdly decided that it would be better to be rehabilitated somewhere else, and she had managed to get ashore in Tahiti. The change of environment, together with her energy and initiative, had produced such remarkable results that in course of time she had acquired a valuable plot of land in Papeete. On this she built five small houses, with two rooms and a verandah, which she rented out, mainly to government officials and army and naval officers — that is, to persons with a steady income.



The approximate location of Madame Charbonnier's five bungalows, according to the map on page 63 of Danielsson (1965), is shown in this Google map.

In *Atolls of the Sun* (1920), Frederick O'Brien writes (page 447) that he spoke with Madame Charbonier when he went to see the glass doors that Gauguin had painted in one of the bungalows. That was in 1913, twenty years since she had built the bungalows and fifteen years before WWB's arrival in Papeete.

From his reference in *Papeete's Waterfront* to Marmaduke Grove — the Chilean colonel who escaped from exile on Easter Island and passed through Papeete in about 1931 — we know that WWB lived on Papeete's waterfront at that time. From the term “onetime” in *La Maison de Santé* in regard to his residence on the waterfront, and the text “It [La Maison de Santé] was burned to the ground... I had moved to the countryside years previously,” we can infer that he subsequently moved to a third residence.

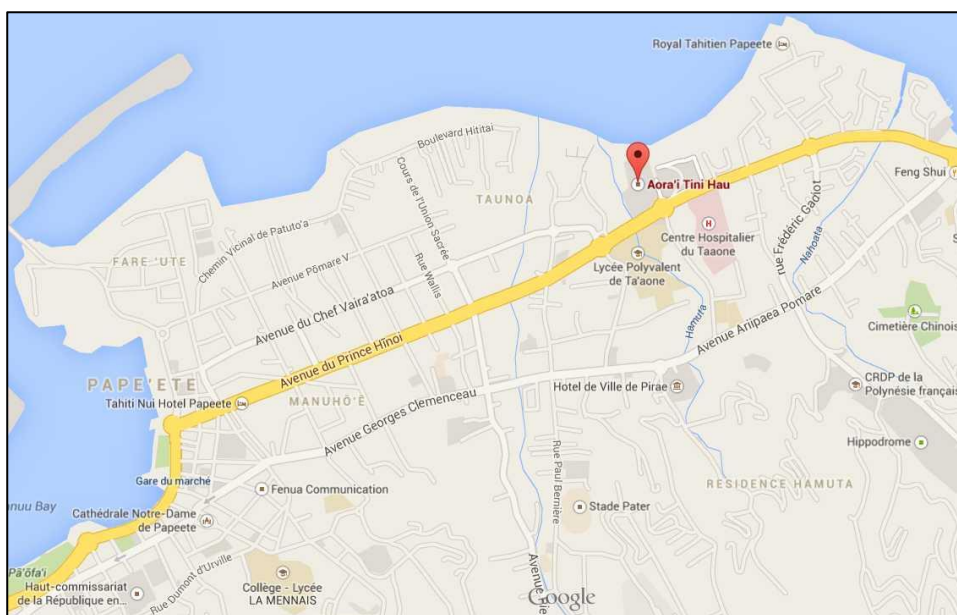
According to Norman Hall's article, *The Late Mr. Bolton of Tahiti*, in the June 1947 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, in Part VII, which was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in June 1944, when WWB was 85, WWB lived in the district of Pirae, which is adjacent to the eastern boundary of Papeete, the Fautaua River. His house was down a lane and had steps leading up to a verandah. His garden was called *The Bower*.

In Tale #1, *His Highness*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, he states that “To one side below [the pigsty in his garden] a steep bank runs the Hamutu brook...” This is probably the Hamuta River, which runs through the Lycée Polyvaent de Ta'aone in Pirae.

In Tale #15, *Of Troubles*, he states that “The other side of the Hamutu rushing mountain rivulet is a Dairy farm where cows and horses graze and also mules.”

In Tale #77, *Of the Bower*, he states that “the site on which it stands was part of a large Sugar Plantation, the hills and rows were very evident and no small task to level. Later the whole acreage was planted with coconut palms in ordered row...” “The Highway with its auto traffic night and day is half a mile away. Quiet reigns the day long and at night I can only hear the babbling brook (The Hamutu) by the side of my dwelling as it makes headlong for the sea or the roar of the breakers as they thunder against the reef.”

*The Bower* was probably on the waterfront of Pirae, where he heard the “roar of the breakers”, and beside the Hamuta River, in what used to be the sugarcane plantation of Taaone, <sup>61</sup> which was in the vicinity of what is shown as *Aora'i Tini Hau* on the map below. The *Highway*, at the time, was probably the Avenue Ariipaea Pomare, which is about a half mile away. <sup>62</sup>



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The photograph below, which shows the possible site of WWB's home in Pirae, was taken in October 2014.



<sup>61</sup> See [the sugarcane plantation of Taaone on Tahiti Heritage](#).

<sup>62</sup> According to the [Ville de Pirae](#), the larger, and much closer, Avenue Charles de Gaulle (the road in yellow on the map above, which becomes Avenue du Prince Hinoi further to the west) was constructed in the period between 1960 and 1975.



Not much remained of the Hamuta ‘River’, which is found to the right of the house (behind the sandbar in the photo above).



But there were still pleasant views of the mountains and the ocean.



In his letter of March 7, 1939 to his grandchildren, Jane Elizabeth Bolton and Gerard Patrick Bolton, in Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, <sup>63</sup> WWB states his return address as ‘Taaroa, Pirae, Tahiti’. *Ta‘aroa* is the supreme creator god in the mythology of the Society Islands. <sup>64</sup> *Taaroa* is now found to be a given name of Tahitians, a family name, the name of a lodge on Tahiti, and the name of the Taaroa Race, a *va‘a* competition, which sometimes departs from Taaone Beach (pictured above) by the Hamuta. In his address, it may refer to the name of his residence or may possibly be a synonym for the Ta‘aone area of Pirae.

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<sup>63</sup> See Part V, *Letters by William Washington Bolton*.

<sup>64</sup> [Ta‘aroa on Wikipedia](#)



## TALES OF A ROAMING GRANDFATHER

From August 1939 to November 1941, he wrote stories about his travels in the South Pacific and elsewhere, and sent them to his two grandchildren in Victoria. There are 93 stories in *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

He refers to his upbringing in England in several Tales (#3, #5, #6, #83, #90). Regarding his travels in North America, he wrote about Moosomin (#17, #67, #71), Victoria (#48), Utah (#57, #58), Vancouver Island (#81) and the Yukon (#26). Regarding his travels from Victoria to England in 1913, he wrote about Japan (#39, #40, #41, #43), Nanking (#51), Korea (#52), Siberia (#52, #54) and Moscow (#68).

Regarding his travels in the Great South Sea (and not to be referred to as the ‘South Seas’ — see Tale #7 and the note on Volume 8 of the Bolton Papers in Appendix I below) from 1920 to 1925, he wrote about Oahu (#55, #56), New Zealand (#27, #33, #54), Samoa (#8, #23, #25, #27, #28, #30, #34, #38, #53, #66), Tonga (#19, #26, #31), Niue (#8, #12, #29, #44, #45, #46, #47), the Kermadec Islands (#7), Tasmania (#8), Australia (#7, #11, #36, #73), Lord Howe Island (#74), Norfolk Island (#59, #91), New Hebrides (now Vanuatu, #10, #86), New Caledonia (#85, #89) and Singapore (#75).

Regarding the period from 1928 until the last story was written in 1941, during which he lived in French Polynesia, he wrote about French Polynesia in general (#61, #63), the Austral Islands (#80), the Gambier Islands (#60), the Marquesas (#92), Moorea (#5, #18, #21, #64), Tahiti (#1, #2, #3, #4, #5, #6, #9, #11, #12, #13, #15, #16, #17, #18, #20, #21, #22, #24, #32, #37, #54, #62, #65, #70, #77, #78, #81, #87, #88, #93) and the Tuamotos (#11, #76, #79, #82).

He also wrote about Java (#8, #69) and the Trobriand Islands in Papua New Guinea (#26), which he probably visited while traveling in Australia in 1924–1925. He also wrote about Easter Island (#4) and Nauru (#31), but apparently never travelled to either.

## BIRTHDAY HIKE ON TAHITI

There are references to lengthy hikes that W.W. Bolton took on Tahiti on his birthdays when he was in his eighties. In Tale #62, *Of Our Birthday*, he refers to a walk that took place on his 82nd birthday from his residence, through Papeete, to a friend’s “*sumptuous bungalow*”, and which he states as being both 25 miles and 40 kilometres long, round trip.

In the August 1944 edition of PIM (page 9), we read that “*Mr. W.W. Bolton, well-known British resident of Tahiti, celebrated his 86th birthday in June by a coastal hike of about 40 miles. Needless to say, his health is excellent.*” (However, his birthday is in July, rather than June.)

In the November 1945 edition of PIM (page 29), we have “*Mr. W.W. Bolton, a well-known scholar, of Papeete, Tahiti, recently celebrated his 87th birthday by taking a moonlight stroll to Maraa Cave — a place 18 miles distant from his residence.*”

In the May 1946 edition of PIM (page 9), we read that “*Mr. W.W. Bolton, MA, of Papeete, Tahiti, has now reached his 88th birthday; and, in a recent letter, he says that he is ‘still happily going strong.’ He celebrated his 87th birthday — and the end of the war in Europe — with a 40-miles hike, in one day.*” In fact, in May 1946, WWB was still 87. The “40-miles hike” refers to the stroll to Maraa Cave mentioned in the November 1945 edition, which, being 18 miles distant from his residence, would have been a 36 mile round trip.

Hall states in his article that W.W. Bolton took a 40 mile hike on his 85th birthday.

Finally, in the September 1946 edition of PIM (page 12), we read that “[a]fter he passed 80, Mr. Bolton celebrated his birthdays by going off on a long hike, through the delightful countryside.”

Hall also remembers W.W. Bolton telling him that he celebrated his 25th birthday, in 1883, with a 60 mile walk, which he accomplished in 24 hours, 20 hours actually walking.

## HEADSTONE

W.W. Bolton died on Tahiti and is buried in the Uranie Cemetery — also called Pauranie Cemetery, from Pa, meaning *Fort*, and *L’Uranie*, the French corvette active during Tahiti’s War of Independence, 1844–1847 — at the front of the second level, in the only grave that faces the ocean.

### Grave of William Washington Bolton, Papeete, Tahiti, French Polynesia



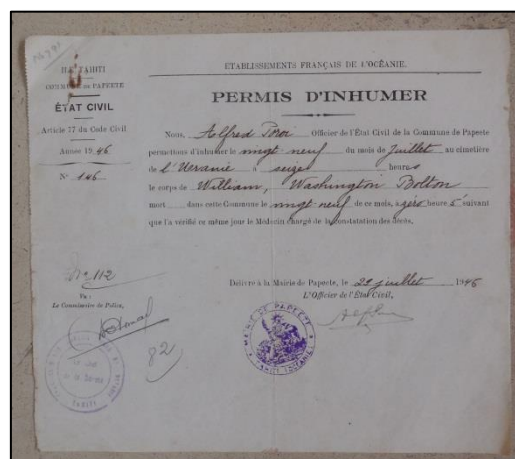


**William Washington Bolton's headstone**



Both the dates of birth and death on the headstone are wrong. His birthday was almost certainly July 3, 1858 (and not July 5) and, according to the obituary in the September 1946 edition of PIM, he died on July 28, 1946 (and not on July 29, 1947). And the apostrophe is missing in *Journey's*.

**William Washington Bolton's *Permis d'Inhumer*, dated 29 July 1946**



## APPENDIX I. BOLTON PAPERS IN THE MITCHELL LIBRARY

The list below is from the 'Catalogue of Manuscripts of Australia and the Pacific in the Mitchell Library, Sydney. Series A: Manuscripts catalogues between 1945 and 1963 (1967).'

### 1-7A

#### **Bolton, W.W.**

A3357–A3377

Papers, being partly his own work and partly copies of other manuscripts and of printed material, sometimes with annotations. MS. and typescript. Ill. Maps. [The Bolton Papers were donated by WWB's daughter, Mrs Vyvyan Muriel Grant of San Leandro, California in October 1952. The writings concerning WWB's memoirs of the church of St. Mary the Virgin in San Francisco were conveyed to the church in 1949 (Church of Cow Hollow, page 23).]

21v.

Typed list of books and MSS. copied is filed in the Mitchell Library Bibliographic Folder. Title pages or lists of chapter headings are provided by W. W. B. together with an index to Old Time Tahiti

#### *Contents*

v. 1	'Tales of roaming' 1913	A3357
v. 2	'After thirty years. Two months at home.' 1913	A3358
v.3–4	'Tahitian vignettes' 1922?–42. Mainly reminiscences of people. Includes copy of a letter from National Maritime Museum 1938 re authenticity of Bounty anchor at Papaoa	A3359–60
v. 5	'Roaming in the Great South Sea' 1926	A3361
v. 6	'En voyage'	A3362
v. 7–8	'Roaming the Pacific waters' 1926 partly rewritten from A3359 and A3360	A3363–4
v. 9–12	'Chronicles of Savage Island' 1927. 4v. With bibl.	A3365–8
v.13–15	<i>The same</i> 1931	A3369–71
v. 16	Young, J. L.—'Atimaono, an account of the rise and fall of the Tahiti Cotton and Coffee Plantation Co Ltd, 1863–73' written by J. L. Young 1928 and copied by W. W. Bolton	A3372
v. 17–19	'Old time Tahiti, 1928–38'. With bibl. 3v. Volumes 2 & 3 are transcriptions	A3373–5
v. 20	'Pioneer missionaries of Tahiti: transcriptions of extracts from printed books 1815–24 and MS. journals kept by L.M.S. missionaries 1796–1820'	A3376
V. 21	'Inter alia' 1940? Notes and transcriptions of extracts	A3377

For most volumes, the contents of the Bolton Papers are given in greater detail below:

**Volume 1.** Tales of Roaming. 1913. All text handwritten on odd-numbered pages. Letters from Japan (page 3). Across Siberia (75). Alaska and the Yukon (101). The Gold of Nome (189). Alaska's Blue Ribbon (199). Where Ignorance was Bliss (207). A Brush with Wolves (217). The island of Moorea (225). Discovery and Discoverers of French Oceania (261).

**Volume 2.** "After 30 Years" Two Months at "Home". 1913. Handwritten.

**Volumes 3 and 4.** Tahitian Vignettes. Handwritten. Volume 1. My canary bird (5). Papeete's name: The Story of (17). A false scare (23). Nouns, Names and Negatives (27). My friend (33). Lake Vaihiria (49). The Mystery Stone of Tahiti (53). History in Streets (57). Pauranie (63). Revenge (77). Sunday in Papeete (97). The Grand Tour (107). Point Venus (117). The Great Marae (123). Taiarapu (129). Volume 2. La Maison de Santé (3). Bootlegging (15). The adventurous native (19). Big Fish (23). The untutored native (28). The Pomare dynasty (31). Papeete's waterfront (36). Rambling around (40). When wild winds blow (43). Mulcting the Stranger (46). A trio of Freaks (48). The Prince of Tahiti (67). The Princesses of Tahiti (70). To-morrow (73). Rebellion (75). An Outsider's Witness (77). The Bounty's anchor. The lone voyager (83). Darling, the Nature man (85). A Tahitian garden (89). A character sketch (93). Tahiti's Heart (97).

**Volume 5.** Roaming in the Great South Sea. Dated 1926 by the Mitchell Library, but several chapters were written about WWB's experiences in French Polynesia, where he lived from 1928 to 1946. Handwritten. The Taupou's Grave (5). The Exile's Return (11). A Samoan Play (19). The Gambier Islands (37). The Tuamotu Islands (61). South Sea Curios (111). Pitcairn's Island (133). Across Tahiti afoot (185). The Sous-le-Vent Islands (203). Regarding the title, he writes,

Note : Geographically there is no such named space on Earth's surface as the "South Seas" (plural). The Pacific Ocean — except on its far western coast line — is One, Undivided Whole, north and south of the Equator. Polynesia, which these Roamings concern, lies in "The Great South Sea" (singular). This term was first used by the early Spanish navigators and later by whalers as a general one for their hunting grounds. The use of the plural is a careless though poetic indifference to Fact.

Also in Volume 5, South Sea Curios Gathered from many quarters. 1. "Tin-Can Island" 2. How a doorstopper lead to a Fortune 3. Filipino Theologians 4. Nomenclature 5. Ci Gît 6. The Duk-Duks 7. An erratic isle 8. Marriage Settlements 9. Deer hunting 10. A one-man Island 11. The last of The South Sea Sovereigns 12. The Curfew Bell 13. True to Type 14. Of birds 15. Stone masonry

**Volume 6.** En Voyage. Handwritten. Oahu. The Crossroads of the Pacific (3). New Zealand. Under the Southern Cross (79). Tonga. A Sovereign State (139). Samoa. 'neath Tropic skies (183).

**Volume 7.** Roaming the Pacific Waters (1). 1926. Typed version of Volume 6. Syllabus. Foreword. Oahu. Fiji. New Zealand. Tonga. Samoa.

**Volume 8.** Roaming the Pacific Waters (2). 1926. Typed. The Kermadecs. Tasmania. Australia. Lord Howe. Norfolk. New Hebrides. New Caledonia. Singapore.

**Volumes 9 to 12.** Chronicles of Savage Island. 1927. Handwritten. Volume 12 is available on microfilm. See Volumes 13 to 15.

**Volumes 13 to 15.** Chronicles of Savage Island. Volumes 9 to 11 rewritten by hand in 1931. All three are available on microfilm. Of the four volumes of the Chronicles, the first volume contains section 1, The Island in general, and the first part of section 2, Tales of to-day, with the following subheadings: The Village of Alofi, The Village of Hakupu. The second volume contains the second part of section 2, with The Village of Hakupu, The Village of Tuapa, The Village of Hikutavake. The



third volume contains the third part of section 2, with The Village of Makefu, The Village of Mutalau, The Village of Liku, The Village of Fatiau, The Village of Avatele. The fourth volume contains section 3, Tales of Yesterday; section 4, Tales of Romance; section 5, Folk-Lore; section 6, Bibliography; and section 7, Appendix.

**Volumes 17 to 19.** Old time Tahiti. Commenced 1928. Completed 1938. Handwritten. Maps. Illustrations. Bibliography. 1. The Period of Violence 2. The Period of the French Index. Addenda, including Digest of Books, Manuscripts and Pamphlets not easily attainable. Some parts have been published in the Pacific Islands Monthly.

**Volume 21.** Inter Alia. Twenty-six stories and extracts.

## APPENDIX II. BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE, 1349-1897 (Page 429)

Bolton, William Washington : son of late Rev. James Bolton. Born at Kilburn, July 3, 1858. School, Spencer House, Wimbledon ; and private tuition. Admitted Oct. 1, 1877.

B.A. 1881 : M.A. 1884. President of the University Athletic Club. Ordained deacon (Lichf.) 1881 : priest (do.) 1882. Curate of Stoke on Trent; 1881-4, and 1886-7. Missionary at Moosomin, Canada, and chaplain to the Bp of Qu'Appelle, 1884-6. Rector of St Paul, Esquimalt, 1887-9. Headmaster of St Paul's School, Esquimalt, 1889-90. Minister at St Luke's, San Francisco, 1890-1. Rector of St Mary, San Francisco, 1891-98-.

## APPENDIX III. PATRICK O'REILLY. 1975. TAHITIENS. REPERTOIRE BIOGRAPHIQUE DE LA POLYNESIE FRANÇAISE. SOCIETE DES OCEANISTES N° 36, PARIS (PAGE 51)

**BOLTON, W. Washington** (1859-1946). — Un Anglais, né en 1859. Entre à Caius College à Oxford, en 1877, pour des études théologiques. N'est jamais ordonné. Voyage à travers le monde. A soixante-sept ans, occupe une place d'instruction à Niue. En 1928, vient s'installer à Tahiti où il s'intéresse intelligemment à l'histoire locale. Intrépide marcheur, il explore à pied les moindres recoins de l'île, pour y découvrir — et souvent pour y restaurer — les reliques de l'époque missionnaire : tombes, cénotaphes, inscriptions, ruines. En même temps, il fait dans les archives des recherches qu'aucun autre n'avait eu l'idée d'entreprendre ni la persévérance de mener à bonne fin. Comme résultat de ces efforts : de nombreux articles de journaux et de revues, et deux gros volumes manuscrits, calligraphiés de sa propre main, qui furent déposés au Consulat anglais de Papeete à l'intention des chercheurs. — Meurt à Tahiti, le 28 juillet 1946. Voir une note sur lui, signée de J.N. Hall, dans : *Strand Magazine*, févr. 1945 ; article reproduit dans *P.I.M.*, June 1947, p.43, port.

## APPENDIX IV. PROVINCE EXPLORING EXPEDITIONS OF 1894 AND 1896, BC ARCHIVES, MS-2777

MS-2777

BOLTON, William Washington, 1859-1946. Victoria; clergyman. Originals and typescript, 1894-1896, 7 cm; microfilm (neg.), 1894-1896, 35 mm [A01682(2)].

Records relating to the Province Exploring Expeditions of 1894 and 1896 sponsored by the Province newspaper. The first expedition, under the Rev. W.W. Bolton, explored Vancouver Island from Cape Commerell to Woss Lake in the summer of 1894; the second, which was organized by John William Laing but led by Bolton, explored the area between Woss Lake and Alberni in 1896. The collection consists of Bolton's pencil journals covering the 1894 expedition (2 vols.); a scrapbook of clippings from the Province of Bolton's journal entries, 1894 and 1896 with introductions and some additional articles; transcripts of the Province articles; and a notebook listing photographs taken and giving barometer, thermometer, and pedometer readings. Maps transferred to Map accessions CM/D130, CM/D173, and CM/A914; 10 watercolours by T.B. Norgate removed from scrapbook and transferred to Visual Records, PDP09053 - PDP09062; photographs transferred to Visual Records accessions 198208-032 and 198703-003.

Finding aid: volume list.

#### Subject Headings

Indians - British Columbia - Vancouver Island

Vancouver Island - Description and travel

#### Secondary Entries

Laing, John William, d. 1909

Province (Victoria, B.C.)

# PART II

## THE CHRONICLES OF SAVAGE ISLAND

NIUE

(New-ay)

BY

REV. WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON, M.A.

### Preface

#### *Source of The Chronicles of Savage Island*

The original text of *The Chronicles of Savage Island* is stored in the Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia, as part of the Bolton Papers (Collection 1–7A). There are two versions of *The Chronicles* in the Bolton Papers: Volumes 9–12 (Catalogue numbers A3365–8) of the Bolton Papers are dated 1927 and consist of all four notebooks in which WWB wrote, by hand, *The Chronicles*, while Volumes 13–15 (A3369–71) of the Bolton Papers are dated 1931 and consist of copies of the first three notebooks, also handwritten. Volumes 12–15 are also available on microfilm (CY Reel 1145).

The handwritten text was transcribed from scans taken from the microfilms and provided in PDF files; the first two sections of *The Chronicles* — *The Island in General* and *Tales of Today* — that appear herein, which are contained in the first three notebooks, are thus dated 1931, while the remaining five sections — *Tales of Yesterday*, *Tales of Romance*, *Folk-lore*, the *Bibliography* and the *Appendix* — which are contained in the fourth notebook, are dated 1927.

#### WWB and Penmanship

Transcribing WWB's handwritten text into digital form was not without challenges. The problem was not the legibility of his handwriting, which is almost always clear. Rather, the difficulties were the result of what he refers to as the *niceties* of handwritten text.<sup>1</sup> The *niceties* are what gives handwritten text its personal character, but which also give rise to some of the problems listed below:

- WWB often capitalised proper nouns and their adjectives for emphasis; however, in places his majuscules are not distinguishable from his minuscules and his intention is not always clear, particularly for the letters K, S, V and W. The exceptions are for those capital letters that he wrote with loops for flourish, although they sometimes brought into question whether neighbouring letters without the loops were meant to be majuscules.

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<sup>1</sup> See Tale #14, *Of Penmanship*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

- He would sometimes write the same lowercase letter cursively and sometimes print it, non-cursively, making it difficult to determine whether he intended to write one word or two. This is particularly a problem for the following compound words, which we now write as one word or as two hyphenated words, but which he may have intended to write as two: *anyone*, *blackboard*, *businesslike*, *coastline*, *countryside*, *daylight*, *downgrade*, *folklore*, *foresight*, *forever*, *good-looking*, *headway*, *hereabouts*, *hereafter*, *hotfoot*, *ironwood*, *kingfish*, *likewise*, *livestock*, *maybe*, *midday*, *night-time*, *old-time*, *onetime*, *onto*, *outcast*, *overeat*, *overnight*, *parrotfish*, *playground*, *redfish*, *sailcloth*, *saltwater*, *shellfish*, *shipshape*, *sometime*, *somewhere*, *storeroom*, *sugarcane*, *therefore*, *therewith*, *today*, *warpath*, *wheelbarrows*, *whirlwind*, *whitewashing*, *widespread*, *withdrawing* and *withhold*.
- In contrast, he usually wrote *cliff edge* as one word, although without the *f* and the *e* joined cursively, rather than two clearly distinct words.
- He also split words that would not fit onto the end of line by writing the remaining part of the word on the next line, sometimes using a hyphen, but most often not.
- He wrote certain words with letters much larger than normal, for emphasis, i.e., the last few words at the end of Chapter XV, *Hue and Cry*, and Chapter XVII, *Niue's Blue Ribbon*.
- He often inserted an exclamation mark in the middle of a sentence to emphasise a word; thus he often wrote the first letter of words following an exclamation mark in lowercase.
- He sometimes neglected to put the period at the end of a sentence and would often omit the second comma or hyphen at the end of a phrase. He occasionally used a period or an exclamation mark where he should have put a question mark. And he often neglected to use a comma between a quotation and the preceding or succeeding text.
- He usually put double quotes around words for emphasis, but sometimes used single quotes.
- He was inconsistent in his use of British or American spelling; for example, he used both *color* and *colour*, and *labor* and *labour*.
- He usually wrote *a.m.* and *p.m.* without the second period, but also with both periods or with neither, and occasionally with the first period *before* the first letter, the second period after the first letter and nothing after the second letter.
- He sometimes used *other* where *another* would be correct and *exceeding* where *exceedingly* would be correct, while elsewhere using *another* and *exceedingly* correctly.
- He wrote the chapter numbers for Chapters i–ix, xiii, xvii and xxiii in lowercase Roman numerals and all the others in uppercase.
- Sometimes he wrote the section titles within chapters capitalised and sometimes not. Same for story titles, which are listed in indexes as well as in the text; sometimes the capitalisation of the same title in the index differs from the title in the text.
- He wrote the titles of the sections within each chapter under the heading for the chapter and then divided the text of each section with a line of dashes, without rewriting the name of the section at the beginning of the section.

In addition to the characteristics of WWB's writing listed above, we should note that WWB was born in 1858 and learned to write in the 1860s. He was a priest of the Church of England and his style of writing stories can often be characterised as biblical. His English is, therefore, sometimes archaic. The following is a list of the archaic words that he used and their equivalents today. He used *anent* for *about*, *anext* for *next*, *anon* for *occasionally*, *aught* for *anything*, *bethinking* for *thinking*, *betwixt* for *between*, *covereth* for *covers*, *covet* for *desire*, *doeth* for *does*, *e'en* for *even*, *ere* for *when*, *eschew* for *avoid*, *even* for *evening*, *groweth* for *grows*, *ken* for *knowing*, *kenned* for *knew*, *knoweth* for *knows*, *hath* for *has*, *hied* for *went quickly*, *hither* for *to this place*, *knoweth* for *knows*, *meaneth* for *means*, *methinks* for *I think*, *naught* for *nothing*, *nay* for *no*, *nigh* for *near*, *o'* for *of*, *o'er* for *over*, *oft* for *often*, *saith* for *says*, *smote* for *hit*, *spake* for *spoke*, *telleth* for *tells*, *thee* for *you*, *thence* for *from there*, *thenceforward* for *from then on*, *thine* and *thy* for *your*, *thitherwards* for *in that direction*, *tress* for *lock of hair*, *trice* for *instant*, *'twas* for *it was*, *'twere* for *it were*, *whereat* for *where*, *wherewith* for *by which*, *whither* for *to where*, *wont* for *habit*, *wroth* for *angry*, *wrought* for *worked* and *yonder* for *that or those*.

He also used many French and other foreign words, some of which are commonly used in English today, such as *rendezvous*, but others not. The English meanings of foreign words that are less common are given in the footnotes.

### Guidelines for Transcription

The basic principal governing the transcription was to preserve WWB's usage, even though he was inconsistent. However, there were exceptions and these are listed below:

- The first letter of words, other than those at the beginning of a sentence, have been transcribed in lowercase unless it is clear, either by the size of the letter or the context, that WWB intended it to be uppercase; that is, when in doubt, the letter was usually transcribed in lowercase.
- Compound words, where they appear to have been written as two separate words, have been transcribed as a single word.
- Missing periods and question marks have been inserted. WWB tended to use fewer commas than would be considered good punctuation today and some have been inserted, but only to improve the clarity of the text and not necessarily to make the reading of it easier.
- The various spellings of *a.m.* and *p.m.* have been standardised.
- Chapter numbers are all uppercase Roman numerals.
- The titles of sections are given beneath the chapter heading and at the beginning of each section.
- The section titles and story titles have all been capitalised.

WWB often printed Niuean words with single letters not joined cursively, as if to ensure that the spelling was correct. All Niuean words have been italicised, except those of the common place names of today.

Words that WWB wrote with larger than usual letters have been given a larger font size.



Footnotes have been entered regarding definitions of other archaic, uncommon or foreign words and phrases, or to provide additional information. If no link is given, then the source is Wikipedia or one of several online dictionaries.

Footnotes also note where WWB's rare spelling mistakes have been corrected or where there are two spellings of the same Niuean word.

### WWB and S. Percy Smith

Basil Thomson's *Savage Island* was published in 1902 and covers a mixture of contemporary and historical subjects. However, the most systematic study of Niue at the time of WWB's visit from 1921 to 1924 was that of S. Percy Smith,<sup>2</sup> who was on Niue as Government Resident for nearly four months from September to December 1901. Smith was actively interested in Polynesian history and anthropology, having founded the Polynesian Society in 1892. Smith's study of Niue was first published in five editions of the *Journal of the Polynesian Society* in 1902 and 1903 as *Niuē Island and Its People, Parts I–IV and Appendix Continued*, and later published in book form in various editions. WWB lists one of these editions, Smith's *Niue-fekai*, in the bibliography of *The Chronicles* and probably used Smith as a reference for certain subjects; those subjects in *The Chronicles* that are covered by Smith are noted in the footnotes. References to Smith and works mentioned in this preface and the footnotes are given below.

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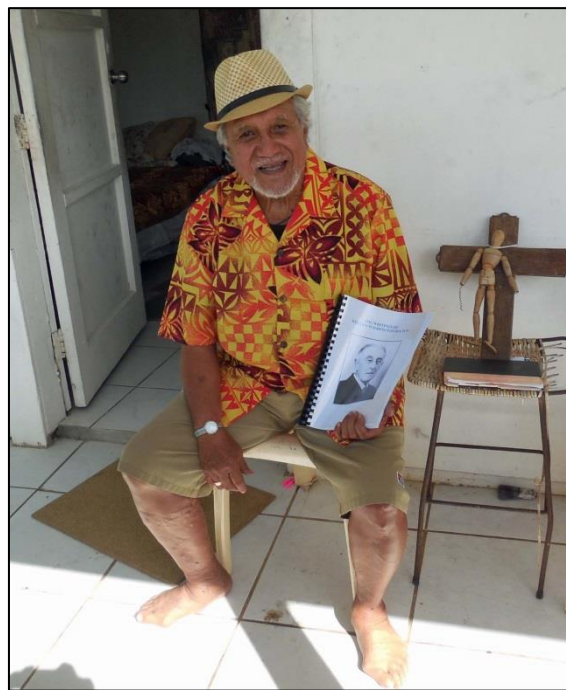
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<sup>2</sup> [S. Percy Smith \(1840–1922\)](#)

## PART II. THE CHRONICLES OF SAVAGE ISLAND

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**Hon. Young Vivian, holding *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, in Hakupu on 18 June 2015**

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### **To the Reader**

Tutoring, for long years my profession; while leisurely roaming New Zealand, my attention was called to a newspaper paragraph in which appeal was made for men willing to go as Teachers to some of the more isolated islands under control of the Government. The life was not portrayed as an easy one, and things would have to be from the very beginning.

Here was an opportunity not only of useful service but of new experiences. My offer was most kindly accepted. What I learned as I taught is here set down for those who would see "South Seas" life from a somewhat unusual angle. In the main it is Extracts from my Journal kept of those pleasant years : '21 – '24.

W.W. Bolton. M.A.

Tahiti.  
1931.

## THE ISLAND IN GENERAL

### Chapter I

Sail Ho! — The Island — Its Past — Its People —  
Things Missionary — The Liquor Question and  
Others

#### Sail Ho!

Niue Island is not one of a Group. It lies absolutely alone, a mere speck on sea and map. Tonga is 250 miles away to the West, Samoa is 350, whilst the Cook Group is nigh 600. It is but 10 miles broad and 17 miles from North to South, yet houses close on 4000 natives.

Niue is on a Trade route of a sort. Barques from 'Frisco to Australia oft head for and are right glad of Niue so as to correct their position after beating this way, that, from distant Continents. Therefore do hearts quite frequently rejoice, and Sail Ho! rings over the Isle, only to be hugely disappointed. It is not the time for the arrival of the boat from New Zealand — of which in my day there were but six in the twelve months, and none from October to March — yet it may be some special one coming without notice. It is clearly heading hither, and with it will come welcome news of the great world outside. Alack! and Alas! slowly it turns and sails away. That turning tests some souls sadly. I have seen tears shed copiously thereat.

Nigh the cliff-edge of Alofi — wither all ships make for port <sup>3</sup> — one cannot help but cast the eyes seaward, at any time of day, over that vast expanse of bluest water touching the horizon everywhere. There have been days when as many as three ships have headed towards us, yet far off have turned their helm and slowly disappeared, their crews doubtless gazing toward us, as we towards them.

Despite the possibility of disappointment every vessel is watched with keenest interest from that same cliff-edge, and if she keeps her nose pointing Alofiwise hour by hour, till Hope becomes a certainty, then folk get going, up runs the Flag, the news spreads fast, men, women and children drop each their task, none can work more that day.

On one of such marked days, I landed from a Man-of-War, to Teach and Learn.

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<sup>3</sup> Sir Robert's Wharf, Alofi, with the cliff on the left (June 2015):



## The Island

Invert, not a plate but, a platter of oval shape and you have Niue.<sup>4</sup> Raise it above the table — which is the sea. Niue's outer rim rises 90 feet above the water, and all around clinging tight against that cliff is a 'Fringing' reef. There is no 'Barrier' or Outer reef.

On that first level, which is nowhere a half-mile deep, and all around there runs a grassy Highway for 40 miles, and 11 villages will be met upon the way.

The upper part of your platter is the higher grade, rising 200 feet above sea level, and flat as that same dish, covered with dense forest and shrub. Across it there run four roads, a stiff grade up, a stiff grade down at either end. It does not do for any to wander off those roads, save upon the natives' trails.

As to means of locomotion other than on foot, the Island is getting on. Whilst Niue, on my landing, did not, throughout its whole extent, possess one cow, it did possess some horses who live on leaves — for Niuean 'grass' is an entire misnomer — and what is more, possessed a Ford car — the Doctor's.<sup>5</sup> Alas! it had its Ups and Downs, and when I landed it was in its Downs. It was waiting for a certain little pin from Auckland, and when that would arrive, none knew. There were also two motor lorries, the property of Traders.

There is no running water on the island, not even a rivulet. The natives for centuries had to depend upon the rain alone. Till white men came, this was a serious business for health, cleanliness and thirst. The rain soaks into the limestone coral and is gone. But fortunately between the lower and the upper rims — those two upheavals from the deep from which an Atoll became an Island — there is a fissure round the oval, sometimes broad, at other places narrow, and down into this one goes to a fearfully uneven bed, entering caves, and galleries with stalactites from which drip water, which though heavily charged with lime is caught in buckets and helped and still helps out the needs of natives.

The white man's coming made things considerably better. Concrete tanks have been constructed in each village : and wayside tanks of galvanized iron are met with at even distances the Island round, these once drums for biscuits from far-off Germany, sheltered by corrugated iron roofs with leads and waterpipe to catch the water from the skies. There is no waste of water, it is far too precious. The white folks' dwellings have each their Drum, their widespreading roofs umbrellas which shed the rain into the receptacle therefor. For them, there are but two things needful : to see that the mosquito net is ever working at the entrance to the Drum, and any way to have all the drinking water boiled.

## Its Past<sup>6</sup>

Niuean Tradition goes back hazily 500 years. Despite its Lilliputian dimensions there were ever diverse Clans thereon, each continuously at war with one another. At the south-western corner of the Island, as witness, there are the remains of a Fort in which the Avateleans, not so very, very long ago, held off the frequent attacks of the rest.

Their fierce antagonism to strangers seems to have arisen from an attempted invasion by the Tongans in the 16<sup>th</sup> Century. Any outsider after that was an enemy, and hence Captain Cook found them so extremely inhospitable and so keen for a fight that he retired to his ship in disgust, and gave them the name which has clung since his day upon maps, of "Savage Island".

<sup>4</sup> Smith states that "The island may be likened to an inverted soup-plate." Smith, Part I, page 83.

<sup>5</sup> The doctor at the time of WWB's stay on Niue has not been identified. The doctor's predecessor was presumably [Edward Pohau Ellison \(1884–1963\)](#), who was on Niue from 1919 to 1921.

<sup>6</sup> Niue's past is discussed in Tregear (1893) and Cowan (1923), but these works are not listed in WWB's bibliography.



They were never cannibals, but were so keenly alive to the dangers of disease — which they knew to be on other isles — that they killed even their own kindred who, leaving for other parts from Wanderlust, attempted to land again on their home soil.

They were long averse to tattooing, considering it no mark of honor or sign of man or womanhood as in other Polynesian isles — where even women have their special marks stamped on arms and thighs — but of degradation. One meets a few tattooed today, but the practice is never likely to be general.

Gradually they came together under a Monarchy, but as their kings were also their highpriests, and these latter were considered to have power over the crops of fruits and roots, they were so frequently killed in times of scarcity that at last, no one greatly cared to hold the office, save he who became the last.

Now came Christianity to the lonely isle. In 1830 that intrepid missionary John Williams <sup>7</sup> arrived in ‘The Messenger of Peace’ which he had built with native assistance at Raratonga <sup>8</sup> in the Cook Group — and had sacrificed three out of four of his precious goats to make leather for his needed bellows — and like the dauntless fellow that he was, first gained a future footing for his Creed on the Forbidden Isle by bearing off two of the natives for instruction on Tahiti. His Samoan teachers changed the island from witchcraft to Christianity. Yet today Devil Doctors thrive thereon.

Then came other white men, and in 1859 the Niueans thought it the part of wisdom to seek a British Protectorate, but this did not at the time coincide with British Colonial policy.

In 1887 again they asked for it and still we hung back. But two years later, when the Great Powers — Britain, the U.S.A. and Germany — held their Convention on Samoan affairs, and the South Seas in general for the coming years, we gave away all our claims on that Group, much to the astonishment and regret of those natives, getting in lieu thereof a freer hand in the Solomons — little Niue thrown in as an Extra. <sup>9</sup>

The next year <sup>10</sup> therefore saw the Protectorate proclaimed, with Flag-raising, Salute of Guns, High Feast and Dance, all this under one who had assumed the Kingly estate, none else wanting it, King

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<sup>7</sup> [John Williams \(1796–1839\)](#) was an English missionary, active in the South Pacific, primarily in French Polynesia, the Cook Islands and Samoa. Williams’ account of his visit to Niue is reproduced in the Appendix of *The Chronicles*.

<sup>8</sup> WWB’s spelling of *Rarotonga*.

<sup>9</sup> The [Washington Conference](#) and the [Treaty of Berlin](#) were held in 1887 and 1889 respectively. WWB is referring to the [Tripartite Convention](#), which was held in 1899, rather than 1889.

<sup>10</sup> The British Protectorate was proclaimed in April 1900. Niue was subsequently annexed in October 1900. See [Thomson \(1902\), page 147](#).

Tongia by name, whose royal attire were petticoats, and a helmet surmounted by a resplendent cock's comb.<sup>11</sup>

Six months later, it came, quite unexpectedly to the natives, under the direct control of New Zealand who has proved a faithful, kindly foster mother, has provided Resident Commissioner,<sup>12</sup> and all necessary assistants, a Doctor, Nursing Sister, Teachers, Books, scarce counting the cost of what must surely be a highly expensive baby, so only she may fulfil her trust.

### Its People

Niueans dwell in closed-in homes of stucco, dazzlingly white, with doors tight shut of nights to keep the devils out. Their plumbline is not always straight, but then rarely does the fierce hurricane whirl along this way, and no native aims at lofty home.

The women are adepts at many handicrafts, specially fan and hat making. You see these articles drying in the sun before many a home, fans of many shapes, stained in many colours, with broad-rimmed hats that invite shade. Both sexes seem ever busy, the coming and going on the road and trails unceasing from morn till nightfall.

They are a would-be cleanly folk, but the water question is cruelly against it, and they are clothed, though oft the needle seems loudly called for. They do not affect, as a rule, the more wholesome undress uniform of the Samoans. The little boys and girls are only like unto certain New Hebridean peoples I know, when heavy rain descends and the Highway becomes a bathing pool. Then is the youngsters' hour of joy.

The garbage can seems an ever present need, despite that each native appears to be in measure his own scavenger, fires ever going here and there to burn up refuse. But decomposition is too rapid for busy folk to keep apace with. The Law is on their track and perhaps ere long there will be official

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<sup>11</sup> King Tongia, with petticoats and helmet, in April 1900 (from Thomson, 1902):



<sup>12</sup> During WWB's stay on Niue, there were two Resident Commissioners: John Crouchley Murray Evison from 1920 to 1922 and Guy Norman Morris, for his second time, from 1922 to 1926.

scavengers with carts, and selected Valleys of Gehenna.<sup>13</sup> There is much room for improvement. The Niuean has no lack of nature's foods. Here grow bananas, pineapples, oranges and melons, sugarcane too and arrowroot, roots aplenty. Fish of course abound, though off Avatele there seems to be one of those strange sea deserts, its floor covered with huge white boulders, and not even a crab to be found.

The plovers fly in droves, so too the doves, whilst swallows skim the air. There are brilliant plumaged paraqueets, and huge colonies of Flying Fox. Many lizards, one specially I soon made acquaintance with. A small gentleman of his kind, peculiar to this island, who is known as the *Moko*. He is ever on the watch for flies, and crawls up your walls with lightning movements, big eyed, with tail lashing to and fro as he beholds his quarry.

The Niueans do not bury their dead together. They are everywhere, surmounted by oft cumbrous pile above. The old method was the better — they laid the dead in their own canoe and let them drift out to sea towards that Far Country the spirit had started for, or bearing them into the bush laid them on platforms of stones, covering the body with cloth of bark, later on gathering the bones and depositing them in the many caves. Yet other custom will be read of later in the 'Caves of Death'.

The present day graves are at times surmounted with strange articles, bespeaking usually the occupation or predilections of the deceased. On one stands a sewing machine,<sup>14</sup> rusty but still complete. On another a washtub. Here is one covered with bottles emptied of the gin contents — was he a bibbler I ever wonder as I pass by? Another has many dishes thereon. I see a pair of shoes on a child's grave — all little tots go barefoot but some mother had doubtless thought of these for her babe's tender feet. Yet other grave itself takes the rough outline of a ship. All along the roads they lie, you cannot possibly escape them.

### Things Missionary<sup>15</sup>

Armchair Christianity is one thing; carrying one's life in one's hands for the Gospel of White Folk's belief is quite another, and is the stuff of which heroes are made. Niue called for courage of the highest degree in its tackling and men were found who had it. Captain Cook stepped ashore in three spots in a single day and was right glad to be safe back upon his quarter-deck, and Cook was a daring fellow. Native Christians stepped ashore, were likewise menaced, but remained. They were heroes.

In 1830 John Williams in his home-made ship brought to, off Tuapa, and despite a none too friendly welcome induced two youths of Niue — as already noted — to sail away with him to see new lands and learn from him. They went, and after seeing other isles and gaining some measure of instruction in the white man's religion were returned as promised.<sup>16</sup>

A sickness struck the island and was promptly put down to these same youths. One was slain, the other with two companions hid, and later got safely away to Samoa on a passing ship. Not he, but one of his co-refugees there learned not only some of the new religion but also to read and write. He took the name of *Peniamina* which is but plain 'Benjamin'.

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<sup>13</sup> In the Hebrew Bible, [Gehenna](#) was where apostate Israelites sacrificed their children by fire; hence, WWB is referring to a municipal site where the garbage will be burned.

<sup>14</sup> Smith, in 1901, also noticed a sewing machine; see Smith, Part III, page 207.

<sup>15</sup> Much of this material is covered on pages 15–20 of Smith, Part IV, and on page 108 of Smith, Appendix Continued; however, some of the details given by WWB and Smith differ.

<sup>16</sup> For information regarding the two youths, see the footnote in the *Appendix*.

In 1846 he returned to Niue on the first ‘John Williams’ and was put ashore together with his precious books at Avatele; the latter, for safety’s sake drawn ashore in a barrel. He was allowed to remain, but ere long he fell from grace, fleeing the island with another’s helpmate.

In 1849 came Paulo, the real Apostle of Niue, a full-blooded Samoan who before he died in 1863 saw the fruit of his labour, for scarce an outspoken heathen was on the island. And more than that he did, for he brought the warring clans together in a lasting peace, and taught them how to build their now common lath and plaster homes.

To his aid came Samuel and Hezekiah, and Moses too, who were all true not only to their Faith but to their names. These are the Four Saints of Niue in her Church calendar, though white pastors have run them close.

In 1861 George Lawes<sup>17</sup> landed, and with him for awhile to set him on his feet the Pioneer of Samoan Christianity George Pratt<sup>18</sup> whose 40 years’ work in that Group is today a treasured memory. Lawes was a scholar and at once got down to the translation of the Bible, and ere in 1872 he was sent to Papua had mastered more than half of the Old Testament.

In 1868 Lawes’ brother, Frank, had come to join him, who found in Niue his life work, remaining for full 40 years, and as his monument left the Bible translated from cover to cover in a Niuean vernacular that is today the standard of the language, as noble alongside the colloquial as is the English Bible from the language of the crowd.

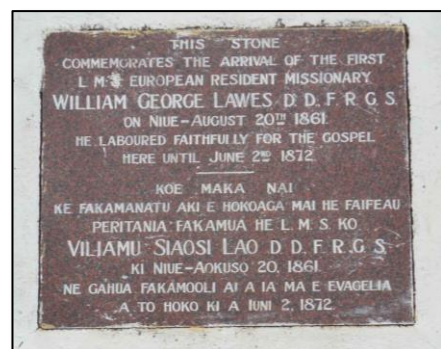
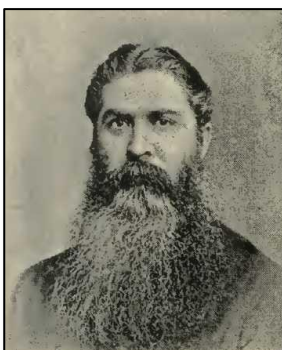
Frank Lawes did more, for carrying on Paulo’s work and his brother’s he caused the Niueans to make a clean sweep of everything of the Past, so much so that even their Traditions ceased to be handed on, much to the present regret of such as delight in antiquarian research. It was to be ‘the whole thing overboard’, but how deep the new religion has sunk into Niuean hearts, these Chronicles must help to show. I cannot.

John Williams’ own account of his first contact with Niue, as given in his “Missionary Enterprise in the South Sea Islands” will be found in the Appendix.

### The Liquor Question and Others

The Liquor Question is really no question at all with Niueans, for neither can they have it nor do they seem at all desirous for it. Even the *Kava*, so common throughout the South Seas, has no attraction for them. They would appear to be a distinctly temperance crowd today, the whole lot of them, with ‘bootlegging’ and ‘illicit still’ unknown. There are heavy penalties, nevertheless, should white man

<sup>17</sup> [William George Lawes \(1839–1907\)](#), and his monument at Avatele (June 2015):



<sup>18</sup> [George Pratt \(1817–1894\)](#)



hand a spiritous drink to any native, penalties quite sufficient to deter any white from flouting regulations.

In the hands of the Resident Commissioner is the fate of all 'drink' on Niue. Through him every bottle has to pass. His Bond House is a part of his own compound, and aught taken therefrom has to be duly signed for. Should men abuse their right, then are they cut off for good. There is no room for repentance, no giving yet one more chance. Yet the allowance is liberal, quite sufficient for all ordinary thirsts : one bottle of wine or whiskey per week, or a dozen bottles of beer, none with such can properly complain of being stinted, with unlimited Kava to fall back on. Brandy can only be secured through the Doctor, who knows the ailments of every person. None seem to complain, neither native nor white; both feel that on Niue the Liquor Question is solved on thoroughly sensible lines.

There is, however, danger in excess in other than straight spiritous liquors. Who would suppose that the homely coconut could have a 'kick' in it, and carry trouble in its fluid? It affects not only the head, when fermented, but if you want Jaundice you can have it by drinking to excess that pleasuring milk. In moderation, with whites, it is up-building; in excess it will often lay them low.

The Yellow Peril has also long been settled. Neither Chinaman nor Jap is to be seen on Niue. They settled this matter of exclusion once and for all. There landed at Alofi a Chinaman, his wife and bairns.<sup>19</sup> He thought to make here an abiding place. All he secured was a seat on the steep bank above the Landing Stage where he was told to remain till further word. A meeting was hastily called and the matter was discussed at Niuean length. They had learned from white folk the penetrating power of the Race once it sets foot in any country; they decided that Niue was for themselves and not such as he. Therefore they descended upon him and ordered him and his back to the schooner which brought them. He went, and from that day none of his Race nor of the insinuating Jap has been seen on Niue. Yet does the island wait for just such prodigious workers as they. It is but scratched now. The Niuean makes a living out of tiny patches of their fruitful land. There remain thousands of acres that could be made to bear. But with the natives' consent they will never be by hand of Chinaman or Jap.

From another Peril these Niueans — helpless through ignorance — could not be saved. Till white man came their blood was pure, they had heard of disease and, determined to be free of such, slew even their own who went forth and would return. In good faith they granted landing to Christian teachers. That gave the opening for others wholly different. But for Christianity no crew could have landed to this day save by force of arms and wanton murder of those whose land it is. To throw the blame on the women is unjust, for the code of morals of the native was quite different from ours, and largely still is. When first they noted its effects they knew it not. To the Missionary they went to gain enlightenment. He did his best to stay it. Its first ravages were fiercesome as one who saw it at its height has testified to me. It is better now, but not effaced — the Doctor has his hands full.

There is yet one fancied Peril which Niueans are slowly rising superior to — their prejudice against Romanists. They had seemingly good ground for it as can be read of in their Tale of 'Rogues in Cassocks'.<sup>20</sup> The antipathy has from that day been deep. It reached even to trade and barter. When the Captain who gave Trader Head<sup>21</sup> his first real start would land his goods, it was noised around

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<sup>19</sup> A child; son or daughter.

<sup>20</sup> See *Tales of Yesterday*.

<sup>21</sup> Robert Henry Head; born in Portsmouth, Hampshire, England on 3 March 1833; began trading on Niue in 1867 for Bully Hayes; died in Tuapa on 5 February 1921; married to Pelenise Fakatala (1850–1937). The [photo on the left](#) shows



that he and his crew were Romanists. The natives were dead against his landing them. One never knew. A Council was called and the matter carefully considered. The decision to admit was passed, only after an aged Chief had spoken out right boldly; “Never mind what the religion of that ship is, what we want are those goods,” and the goods they got, nor ever a whiff of Romanism with them.

Not long since now, some sprightly Niuean youths, far from a goodly crowd, thought fit to play a joke upon their elders. They wrote a most appealing letter to the good Fathers at Vavau in the Tonga Group, begging for a priest to be sent, and assuring warmest welcome. They could not however keep the matter to themselves. It reached their elders. The leading Chiefs promptly sent off another letter telling the Vavau Fathers that they were utterly opposed, and that it was presumptuous for a few young men to speak for the whole island. Happily for peace’s sake the action of those Fathers was highly discreet and honorable, and has gone far deeper than the natives realise to lessen the antipathy. They returned answer that the young men’s letter had indeed come to hand but they had purposed taking no action till they had heard from the Authorities of Niue. They added that it had at no time been in their minds to open mission on the island for they knew that Niueans were being well looked after by the Society <sup>22</sup> which fathered them from the very first; a work to which they wished abundant success.

The Chiefs breathed freely once again, the youths received good measure at their hands, and should white folk as the years roll on be visited by Fathers of their Faith, Niue I trow <sup>23</sup> will give them kindly welcome.

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Robert Henry Head and Pelenise in 1903, while the [photo on the right](#) shows Head (front centre) and other traders on Niue.



<sup>22</sup> [London Missionary Society](#)

<sup>23</sup> Archaic: to think, believe, or trust.

## Chapter II

Devil Doctors and Others — Things Nautical —  
Niue-fekai — Then and Now — Customs New and  
Old — Map-making

### Devil Doctors and Others

Despite that all Niueans are nominally Christians there is still a clinging to the beliefs of the 'Period of Darkness'. The medical officer has no easy road to travel. He finds himself continuously up against practices which defeat his efforts to lessen sickness and the death rate. He knows, as all do, that Devil doctoring is rife, yet done so furtively that none can lay hand upon the culprits. The present leader of the old-time physicians is well known. No man, but a woman, an adept to avoid the meshes of the Law. She is of the village of *Tamakautoga*, nigh Alofi, by no means an old witch to look at, a hale and hearty woman with a clever head, in command of her many deputies in every village, men as well as women. When the Doctor steps out of a stricken home, the Devil doctor oft steps in. Cases that should mend suddenly collapse and the patient dies : therein the Doctor sees the hidden hand. All the old-time methods of these quacks are resorted to, incantations, pounding of the body, weird seeking of signs in the heavens, the earth and the sea, their medicines beyond the ken of white men.

The natives are high in spoken praise of the White Doctor but fail in fullest faith in him. Like certain in the Holy Book, "They fear the Lord but serve their own gods" to make quite sure not to offend either. The Missionary whose word is ordinarily so supreme has tried from the very first to suppress the evil but it will not 'down'. Heavy fines have had but little effect.

Great efforts are being made to stay the dying out of these islanders. Every village has been lectured to on hygiene, good water and sanitation but still the death rate is high. Infant mortality is great, and the Doctor reads clearest sign therein of devilment. Mothers fall easy victims to the witch.

Before white Doctor came, and apart from the Missionary's Dispensary, there was oft strange treatment given at the hands of whites. I have it from one of those same improvised physicians that Turpentine was a sovereign remedy, a strenuous one but very effective. When cases became hopeless, then men decided upon a merciful death, rather than a lingering one. The 'Snuffing Out' took as a rule the form of morphia. Where the heart was weak, an overdose of whiskey was the means — a copious draught, a gasp and the thing was over. Niue knew nothing in those days of Coroner's Inquests.

Of other ills I may here make mention. As to idiocy in the past I know not, today there is but little. I have heard of never a maniac but the natives are very secretive in such matters; they are sedulous<sup>24</sup> to keep their afflicted from the public gaze. Casually I discovered one, confined in a pen in the bush. His troubles are now over.

### Things Nautical

One hears and reads of the unapproachableness of Niue. To see is to believe. Along the entire East coast landing is practically impossible even for natives who are such expert canoe-men that they can land upon a reef without ripping their frail canoes on the jagged surface. The Trades blow on that coast eight months out of every twelve. The Northern coast is just as wild, the Southern coast but

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<sup>24</sup> Diligent in application or attention; persevering; assiduous.

little better. On the West, however, there is some hope as the old-time whalers found at Avatele; at Tuapa too; with Alofi the one real hope, helped thereto by man, for H.M.S. Mildura,<sup>25</sup> long years ago, blasted a narrow boat passage through the reef.

Hence on Niue one sees no *Fautasis*<sup>26</sup> as at Samoa, those fine rowing boats running to great size. I could wish, when there, to have seen that of Satupuala, surely the largest open rowing boat the world over — 156 feet long, 15 feet in width, 46 oarsmen on each side, steps for 6 masts and carried 300 souls aboard. It was built of kauri wood and cost £2000. But vandals burned it in 1899.

Nor are here seen those large double canoes where two lashed together carry a platform between. They would not last long on such a coastline as this. Niueans use a narrow canoe with an outrigger at one side, and a paddle which for weight and strength leaves even the Hawaiians far behind.

Alofi has a so-called Bay, but when a Nor'wester blows then look out for trouble. There is nothing for it but 'up anchor and away', or the ship will be upon the reef, anchor or no anchor.

The schooner from New Zealand bringing much needed food, and passengers, lay peacefully at anchor at the little Capital, the Captain ashore visiting Tuapa miles away. The mate aboard had for visitors over a cup of tea, two of the few white ladies of the land, the Commissioner's wife and a Trader's bride. Without warning, a Nor'wester sprang up, blew hard and furiously. That Tea Party went by the board, nor was there any hope of setting the visitors ashore. It was up anchor and out to sea. For three days and nights the little craft kept far away, the unfortunates wholly unprepared. The Captain waited, so did the anxious husbands. Since then, naught can entice those fair ones to pay a call on any schooner as she lies in the offing at Alofi, though the sea is as a millpond, nor a leaf ashore is stirred.

Just such another breeze caught the 'Awanui' at Tuapa, and this time there was a wreck.<sup>27</sup> She lay off shore, anchored fore and aft. Her crew were ashore, the captain and the mate alone aboard. The wind rocked the ship, she had not length enough for play, nose up, nose down, she knocked a hole in her keel, then the cables parted. The two aboard had close call as in the jolly boat<sup>28</sup> they were flung upon the reef. They had no need to, for now the great combers came along, and one lifted the schooner clear up, broadside, on the reef, the next hit her squarely and pushed her further shorewards, the third lifted her to where she could move no more for she lay sheer up against the bank whence men walked aboard on a plank to find her on as even a keel as if upon the deep. She was Treasure Trove to the islanders, for whilst White men disputed in the Capital as to the wreck's disposal, there was coming and going all night in the nearby villages. Internally she was a wreck indeed when morning broke.

A similar blow caught another schooner which had started out from England filled with trade goods. But though the Directors willed one thing, the Captain and crew willed quite another. At Tahiti they had bartered the goods for little copra but much Liquor and when the boat reached Niue she was a floating distillery. Here, confident as others have been to their undoing, that he knew how to take care of himself, the Captain took no heed of warnings, and too late tried in vain to escape when a Nor'wester struck him. His staunch ship fouled the reef, yet it was not a death wound. The blow passed, but for his own private reasons the Captain decided to abandon ship. But not before its fiery contents had been salvaged. They were, but only by the help of natives at an extortionate wage. Opining that abandonment would mean a gift of all that remained to those who had 'held him up' he swore

<sup>25</sup> [HMS Mildura](#) was an Pearl-class cruiser of the Royal Navy, launched on 25 November 1889.

<sup>26</sup> Samoan longboat.

<sup>27</sup> On [11 January 1919](#).

<sup>28</sup> Traditionally the term *jolly boat* refers to a boat carried by a ship, powered by four or six oars and occasionally yawl rigged sails.

that they should not have even a piece of old rope. Emptying all his tar upon hold, deck and sides, he set fire to the ship. Slowly, tide and a breeze offshore carried her out to sea ablaze from stem to stern, till afar off she sank beneath the waves.

Yet lost he his precious cargo too. No vessel appeared. Both cargo and crew, camped back of Tuapa, were voted by King, Chiefs and the lone Missionary, a Public Nuisance and a Disturbance of the Peace. Therefore was a great Fono <sup>29</sup> held, and order given for total destruction of the liquor. Captain and crew were powerless before the islanders. Great was the outpouring. Where that act of righteous indignation was perpetrated, every coconut tree was destroyed by the fiery contents of those casks — the land has yet scarce recovered from the shock.

After long months, at last a schooner called, and Niue was right glad at the departure of both crew and Captain.

### Niue-fekai

Doctors of Learning dispute over *Niue-fekai* the full name of the Coral Isle. There is no agreement as yet. As they argue to and fro I turn to what seems to me a fairly authoritative source, even to one who is part flesh and blood with Niue's best, a well read man to boot, from whom I gather that here are not two but three separate words : *Niu* — a coconut : *E* — Yes of a truth : *Fekai* — good food : that the first comers welcoming a second contingent of their fellows, greeted them with the welcome news that here was a land bearing good pottage, and that same welcome became the name of the land.

If however, *Fekai* is to be interpreted as 'Fierce' — and it has yet other meanings besides these two — which some would have, there is some ground for it, according to the native view. All savage folk seem to love to think themselves pre-eminent in this, to pat themselves on the back and proclaim aloud that they are the Real Thing — theirs needs priming up, however, by antics, biting of beards and grimaces, as the Maoris show you in their War Dances of today. Niueans therefore may have in this same boastful spirit dubbed their new found home the Island of the Fierce.

But if Niue failed and fails in men of real fierce type they have amongst them those true to type who can justly claim the title for their home. There is a small bush fly who can make it as warm for you as any prizefighter. He attacks the eyelids and you come home from the bush where he hides with a pair of eyes that appeal for raw steak and constant bathing.

It is well to avoid the Land crab. He can nip, and can hold fast as any bulldog. The only way to induce him to let go is to stroke his ribs, but his ribs not everyone can find in such emergency. He is excellent pottage.

There is the wild cat, who once tame, has had an attack of Atavism and is ten times worse and fiercer than his forefathers.

There is a spider too who is out for business. Not that he troubles man but he can make it hot for far bigger things than himself. He weaves a web so tough that it is used as a fishing net : and birds if unhappily they would fly through it, find themselves quite helpless. It winds about them like a shroud, tying their wings to their sides as in a vise. Then comes the cat along, and there is one less bird on *Niue-fekai* which Cook the Navigator called — not Fierce but 'Savage'.

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<sup>29</sup> Meeting.

## Then and Now

Upon another contested question Whence came these Polynesians as a whole, I am not bold enough to offer an opinion. All I know is that these Niueans do not claim to have been always on the isle. They cannot say whence they came, but they have a name for their ancestral home where e'er it was — not *Hawaiki* like the rest but — *Tulia*. Besides the present names of 'Niue' they have other names, <sup>30</sup> two of which have some hanging-on appearance to their first home which 'Niue-fekai' has not, the one *Nuku-tuluea*, and other *Nuku-tutaha*. The third, *Motutefua* is a word quite beyond me to explain, but you can have a guess at it by knowing that 'Motu' is 'a Land — a Sore — an island — a clump of Forest — a People — anything isolated — and a Country', and 'Fue' means 'a Measuring Rule — an Egg — To carry on the shoulder — To weigh — To swell and a Tumour!' 'Tis no easy language to acquire. The words are few, but the meanings many. One lives in daily terror of saying one thing whilst meaning quite another.

There was at first, long war between the Avateleans and the rest. The time came when they became at least nominal friends and Niue was divided into two other factions — the *Motuans* and the *Tafitians*, the Northerners and the Southerners. These quarrelled and up and down swept the avenging hosts, they slew, they burned, they captured the women, and by the latter act it comes to pass today that many a Northerner has property rights in the South through his ancestral mother and vice-versa. Thus out of evil, there came good for all are one big intertwined Family now.

In those far off days, those women must have found Time hang heavy on their hands, save in walking warily to escape the rod of their lord and master, for those crafts which today they are so adept at were unknown. It is to the credit of a runaway Tahitian sailor who found shelter upon Niue that he introduced those arts. He was a godsend, yet history tells us not his name nor what honors were accorded him. All the materials were to hand, and still they are in such abundance that it is not possible to find a use for all varieties. There is the tribe of canes for instance, the sugarcane of course for eating, the cane for flares of nights, but there is the mighty *Va*, a climber strong and lusty which runs up 80 feet in height. Methinks it is a portion of that which Niuean Church beadles <sup>31</sup> use for unruly ones.

That Bush is a constant wonder to me, in the way money comes out of it. We read in the Holy Book of ready cash in a fish's mouth; it seems about as easy to do the trick in Niue's forest. Taxes are light enough in all conscience; ten shillings a year per man covers the lot, including the Doctor and his medicines, with one shilling per term for each child attending Government School. Do they want the wherewithal to meet the Tax Collector? They move not till he is upon them, then disappear in the Bush, return with any one of a dozen gifts of nature in their hands, pay a visit to the trader and hand over the necessary shillings with a smile.

They have, so far, but touched the fringe of this fruitful isle. There are thousands of acres that could be made to bear. Fortunes in copra and other produce such as sugar await the planter. The natives seem insensible to the treasure to their hand. Wisely or unwisely — Governments know best — no incentives are held out to draw others. No white folk can buy land on Niue, they can but lease, nor do regular steamers ply upon this route so as to carry goods to market were white men busy on the land.

Despite the amazingness of coral everywhere, there appears not to be a barren acre the whole 60,000 over. It astonishes to see where and how the coconuts grow, whilst the treatment they receive is enough to kill any other tree. You see them hacked and hewn, blackened with fire, steps cut, the very

<sup>30</sup> These names are discussed on pages 81–82 of Smith, Part I; Smith also mentions another name, *Fakahoa-motu*.

<sup>31</sup> A parish officer having various subordinate duties, as keeping order during services, waiting on the rector, etc.



pith exposed, and yet they live and bear abundantly. The banana is better treated; it too thrives in wondrous situations. The root sends upward a stout shoot oft 12 feet high. It bears but one bunch, that done it has run its course and is cut down. At times that shoot is cut back hard to some 4 feet from the ground before bearing. From the centre of that stump springs a fresh shoot which can be measured daily by reason of its rapid growth, and will bear its bunch, then suffer slaughter. But it is not wasted. It is fed to horses which tear it to pieces in long strips, devouring it for its juiciness. There is but little water for those attenuated animals. One root throws out many a sucker, and thus banana groves are easily formed.

The Breadfruit and the huge mango trees; the lofty, spreading kapoc — that excellent substitute for wool — find root among the coral, here, there and everywhere. Niue awaits its full development. As yet the island is but scratched.

### Customs New and Old

It was an outrage to tell me at Samoa that Niueans had no manners. It is far otherwise. They are most courteous, carrying it to an extreme. Their custom is in coming towards white folk upon the Highway to step clear off the road, and hug the bush as you pass by, thus to show respect : nor will they pass you if coming from behind. A woman will do more : she will haste to the nearest tree and turn her back upon you : she still has sense of her great inferiority. Boys of today delight to stop and, standing like sentinels, give you a military salute : the girls will bow most graciously as they too bring themselves to a halt. Nor lack they words for Asking and Response : '*Fakamolemole*' stands for 'Please' and '*Oue tulou*' is 'I thank you'.

Nowadays it is the custom with some to possess a garden patch. White folk started it. When one sees what it means, the wonder is that there is anyone brave enough to attempt it. The way to make it is not with the spade, but with the crowbar. A pocket in the coral has to be prized out and soil inserted. It is a slow job, and to make several beds bespeaks grim determination. The nearer the sea, the worse the business.

To white men is due yet other change from ancient custom. All villages were away from the sea, on the higher plateau. *Paluki*, the Capital, now utterly deserted and hard to place, was practically in the very centre of the island. Today only five villages remain on the higher land, the rest — six in number at my stay — have gone down to the cliff-edge. This means that they are separated far from their plantations which lie behind and above them. Thither they make their way at break of day, men, and women too, so that few adults are to be seen in the villages on those days of the week set apart for tillage. When not at their plantations there is home work to be done of many kinds, for the women.

Succeeding missionaries have tried hard to lay the ghosts of Niue. The natives remain however true to their old-time custom in keeping indoors after nightfall. To them, the Bush is a 'Spooky' place : even a 'Clearing' little better. A policeman was detailed to watch a lime kiln for the night, close to my dwelling, and for company was allowed a prisoner. They looked very nervous when night fell; they grew worse as the hours sped by. They stood it till flesh and blood could stand the strain no longer. By 2 A.M. the Spooks were after them, and they fled incontinently <sup>32</sup> to Alofi and the Guard House a mile away.

It is the custom to eat the flesh of the shark, but there are occasions when he is 'taboo'. Avatele was all agog; their fishermen had secured a monster. Proceeding to disembowel him, they discovered within that capacious stomach, a turtle, a sheep's skin, and a cat! That last settled it. Whose cat it was,

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<sup>32</sup> Not restrained; uncontrolled.

long agitated my friends, and whose sheep's skin, for sheep are few upon the island, and of the few none were missing. Here was another mystery of the Sea. The cat was a cruel blow, for Avatele had to go without shark steak, and fall back on coconut and taro. But Niue's nuts are not to be despised. They are monsters. There is a light brown one with a smooth surface which is the Champion of the Pacific. It holds more than one quart of milk, and makes a handsome bowl as drinking cup when polished. I cannot give its Latin name, we run not to such fine thing here, but the natives have him ticketed as the Nut Supreme. Niueans affirm that there was a time — long years before their arrival — when no coconut was here. Therein their stories do not agree. Nor are they in agreement as to how it came. But for the seeming fact that saltwater ruins the ripened nut despite its husky shell — but not the tree itself which delights to hug the land washed by the sea — one might hold that they floated hither from other isles and so took root at first. No matter! They are here, and as one sees, none finer.

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The custom was of old-time to wear long hair, even as their women have today. That has changed. Such hair, black as the wing of the raven, was used for making wonderful girdles, and still the women give of their long tresses to work into their fans, and bind the handles to the main piece. Long before the Holy Book was known, Niue had its Samson and Delilah, but here the Hair Trick was entirely successful and no beams carried off.

*Tuhega* was the man : he was a bad man, going about killing people. Alofi was his home, and Alofi was ashamed of him. Therefore did his near relations try many ways to rid themselves of their blood thirsty member. But he was too much for them, escaping all the traps set out to make an end of him. Then they bethought them of a really handsome plan. He always slept with his head near a post of his house, and on the fatal night his faithless Better half managed — without awakening him — to untwine his long braided tress and tie it round the post. Then they had him, and *Tuhega* was buried with his fathers.<sup>34</sup>

Here then I have mentioned Customs New and Customs Old. There is one old custom however which I have sought in vain, none knowing : the names they gave their Week Days in the Long Ago. 'Aho' stands for 'Day' but how distinguished they one from another? With the 'Period of Prayer' they had, like us, their week and their days. We took the names of ours in chief from ungodly things; they seem to have far bettered us for they have more practical names for all but one — and that one ours.

Their week commences on the Monday, and Sunday is their 7<sup>th</sup> Day; here clearly do we see the hand of Missionary. Possibly he helped largely in the names applied. Those names and meanings are as follows, 'Aho' preceding each :

Monday – *Gofua* – Free Day (Do as you please)

Tuesday – *Ua* – 2<sup>nd</sup> Free Day (No work in the Bush)

Wednesday – *Lotu* – Church Day (Service 6.A.M.)

Thursday – *Tuloto* – Middle Day (of the Week)

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<sup>33</sup> Smith states that "Dana, in his work on the Coral Islands, makes the statement that the coco-nut will not germinate if it is very long in salt water, though it seems probable nevertheless that some of the smaller atolls have received their coco-nuts in this manner — that is a very popular belief, especially of those who are quite ignorant of, or ignore, the extent of the Pacific covered by the explorations of the old Polynesian voyagers. It is known that they invariably carried coco-nuts in their canoes, and naturally planted them wherever they landed. In this manner I believe many an island now uninhabited has obtained its coco-nuts, rather than by accidental drifting. I hold that there are extremely few islands in the Pacific within the temperate zone that have not been visited by the Polynesians during the high-day of their nautical enterprise, which practically ceased some 500 years ago, through causes which I have detailed in *Hawaiki*." Smith, Part I, page 97.

<sup>34</sup> The story of *Tuhega* is told on page 165 of Smith, Part II, and by WWB in *Tales of Long Ago, A Ruffianly Chief*.

Friday – *Falaile* – Fri Day as spoken by Samoans

Saturday – *Fai Umu* – Cooking Day

Sunday – *Tapu* – Holy (Go to Church all day).

### Map-making

Finding that no topographical map of Niue had yet been attempted, only the coastline with its eleven villages, mine was the pleasure to attempt the task. And task it was, for every one of the 60,000 acres is owned and has a name, and the coastline around has a mass of them. But a beginning I felt had to be made; others in later years may add thereto. It was not done secretly. It was hung in the Post Office at Alofi for all and sundry to inspect and to suggest, as also a copy in my own *falé* <sup>35</sup> at Hakupu whither I invited the Intelligenza to give me aid. To the kindly New Zealand Government I bequeathed it at my going, and for all and sundry on the spot. Men said it was impossible for an Amateur, far too great a task, so none had dared essay.

As one walks along the Highway or the trails, my native companion remarks “Here is *Kalaone*” — nothing but bush — and you have not gone 200 yards before you are told “Here is *Anatoga*.” The same distance on you reach *Vaikona* and next lies *Lalotuali*. The list on any stroll seems quite interminable. When it comes to portions of the continuous reef the noting is still more difficult upon any map of ordinary size. There is no possible demarcating line, as sometimes in the Bush, between patches of the same reef, between *Vaipiki*, *Vaikulehepa*, *Anaheke* and *Oo*, and round a headland the endless names continue. But these are as nothing to what awaits one in the Interior of the Isle, that great stretch of Forest and Fissures — it is all owned, all named. The memorizing power of these natives is astonishing. These names are not confined to a few experts; they seem common property of all adults. Of one thing I am sure, that Niueans will have more than ever cause for pride when, eventually, they see their island laid out piecemeal upon paper.

As one seeks, one learns. These individual portions of land or reef are, in a sense, Family possessions, and each Family would appear to have its Head Gardener and Head Fisherman. No Family today could possibly tend all its possessions, it makes no attempt to do so, but its present day needs fall to the above named as Supervisors, others are their assistants. Many a good fisherman is useless in the Plantation; many a fine husbandman can scarce keep his balance in a canoe. Each to his task and the wheels go smoothly.

But a Chief is a Chief, he of necessity ranks first in his own Family, even in his village. He is above acting as head gardener or head fisherman, though he may work, and hard too from a love of the Outdoor Life as ever has done the Chief of Hakupu, the Niuean best known to me. His is the part of chief landed proprietor. As childless relatives of his high rank die, their portions lapse to him. He can dispose or hold as he sees fit.

Alas! there have been, and to my knowledge still are those who abuse that pre-eminence, who suffer from Earth Hunger and need careful watching. They take no heed of that solemn imprecation in the Holy Book they know so well, “Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour’s Landmark.” True it is that there are no posts, nor cairns of stones, nor fence on Niue, yet there are the coconut trees, to cut down which is to make it exceeding difficult to follow exact measure. They — even the Heads of Clans — have been known to steal forth with axe and carefully obliterate the Landmarks of portions which they coveted, by felling the trees. This is no mere scandal-mongering, or abuse by a Stranger of the Aristocracy, but plain truth and must be Chronicled.

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<sup>35</sup> Traditional house

## TALES OF TODAY

### The Village of Alofi

(Ār-lōw-fēe)

### Chapter III

*Tufukia* — By the Grave of *Fataaiki* — Alofi's War  
Memorial — *Opahi*

#### *Tufukia*

As it were 'to get one's feet' and the measure of this people, I had the good fortune upon arrival to be offered by the kindly Resident Commissioner, a temporary home in the empty bungalow of Alofi's late White Teacher at *Tufukia* which lies along the Highway a mile from the centre of the little Capital.<sup>36</sup> The School, numbering 250 pupils, and now some years in existence, was awaiting the coming of a new Head. All connected therewith, as to buildings, is very compact. There is the home of the Headmaster, a most commodious school building not a stone's throw off, beyond even closer is the Assistant White Teacher's house — soon to become part of the Hospital which was in the raising — and a Manual Training quarters upon the playground.

The Bungalow consists of four large rooms, with a broad veranda all around, up the posts of which wind creepers new to me, and also roses greatly daring, familiar ones of Home. These latter are usually a failure in Polynesia for they are fooled by the perpetual summer, and bearing blooms incontinently, expend their strength, their full beauty and their very scent.

The kitchen is apart, so also the bath and shower rooms. A low coral wall cuts off all from the highway to Alofi and Avatele, and just inside the gate are trees of the fragrant frangipani, and croton bushes of many hues, shrubs with waxen flowers of pink and white, great spreading fan-like palms, coconut

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<sup>36</sup> Tufukia School was moved to another location in the mid-1950s. The school was then used by Lord Liverpool Hospital and later was converted to government offices, which were destroyed by Cyclone Heta on 4 January 2004. Tufukia in June 2015:



trees laden with their fruit, and banana bunches asking to be plucked, papaya too, the *Tane-tane*<sup>37</sup> bush in rows like sentinels beside the walks, and a lovely glimpse of the sea at the bottom of the garden where it shelves to the reef far below.

There is a miniature headland to one side of that decent where the land runs sharply out, known as ‘The Point’, a straight drop of full 90 feet to the water below. It is railed in lest accident befall, and close by is a thatched summer house, with cots of sacking for tired folk and for nights spent out of doors. Standing on that Headland there is an entrancing view. Ahead naught but the sea, to right and left the curves and inlets off the island’s shores, below you a sea lapping lazily over the reef and in those waters fish of the most wondrous colors moving lazily too. Here is a gorgeous deep blue fellow, there an orange, there a bright red beauty, and a woman is wading on that jagged surface looking for what she may obtain in the crevices of the reef where strange things nautical abide. Outside the reef are men, fishing in their narrow outriggered canoes, each by himself, rising and falling as the swell impels.

By the day ever so hot, yet at ‘The Point’ it is ever cool, for overhead, as a huge umbrella, are trees — not palms — with abundant branches to give shade. It supplies the perfect finish to *Tufukia*, Alofi’s Government School, and proved an ideal welcome.

### By the Grave of *Fataaiki*

*Fataaiki*’s grave lies hard by Alofi’s native Church<sup>38</sup> which rises close to the Cliff-edge and commands an unknown seascape. A building to wonder at is that Church inside, lofty and commodious, without a nail used, all sinnet (coconut fibre) bound, with window doors in profusion all around its oval form.

Across the road, with the village green in front lies the Native Teacher’s School where Pastors — who though oft young in years must needs be married men — are trained for full six years, then sent out not alone to Niue’s villages but as far afield as Papua. They are trained to Teach as well as Preach, both in the native tongue. The London Missionary Society has not, so far, considered it as its policy to teach English, though today in some small measure a commencement has been made.

Hard by is the Missionary’s residence, a very large affair, a bungalow lofty, with thatched roof of sugarcane, covering much ground and many roomed, all within a compound walled, not high, but very solid. The Mission has the pick of all Alofi’s sites, as indeed it has in every village — was it not the first comers and therefore had every right to — and here in Alofi, the Missionaries’ Headquarters, *Fataaiki* a good king, and *Tuitonga* his predecessor lie, though the last king — the last of Niuean Royalty, *Tongia* — rests not here but at Tuapa five miles to the North.

<sup>37</sup> WWB uses both *Tane-tane* and *Tanetane*.

<sup>38</sup> The church at Tomb Point, and *Fataaiki*’s grave, in June 2015:





*Fataaiki's* Grave is cumbersome as is that of *Tuitonga's* tomb close by, a jumble of coral heavily coated with lime, a heavy flat tomb with three huge headstones, one at each end and a semi-circular one on top.<sup>39</sup>

The two upright 'Anointing Stones' rise close handy, across the road, beneath coconut trees on the Village Green, for though Niuean Kings knew nothing of Crowns, there had ever been a formal ceremony known as the 'Bathing' and the 'Leaning Back'. Seated upon the ground, leaning back upon the coral slab, the would-be monarch had oil of coconut poured freely over him — his Bathing — and he arose a King. *Tongia's* Stone is on Tuapa's Village Green, with other stones half a mile back in the Bush where he held his Council, a raised platform of coral for himself, his headmen sitting at respectful distance, each with his back to a slab still standing.<sup>40</sup>

Niuean history is divided into two distinct parts: the 'Period of Darkness' and the 'Period of Prayer'. *Tuitonga* lead the latter, *Fataaiki* next. Rough drawings of these two show them bearded, not now the custom, but in earlier days considered all important. With care they were fostered, plaited till they looked like rats tails and oft had small shells attached to their ends.

When *Fataaiki* died, his son did not of necessity succeed him. Indeed there was a long interregnum till *Tongia* by Persistency attained the rank he coveted. But with *Tongia* came the end of Niue's Kings. There could not be two kings on Niue at the same time, so thought they all in their simplicity. They had accepted the King of Beretania,<sup>41</sup> and King *Tongia* of Niue must therefore disappear. The latter groaned but none else even sighed, for he had long lost the respect of his people. He was consoled with the regal pension of £50 a year and dwelt in his Palace at Tuapa till his death. His son, a Prince of sorts, is a Road Boss, content and corpulent.

But *Fataaiki* dreamed not of such an end to the Kings of Niue, and he was laid to rest hard by the Church he loved, full of years and honor.

Beyond the grave and beyond the Missionary's house is a group of Niuean homes. Therein are housed the budding Preachers, their wives and children. Each village has its candidates, there are always nigh 50 in training, their ages greatly varying, and each village has erected homes for them at the Capital, and helps in measure to support them, bringing in tithe week by week. Yet each would-be Pastor has his own Plantation — a free gift from Alofi's people — up on the level land aback and above, to help

<sup>39</sup> *Fataaiki's* grave, left, and *Tuitonga's* tomb, right, (June 2015):



<sup>40</sup> The Anointing Stones, and the 'Period of Darkness' and the 'Period of Prayer', are described in Smith, Part II on pages 174 and 173 respectively.

<sup>41</sup> Britannia.

him out, and there he toils two days in every week, save holiday times when he is back in his village — the rest are spent in study.

### Alofi's War Memorial <sup>42</sup>

Six weeks had passed since that fateful August day when the Motherland threw down the gage of battle with the Hun, ere the news of that momentous event reached isolated Niue.

Next day a Fono was held, and there and then £140 in cash was turned in to help the Cause, and, largely through the eloquence of one Chief, two hundred men offered themselves shortly after, for Service at the Front. Here was gallant response indeed. They longed to do their 'Bit'.

Upon the summit of Alofi's cliff, close to the Missionary's house, there stands today a German Field Gun, presented to the island by the New Zealand Government 'In grateful remembrance', and beside a Monument of Stone, on its face engraved 'Pro Patria', beneath which is Niue's Roll of Honor — seventeen names — the Dead who gave their lives that we might be free. <sup>43</sup>

More died of sickness, not of wounds. They were not fitted for the task they longed to do, albeit the few who reached the actual firing line showed gallantry. One in chief was marked at Gallipoli by his white soldier friends as magnificent and met a soldier's death. Another, shot through the chest, lay lingering for two years in a New Zealand hospital, not again to see his island home, but always uncomplaining. Those who survived had to be returned or else none had seen his home again. Two errors — not their own — would seem to have been made in the rush of things. The one, the climate they were sent to so different from their own; the other, the keeping them together as a Company. The two just mentioned had enlisted in New Zealand and stationed otherwise than their fellow Niueans.

They <sup>44</sup> were let gently down. No hearts were sore, they had done their best, they were ready for the sacrifice, and though they failed to carry through, they failed with honor. They realized that the task was beyond their powers. When told that they could do better service for the Empire in that far-off Coral Isle, keeping guard 'gainst sudden seizure, gathering in the all needful copra, they bowed the

<sup>42</sup> For an account of Niue's involvement in the Great War, see [Tagi Tote E Loto Haaku — My Heart Is Crying a Little, by Margaret Pointer](#).

<sup>43</sup> The Niue National Memorial, including the German field gun and the Pro Patria monument (June 2015):



<sup>44</sup> They would appear to refer to Niueans who were not sent to the front, rather than *the two just mentioned*, who were.

head and returned whence they had come. Those who survive today are glad that they offered themselves, their folk are proud of them, and they know that Beretania never forgets.

And the Dead! they will never be forgotten, for are not their names inscribed on that Monument which is the first thing to meet the eye as the new-comer mounts the cliff from the Landing Stage? and right handy to that Church where most of them learned ‘the love of Brethren’?

Here then are those names : let them go forth to other lands : names not of Generals and Captains, only of Non-Coms and the rank and file, but heroes all — Niueans none nobler :

Sergeant *Peni*

" *Pulu*

" *Tionesini*

Private *Filitoua*

" *Kaimanu*

" *Mitikele*

" *Moki*

" *Neke*

" *Paufai*

" *Pineki*

" *Taleva*

" *Tauetule*

" *Taumataua*

" *Timoko*

" *Tiueatama*

" *Vaihola*

" *Vasau*

## Opahi

I have stood where Captain Cook touched land in 1774, he with his companions the first of white men to land on Niue. It lies between Alofi and my first abiding place at *Tufukia*, and to reach it one descends the cliff by fairly easy grade, a chasm there reaching to the reef. It was not the first spot on that day, but it was the worst spot for himself, where he came very nigh to death.

The natives, now that they know his worth, are proud of their first white visitor, and vying with one another as the locality, confuse the issue. But all are agreed that it was at *Opahi* where he stepped ashore for the last time. His account is clear and unmistakeable. He came from the North and sighting land, stood off a mile. Then taking boat he made for shore. It was the North West coast he touched, and first at *Matapa* Chasm, then at Alofi, then at *Opahi* — all within a distance of 10 miles — he landed, turned away in disgust, and sailed towards Tonga, dubbing the island ‘Savage’ because he was not wanted.

It was the on the 21<sup>st</sup> of June that he stood on *Opahi*'s reef; by an unpurposed co-incidence that same date was my first visit there. Let me give his own words; they are more vivid than mine can be.

Of Matapa Chasm,<sup>45</sup> nigh Hikutavake he wrote

“Perceiving some people on the shore... I put off to the land, accompanied by some of the officers and gentlemen. As we drew near the shore, the inhabitants retired to the woods... we landed and took post on a high rock to prevent surprise... the coast was so overrun with woods, bushes, plants, stones etc that we could not see 40 yards round us. I took 2 men and with them entered a kind of chasm which opened a way into the woods. We had not gone far before we heard the natives approaching, upon which I called all to retire<sup>46</sup> ... as I did likewise. We had no sooner joined them than the islanders appeared... we began to speak and to make all the friendly signs we could think of to them, which they answered by menaces, and one of two men who were advanced before the rest threw a stone which struck Mr Spearman on the arm. Upon this, two muskets were fired, without order, which made them all retire under cover of the woods, and we saw them no more. After waiting for some little time... we embarked and proceeded down along shore, in hopes of meeting with better success in another place.”

Of landing at what is now Alofi village he proceeds :

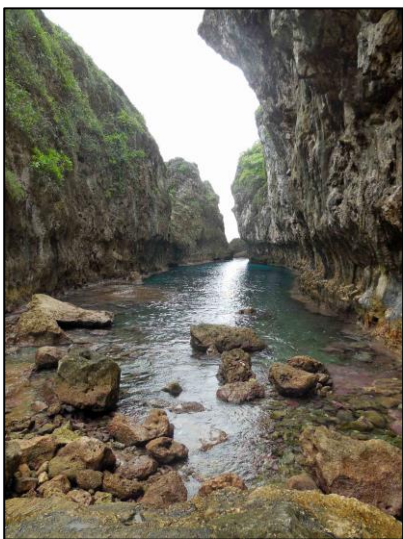
“Having put ashore a little before we came to the last place, three or four of us went upon the cliff, where we found the country as before, nothing but coral rocks, all overrun with bushes, so that it was hardly possible to penetrate into it, and we embarked again.”

Of *Opahi* he writes

“After ranging thus the coast for some miles without seeing a living soul or any convenient landing place, we at length came before a small beach on which lay 4 canoes. Here we landed... with a view of just looking at the canoes, and to leave some medals, nails etc in them, for not a soul was to be seen. The situation of this place was to us worse than the former. A flat rock lay next the sea. Behind it a narrow stone beach, this was bounded by a perpendicular rocky cliff...

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<sup>45</sup> Matapa Chasm (June 2015):



<sup>46</sup> Cook's text is to be found on pages 12–15 of Smith, Part IV. Where WWB has “*upon which I called all to retire*”, Smith has “*upon which I called to Mr. Forster to retire to the party.*”



two deep and narrow chasms in the cliff seemed to open a communication into the country... I saw that we should be exposed to an attack from the natives, if there were any, without being in a situation proper for defence. To prevent this... I ordered men to be drawn up upon the rock from whence they had a view of the heights, and only myself and four of the gentlemen went up to the canoes. We had been there but a few minutes before the natives, I cannot say how many, rushed down the chasm... upon us... they came with the ferocity of wild beasts and threw their darts. Two or three muskets discharged in the air did not hinder one of them advancing still further and throwing another dart or rather spear which passed close over my shoulder. His courage would have cost him his life had not my musket missed fire, for I was not five paces from him when he threw his spear, and had resolved to shoot him to save myself. I was glad afterwards that it happened as it did. At this instant, our men on the rock began to fire... and the last discharge sent all the islanders to the woods.<sup>47</sup> Seeing no good was to be got with these people... we returned on board... and made sail.”<sup>48</sup>

## Chapter IV

Drunken Fish — Things Practical — A Sunday in  
Alofi — Flying Fish and Others — The Flying Fox

### Drunken Fish<sup>49, 50</sup>

The *Aukava* is a serious business, not to be lightly undertaken. It is the catching of fish in the cracks, the chasms and pools of the reef by means of a special soporific.<sup>51</sup> It must be done during two months only of the twelve, and all according to strict custom and tradition.

What special preparations they make in their homes I do not know, but one thing in special is insisted on. All must be on the spot — to look down from above with peering eyes either native or white is to cast a spell on the *Aukava* and to ruin all chance of success. Therefore was I on the reef and in the very thick of the crowd. I would be no spoil sport, yet would I learn.

<sup>47</sup> At this point in Cook's text, Smith, Part IV, has “*from when they did not return so long as we remained. We did not know that any were hurt. It was remarkable, that when I joined our party, I tried my musquet in the air, and it went off as well as a piece could do.*” Cook is embarrassed. WWB is missing an ellipsis.

<sup>48</sup> See also the story of *Vai-Matagi and Vai-Fualolo*, in Smith, Appendix Continued, pages 88 and 90: “Captain Cook landed near Alofi, at the reef-opening of Opāhi, the village near the point Halagigie. The chiefs of Niue painted their lips, teeth, and cheeks with the red juice of the banana called *hulahula*, and spread out their arms, and showed their teeth to frighten Captain Cook to depart, and not come to their island. Their teeth were dyed red (to make believe) it was man-eating — it was deceit; and so he named the island thus (Savage Island).” For a humorous account of author Tony Horwitz's search for a *hulahula* on Niue, see Chapter 8, *Savage Island: The Hunt for the Red Banana*, in Horwitz (2002). They are apparently rare, but he found one beside the water tank at the home of Carol, the wife of an equipment driver who had been a client of legal consultant Herman Tagaloailuga. The latter described the plant as, “Very straight, thick stalk, broad leaves. The fruit doesn't droop, it goes straight up.” In an article (previously) on the website of The Queensland Times entitled “Niue: Land of plenty” and dated 5 July 2011 — the link is now dead — concerning the plantation of Tony Aholima, it is reported that “Beside his house in Mutalau village, he's even got a banana variety whose sap produces the red colour worn by the warriors who famously scared off Captain James Cook when he tried to land in 1774.”

<sup>49</sup> A shorter version of this text appears in Tale #45, *Of Drunken Fish and Flying*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>50</sup> This text is referred to by Ryan (1981), page 195. This was the only reference to *The Chronicles of Savage Island* found online when they were transcribed in early 2011.

<sup>51</sup> Smith noted that “*they often stupefy fish by casting the berries of the kieto and kauhuhu into the waters.*” See page 216 of Smith, Part III.



As the tide ebbed over the site selected, some acres in extent, the natives beat the sea with sticks, driving the fish back towards the land, then certain of them stood guard where the reef edge is, that none should pass out again. Meanwhile men were busy with long poles pounding in coconut baskets the seed of the local Ebony Tree, seed the size and shape of a small crabapple, a hard exterior green in colour — these can only be collected during June and July — and a soft pulp inside. The mash was at length ready.

Here, all alert, were well over 100 men, women and children, provided, some with hand nets, most with 20-feet long sticks with three and sometimes four spear points bound together at the head. Standing in the shallow water around the cracks and pools, which often run far under the coral, the word is given and the soporific is drawn through every crack and pool, not spread by hand. At once the result is seen; the whole space, even where one stands in the wet, is turned into a bright magenta, from any distance it looks like blood. This has the effect, not of poisoning the finny one below, but of blinding them and confusing their poor wits so that they swim aimlessly about, and fall to spear and net and hand in their confusion.

What each catches, that they keep; there is no division of the spoils. To expedite matters, the natives sink beneath those ‘bloody’ waters, some with boxes glass-bottomed the better to see into the depths, making things still more lively for the fish. I saw one old dame disappear in a great pool close to me and counted four and twenty slowly ere she returned to the surface. She had been rewarded.

The men strip, save for a loin cloth; the women go in Mother Hubbard <sup>52</sup> and all, and look like drowned rats; the naked boys and girls are in Paradise for the nonce. <sup>53</sup> Here a man had speared a splendid Blue fish with the beak of a parrot; another brought one up with all the colours of the rainbow on it; strange things appeared and the native tongue left me as much as ever in the dark. There were many eels and many an octopus. Of the latter, I saw a young woman dive down, then reappear to make at once for a clear space close beside me, an octopus not only on her arms but held tightly to her breasts. The evil thing had discharged its fluid of inky hue all over her. She was not a pleasant sight. Clearing herself of the tentacles, and using knife to slay as well, she spent long time in bathing, yet still remained a sooty object as she resumed her quest.

Everyone was busy, and stabbing, drawing up and releasing from the spear points would bite to death their capture, big or small, ere throwing them into baskets slung to their sides.

The Doctor who stood beside me, sighed, for well he knew that much trouble lay ahead of him, for though the fish if eaten forthwith are harmless, yet those escaping if captured later are poisonous, and then has he work cut out for him in many a *falé*, for many days.

### Things Practical

There is neither Boot-mender nor Hairdresser on Niue, not even at the Capital. The natives wear no boots, therefore the trade of mender does not appeal to them. Two noble-souled white men stand ready to do their best, but oft the nails run short, when tintacks <sup>54</sup> take their place. Sometimes these hold, sometimes they do not.

There came a Great Man to Alofi, even the Governor General of New Zealand, and the Resident Commissioner was in a sorry plight for his only decent pair of shoes were on strike between their

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<sup>52</sup> A Mother Hubbard dress is a long, wide, loose-fitting gown with long sleeves and a high neck, introduced by missionaries and intended to cover as much skin as possible.

<sup>53</sup> The present, or immediate, occasion or purpose.

<sup>54</sup> Tack or small nail of tinned iron.

Uppers and their Lowers. But the noble souled hastened to his assistance. He was proud. He felt that now from his helmet to his boots he could make a respectful show. Down to the Landing Stage he went, and up with the Great Man he came, but not with his boot. There was a sudden parting of his soles from what supported them, and in his stockinged feet he carried out the honors of that day. There is great opportunity on Niue for a Boot-mender with a Mission.

For Hairdressing we look to one another; one's neighbour comes gallantly to the rescue; one's cook is none too bad. At the beginning of things I called mine from the washtub for I knew that she had had long experience and had got past the stage of 'Steps' upon her husband's pate. Later I called steadily upon *Faséné*, my Assistant Teacher, a past master in the art, had learned it in the Army<sup>55</sup> and could hold his own, I swear, in any Barber Shop the wide world over. My verandah, the open-air location; a full sized sheet, my robe. Yet for fear — shame be it said with such a master with my scissors — I held my ears lest evil should befall their tips. One can never tell.

We have one tailor, that is when he has a mind to be. He can make duck suits; his talent stops there. But being the only one, he keeps raising his price. Yours it is to supply the material; he carries no stock. Once he charged but six shillings for the making, now that native wants well nigh double. We are up in arms. It is robbery.

We have shops, but not for white folk. The Traders condemn<sup>56</sup> us. We have brought it upon ourselves. We order in bulk from Outside. The native does not. He finds in the Trader's Store all that his soul desires, and pays the price. Yet are we Friends. Ere we turn to him, however, we go a-begging. We are but one big Family the score<sup>57</sup> of us. We borrow freely and without shame. He who did not repay when the schooner had come, replenishing his storeroom, would be met with cold looks. Ostracized on a Coral Isle! Heaven forefend<sup>58</sup> such a tragedy for me. The loss of Friendship for a bag of salt or a tin of butter! Far rather will I pay the Trader's extortionate price. I early did so, for I forgot the Pepper!

For years they have run a native Co-operative store at Alofi, a gold mine were it properly conducted, and if a real combination of all the natives were effected. But their organising ability does not reach so far. Therefore the enterprise drags along with its Ups and Downs, and the White Traders still hold the situation well in hand and make good money.

When first the business started, the native Board of Directors imported a white man from New Zealand to conduct it. He made a good thing out of it — for himself — and was on the eve of a final grand coup when his Past rose up against him. The Authorities had at last found his lair, their hands were almost on him, but he was just too quick for them and left with his spoils for parts unknown.

Still those simple folk wanted a white man in control. The second one likewise made good money for himself and was not, when they wanted an accounting. Then they turned to their own. The first had

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<sup>55</sup> *Faséné* is mentioned in *My Heart is Crying a Little* by Margaret Pointer. He was a corporal, with army number 16/1034. He sailed to Egypt from Auckland on the SS Navua on 5 February 1916 and was invalided home from Suez on HT Tahiti on 5 May 1916. On page 19, we read that

One man, 16/1034 Fasene of Avatele, gave as his occupation on enlistment "pupil teacher" and he was recognized as interpreter for the group. Upon arrival at the [Narrow Neck training] camp [in New Zealand], the men were organized into groups according to the village they came from, villages were paired and then an attempt was made to identify someone within each group to take charge. This was largely dependent on who had at least some knowledge of English and it seems that Holmes [the chief constable on Niue], assisted by Fasene, spent some time identifying these men.

<sup>56</sup> To treat or regard with disdain, scorn, or contempt.

<sup>57</sup> Twenty.

<sup>58</sup> To fend off, avert, or prevent.

not been in office long ere he blossomed out with the desire of every Niuean heart — a horse and trap.<sup>59</sup> He was retired.

A second came upon the scene with precisely the same result. Then they found an honest man who accumulated funds for the Company and not himself. But this success was too much for them; they quarrelled amongst themselves over the spoils; and disgusted, he threw up the appointment. It now drags along under yet other native manager, and what might easily be the greatest business in all Niue is a tiny storeroom as you pass down the cliff to the Landing Stage at the Capital, with its copra shed half empty.

But though they do not shine as Company Promoters, yet as individuals they have great ability in merchandize of special kind. The gifts of Handiwork are both varied and wide spread, and through these they make much money. Alofi boasts of Table Mats. Do you seek baskets, then go to the old-time Capital, Tuapa. If you need fans, Liku is the place par excellence. Do you seek bead work, Makefu can supply you. If you are after Dancing Waists, you must go to Avatele. Hakupu is noted for its hats. The workmanship of each of these articles is oft exceedingly fine, and the prices astonishingly low. One shilling will buy most things. In trade they go for considerably less. They are still a simple folk where true value is concerned. They may wake some day and become a business people.

That diversity of gifts is likely to die out unless good watch is kept by us who have introduced so much to draw those nimble fingers to other things. For myself, I set apart regular hours for each girl to be instructed, not only in Hakupu's specialty but all the rest, and secured Experts — at a price — from other villages as Teachers.

### A Sunday in Alofi

Things Churchly hum of Sundays at the Capital. They commence early and the Missionary works till late. The first native service is at 6 a.m., followed by another at 9 a.m. (the High Service of the day), then again at 3 p.m., with Sunday School for all to follow, and to the credit of the Missionary, after thus serving the natives he adds a service for the White folk in the evening.

To the natives, every Sunday is a Gala Day, an event in their all too Monotonous lives. They turn out to enjoy it to a man. Some seem to camp by the Church for the day. You see groups sitting on the sward<sup>60</sup> hard by, waiting for the next performance. There are many Bibles in hands, big books well known literally. Hymn books are always within the building, though most seem to know the whole book by heart. Of organ there is none; a Leader takes its place. A big fellow, in Alofi, who seems to possess a range of voice from deepest bass to a screeching falsetto. And once started, they sing hard, harsh and tumultuously.

Big Ben, under special cover, strikes outside — three times at great length it tolls, the first to get ready, the second to prepare, the last is to start. And then you see Alofi at its best; they come pouring in from every side save one — the sea. The ladies, I am confident, have three dresses laid specially by for Sundays: the Early Morn, the Full Dress, and the Second Best. The 6 a.m. is clean but plain, then at 9 a.m. they burst forth in all their grandeur of frills, flounces<sup>61</sup> and furbelows,<sup>62</sup> whatever the latter in English means. It cannot mean Fur in such a clime as this, and their Belows are free of

<sup>59</sup> A light, often sporty, two-wheeled or sometimes four-wheeled horse-drawn carriage, accommodating usually two to four persons in various seating arrangements, such as face-to-face or back-to-back.

<sup>60</sup> An expanse of short grass.

<sup>61</sup> A strip of decorative, usually gathered or pleated material attached by one edge, as on a garment or curtain.

<sup>62</sup> A ruffle or flounce, as on a woman's skirt or petticoat. A piece of showy ornamentation.

stockings and of shoes. But the smocks are very smart, whilst the hats are an Easter Sunday Parade every week. They make a brave sight in that large building with its centre and side aisles full, the men in more sober attire with loose shirt wide open at the breast. There are Beadles too, to keep good order, who have long fishing rods with which they tickle the pates of unruly ones, and doubtless would throw them out neck and crop<sup>63</sup> if the occasion demanded.

The Native Pastor who reads the Lessons is a marvel for rapidity. At all times Niueans speak rapidly and run their words together; they raise the voice at the end of every sentence and clip the last syllable so that it is hard to catch the sound, but this Pastor must be a Champion. He went so fast that he oft lost his breath, and to follow him as he read a Chapter from ‘Corinthians’ kept my eyes going like a millrace<sup>64</sup> as I strove to follow in a Niue Bible.

The white folk who attend, do not sit in the Nave, but in a railed off chancel<sup>65</sup> of semi-circular form, round and behind the Rostrum whence the Pastor and the Missionary — when at home — lead in Hymns, Prayers, Reading and Address.

The Blessings given, the way that great congregation clears out is a marvel; they seem to rise up from the pews — for Alofi has long passed the stage of mats on floor — en masse and disappear in a trice. But they are seemingly quite ready for another session, and the ladies, once outside, linger on the Green as if loath to lay aside their spotless finery. I saw my *Fou*, but did not at first recognize her, she was grand; I felt quite proud of my cook of the Fuzzy Hair. I did not see my *Tuli*; I fear the rascal had gone off fishing on the sly.

But the third service over, there was no more for them, and they went slowly home to their little white stucco houses in the groves of coconut and bush, whilst the white folk took a stroll along the Highway or the Cliff, others to gather on some verandah and have a cup of tea, and chat. Then supper came, and later the Summoning bell went, and lamps were lit — for dark nights it is wise to see one’s way and the Mission School House is off the road. Here the Missionary held service, a simple one, the Cleric in his white duck suit, an harmonium that was in bad health, either from dampness or much heat, a little company for the white folk are but a handful, but a drawing together for a little space to deal with the Things Unseen.

Thence to *Tufukia* — in the pitchy dark — and so to rest.

### Flying Fish and Others<sup>66</sup>

A pretty sight it is to see these natives engaged in netting the Flying Fish.<sup>67</sup> Out beyond the reef they assemble, and forming a line abreast, paddle slowly forward. As it is always at night and a moonless one at that, each canoe has a huge torch light up on the prow. Standing on the Cliff-edge one can see nothing of boats or men, only the steadily moving forward of the flares. Behind these stands a man in each canoe with a sort of immense butterfly net, who scoops in the fish as they rise from the sea and fly directly at or past the light. The paddlers sit behind. It is extremely bad manners to forge ahead of the line. It is unfair too, but sometimes a greedy two attempt it. Then the other perforce paddle to keep up; faster goes the greedy crew; faster go their companions till it degenerates into a canoe race,

<sup>63</sup> Altogether; roughly and at once.

<sup>64</sup> The current or channel of a stream, especially one for conducting water to or from a water wheel or other device for utilizing its energy.

<sup>65</sup> The space around the altar of a church for the clergy and sometimes the choir, often enclosed by a lattice or railing.

<sup>66</sup> A shorter version of this text appears in Tale #45, *Of Drunken Fish and Flying*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>67</sup> Smith comments that it is “a very pretty sight”. Page 215 of Smith, Part III.

with Flying Fish quite in the background. But those two are 'Taboo' for future hunts. The proper pace is that of the weakest paddler; those paddles are exceeding heavy.

That strictly kept line is a wonderful sight in the dark. Perhaps 10 canoes will push off from a village; others join in as they proceed along the coast; there are 20 now in line; others add themselves till twice that number may be seen moving upon the still water, and all abreast. As many as 180 have been seen working together, a moving fleet known only by its flame.

It is not all easy work, for often those winged fish will miss the net in their flight and strike hard the men in face or naked body. Those scaly ones leave their mark ere they fall into the canoe. Three men in a boat not two feet wide, and one standing up, does not draw me to become one of the company. I prefer to look on from above.

There is good sport however in trolling for the Tiger. He is a big fellow and takes some handling. He gets his name from his wondrous stripes, which bear close resemblance to the biggest of the Cat Tribe. Their lustre vanishes once he is out of the water. His flesh is brown and coarse, but fair to taste, the body not deep but compact, running to four feet and over. The native way to get him, when once hooked, is to let him take you out to sea till he is exhausted and gives in. Then in such dinky things as these canoes one hauls in very carefully.

I would sample Niuean shellfish. A kindly native went a-hunting in the deep. His companion dived for them and soon filled the canoe with the big conches, whose tenants are eaten raw. Crossing a deep spot, the two capsized before my eyes and every shell went back to its proper element, too hopelessly deep down for recovery. I had to await initiation, but then not raw. Besides they are more than a mouthful except to Experts.

*Tou*, my outside man, and *Tuli*, my boy orderly, asked me one late afternoon soon after my arrival, if I would like to see our supper caught, so we clambered down the Cliff nigh my dwelling, and leaving me on a point of vantage well above them, they descended to the reef. They parted. The man went to where a pool connected directly with the sea; the lad hugged the shore. They crouched and moved forward as cats for mice. Suddenly both rushed, the man dashed his framed net across the mouth of the pool, and in the net was our supper. Meals cost little here, if need be. What name those fish bore I know not, nor care, but they were very tasty.

### The Flying Fox

To see a colony of those strange bat-like birds, the Flying Fox, is no easy task on Niue. Deep in the forest they abide, only issuing from thence at nightfall to find their food in the fruits which they share with the natives. They are pests, but steadily increase; their haunts so inaccessible and ammunition costly. As a table delicacy they are an acquired taste, but today there is arising a demand for their skins, or at least a part thereof, the rich red brown of their breasts, the U.S.A. chief seekers.

With a Trader and a native guide, I tramped out from Alofi, soon leaving the Highway to take a tortuous trail into the bush, which lead to a grass hut, a good four miles from home. Refreshed with coconut milk secured from Alofi, we dived into the trackless forest and over roughest coral, stumbling and fighting our way along for another mile, the native slashing with his long knife to notch and so make sure of safe return. Here it was that not long since, a larger party of white folk than we had lost themselves, missing connection with their guide who had left them temporarily to find other colony and wandered for long hours till they escaped with many tears and bruises.

With fine accuracy that same guide brought us to our quest. There was no doubt about it, for the squealing and the quarreling and the constant swish of wings could have assured a blind man of what



was above. High up in the huge banyan trees they were gathered together, hanging in clusters from the branches. There were many hundreds, and all seemed restless, evidently hungry, preparing for their nightly piracy, each to go off on his own, winging its way slowly along with much the appearance of an owl.

Looking upwards, the black and brown with a touch of red of those on the wing, flashing in the late afternoon sun was well worth the tramp. When the dog of our party let them know what was beneath them, they swung off en masse, the place a whirling mass of wings, the squealing deafening.

It was worth a ten mile tramp moreover to have located those fruit thieves in their home — those poachers — whom Niueans call the *Pek-a*.

## Chapter V

### The John Williams IV — Of Caves — Fiat Justicia — The Falé *Monuina*

#### The John Williams IV

There were 3 'John Williams' before the one I know, and one other preceding all of the four. And each and all, their object, Missionary work. There dangerous waters, as has been noted, were first navigated with such intent by the veteran John Williams himself, without a chart and in a ship built with his own hands. The wonder is that it ever held together with the primitive implements of those hands. The masts were coconut trees and so by no means straight, every other part was as rough, yet was it a gallant craft and braved dangerous seas as dauntlessly for many a year, as if turned out from the banks of the Clyde. Its builder christened it 'The Messenger of Peace'. It lasted long after he had fallen a victim to New Hebridean savages; at length it dared once too often as had done its builder, and piled up upon a reef — those reefs it had so long defied.

The 1<sup>st</sup> John Williams came to grief on Danger Island; the 2<sup>nd</sup> made an end on Niue's reef; the 3<sup>rd</sup> escaped similar fate, being sold after 30 years' good service to secure steam in place of sail; the 4<sup>th</sup> John Williams is to the natives a floating palace, fortunate those who travel thereon. It is no cargo carrying boat, save for the supplies needed by the various Mission Stations. It carries, however, on its rounds full complement of passengers. Were there no restrictions the steamer would not hold the number.

Two years had passed since the Mission Ship had cast anchor off Alofi; great therefore was the joy when one Saturday night, just as darkness had settled over the land, word was passed from mouth to mouth that in the W.S.W. a light was to be seen at sea. It was no star low down, said those who ought to know, but a lamp at the masthead. Steadily it drew nearer till the most hardened doubter was convinced. Then when she was so close that her outline proved that the trim little craft was no other than the Mission Ship, she turned and made as if she was going, after all, to leave Niue in the lurch. Some hearts on that cliff-edge sank, but others cheered them with the assurance that no wise Captain would venture to make an anchorage at night; he would head out to sea and drift till morn, which proved the truth.

That glimpse in the darkness was enough to send 'Sail Ho!' ringing that same night throughout the isle, and before the Sabbath was half over, every village had heard the news, and into Alofi began to pour the natives from every quarter. They came from various motives, many only to see once more

‘their Ship’, others to go off on her to visit other islands, each traveller with a group of friends to speed them on their way. The natives had already long stored many tons of yams at the Capital, to be put aboard, part for the crew, the larger portion to be left on islands and atolls, as gifts, where naught but coconuts grow, and this huge potato of the Pacific they knew would be warmly welcomed.

With early morning, the John Williams came to anchor and soon officers and crew were ashore. A fortnight from Australia, the ship had run into a cyclone off Norfolk Island, and in it had lost the horse going out to Alofi’s Missionary, some sheep and many chickens. Whilst this was unfortunate for the Missionary, it was just right for the Resident Commissioner, whose horse had thus promise of a glorious feast for a full year to come. That deal was quickly arranged for; Australian hay is not secured every day on Niue.

Of course, we had lunch onboard, where things were served such as we oftentimes dreamed of tasting once again, but rarely do attain to. We learned much welcome news of the great world outside. The visit was all too short, for Monday night saw the prim little steamer lift anchor and steam away. It bore off, besides fifty Niueans, three of our small white community, reducing us to still smaller dimensions. These by Duty’s call; the natives, for pure love of roaming.

Not every native — on any isle — who likes can go aboard, thus getting a Free Passage, less food, which each one must supply. Both Residents and Missionaries have to pass on the would-be passengers. They must be Members of the Church; they must be in good standing; and they must owe no one any cash. The names — in Alofi — are posted weeks, nay months, ahead, on a board in the Post Office, and any and all objectors can have a say. They used to ship off owing much to the Traders; this is now impossible. To head them off still further, the Permit issued by the Government has been raised from 4/- to One Pound, but the larger sum seems not to hinder. It is no round trip that the Mission Ship makes. Some have returned to Niue after a thirty years absence; few get back by the time they expect to. But it does not worry or deter them. Theirs, like some white folk, is the Wanderlust and go they must.

Up anchor then, and away, and Niue turned once more to its isolation.

### Of Caves

There are numerous Caves the whole coastline over where the sea has entered in, and besides these there are many land caves, each and all studded with stalactites, which in warring days came in handy. With an eye to serious business, in addition to their clubs and spears, pieces of these were broken off and rounded as a small cannonball, or shaped as a lemon; they held a terrible missile in their hands.

It was in a land cave hard by Alofi that that the Tongans in the 16<sup>th</sup> Century met their Nemesis. Drawn after the Niueans, who were seemingly retreating to the bush, they were well nigh exterminated by the collapse of a false bridge which hurled them into the great cavern below, where hidden foes awaited them, with coral bombs a-plenty from above.

Inveterate sightseer that he was, it was fortunate that Cook did not enter any Coast Cave on the isle or the chances are that he and his would ne’er have come out again. Yet there were several very handy to his landings at and nigh Alofi.

Further on one comes to *Tahikave*. It is a cave now left severely alone. It was long so noted a spot between Alofi and *Tamakatoa* that its very entrance was dignified with special name, even *Kaufagalahi*. Once inside that portal, a swim of a hundred feet brings you to where the gloomy hollow opens out into a roomy space, deep and still water hugging the coral walls. Yet there is room enough, in spots, to climb out upon and fish, nor did fishers ever fail of goodly catch. Things went well for a

long time, then for some unaccountable reasons the Tigers of the Sea took it into their savage brain that they might as well join in the sport, and possibly get more toothsome food than fish. A native fell a victim, and from that day *Talikave*<sup>68</sup> has been shunned by man; sharks can have it if they will.

Not far off is *Halaika*. Here on the summit of the cliff there is a fissure, looking down which one can see the ocean waters shimmering in the Cave below, which has a sub-reef outlet to the sea. Long men sought to find that outlet's mouth, and finding, set their nets across it to make rich harvest; then proposed diving down that 90 feet to stir the waters and drive the finny ones to sea and capture. As to getting back, there was but one way, that which the fishes took. So 'twas arranged, but none of those who took that dive into the Unknown ere came back to tell of that same passage. The net was a great success, but after the fish there came no men. Long and anxiously they waited, then as the tide ebbed there issued water tinged with blood. They had dived to their death, that Cave of *Halaika* their burial ground. None from that date have ventured.

Anext is *Amanau*, with its story. There was deep trouble between *Talamahina* and *Fugamata*. The former, the elder, sought his brother's life. The latter fled from home and sought refuge in the Cave of *Amanau*. He selected this one because it, like *Halaika*, can only be reached by diving beneath the reef and coming up into the hollow space, cut off from all other approach. And *Amanau*'s way in and out is very clear to see.

Long did *Talamahina* seek his brother, yet feared to take that dive for he was no expert swimmer, as was *Fugamata*. But the hider, as the days went by, found it far from comfortable always getting wet as he swam out for food, even for coconuts and taro, of a night, so shifted his retreat to *Makatutala*, a high pinnacle of rock standing by itself upon the reef, not far off. Because the height was great and the climbing wearisome, he made a ladder, which he drew up after him, making himself a shelter in a split of the rock. Thence would he issue forth of nights for food, yet dared not he hammer his coconuts upon the rock lest his bloodthirsty brother should hear and thus locate him. He used instead the claws of the crab *Kalavi* to saw the dry shells in two. Thus dwelled he for many moons.

But now *Talamahina*'s wrath had passed and he would have peace between them. Therefore went he forth and stood upon the cliff above *Ananau* and nigh opposite *Makatutala* and called aloud for him "*Fugamata*, my brother, come forth, there is peace forever between us from this day," and as a sign thereof he broke his spears and hurled them from him into the sea below.

All this *Fugamata* heard and saw and was right glad, for he was weary of his rock home and his loneliness. And when he heard his brother further declare aloud that far, even at the back of the island, was to be his future home, then knew he for sure that all was well with him. That night returned he to his people, the feud was o'er, nor *Amanau* nor *Makatutala* saw him more.

Lately — during my stay — workmen cutting a new road along the cliff-edge from Alofi to Avatele came across a cave unknown to any. It was full of skulls and bones of all ages. The explanation offered by the natives is that to this cave refugees from some raid fled for refuge, and either died of hunger fearing to go out for provender<sup>69</sup> or — more likely — were tracked by the avenging host and massacred. Anyway, to those White folk who were interested in skull formation and measurement<sup>70</sup> it proved a most interesting discovery.

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<sup>68</sup> WWB wrote place names carefully and the inconsistency with *Tahikave*, at the beginning of the paragraph, is not an error of transcription.

<sup>69</sup> Food or provisions.

<sup>70</sup> WWB is probably referring the American anthropologist, Edwin Meyer Loeb (1894–1966), who visited Niue during WWB's stay; see WWB's note regarding Loeb at the beginning of the *Bibliography*.

## Fiat Justicia

To see British Justice at work, slow but sure, following up relentlessly the criminal till its long arm grips him, brings him to trial and metes out sentence due, is not only something to be proud of, but to instil great confidence when off the beaten track.

I saw it at work on the lonely isle, and all Niue was moved at the sight. Crime of most serious kind is not frequent amongst this people. The High Court does not often sit; it is in lesser sins that Niueans fall by the way, especially that of Theft. It seems hard for them to distinguish between Meum and Tuem.<sup>71</sup> They specialize in petty thieving. One stole my shaving brush — it must have been a man — I got it back without ever discovering the thief. The threat I gave of leaving them was enough. I found it laid on my doorstep. Of course, its use to me was forever gone. But the Magistrate dispenses Punishment. It is road work both for man and woman. There is no jail. One Governor built a real prison in Alofi, but the next one pulled it down. It was an offense to the eye. Prisoners are by no means harshly treated. They live at home, their hours of labour 7 a.m. to 4 p.m. Then they retire to their homes — oft miles away. They provide, in the main, their own food though so many ship's biscuits appear to be allowed daily to each. They may have a sentence of even 18 months; for that period they are the slaves of the State. Two years and over, means Transportation to New Zealand. Then they have a taste of the Real Thing.

But now a capital crime had been committed. A policeman had fallen to the knife of one of his own race. Suspicion fell upon one of great power and influence on the island. He had a strong party behind him. Yet that did not avail him. Though there was grave danger of an uprising if hands were laid upon him, and not one rifle amongst the tiny handful of white folk — 20 amid nigh 4,000 — yet was he arrested and confined in a temporary jail, a watch set over him. Three others also. Despite the danger, the whites stood firm. Justice must prevail.

Then from Samoa hastened a man-of-war after a calling vessel had 'wirelessed' the news and need to the world outside. A Police Inspector stepped ashore. Niue saw and wondered, and the white folk thanked God for such a Mother.<sup>72</sup> Slow and sure worked that Inspector, picking up threads here, there, till he had woven a net complete.

The scene of Niue's last murder trial was in the Post Office, where one stands to buy the pretty stamps to send news far afield. A dais was made for the occasion, and at the table thereon sat the Resident as Judge. Two white men and four natives were the jury. No gaping curious crowd. Niue was full content to leave it to the white men. The Capital Charge against the Chief, an accessory before the fact against the younger man. All the evidence was in; the prisoners had had full liberty to call any they desired to testify on their behalf. The Jury retired and returned to find both Guilty.

It was hard on that gentle-souled Resident to doom a man to die. The other got 10 years. The doomed one and sentenced were held till they were carried off to New Zealand for their punishment. Niue knew them no more, but has had yet one more lesson what British Justice means, and whilst awed, admires nor will forget. Had that Chief escaped through slackness, no native's or white man's life would be really safe on the little Coral Isle, cut off for months together from all communication.

## The Falé Monuina

After years of patient waiting, there broke a day to be forever remembered upon Niue, that day when the Lord Liverpool Hospital was dedicated at *Tufukia*, nigh Alofi. It was to that Governor General of

<sup>71</sup> Latin: What is mine and what is thine.

<sup>72</sup> WWB uses *Mother* here and elsewhere to refer to the mother country, England.

New Zealand that the initiative was due, who, coming to the isle, saw the crying need, and headed the fund where with to build and equip, with a truly noble subscription. But such a building could not rise like natives' grass huts. It was to be built to endure and plans were drawn at Wellington to be time and again altered to suit local conditions unrealized so far away. The cost was prohibitive to import skilled workmen; all was done by local talent, lead by a single white man, a Tasmanian, a real genius in times of difficulty, to whom all turn in perfect confidence, be the material trouble what it may.

It lies beyond the Government School Building, adjoining the playground, the Assistant Teacher's house absorbed as the Sister's and native nurses' Home. It is a compact building and complete, with operating room and Dispensary. No longer now is the latter hard by the Doctor's home in Alofi. He has some hours of peace assured him with medicines a full mile away. Instead of sick and sorry gathering before those doors, and bottles lining the shelves, that one-time Out Patients' hospital is now the White Folks' Clubroom, the shelves carrying a Library, a useful meeting place, where magazines and papers abound, and one loses in good measure the sense of loneliness. That Library has its counterpart at the Hospital, a provision made ready against the day of White patients, and both of them the gift of one of the Judges of New Zealand's Supreme Court who was troubled greatly in spirit at this Roamer's wilful exile. All unheralded, a schooner unloaded two huge packing cases; within was a royal gift of choicest literature from the giver's own Library — 500 volumes — a personal gift from one true friend to another. The latter found his own pleasure in dividing his treasures between the Healthy and the Invalid.

The natives were not overlooked in gift for Hospital. From Auckland there came the gramophone, which was to play so prominent a part in Hakupu's reception of King George and Queen Mary's message to the Children of the Empire — which will be read of later. It and 50 Records were sent to cheer the weary hours of sickness for the natives, and specially for him who, struck with the dread disease of Leprosy,<sup>73</sup> was housed, alone, a stone's throw from the main building, on a promontory, twin brother of the 'Point'.

Though Niue was proud of its Hospital, yet Niue feared. Their name for 'Hospital' is *Koe Falé Gagao* — the Sick House — and the outspoken opinion of the majority was, that enter its portals was to doom oneself to death. Doctor and Sister were much exercised as to the response that would be made to the Government's splendid effort to save the Race. That Dedication Day went far to prove that Niueans will rise above their dread. There was a mighty crowd, every village fully represented. Of course a Feast went with it — but not Dancing, such was felt to be out of place. There were also, of course, many speeches, for the white folk, the Resident, the Doctor, the Missionary and this Roamer, for natives the very choicest of the choice. To me fell the duty of stressing the value of the Hospital, that it should not be called the Falé Gagao, but that a special term should be coined for it, even the Falé *Monuina* 'The House of Blessing'. I must needs here quote a portion of the reply made in succeeding speech by a leading Chief, as a sample of the native eloquence and courtesy. I translate:

"The Voice that we have just heard this day, could only come from Beretania. It is his Mother's Voice we have rejoiced to hear, that great Mother whose voice wins Races to her Heart the whole world over, even as this son of Hers wins ours today."

Doctors, Sister, Nurses have been very busy since that Day of Days, and but for skillful Doctor, tireless efficient Sister, and the white folks' cosy ward, I for one, should not be alive today.

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<sup>73</sup> Smith, referring to his visit in 1901, states that "*Leprosy is unknown in the island, though supposed to have been introduced there once.*" Smith, Part III, page 218.



## The Village of Hakupu

(Har-kōo-pōo)

### Chapter VI

The Road to Hakupu — Hakupu — As Mine Host  
— The Move to Hakupu — A Formal Welcoming

#### The Road to Hakupu

There were three of us in the tarvallé drawn by the Resident's all too well-fed nag, for he has not leaves alone to munch as his island fellows — real grass as we know being quite unknown, but oats from Auckland, and that hay from Australia. He takes his time, and one at least was glad of it so as to take in all that was to be seen.

Once we had gained the upper coral ridge we were on the top of the island, and far as the eye could see was a great park land, save occasionally ranges of bush. Here and there big trees where coral so abounds as to make tillage impossible, plantations ever and anon with coconuts and bananas, pandanus too with the latter's useful fruit — save for a scent extracted — fruit similar to a pineapple high up in the air, guava bushes and lemon trees with their golden fruit. Paraqueets we saw with their jerky flight, but Flying Foxes were absent as they are, in the main, nocturnal birds. Lightning here plays havoc with the graceful coconut, beheading as neatly as if with an axe. The tall headless trunk looks very mournful amid its palm crowned brethren.

The miles of Niuean roads are marked by cairns of stones. Wayside tanks, to act as Temperance 'Pubs' are placed on every road some mile and a half apart. There was formerly great waste of coconut by thirsty ones, who climbing the trees and drinking the milk of the nuts obtained, threw the nut itself away. For commerce the nut must fall from the palm of itself, properly matured.

The road of grass, so-called, finding root in brown, red earth formed of decomposed rock, winds prettily; no sea can be glimpsed through that level of bush and trees. Unwise he would venture amid that tangled growth save on native trails, yet none of it is really wasteland save tiny patches, and all, as has been noted, is owned and named, though not a land mark is to be seen.

Every acre hugging the Highway, if at all possible, is cleared and taro planted, then let lie fallow once the crop is gathered, when quickly it is bush again. In due season the spot is burned and once again put into use. Such is Niuean farming.

And graves are met with all along the way. Sometimes a lonely one, at other times in groups. And what a wondrous assortment placed beside or on them. Some have little sheds raised over them. These among other articles I noted: a bed and chair, a fine mosquito net, mugs and tea pots, a lantern, many buckets, an iron and a wash tub, a decanter, and bed linen which sorely needed washing.

These the living thought for their Dead. Here is a sample of the other side and kind — the Ungrateful Dead.

A native had lost his wife and there was much lamenting. Her last wish that she should have all her personal belongings, bed, chair, cup, clothing, sewing machine and wash tub upon and around her

grave was faithfully carried out, and the broken hearted husband went oft daily to his plantation for all manner of fruits, which were lain upon the broad lime and coral tomb.

Six months later he took to himself a second partner, and all went happily till the new wife had an unwelcome dream. She declared that the first wife had appeared and upraided <sup>74</sup> her for taking her place in the home circle. Infuriated at this un-called for interference, the irate native husband seized an axe and hurried to the tomb. “What more do you want?” cried he. “Have I not given you all you asked for and food in abundance. Now will I fix you once and for all,” and forthwith proceeded to demolish things till tomb and all was a hopeless wreck.

It certainly looked so to me.

## Hakupu

We drove bravely into Hakupu, one of Niue’s eleven villages, not by the sea but in the Bush, with a population of 500 natives. There is a large open Green, round which the houses cluster, a large Church dominating all, and a Sunday School not much smaller. At once we were the cynosure <sup>75</sup> of all eyes, and made but small progress as the folk stepped up to shake hands with each of us. We had come to size up the scholastic situation, to see the Teacher’s proposed Abode, the school building the villagers had erected, and specially to meet Hakupu’s Council for a discussion of the future. <sup>76</sup>

The Head Man — the Chief — a grave fellow was on the spot at once. He it was who had donated the school property, a large acreage all now cleared; the community had met his gift with free labour, the result a commodious, airy school. A site on the grounds had been prepared for the Teacher’s house, but nothing done so far; the proposed residence was none other than the Chief’s own *falé*, a native dwelling, roughly built of coral with galvanized iron roofing, roomy, if not fashionable, the owner already having generously moved with his family and belongings into a far less pretentious shack close adjoining. The school had been opened some time back, but after only six months’ work had had to be closed for lack of a Teacher called elsewhere.

The Hakupians had certainly done their share; it was up to the Government to do theirs. They had offered me the post, but this village surmized that I was scheduled for *Tufukia*.

So we had a Fono. It was held in the school house for shade. Desks there were none, the scholar’s work was to be done upon the floor. Alas for my poor back, for I am not short of stature. The Councillors sat upon a mat, the Chief *Kuluséa* by name and seven others, all grave men, with heads bowed, seemingly ever deep in thought, and even whilst speaking looking anywhere but at the one addressed, not through awkwardness, but native courtesy. I sat me on a handy form with my two companions of the drive, teachers themselves, natives, the elder — *Malama* ‘Rainbow Light’ — a

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<sup>74</sup> To reproach.

<sup>75</sup> Something that strongly attracts attention by its brilliance, interest, etc.

<sup>76</sup> Hakupu (June 2015):



host in herself for all round capability. It was for me to open the proceedings, Malama interpreting. Three in turn made reply.

They begged for a Teacher, stressing above all that they wanted a man with much kindness of heart, for their bairns were timid. They urged that I should not be drawn to other village, but come and live amongst them, teacher of both young and old, for many adults were eager for knowledge. Promising them that their need would be carefully considered, they rose, each to shake us gravely by the hand and so depart.

In that school room lofty and so bare, with but one table, four short benches, and easel with blackboard, and one small piece of chalk as its furnishings, we had a basket lunch, helped out by gifts brought in forthwith by eager hands and young, coconuts and oranges, with bananas sufficient for a dozen. The people could not do enough for us; we found our rig filled up with fruit, but got in somehow and made off, all wishing us a quick return amongst them. On the way back we gathered more fruit from lemon trees, and drove into Alofi a veritable fruiterer's store at the end of a memorable day.

### As Mine Host

It was of course settled. Alofi, though at the moment without a Head teacher, could carry on very well till someone should arrive from New Zealand. The ground had long been tilled and sown, all was in perfect running order, comfort and companionship was assured the new arrival, whilst in the Bush lay practically virgin soil, and the life which had been offered me. I had not a moment's doubt. I came to help the needy; the suggested discomforts were but a spur to acceptance. Was I not out for fresh experiences? (I got them.)

Ere leaving Alofi, I gave a Lunch Party, eight souls in all, men, four of them natives. And here I learned much that was new to me. The Niuean fashion seems to be for you to give the invitation, and for those invited to supply the food. Maybe it is that way for the solitary man. Malama insisted upon taking over all the arrangements, so of course success was assured. My crockery and cutlery not running to such a spread, there was much borrowing and I found I suddenly had half a dozen servants instead of three; some prisoners, male and female were sent along, also to lend a hand. As I owned but two chairs, others were purloined and made one table by borrowing others to add to mine. My metal cups were 'taboo'; nothing but fine glasses would suit such an occasion.

My boy was missing the previous afternoon, but came back with my main joint — three chickens very much alive, tied to one long string, and as they were not to suffer death till the following morning — because of the climate — they had some wonderful adventures since at no time night or day did they seem to be able to agree upon a common course of action. This triple gift was followed by a huge plum pudding. Then poured in the fruits of the land, so that when at last the table was spread, there was enough for double the number. And yet there appeared from somewhere a great Meat pie and a Niuean custard pudding — with a quite impossible name to a new comer — a fine cake too. That is how things are done on Niue. 'Mine Host' is a fraud as I surely felt.

And all did full justice to that Feast, save one. I had a Farewell supper to attend that night for I was off to the Back Blocks <sup>77</sup> the next morning.

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<sup>77</sup> Australian pastoral country which is remote from the seacoast or from a river.

## The Move to Hakupu

The largest of the two motor lorries upon Niue was brought into requisition, and piled high with goods, trunks, valises, beds, packing cases and other household necessities, I drove into Hakupu in State. My boy orderly I could not part with, but could only carry him off on the top of the load on condition that he should return to his loving family each Sunday, tramping the sixteen miles for his health. I lost my *Fou* of the Fuzzy Hair, but I gained *Moka* in her place, assisted by her husband *Peni*, who somewhere and sometime — clearly I soon found — in the Long Past, cooked for white men elementary fashion.

Hakupu was excited, to say the least. There were many willing hands to get things into shape. My two Assistant Teachers were on hand to help out in the language difficulty, *Faséné*, the Avatelean, whose home — with wife and children — is in that village five miles away, and *Réné*, a Hakupuan girl, trained at Alofi's school, who was to act as Pupil Teacher.

The new home faces west and has a square of the so-called grass between it and that road which circles the island. *Tanetane* bushes form a sort of hedge on three sides; a banana grove lies at the back. Internally it is divided up — without any ceilings — into five rooms, a storeroom, too, and a bath room. The kitchen is outside. The school grounds are but a stone's throw from the house, reached through an avenue of guava and coconut palms. A ground floor verandah runs round three sides of the house and there are doors leading out thereto in plenty, too plentiful for anyone who desires privacy, yet knows the insatiable curiosity of natives. Water is provided by a cistern erected at one corner with which the rain water is directed from the roof. Alas! that roof is not of thatch but zinc, and I early found that when the tropical rain descends, the noise inside was like to the beating of many kettle drums.

The lorry discharged and all things stored within, the gaping crowd wended their way to their respective quarters and I was left with my three willing servants to put things into shape and start upon my new adventure.

## A Formal Welcoming

The Hakupuans did themselves proud. It was a right hearty welcome. The same week I arrived, at high noon, four of us — three being visiting Half castes — were ushered to the school house where a bountiful repast had been laid on the one and only table. Those forms for seats there at. The added company of countless flies were attended to by my *Moka* and *Loui*, the village policeman.

That table! Land crab — which is of a truth a lobster<sup>78</sup> — and chicken, fruit of every kind served this way and that, and at the further end, an immense pile, our share of the Feast prepared outside for the general public. The folk here did not, as I saw on Samoa, proceed to eat their share on the spot. It was all in coconut baskets. I counted sixty-four in one continuous line, and in the middle a roasted pig, suspended lengthwise on four upright stakes. They have Clans or Families in the village and to each so much is carefully shared out. Thus it is difficult for the white folk to give presents to the crowd as a box of matches or a plug of tobacco would have somehow or other to be divided up or offence given.

Lunch finished, we took our seats outside upon the school verandah, the natives scattered about in the large playground, but the orators gathered in front of us, some little distance off, in a semi-circle. In the open they stand to speak as in other isles. The chosen three had so much to say both as to the

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<sup>78</sup> In their scientific classification, crabs and lobsters are members of the same order, Decapoda, but are of different sub-orders and families.

pleasure of having a permanent Teacher amongst them, and of the full liberty accorded me to beat the Parents if aught went wrong with the children. Their needs were many, some real, some fancied, and I was kept busy keeping mental tab of the various points for I was expected to reply to each when my turn came. At long last my turn, the efficient Malama interpreting, and that part was over.

Then came Sivas,<sup>79</sup> four of them, three of the children, one of adults. They sang topical chants, all composed for the occasion. The children evidently had no great opinion of themselves. “We are dunces all. Please do not be greatly disappointed. You have come to us from a far country. Please do not go away because we are stupid.” — “The ‘Man of War’ was a good ship because it brought you to us.” — “We have forgotten all the English we once knew. You will have to teach us all over again.” I noticed some very strenuous action, and this the chant, “Now that you are here, we are going to tie you with sinnet rope, so that you do not run away.” Tiny tots were among the different bands, yet sang and moved their hands and arms in perfect time, then rose up to dance with uttermost abandon. A few were really graceful dancers, promising great things in time. The adults, especially the men, were well worth seeing. I would not care to be the son or daughter of the Mistress of Ceremonies of that day whilst she had a broom stick handy. She looked very masterful, yet danced about like a youngster till her head garland fell off through excitement — yet she halted not.

As each band finished, they came forward with their gifts; the pile before me soon grew to enormous proportions. Sugarcane and taro, land crabs (Alive O!) tied to the end of branches, baskets, the contents of which I never saw for my cook ran promptly off with them, water melons and huge coconuts. In addition, many came up the steps and laid gifts in my hands, eggs till I lost count, spring onions and live chickens. I was kept busy handing these to my household servants for safe keeping, and each given required at the same time as offering, a hearty handshake.

And the necklaces! They flung beads around my neck, and garlands of flowers till my shoulders could support no more. We all had a splendid time and even those welcomes I have had on other isles were no whit better nor enthusiastic.

Thus welcomed they their Teacher whom they would fain<sup>80</sup> make ‘feel at Home’.

## Chapter VII

Future Studds and Graces — All in a Day — Things  
Sacred — Hakupu’s Seafront

### Future Studds and Graces<sup>81</sup>

*Kilikiki*<sup>82</sup> at Hakupu is primitive. Cricket here needs some radical changes. Some of the bats as high as tall as the smaller batsmen, and their width and their weight enormous. The ball is made from the rubber of the banyan tree and is but an attempt at roundness. The crease is on the high road for youngsters, and as the houses fringe on either side it is well that there is no such thing in Hakupu as window glass — save in the Church and my Falé, once the Chief’s. Niueans are more up to date at

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<sup>79</sup> Samoan term for *dance*.

<sup>80</sup> Happily; gladly.

<sup>81</sup> The three [Studd brothers](#) — Charles, Kynaston and George — were Victorian gentleman cricketers. [William Gilbert Grace](#) was an English amateur cricketer who is widely acknowledged as one of the most significant players of all time.

<sup>82</sup> Niuean for *cricket*.



the game as we know it than the Samoans, as they have the correct three wickets properly spaced, and keep within due limits, occasionally, for a side. I failed to find the scoring card in Apia, but here — used for less important matches — I found it. They use a banana leaf, which possesses many ribs on either side; these are slit down for each run; leaves look ragged things when a game is over.

The players, while no batters though consummate sloggers, are very excellent catchers, and the fielding with bare feet amid coral rock, coconut trees, under brush and houses is remarkably keen. They throw with great speed and accuracy and possess South paws (left-handers) amongst them. The antics of the rubber ball are wonderful. Once let it touch the ground and none can tell what it will do, yet do they gather it in.

The first game I saw was North versus South. The local clubs of Hakupu take their titles from the compass, and for all I know there may be such niceties as the S.S.E. and the N.N.E. clubs. The score which I helped to keep was 29 to 70 in favour of the North, and as my residence may be said to be the true centre of the village, I was quite impartial as to which side won.

There is an absence of cricket flannels; a vest, and a lavalava tucked up like to old-time bathing tights is the very thing, and leaves great freedom of movement.

The overhand bowling was of good length, but rubber has its own ‘googly’ ways, and the keen eyesight of those players for that dark-colored elusive ball made me fear that I was going blind. A Boundary hit seems in my village to have to go over two homes at least, and to disappear in the Bush beyond. Then I ripped the leaf up six times. I aired my wide knowledge of the language by announcing the result of the match to be “*U a fula ma hiva*” to “*Fitu go fulu ma* nothing” and warmly thanked the perspiring sides with a grand “*Oue tulou*” for the Exhibition.<sup>83</sup>

### All in a Day

School had not started yet. It was the busiest time of year in the plantations, yet were there many slackers. Here are a few of one early day’s experiences awaiting me.

The first, a constant struggling with the language, a hit here and a bad miss there, many trying to help me at the same time, confusion worse confounded.

Now visitors. A man with a bunch of cabbage leaves squats down on the door step. It is not etiquette — at least among the Elders of Niue — to give gifts standing. He makes offer with a perfect torrent of words; I accept with a well versed word (correct this time) and my boy bears the gift off to the storeroom. Another comes with a whole basket of lemons; more thanks. Then a boy appears with three eggs, but I discover that this is barter. Mother is out of matches. Can it be that the White Chief will exchange three boxes for three eggs? I feel that she is getting the best of the bargain, with eggs one penny each the whole year round and no freight charge to pay, but as a smoker I have sympathy for anyone out of lucifers, so off he goes happy.

Now, as I strive hard to settle down to work, comes one with Mummy apples,<sup>84</sup> and another with oranges and yet other with a Land crab all ready for the table. I am getting overwhelmed, and right glad to escape outside, invited to see a game of Rounders<sup>85</sup> by a company of girls. What would their white sisters think of playing bare-footed upon coral, with a ball made up of twisted coconut leaf, the size of a large marble, and the sun hot enough to sizzle one. Yet they had a fine game and I heartily

<sup>83</sup> *Ua fulu ma hiva* means “29”. *Fitugofulu* is “70”. *Oue tulou* means “Thank-you very much.” Translated by Efi Rex.

<sup>84</sup> Colloquial colonial name for papaya.

<sup>85</sup> A game played between two teams each alternating between batting and fielding.

congratulated them. I rectified that ball by the next schooner from New Zealand, and marbles too — by the hundred — to take the place of oval nuts too large for tiny fingers.

Then came along the boys who for the same game, but really a modified Baseball — which they had never seen till I taught it them with further imported ball, and they became experts thereat — produced their banyan rubber ball, so precious, and their clubs. All went well and there was much spirited running of bases till a big boy took his turn with his War Club and lifted that priceless ball to the sky, over houses, trees, everything in sight, and we saw it land in the bush for its first hop. Being rubber, we calculated that it would go on hopping. Anyway, we all went a-hunting. We lost that ball, but found a nest, eight eggs in all. They were mine. I was over-rich, yet have I mine always poached — in case! Besides eggs, I got a mass of burrs; my company had no need of danger on that score, and recovering at last some open land, had a small army clearing my nether garments of trouble.

Next I saw an exhibition of Stilt walking — then of marbles! It is wonderful how happy native children are with such poor tools.

The Sports were over and I returned to my home. There a monkey played upon my stoop. A real monkey, a live monkey, the only one Niue has ever seen, brought to see the White Chief who, like himself, had come hither from a far country. Now Evening and the lights are lit, and my floor, by special licence, is occupied by many, even adults, all eagerly scanning pictures from my store. Not a sound above a whisper; my boy is the host; René, the hostess. A lad rises and politely excuses himself as he is going out ‘pit-lamping’ — not after deer, for Niue has none, but after the elusive crab. Good luck to him, I say. Crab is excellent eating, especially with chopped onions, as I have learned.

At last, time to close down. The day is done. I bid them all good night in my best Niuean, which sounds sweetly to the ear “*O a mutolu*,” but is really very rude when literally translated, for thus it runs “Be gone ye.” They are begone, and soon — once Family Prayers are over — Hakupu is quiet as the grave, till the roosters start their midnight clamour.

### Things Sacred

Hakupu’s Church is large, could hold the entire population of some 500, and half as much again. It is white both inside and out, with three feet through walls of coral, twenty windows — really doors — around, ever cool. At one end, inside, in black lettering, high up, one reads the date of Dedication — 24<sup>th</sup> of June 1889 — and beneath the one word ‘*Kanana*’, which, I take it, is its Patron Saint, the ‘Land of Canaan’, other wise the ‘Promised Land’, for Saints proper have no place in the ecclesiastical polity of Niue.

The interior arrangement is peculiar. The Choir and Rostrum — the latter with no less than three Reading Desks within it — face each other occupying the entire middle of the building; the people sit in pews on either side, likewise facing each other. Between the Choir and the Rostrum is the ‘Table of the Lord’, large and marble-topped with heavy iron work legs.

Prior to the worship was the Offering, my first Sunday, and that table became the Receipt of Custom, the natives sauntering up and depositing — oft times throwing from a distance — their mite <sup>86</sup> in a wash basin! placed thereon, and four deacons were kept busy counting the coin.

In this arrangement of the East and West for the congregation, with the Choir and the Preacher betwixt them, there is a clean cut division made between the sexes in the pews, a heavy rail down the centre

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<sup>86</sup> Biblical coin.

shuts off the sheep from the goats — I am prepared to call the women the former for the sake of peace — the children at the West End being similarly divided.

The singing, wholly of the Part Song order, is very fearful. The Pastor, a homo robusto with a big voice, got through the main service in an hour. This was followed by the 'Breaking of the Bread', which the Chief asked me specially to attend. It was their High Mass, simple as themselves, all done very reverently, if shorn of all that Splendour one expects in consonance with the Holy Sacrifice. The marble-topped table; the Altar, a dinner cloth its covering; four goblets and a tankard, the Chalice; the same number of plain dishes, the Paten,<sup>87</sup> all silver-plated, save the dishes; a large dinner napkin, the only Veil; and ship's biscuit and coconut milk the 'outward and visible sign'. None knelt at any time; there were hymns of a kind; prayer by two of the dark skinned Deacons; Bible reading from 'Corinthians' by the Pastor; then the Partaking handed round by the four. Very primitive, but none the less interesting to one privileged to be an onlooker and quite a new experience in things of the Soul.

### Hakupu's Seafont

A good mile and a half through the Bush, along a trail with coral every where, a sharp drop from the flat upper ridge of the island to the lower ledge, and then a further half mile for yet further drop to the reef (when the tide will let) brought me to the sea from inland Hakupu. I was to learn later by bitter experience another but unauthorized way — never again.

A Sou'Easter was blowing hard and it was high tide. The effect was magnificent. It was one long thundering roar as the huge waves curled up to dash themselves against the face of the reef from which, for a brief moment, they sank back, exposing its great depth to view. They came, as usual, in threes, mighty walls of water, the last a towering giant, curling up, and surmounting that coral wall, to smash down and swirl across the hundred feet of coral reef, one vast mass of seething, snowy foam.

I sat alone, high up above the swirl, yet was wet through soon with spray. At a distance on either hand, looking along the coastline, one could see what looked like flocks of seagulls swooping every way as is their wont. It was naught but flakes of that same foam.

Behind me lay the little Isle; before me lay the Ocean. Not a sail, not a movement of any kind, save those restless waves, in sight. Even the birds seemed to have sought shelter from that blazing sun, which was still high in the heavens.

Both going and return had each their interest. Here, amid the trees, was a tomb like structure. It was the common baking house of this Community till they quarrelled over its use and for the sake of peace now go without local bread. Chiefs' graves, as usual ungraceful and cumbersome; plantations which would break the heart of any white man for the seeming impossibility of producing anything in such a tangle of rock and undergrowth, which cut, seems to spring up again over-night; and the haunts of land crabs clear enough, holes in the rocks before which dangled coconuts sufficiently opened to let the creatures get a taste and long for more, whilst near by, of nights, lurks the capturer; kitchen gardens, too, where 'mid the tangle there bravely grew arrowroot and the sweet potato.

Near the cliff-edge were the canoes of Hakupuans, covered over with leaves, only to be used when that raging sea chooses to be smooth, then carried down the rocky side. Then the village has fish again, ever a welcome change of diet.

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<sup>87</sup> A small plate, usually made of silver or gold, used to hold Eucharistic bread which is to be consecrated.

And on the way back, a great fissure to be visited, and looking down, the precious water to be seen 100 feet below, fresh and pure and ever cold, drawn up by bark bucket and a strong rope of coconut fibre — known as sinnet — both lying there; a well that never fails. Down to its depths reach the roots of trees unknown to me, clinging as they descend to the sides of the chasm with grip of steel, but the banyans float in space as they descend; they want bottom and nothing less.

There are many charming tramps from Hakupu as a centre, but to my mind none the equal of that portion of Niue's rugged coastline which forms the Sea Front of that inland village.

## Chapter VIII

### The Roll Call — Family Prayers — Chanticleer — First-Aid — The Line Up

#### The Roll Call <sup>88</sup>

The school of one hundred boys and girls has marched in — the eagerly awaited classes have been now going a few weeks — they have taken their places on the mats, the boys on one side, the girls on the other, their ages ranging from seven to seventeen. They have knelt to recite the Lord's Prayer, have sung a hymn unaccompanied by any instrument, and have had their daily Story on some useful topic at my lips. In all this *Faséné* has been very useful.

Next comes that Roll. To read out 100 names in a new lingo is no easy task. They do not smile at the stumbles. They are learning the Teacher's language so that his world of books may become open to them; he is learning theirs so as to help them in every way. But surely all will sympathize with one faced with such a task as to fluently pronounce such names as *Ligitagoloa* and *Tiahifineone-Motutanati*, *Tapuakihau* and *Faranitama*. No cutting short of vowels please, every one has to be distinctly sounded, and 't' is 's' and 'g' in 'ng' and surely you are lost as I was.

Here, too, one finds some English names fiercely mutilated: *Alaita* (Alice) — *Letuki* (Lucy) — *Lele* — *Fane* — *Elika* — *Makaline* — *Tiosefa* (Joseph) — *Viviani* and *Lopeti*. <sup>89</sup> The key to the last is that they have neither R nor B in their alphabet. But Time works wonders and one's tongue gets used at last to new forms of twisting. It needed courage that Roll Call did at first, with 100 pair of eyes fixed steadily upon one, but it had to be done; it was the White Chief's duty as Head Teacher.

The Adults were as keen to learn. They, too, had their Class of an afternoon — two days a week, for the rest must be spent in the bush seeking their daily bread. They consisted of the picked young married folk of the village, though some few unmarried were allowed the privilege, and there were more men than women. There is no 'Mr' or 'Mrs' on Niue. One tries to be polite, but in class one at times was forced in despair to point the finger and say "You"! Try these and see if they can be readily retained for use — *Manogiveti* — *Hakeagala* — *Tumitimea* — *Vikofa* — *Akaneti* and *Liuevaie*. The grown folk alike sat upon the mats, with slates in hand and worked hard. The 3 R's always ended with a geography lesson before a large map of the World and many were the questions asked, oft weird at times.

<sup>88</sup> The names of the students in this text are also found in Tale #46, *Of Inspection and Roll Call*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>89</sup> *Lele* is possibly for *Lily*, *Fane* for *Fanny*, *Elika* for *Erika* and *Makaline* for *Mageline*.

They were very grateful. A delegation soon waited upon me to say that they wished to show their appreciation by a monthly present of food. Customs are customs, and these native folk are easily hurt, so I had to use considerable tact, but *Faséné* my Standby helped me out, and when the Chief pronounced his fiat against it, the matter dropped, but happily not so did the classes.

### Family Prayers

The principle of Family Prayers is altogether admirable, and the Missionaries both past and present have been faithful advocates thereof. Hakupu holds them of an evening — but not every household every night. I ought to know because the entire village is aware when the Family Devotions are being said. If there was a recognised hour when all families gathered each in their own *falé*, the din would be appalling, but it would be over in one fell swoop, not prolonged hour by hour as now.

A hymn is always sung or, truer to say, is shrieked; the whole village resounds with the noise, the children letting out for all they are worth, the seniors scarcely less so, and those hymns are long. Then one hears a man's voice maybe reading, maybe praying, always in a monotone. Then comes gladsome silence.

But not for long, for here is another *falé* starting off and the same performance is gone through. Another silence settles on the village and one has hopes that the evening orisons of Hakupu are over, with two doing duty for the rest. Alas! the stilly night is rent again and so continues on and off for hours. If only these Niuean folk knew the value of 'He that prayeth in secret'!

Where did those hymn tunes come from? They have a hymn book in their language, printed at a London Press, and the words are admirable. But not yet have I heard an air to any one of them nor seen nor heard of music book. Those tunes are a continuous anthem. There is never unison singing; it is Part Singing gone mad. I am told that natives of other islands came visiting long years ago and taught the Niueans these strange sounds. I cannot believe that the Missionaries have had the smallest part in them, for they are past finding out by any White man's ear. I have clearly caught at times a touch of 'Moody and Sankey',<sup>90</sup> also of negro melodies, but I give the matter up as unsolveable. They are certainly are not Music.

For myself, without instrument of any kind, even a tuning fork for pitch, I am diligently teaching the children the sweet harmonies which ring in the fanes<sup>91</sup> of Home. Niue perhaps in time will learn a better way.

### Chanticleer

The ways, also, of Niuean roosters are not as those of other lands, so far as life and far Roaming has shown me. I was brought up in the belief that Chanticleer was the Time Keeper of the world, the Herald of Dawn, that with the unerring instinct of the breed he gave forth the moment of the breaking of the new day, and never meddled with the clock of nights. But these roosters have no idea of time or of their special duty.

A half hour past every midnight they begin — I have clocked them time without number — one flaps his wings somewhere in the village and leads off. In Hakupu, he, the father of all the others by the look of him, roosts in a grove quite close to me. He is the culprit in chief; he starts the chorus, which

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<sup>90</sup> [Sankey and Moody](#) was the evangelical duo of Ira David Sankey and Dwight Lyman Moody. Starting after their meeting in June 1871, the team wrote Christian songs and traveled throughout the United States and the United Kingdom calling people to God through their use of song, with Moody preaching and Sankey singing.

<sup>91</sup> Temple, church.



steadily grows in number and volume. Every rooster has his say, and every falé seems to own one, till far away in the Bush one hears the last. Then silence reigns. Again at half past one they break forth, and thence at hourly intervals till it is time for them to get to the business of the day — their food. What their lady birds think of it all, one knows not, but till one gets thoroughly accustomed to it as have the natives, it rouses murderous intentions in the gentlest heart.

I have designs upon that aged monarch whose perch is nigh me. I have located his perch upon a low and spreading tree. I am waiting till the next full moon — for stumbling over coral in the pitchy dark has no delights for me. I shall use against him my heaviest ‘K’ boot <sup>92</sup> and purpose knocking him clean off his perch and humbling his pride before his harem. If it prove his last crow, I cannot help it.

And all day long they keep that crowing up. There is no cessation. It may have become a disease of the brain. I could well wish that there were fewer roosters in Hakupu Village, but not less hens, for eggs are my staple diet. The flocks seemingly belong to no one in particular; there are no pens nor yards; and the eggs belong to those who find them. I have one compensation — there is that Law, which none dare break, that eggs shall and must be but one penny each the whole year round.

### First-Aid

I know that I ought to be ashamed of it, and am, but I am as ignorant of medicine as a babe. Yet I am called upon as if I had passed through a College course and had ‘M.D.’ after my name.

Happily I have none but ‘Out Patients’ and I absolutely draw the line at broken limbs. I have no wish to have crooked legs and arms upon my conscience. The real Doctor upon Niue — at Alofi — has given me an outfit of a sort, his blessing, too, and I have plunged. It is the quantities that non-plus me. Wanting to be sure of effecting cures, I give enormous doses. What damage they do, I am not informed of, but I must surely be successful for they do not turn their backs upon me as a fraud. So far I have killed nobody.

I have lint and cotton wool, oilskin and bandages, salves of many kinds, quinine, aspirin, colic killers and many mysterious powders. That Doctor has much upon his soul on my account.

I was reading. There came a man to my door. I heard “Kind Teacher, I have broken my hand.” I was prepared to say at once, “*Fano akoe fakaave kia Ekekafo*,” which, interpreted, means “Go you quickly to the Doctor,” eight miles off, but asked him to show me the injured limb. A cricket ball had struck him between two fingers and split the hand down to the knuckles. Did I rise to the occasion? I ordered my servants to bathe the wound in warm water and boracic, <sup>93</sup> then laid on vaseline thick, bound the two fingers together, placed the bandage ends round the wrist, his arm in a sling, and off he went. He is all right today.

A young woman came limping to my door. What’s the matter now? She showed me a wicked scar above the knee. I asked her how she got it and, between us, I made out, I thought, that she had fallen along coral rock. So warm water was again in use and salve well plastered on. A fine bandage completed the job, touched off with a safety pin just for the look of the thing. My servants were out for an airing. Drat it! The next day I discovered that she had let a hot iron fall upon her limb, and there I had Carron Oil <sup>94</sup> in plenty, whilst I had put on ‘Good for Ulcers’ instead. It was not my fault, but the language’s. I ordered her to my Home Clinic again, and she is as frisky as a young colt today.

<sup>92</sup> Possibly a mid-calf, lace-up army boot.

<sup>93</sup> Boric acid can be used as an antiseptic for minor burns or cuts and is sometimes used in dressings or salves.

<sup>94</sup> An ointment of limewater and linseed oil, formerly used to treat burns; named after Carron, Scotland, where it was used among the ironworkers.

Again as I was reading, I looked up to see a man squatting in the door way. He presented the sole of his right foot to me without a word. As it was nearly black, I had some difficulty in discovering what the trouble was. I perceived a yet blacker spot where was a great split. He had been walking with this, I suppose, till he could walk no more. It was not a nice sight, especially as the soles of the natives have a good half-inch of callous, well ribbed each and every way, upon them which nature provides in place of leathern <sup>95</sup> soles. Once more, my good servants, and this time Condyl's Fluid <sup>96</sup> for the bathing, then ointment and bandage, and off he limped content.

Axe gashes are not infrequent, and sore backs from heavy loads, with many skin affections thrown in to give variety. "Well done," says the Doctor when he comes round after long weeks. "You are getting on famously, and if you do unluckily kill anybody, I am the Coroner and will return a verdict of Accidental Death." This is more than kind of him and gives me great confidence.

But my conviction is, today, that every White man, no matter what his objective, who comes to these Pacific Isles should be required to show upon his passport that he has taken a full course in First Aid. The natives certainly expect it and take it for granted. We are cunning people to meet troubles of the body, in their eyes.

### The Line Up <sup>97</sup>

Daily the one hundred scholars are lined up ere school begins, and as Head Teacher, I pass between the ordered ranks — Inspecting. Clean faces and clean hands there have to be; the teeth are ever rows of pearls — sugarcane sees to that — and tidiness of apparel however humble or attenuated is my peremptory command. They do not, of course, wear their Sunday best, and neatness of patching is not a strong point with most of the busy mothers, but they do their best to look neat, especially the girls, and I never was a tyrant.

I could wish their skins looked healthier; it is sad to see such scars on limbs, not their own fault. The Doctor is fighting hard to remedy such matters and another generation may be cleaner skinned.

So down I pass, all standing at attention, 'eyes to the front', but little girls cannot refrain from breaking rules and giving me a beaming look as much to say "I love you, Teacher," and how can I be severe? But the boys, they need watching. Here is one with a big feather in his thick mop. Out it has to come and promptly disappears inside his shirt. Here is another with a necklace of leaves to set off his bare chest. The chest may remain bare, but the leaves have to go. I have to sigh at another's vanity who, though the hour is sweltering, wears a great coat far too big for him. Half a bracer <sup>98</sup> is thought better than none, by some, or perhaps they have split up one between them. Those fellows have a distinct pull over the altogether braceless. It is considered also quite *au fait* <sup>99</sup> to wear one's shirt outside one's pants; it seems a shame and waste to hide away any part of one's attire. And the boots! Most eschew them, many wear lint bandages for the coral is very cruel, but some boys think that Boots are the Real Thing, so they borrow their father's and waddle about in things many sizes too big for them, with never a lace to hold them. My judgements issue, and they stand. I know they think thus by special items of attire (even though it be ridiculous rig to us) to do honor to their school, so let them gently down. Things will right themselves wholly in due season. I give the word "Form Fours" and off they go for their daily drill ere the formal work, within, begins.

<sup>95</sup> Archaic: leather.

<sup>96</sup> [Henry Bollmann Condyl](#) patented "Condyl's fluid" in 1857; it was a disinfectant solution that could be taken internally or used externally.

<sup>97</sup> Parts of this text also appear in Tale #46, *Of Inspection and Roll Call*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>98</sup> Possibly an arm or wrist protector, especially for use by an archer.

<sup>99</sup> French: being up to particular standard or level, especially in being up to date in knowledge.

## Chapter IX

### A Tamé — The Gifts of a Tamé — The Exiles’ Welcome — The Exiles’ Turn — Hakupu v The Exiles

#### A Tamé

There was to be High Festival in Hakupu; a Tamé was to be held, a ‘Welcome’ to the Niue boys who had been so long in Samoa. Now at last they were back, therefore Hakupu alike with the rest of the villages would show them right royally how glad they were.

So 4 and 40 were coming in response to the invitation, nigh every village on Niue having representative among them, and the Welcome was to take the form of Gifts, Dances and a Feast, with the grand climax of an All-Day Cricket Match. Friday was set apart for the latter and, of course, all business was to be closed down, mine amongst them. There could be no School that day. The boys would arrive on Thursday morning and the first part of the programme would be that afternoon.

Hakupu’s man and womanhood were terribly busy from Monday on. There was taro and bananas, sugarcane and coconuts galore to be fetched from the distant plantations. There were land crabs to be caught and cooked, yams, too, arrowroot and livestock to be on hand — and roast pig. The Dances and topical Songs had to be rehearsed, and the local cricketers had to get their eye in, for they meant to ‘wipe the floor’ with the Exiles, after having loaded them with gifts and fed them to repletion. My Adult Class begged off that week, and how could I, as a sportsman, say them nay.

#### The Gifts of a Tamé

Wednesday afternoon came and I was asked by the Chief to step to the Village Green and see the arrangement of the Gifts. It certainly took a surprising form. Young saplings, some one inch through, full lofty, with their top foliage and lowest branches untouched, were driven into the ground six inches apart in a long line of over sixty feet. Across these were tied others, all cleared of branch and foliage, thus forming a sort of freize or fence reaching ten feet from the ground. Above this height the branches had been left upon the uprights. Upon the rails thus formed were hung a portion of the Gifts. There were over 2,000 taro roots in bunches of five, giving the fence a most strange appearance from the front; above these brown roots were slung lengthwise along the fence bundles of sugarcane, mighty lengths as sugarcane has the habit of reaching when mature, then, above the fence thirty huge bunches of bananas were tied to the saplings, and higher yet hung coconuts just sprouting. The tying was done with Sinnet. The *Pièce de Resistance*,<sup>100</sup> however, was three roasted pigs, suspended on stakes, full length, in front of all. It was when completed — and I watched till that was done — a Wall of fruit and vegetable 60 feet by 20! Stakes to hold it from collapsing were driven in slantingly both at back and front. At the foot of it were 4 and 40 baskets of coconut leaves, laden with other good things. Within each, the cooked foods, the chickens, the crabs, the yams were each done up in leaves. There were tinned goods, too, in those bulging baskets, some of mine amongst them, for my servants had begged gifts off me to make their own complete. Piles of husked coconuts were there, too, for thirsty throats. Food for 4 and 40! It looked more like food for 400.

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<sup>100</sup> French: the outstanding item in a collection.

### The Exiles' Welcome

Now came Thursday and with it, the 'Exiles'. There was no mistaking them. They had been to the outside world and they meant to let it be known. They were dudes indeed. Each was rigged out in yellow boots, a flowing blouse, duck trousers of either yellow or blue, a neckerchief and a hat. No mere straw for them; a real felt hat set at a rakish angle. They must have looked glorious in the eyes of the village maidens. And the money they possessed! Their pockets bulged with it; from the very start of things they threw it around, which doubtless made them still more wonderful. Behind the scenes I happened to know that each landed with twenty Sovereigns <sup>101</sup> in his pocket, but at the rate they went from their landing, and at Hakupu, they were making efforts to be beggars in a month. So opposite the lofty fence of gifts they sat, whilst the donors hugged the freize, and Eloquence broke forth, hours of it. First a Hakupuan, then an Exile. Knowing what I was in for, I took a chair along with me and sat among my villagers under the shade of a banana tree. At last came more interesting matter than likening to harangues which served out 'Welcome' and 'Thank you' in a hundred ways. These folk do not give gifts by stealth; they are not ashamed to let their left hand know what their right hand doeth. They are also not at all above blazoning forth the number and the value of their gifts. The Hakupuan Orator therefore announced in detail the Offerings to the Exiles at their Welcome.

There was a total of 3,372 separate articles — this for 4 and 40 men. I know not what the total would have been if they had counted each banana for those bunches were enormous — nor each item in those baskets. He dwelt earnestly on the chickens — this at least Hakupu could easily spare for it seems to be one large poultry yard — and the crabs, which I did not so much wonder at, for they must have taken some hard night hunting. He drew close attention to the porkers, nicely roasted and ready to be quartered. In a grand burst of eloquence, he metaphorically cast the whole lot at the feet of the 4 and 40 Exiles as they sat opposite on the green sward, and with a final and loud "Welcome" found likewise a seat upon the ground.

### The Exiles' Turn

But the 'Exiles' were not to be outdone. A big fellow arose and stepped forward with a bundle in one hand, an oatmeal bag in the other. He thanked Hakupu for its generosity and said that they, too, came with gifts in their hands, for the bundle was a brand new 'Union Jack' of great dimension, and the oatmeal bag held £30 of right good English money. Hakupu's Chief made tracks for that bag; lesser lights unrolled the bundle and seizing a handy sapling tied fast the Jack with coconut fibre and proceeded to parade the village with the Emblem of Empire. Then there came a sudden turn in the events, for the Big Fellow started loudly praying even as he stood, and all the Rakes uncovered, and so did I, though he prayed so fast that I could not catch a word of it, yet got in an "Amen."

Now came the Sivas. There were three and the main actors were the children of the school. They sang very prettily in their own strange way, and moved their hands and arms in their usual perfect rhythm, whilst some in each bunch rose and danced. Again and again, as their performances were carried through, one or more of the Exiles would step out and throw money into the rings thus formed. One was so rude as to force a handful of coins into a Duenna's <sup>102</sup> mouth as she led her troop of girls in singing, but by them all this was thought to be a most delightful by-play. Another marched into the troop then performing and cast the contents of a bottle of scent right and left. Then, as each group

<sup>101</sup> The [sovereign](#) is a gold coin of the United Kingdom, with a nominal value of one pound sterling.

<sup>102</sup> Traditionally, a [chaperone](#) was an older married or widowed woman accompanying a young woman when men would be present. The English derivate "duenna" seems to come from dueña, the Spanish old form for doña.

retired, they laid their gifts at the feet of the Welcomed, but none went empty away; the florins <sup>103</sup> I saw pass from the Exiles to the villagers made one sigh for vision of the rainy days ahead for those gallant spendthrifts.

Next came the dismantling of the Fence. Hakupu retired, it was the graceful and the delicate thing to do. The Exiles remained and so did I, and watched them tear down that thing piecemeal, which I had seen the previous day built up with such ingenuity and care. The 4 and 40 found the 4 and 40 baskets crammed full, but they crammed them still fuller, and were busy dividing up the 2,000 taro roots when, at last, darkness fell and I had to take myself home — my chair also or I had ne'er seen it again.

What those 4 and 40 bachelors did with those 3,372 separate articles of food, before they went rotten, will always be a puzzle to me.

### Hakupu v The Exiles

And now came Friday and the great game, 44 a side — an All Day Match, played on the Village Green. They took the long French windows out of the Church before they started, as a wise precaution, for during that wonderful day I saw the ball boldly and unblushingly enter the House of Prayer, and a mad bunch of fielders dash in after it and hunt among the pews for the heathen creature. It had taken refuge in the Pulpit! But I forestall. I was given the printed Program from the Missionary Press at Alofi, which I translate :

Championship Cricket Match  
Hakupu versus Exiles from Samoa.  
44 Players a side.  
A Church Service will be precede the Game at 6 a.m.  
A substantial Breakfast will please be taken at 7 a.m.  
Songs, Addresses and Drill on the Green at 8 a.m.  
Game to commence at 9 a.m.  
Stumps drawn without fail at 5 p.m.  
Note. No Midday Meal or Rest to be taken by the Players.  
No Reserved Seats.  
Onlookers will kindly bring each their own Chair.  
God save the King.

The light was just breaking when I heard the first Church bell ring. I sat out the 6 a.m. and the 8 a.m. arrangements, but kept faithfully to the 7 a.m. and just before 9 a.m. grasped my most comfortable chair and made for the Green. The sun was blazing, so I took my first position upon the Church verandah, moving steadily as the sun beat me to it, till in the afternoon I was clear across that Green upon the verandah of the Pastor, where sat the Scorers and Hakupu's Elite, for like all other Great Matches, be they where they may, the afternoon's attendance was the larger, though Hakupu was well represented from the first.

The 4 and 40 Invaders had put a heavy tax upon Hakupu to find like number of players, and the village had had to call upon some who had passed their prime, as well as upon school boys. The Exiles were stalwart fellows, hard as nails, but be it here said that my school boys were a match for them. Indeed the finest bowler of the day was one of my scholars *Ikitaimata* by name, and the youngest stood up to the Invaders' bowling like a veteran.

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<sup>103</sup> [Florin](#) derives from the city of Florence in Italy and frequently refers to the gold coin struck in 1252; this money format was borrowed in other countries and the word florin was used.



At 9 a.m. sharp — by the sun — the 88 marched upon the field and formed 2 double lines — a good space between. Final instructions were given them, and the toss was made which put Hakupu to bat, and the Exiles fielding. Those 4 and 40 Fielders covered the land to the very horizon. They were every where, but I was soon to learn rarely were they in the right place at the right moment, for that rubber ball played abominable tricks. It was not a rough banyan ball, but for so great and occasion one of superior make, full sized and of perfect shape — for a while — yet was it rubber and the way in which it acted was enough to break a fielder's heart. It would come straight from the bat toward a fielder, touch the ground alas! ere reaching him, and there and then decide that it did not want his attention at all, but that fellow to the right. Like a kangaroo it hopped in that direction, then with all the rights of a woman, again changed its mind, leaped clear over his head quite out of reach, and took a turn to the left. The best way was for half a dozen to rush it, grab at it, bring it to earth some how or other, fall *en masse* <sup>104</sup> upon it, and then out of the *melee*, <sup>105</sup> the underdog would have it and hurl it home to the nearest wicket keeper. But all this took time and, meanwhile, runs were being steadily made. Surely it must be also most disheartening when you have got the ball safely in your hand and hurl it home, for the blamed thing to hit a coconut tree and spring back far behind you, and in the outfield the coconut trees were thick as thieves in council.

The Captains of each side were very much in evidence. They have great powers. They are provided with a switch, <sup>106</sup> a real switch that can hurt. If a man failed at a catch his Captain made a rush at him and the luckless one felt the weight of the rod, nor attempted to escape. If, too, any man was spotted by his Captain hiding from the blazing sun behind a tree, that fellow got the stick remorselessly. When a wicket fell, another Boss, possibly the Vice Captain, blew a whistle and the whole 44 gathered round that prostrate wicket, sang a song and danced a horn pipe. <sup>107</sup> It was a wicked waste of Time. Here again if a fielder did not rush up to take his part in the 'Can-can' <sup>108</sup> off went that Captain and whipped him into line. Cricketers upon Niue are wondrously long suffering — yet ordinarily their tempers are extremely short.

Hakupu had no boots and coral is cruel stuff; one of the village bowlers, doing splendidly, stubbed his big toe and could bowl no more. He wrapped a piece of cotton round the injured member and went a-fielding. I often saw that Big Toe in action that day; it was so very evident, no nurse's trained hand had put that bandage on. To keep the ball from melting, there was a coconut shell of water handy for the bowlers, who oft times dipped the thing in it, or it might have stuck to their hands.

When the batters really got in their whack there was something doing; a dozen would dash into the Bush for it and frantic effort made to discover its whereabouts. Not once that day was it lost for keeps. As soon as it was discovered, a whistle was blown by the Vice Captain of the Fielders, which I thought was giving the furious runners altogether too great a chance of reaching their wickets and safety, for they then knew that the rubber was coming home. But it had other goals, at times, than the House of God and the Bush. It would boldly enter the front door of a house — it was too hot to close them — and the rushing fielders would leap clean over the heads and forms of those sitting in the doorway; tables, chairs, mats, pots and pans all went helter skelter to get the elusive thing.

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<sup>104</sup> French: in one group or body, all together.

<sup>105</sup> WWB also uses *melée*. French: a confused hand-to-hand fight or struggle among several people.

<sup>106</sup> A flexible rod, typically used for corporal punishment.

<sup>107</sup> The [hornpipe](#) as a dance began around the 16th century on English sailing vessels. Movements were those familiar to sailors of that time: "looking out to sea" with the right hand to the forehead, then the left, lurching as in heavy weather, and giving the occasional rhythmic tug to their breeches both fore and aft.

<sup>108</sup> The [can-can](#) is a music hall dance, traditionally performed by a chorus line of female dancers.

As to the Game itself, of course, it was not Cricket, though there were three stumps properly set, a crease and umpires. Besides the latter, there was a most important party at each end, who acted as Coach to the Batters, giving them loud tips and wild encouragement. It was slugging and that alone. Yet it was great sport. There were 4 and 20 War Clubs to choose from, set close to where I first sat, some of wonderful make and shape. And lo! there was one real cricket bat. Only one of the players throughout the day selected the genuine article, and he actually stood at the wicket with a straight bat, and I had high hopes of him as a Defender of his bailless wickets, but not a bit of it. He swiped from the start, and though he had a long inning, yet failed he to connect with a single ball till he was run out. I was right glad, for I was sore at his using a real cricket bat for such a purpose.

The Umpires called aloud each run, and this was taken up by an Ancient Party who sat alone on the Green, nigh the Scorers, and to whom they evidently looked for correct information. And yet all Hakupu could hear those Umpires. The scorers chalked up the runs on a blackboard, borrowed for so august an occasion from the Sunday School. I was uncertain as to M.C.C. Rules,<sup>109</sup> but it struck me as hardly fair calling it a catch, when the ball struck a roof, and a fielder or two waited for its coming down, and collared it ere it reached the ground.

For four and a half hours did Hakupu bat — from 9 a.m. till half past one — when the 43<sup>rd</sup> man went down and the inning closed. The score was one that heartened Hakupu, 366. I was willing from the very first to lay odds on my village, as against my Pupil Teacher René's lack of faith in the prowess of her people, but she was averse to betting — probably had not tuppence to her name — and my position as a White Chief would not allow me to go round the field as a Bookmaker. So I nursed my hopes, encouraged my side in broken Niuean, and watched with bated breath<sup>110</sup> the opening of the Exiles' innings. Hurrah! we surely had them. They could not connect with that ball, and my *Ikitaimata* was knocking down their wickets like nine pins, keeping a perfect length, and Hakupu was fielding smartly and seemed to know the habits of the kangaroo, getting hold of him when he had every hope of eluding them.

It took many hours, did the Exiles' Innings, and ere the end came one could see that both sides were getting weary. They had had nigh eight hours of it without a rest or a bite to eat. They were indeed full of coconut milk, but in great matches such as this, real cricketers carefully avoid excess of drink. Now were the Exiles not rakish; one trouser leg of yellow or blue would be down, the other rolled up to the knee; laces were loose or boots grew too tight for comfort; hats were jammed over the eyes; neckerchiefs hung loose and limp, nor was Hakupu much better. Their white garments of the morn showed signs of the fierce conflict, patches of brown skin appeared where coral and bush had made sad rents. The score of the Exiles rose very slowly. When 22 men were down and out, they had but 105 and it looked a certainty for Hakupu. But Time was flying and there was an appalling waste of time for clapping and dancing as each wicket fell. I feared a draw. Could we yet finish off the 14 left and thus fulfil to the letter our boast 'to wipe the floor' with those Exiles. Five more fell before the villagers, and now but nine were left. It was 166 and Time was almost up when lo! the Exiles threw in the sponge.<sup>111</sup> The Big Man of the money bag arose and called off the game. They could not win, he said, and added that from the start — if only I had known it! — Victory was to go to the side which had the highest score by 5 p.m. They had fought their hardest, 166 against 366 in the few minutes left! No nine men could do it. They had thought Hakupu would be easy game, but instead they had been soundly beaten. They quit.

<sup>109</sup> Marylebone Cricket Club, custodian of the [Laws of Cricket](#).

<sup>110</sup> Breathing that is subdued because of some emotion or difficulty. *Bated* is a shortened form of *abated*, meaning to bring down, lower or depress.

<sup>111</sup> To give up a contest; to acknowledge defeat; from a custom of the prize ring, the person employed to sponge a pugilist between rounds throwing his sponge in the air in token of defeat.

Thus ended the Great Match, with Hakupu gloriously on top. The teams now gathered separately, and squatting on the field of play, faced each other for a final word. That done, they rose, the villagers to saunter home and receive congratulations, the defeated to gather up their belongings and return whence they came, even to Alofi, in the big Alofi lorry and other varied vehicles — rich indeed in food, but poorer both in Money and in Pride. The Tamé to the 4 and 40 illustrious Niueans from Samoa was over. Hakupu was dead tired that night. Prayers were over early. By 8 p.m. not a thing was stirring.

## Chapter X

### Shearing the Lock — Word Building — For Ladies Only — The Mé

#### Shearing the Lock

A serious Ceremony, this Shearing of the Lock — sure sign to all of a child's reaching the mature age of 7, when baby locks must be discarded and real boyhood is attained.

I was invited to take part, as an Outsider, on such an august occasion, and one of my smaller scholars was the chief actor in the scene. But only as an Onlooker, the high honor of putting scissors to the poll <sup>112</sup> was reserved for a greater than I; one who — half of the people themselves — had raised himself to both position and affluence amongst them, none more worthy.

A feast is, of course, part of the proceedings, and like the Greeks of old, all went 'with gifts in their hands'. <sup>113</sup> Those gifts were for a brown-skinned pickaninny <sup>114</sup> with a head of lovely nut-brown curls. It seemed a shame to rob him of them. Yet in this case at least, they will be preserved, for they are to be sent to Auckland, there to be worked up in some artistic Chain, which the fond parents will add to their heirlooms. Mine were but humble gifts amid such abundance; three roast pigs adorned a table, which groaned beneath a weight of taro and fish, chicken and yam. Sweetness was my cue, therefore a pot of honey and a goodly cake were my family's offering, and the Hero of the day thus knew of a certainty that his Teacher had actually once been a boy himself.

The father addressed the assemblage, telling of the birth seven years back, and how the ancient customs should be observed by all faithful Niueans. In this particular case, the hair had not been cut from birth, though in others it is kept full short save for just one lock kept for this same occasion. Then forth came the boy upon the verandah, lead by his mother, and without fear, yet most demurely, took seat upon a chair. The Officiant stepped forward, scissors in hand, and sought carefully for which of the nutty curls should fall to him — for this, the first, was his own perquisite, though it cost him £5 as a foundation for the lad's future fortune. The rest of the curls would be taken off by his mother, within the Falé. There was an entrancing little lock by the right ear; the scissors snipped; the curl fell; the Babe was now a Boy.

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<sup>112</sup> Livestock; the name of the part of an animal's head, alternatively referencing a point immediately behind or right between the ears.

<sup>113</sup> See, for example, *Medea* by Euripides, *Clio* by Herodotus.

<sup>114</sup> Slang: a black child.

Then came tea and cake for some, and a Feast that would last far into the night for the natives, a real Birthday Party with crackers bursting, and games. Everyone was happy, *Felesi* (Freddy), who was the main attraction, the liveliest and the happiest of all.

### Word Building <sup>115</sup>

I am getting on, but at the present writing, make no pretence at being an expert at this Niue tongue, which in itself is special and peculiar from all other Polynesian dialects. It stands alone, even as does the Isle itself, and to know it is not to feel at Home when roaming among other groups or lonely specks in the South Pacific.

But in the long hours of study and of acquiring some little fluency in Niue as a language, one comes across much that is both curious and interesting. The Niueans have been hard put to it to express things unknown ere white men came, and their Word building is certainly ingenious and to the point.

They had ‘cups’ from time immemorial — half a coconut shell did the business to perfection and what did they want with a handle! But a ‘Jug’ got them. They looked at it with a scrutinizing eye and evolved the name ‘*Kapiniu loa ne fai gutu*’ — ‘a long cup with a mouth’. They knew no covering for the feet, ‘boots’ therefore were bad enough, but ‘shoes’ as well! They evolved for the former ‘Soles’ wrapping with a long mouth’ and changed the ‘long’ to ‘short’ for the latter. A ‘shirt’, which many men prefer today to exhibit to the tail end, they dubbed ‘the garment to be in side of’, a thing to do quite new to them, who wore but a wrapper round their loins, or still earlier none at all. A ‘plate’ is a ‘flat cup’. As to a Frying pan, they gave it up and made a dash at it in Niuean sounds — this they got ‘*Pani falai*’, which is none too bad. All their Adjectives follow, not precede, their nouns, and their Pronouns are never vain, dutifully following, not preceding, the verb. You must walk warily with some of their words, for a single vowel makes a vast difference. Do you want to say ‘Thick’, then you say ‘*Matolu*’, but do you want to say ‘You’, then out with ‘*Mutolu*’, but if you would say ‘Our’, then must you say ‘*Mautolu*’.

When the Missionary started in to turn the Holy Book into Niuean, he had no small job on his hands for lack of words. What Niuean had ever heard of gold or corn, the Sabbath or a Cross. Satan, too, and Hell, a horse or Synagogue, silk or mustard were unknown. Thus today we have many Greek and Latin, even Hebrew words in use, for those Missionaries were not to be beaten. They largely increased the vocabulary, and what they said went. They started in to Teach and the poor Niuean was tied up in mental knots to get names for things, but they arrived. ‘Letters’ are the ‘Eyes of Writing’; ‘Ink’ was fairly easy, just ‘Writing Water’, even as ‘Medicine’ became ‘Plant Water’. In those early days M<sup>r</sup> Missionary used a quill pen only, so a ‘Pen’ is a ‘*Pene fulu*’ or ‘Feather Pen’. A ‘Pencil’ was evidently something greater in their eyes, for it is the ‘Talking Pen’, whilst a ‘Slate Pencil’ is a ‘Stone Pen’. When ‘nibs’ came first to Niue, they disturbed the mind of the poor folk, yet they would not give up the Quill idea altogether so dubbed them ‘*Mata fulu*’ or the ‘Eye of a feather’. Sometimes they are daring and sail right in on an English word, disdaining subterfuge.

There was a leak from my roof and I sought the homely Washing Tub. Avoiding the plain word ‘Tub’, I sought for Niuean term. How eagerly my cook sought to do my will! I got a Cup, then a Bowl, next a Sauce pan, then a Basin, then old tins were rushed. Then I myself went forth and laid my hand upon the Thing within my wash house. Forthwith came ‘Tub’ in purest English and “Why did you not say ‘Tub’ at the very first?” From that hour, I throw my native tongue at their heads when I get stuck.

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<sup>115</sup> Niuean words are also the subject of Tale #29, *Of Coined Words* (2), in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, and *Quaint Speech of Niue*, published in the Pacific Islands Monthly, July 1942, pages 45–46.

A ‘Button’ is the same as the ‘Moon’, being I suppose round and white. A ‘Blanket’ is the same as ‘Sheep’ and with good reason, though Niue had not seen a sheep when blankets were first imported. ‘Pepper’ is just ‘*Pepa*’. ‘To Jump’ is ‘*Hop-o*’, correctly enough, but why should ‘To Kick’ be ‘*Holi*’? ‘Time’ is not evidently easily settled; ‘Noon’ is ‘the Sun perpendicular’, but they have no half past, quarter past or quarter to, but say the number of minutes either past, which is ‘*Mole*’ or before the particular hour, which is ‘*Ke ta*’.

Note throughout, that Every Vowel must be separately and distinctly sounded.

‘Deaf’ is to have ‘a Frozen Ear’; ‘Blind’ is to have ‘Eye Darkness’. The parts of the Body are neatly covered; the ‘Toes’ are ‘the Eyes of the Feet’, just as ‘Fingers’ are ‘the Eyes of the Hands’; the ‘Nails’ are styled ‘the Moons’ of one’s extremities, whilst ‘Tears’ are ‘Drops of Water from the Eyes’.

They have no such word for ‘Dad’ or ‘Mum’, yet have they ‘*Papa*’ and ‘*Mama*’, but alas! ‘*Papa*’ means ‘a Wooden Club’ and ‘*Mama*’ means ‘a Mouthful’ and these are surely disrespectful words to use to one’s dear Parents. Their terms of endearment are few, they seem to altogether lack the enthusiasm of Love. ‘Father’ is but ‘Male Parent’ and ‘Mother’ but ‘Female’ ditto. ‘Boy’ has to be content with ‘Male child’ and ‘Girl’ has but the difference of Sex. Of naughty words I cannot speak; they may use them in my hearing, but they are lost on me — as yet.

Whilst they are long-winded as a rule, at times they beat us handsomely. In ‘I cannot say’ we beat them hollow for theirs is ‘*Kua nakai maeke au ke pihe atu*’, but in ‘What do you want it for’, they have us, for they cover it in just one word ‘*Moha*’.

And maybe you, who read, by now have just one word, one only, upon your lips ‘Enough’, and though it takes several words to say it in the Niuean language, I will out with it and close this Memo — ‘*Toka e mena ia*’.

### For Ladies Only

Niuean femininity in matters of Dress is content with nothing short of their white sisters. They go plumb crazy over Fashion Plates.<sup>116</sup> Mine were worn to the bone. This is well if they can afford it, but there is this great difference: they must needs exhibit every fresh garment to the public be it what it may.

A Trader, my good friend, with an eye to business, secured not long since a consignment of Corsets, and bestowing one upon his native wife, awaited developments. The dark-skinned one assumed it — showed it round — she at least was modest — and my village, yes Hakupu, went wild over the article. The Trader had his shelves cleared in a trice and made a handsome profit, but nor he and certainly not the Pastor were prepared for the denouement, when on the following Sabbath fifty Niuean ladies issued forth to the House of Prayer with those Corsets outside their Mother Hubbards.

A rival Trader in the village nighest mine was not to be outdone; he therefore ordered Combinations,<sup>117</sup> and followed the same plan. He was horrified, however, when he beheld his Niuean better Half — not so well in hand — parading the village clad only in this new gift, with a new parasol to complete her toilette.

<sup>116</sup> A [fashion plate](#) is an illustration (a plate) demonstrating the highlights of fashionable styles of clothing. This method of disseminating fashionable styles was popular during the 19th and early 20th centuries.

<sup>117</sup> A type of underwear that combines a vest or camisole with trousers or drawers.



The last King of Niue's wife was a Breezy thing. He was an Ancient, she but 20 years of age. She was very fond of dress and made continuous raid upon the Traders on the arrival of every schooner, thinking nothing of paying 10/—<sup>118</sup> a yard for what she coveted. There was wrath both in her eye and speech when the other women appeared in like material, and things went so far in her fistic attacks upon the humbler of her sex that she was eventually haled<sup>119</sup> to the Resident's Court and fined £5 for her unqueenly conduct. Yet carried she the thing through in regal style for she hired the one and only 'Ford' at an enormous price to act as 'Black Maria'<sup>120</sup> there and back. Her Palace was at Tuapa.

To this day the Traders have to use guile to part with a full roll of dress material. To the first comer they show the new goods, who falls to the temptation, but lays down the law, "Mind you sell this to no one else." Along comes another, and to her the wily salesman says, "I have the very thing for you. Don't tell a soul. Just step in and see." That woman is also won; she is followed by the Trader's wife, who whispers cunningly to her neighbours separately that the last ship has brought a lovely consignment of goods. That settles it for the lot, till all is sold. Ere long, a score or more of women issue forth to Church in their new glory — the 'one and only' worked furtively of nights — to find it the property of the village. That Trader is in for a hot time, but he knows his customers and is well aware that he can carry on the same old game with every ship's arrival.

This is Vanity; would that it ran to other and really needed garments! Where there is a little snap in the air of an early morning, there are no Paisley Shawls<sup>121</sup> to fall back upon, but instead my village ladies appear wrapped in bathing Towels. It looks as if there was going to be a grand ablution somewhere, but not so. A full length bath towel may look odd on a dark-skinned form, but it is just the thing and that's the end of it. Cold impresses them; would that Damp did, too. Here is further, useful use of Towel, but they discount it. To make plaiting and weaving easier, the women regularly retire to some damp Cave, where they will sit for hours, less than half clad, unmindful of the danger, only anxious to make their 'Straw' more pliant for their fingers.

Thus is Consumption started and many a Plaiter the less.

### The Mé

Sound the E as an A and you have the 'Me'.<sup>122</sup> But what is the Me, for 'the May' (its interpretation) is held in July, the one High Day and Grand Festival of Niue, looked forward to through all the year, the Feast of Feasts. Then to Alofi all the island journeys, and there are Services and Meetings, Offerings of money and of kind, together with much singing, followed by Athletic Sports and 'Eats'.

Yet, methinks, the genesis of the name is not hard to get at. The Missionaries, in the early days, wished to keep the natives in touch with the source from which their new privileges as Xtians<sup>123</sup> came. In London there were, possibly still are, the great May meetings of the different Xtian bodies, Missionary Societies among them, when accounts were rendered of the work done amongst the heathen, and offering given in support. On Niue therefore, at the same time, there was held a gathering of Thankfulness, and to it the title of 'the May' was given.

<sup>118</sup> Ten shillings. In the pre-decimal currencies used in the United Kingdom, there were 12 pence in a shilling and 20 shillings, or 240 pence, in a pound; a penny was, until 1960, further subdivided into four farthings.

<sup>119</sup> Drag or draw forcibly.

<sup>120</sup> A [police van](#).

<sup>121</sup> Shawls of Paisley, Scotland; highly fashionable for women's daywear until around 1870.

<sup>122</sup> WWB uses both *Mé* and *Me*.

<sup>123</sup> Christians.

Its change to July was for various reasons; it is not such a busy time in the plantations for one, and the Mission Ship the ‘John Williams IV’ comes ordinarily that month — now but once a year — another great event, for Niueans look upon that Ship as theirs, and do not they provide each year good money to support it?

The rivalry amongst the villagers is great as to which shall head the list in monetary offering. Two years ago Hakupu came off flying, with £260 to its credit. This is a large sum seeing that the income of no native reaches to more, in cash, than £20 a year. This year, money is tight, the price of copra has fallen, and but £100 has covered both adults’ and children’s gifts. To one fell the lot of receiving the latter’s at School time, and I had a busy time for days, receiving shillings, and writing down nigh 100 names as the contributors laid down their monies, some as much as 5/–, till the sum of £10 was in my hands.

These offerings are of some moment to the Pastor, as his Cash for the year depends thereon. All is sent to the Missionary, who apportions it out on a regular scale; so much percentage for the London Society, which runs the Mission Ship, so much for outside missionary work, and the balance to the Village Pastor. But he is better off than such apportionment supposes. Besides a house provided for him by the village, he has a certain number of coconut trees allotted him, out of which he makes copra and sells it to the Traders. His people, every Friday, bring to his door their tithe of food for him and his, so the Cash is his for clothing, baccy <sup>124</sup> and matches. My pastor smokes a two-inch cutty <sup>125</sup> and Black Jack, <sup>126</sup> which latter may it never be my misfortune to be forced to, for it takes six weeks to get used to it and a full six months to forget it. He was a Sailor once and bears traces of the fore-castle still upon him.

Another part of the Me, is, as I have mentioned, the Singing. Each village prepares a Song, and I can vouch for the number of practices the Hakupuans put in, in preparation. They had in hand a sort of Hallelujah Chorus, <sup>127</sup> and the Village rang with it all evening for many weeks. I knew it myself by heart before the end. The Scholars at Alofi and Hakupu also are now privileged ‘to give a piece’. A Hymn it was to be this time, and I selected one quite unknown to natives, and of which I had not the tune save in my head. This one I chose, ‘Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep’. It would give me the opportunity of breaking up that raucous shouting of theirs. Not being a musician — nor is there piano in the village, even were I — and never having aspired as a Choir Master, it was presumptuous and daring, I allow. Of course, the words had to be learned by heart as none could then read — wonderful memories they have; it comes easy to them this. Every word also had to be explained to them, for they then knew the meaning of but few. I was up against the whole thing at the start, for they knew nothing of Shepherds, at least so they all affirmed, though in such case their Pastor is sadly lacking in his duty. But happily I found a large picture of ‘the Good Shepherd’ in a roll sent me from Auckland, and my path was easy.

But the Tune! Ah, that was the rub. Sharps and Flats are not their strong point. Line by line I took it, and little by little got the one hundred on to it, till after weeks of labour I had it going as smoothly and softly as I could wish. My baton was a ruler this time.

And then, as luck would have it, I was laid low; and another year had to pass ere I saw a ‘Me’. The whole village tramped off the eight miles to Alofi without me. Yet not all, for just think of it! The Village Chief refused to leave me. It was his place, said he, to be within call of the sick White Chief; the ‘Me’ would have no pleasure for him, nor would my servants leave my side. The details of that

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<sup>124</sup> Tobacco.

<sup>125</sup> A short clay pipe.

<sup>126</sup> A pipe tobacco brand of the British company, W.D. & H.O. Wills, is referenced [here](#).

<sup>127</sup> From [Messiah](#), an oratorio in English composed by George Frederic Handel in 1741.

wondrous Day came to me second hand; of the Great Gathering, the largest for many years; of the monies poured in; of the long Meetings interspersed with Song; of the native feasts; of the Missionary's hospitality to the handful of white folk on the island; of the keenly contested races for the Flag of Honor; of the gay dresses and the candy consumed. And I heard of my scholars' singing — and, later on, from Alofi's White residents, with high praise — of how charmingly they sang and how clearly the English words came from their lips without a single fault. So I was Content.

I have promised them a Song next. It is to be 'Sweet and Low'.<sup>128</sup> That is a direct and daring challenge to all native precedent. I will have them singing 'Hush a Bye Baby'<sup>129</sup> ere long — if I can but recall the tune — so as to send themselves to sleep. I have one boy with a canary voice. I am watching him. "Bah! He sings like a girl," say the rest and utterly condemn him. He shall be my Soloist when I reach Anthems; about 11 years old he is the keenest of scholars, and sings just as he works, with all his soul in it.

My village came back from that 'Me' with but one Hero; he had won the High Jump. I can see clearly where my outside work lies. Wait till the next 'Me'!!

## Chapter XI

Hospitality Gone Mad — Home Comforts —  
Hunting the *Kalahimu* — A Matter of Taste

### Hospitality Gone Mad

Feasts, as one sees, play a tremendous part in the lives of Niueans. They are ever ready to find and make occasion for them. The Marriage, the Welcome, the Dedication, the Burial, even Cricket itself are secondary to the Eating which accompanies them. For this they will plant and labour prodigiously, so that when the Call comes, they may place upon the sward abundantly. Vainglory also plays a part. To present the largest taro, the biggest bunch of bananas, on such occasions, is an object for which he and his will eat for weeks previously but the tail end of all things grown. To hear "What talent for growing!", "What a wizard he is!" is as incense to the nostrils. Yet it is neither the village nor the individual aught the gainer by this brave display. The guests devour all they can at a sitting, bear off the remainder — and quickly forget the Donors.

Cricket is without doubt the chief offender. For it, supplies are drained to the utmost, then if not thought enough the village puts its hand in pocket and producing its few shillings, purchases tinned meats and biscuits, thoughtless of all other needs. Hospitality demands it. The good name and credit of the village have to be preserved.

Liku, for instance, came to play Hakupu and brought 40 wielders of the bat along. Great were the preparations, enormous the supplies brought in. Those 80 cricketers took three days to fight it out, and the last day a great run had to be made on the Traders. Hakupu won, but Hakupu was eaten out when the finish came.

<sup>128</sup> Possibly a poem by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, set as a part-song in 1863 by Sir Joseph Barnby.

<sup>129</sup> Nursery rhyme: *Hush-a-bye, baby / in the tree top. / When the wind blows, / the cradle will rock. / When the bough breaks, / the cradle will fall, / And down will come baby, / cradle and all.* Said to have originated from America. It was the practice of some Native Americans to place a baby in the branches of a tree allowing the wind to gently rock the child to sleep.

Happily on Niue, things have not as yet reached the stage which other islands have, where the coming crops of every kind have been mortgaged to the Traders for food where with to entertain the opposing team. There, Government authority has been forced to act and to regulate the thing, or soon they would have had to feed the people.

But Niue, without doubt, suffers from Cricket on the Brain.

### Home Comforts

True, my parlour has no ceiling, and high up above you are the rafters and joists for the galvanized iron roof, all to be plainly seen. It is not sumptuous; it is even bare, but it is tidy and ever clean. One does not expect carpets. We have but grass mats in Hakupu, but they lie close, and can be easily moved for the daily washing of the coral lime floor, with Condyl's Fluid. The layers of that floor were not Experts; it has the tendency to be like the waves of a summer sea. I boast of an easy chair — even two — for visitors none too frequent, of my colour, and a lounge for an oft-tired man; the rest of the seats are stern things — I will say no more. There are many doors, far, far too many for one room. I learned one phrase of sheer necessity immediately upon entering into possession: "*Faka molimoli pa e hala*," which means "Please Oh! Please do shut that door." There are cross currents of air ever on the move, and so are my papers, but happily one's temper is even, and one must take 'the Ups with the Downs'.

The walls of rock and lime are also of an uneven surface, but carry paddles, spears and war clubs, dancing waists with heavy fringe, necklaces of beads, bags and baskets of weird and oft beautiful workmanship, fans plain, and gandy-coloured <sup>130</sup> dancing ones. Above one door are two *Tikas* (c-kars), <sup>131</sup> long slender sticks to the head of which are attached pieces of dark brown wood, very hard, smooth and highly polished, shaped as lemons, tapering off at both ends, fat in the middle. These are thrown like a spear, and once touching the ground, it is astonishing to see the distance they cover, gliding along like a snake. This is the game called *Tika*, the winner being the one whose weapon goes the farthest.

It is not right that I should hide from you that I have night companions, but let me re-assure you at once that they are four-legged. I refer not to the ubiquitous mosquito from whom protection can alone be secured by sleeping under a net — a mighty net is mine, hung from the high roof in my bed chamber, with ample space within its folds for air, but well tucked in beneath the mattress — nor to the midget flies first cousins to those outside, but to Rats!

Yes! There are rats on Niue, countless rats. But there are rats and rats. Time was, ere ships came, when the real Niue rat reigned supreme, a little fellow, happy, with the island to roam over at will, all the food he wanted, danger only from the noiseless owl o' nights and natives' clumsy efforts to nab him, which for very sport's sake he enjoyed. Then came those ships, that one in special which was wrecked sheer upon Tuapa's reef, when lo! from the hold there issued forth an army of his fellows and made their way to shore and safety. The Niue rat beheld and straight away fled. Could those be his fellows, those rats three times his size, with fiercesome whiskers and rich furred coat? Some adventured to make friends, and instead were rushed upon, slain in a trice and eaten! They were cannibals! even as they are to this day when opportunity offers. Those were sad days for Niuean rats. They fled from the reefs where oft they had found a dainty morsel of fish; they took to the Caves, to the holes, to the high land, anywhere, everywhere so that they might escape that awful invasion. As a race they are sadly diminished, but still survive in the Bush, and those villages back from the sea.

<sup>130</sup> Possibly a short form of *burgundy*.

<sup>131</sup> Pronunciation of *tikas*.

The Big Fellow reigns in the titbits <sup>132</sup> of the Isle where the white man dwells and has his ample stores; the dethroned have to content themselves on the fruit of the earth and on the thought of What Might Have Been.

Yes! There are rats in Hakupu, the native rat, and the coming of this white man has brought Paradise with it. A white man's Store Room, whoever dreamed in Hakupu's rat land slumbers of such a thing as possible. What Hakupuan rat ever heard of, much less saw such prodigy of food. Now does his vegetarian soul loath all past provisions; he contemns himself for breaking in on natives' haunts. The white man and his delicacies for him forever. At least this appears so to me.

Alas! Hakupu's rat on Niue's purest-breeding knows nothing of that white man's tricks of poison and of spring trap, and is paying dearly for his ignorance; his kind is falling fast. Arise! some Grey Beard and warn thy fellows ere it be too late. Yet will that same white man get thee, even thee old Grey Beard for he Knoweth that some day thine Insides will master thy Brains. And I did, but not for many months, as will be seen.

Such are the Comforts of my Home. Roamers such as I, have to do without framed Pictures for their transient quarters. One Picture only, a 6 by 2 inch glimpse of 'Home' adorns the walls, a rustic house, gabled, thatched, a garden of roses in front, an old yokel <sup>133</sup> driving past with a horse and cart nigh as old as himself. It is Enough; it is Eloquent as a whole gallery. It is England. I am content.

Not only have I comforts in my home within, but have added a special one outside. The sun blazing down on a tin roof makes residence therein during the hottest hours of the day well-nigh impossible. Therefore did I ask for and obtain a Grass House at my backdoor — a Niuean Summer House — an Arbour <sup>134</sup> ever cool. Its building was a thing to watch — a lesson in quick house raising. It was built in a single day, such an one as the builders' forefathers would have thought a Palace. The posts of *kafika* wood, the cross beams, too, the roof and sides of coconut leaves most deftly wove, and not a nail in use. The *Va*, that cane which climbs and clings to trees 100 feet in height, cut in long lengths, then split in four — run down not with knife, but fingers — made the cord which bound all joints together. The leaves put on in one way only, lap upon lap, so as to shed the rain. In the morning there was naught; that evening I sat within, my Summer House complete. There hold I court of those who wait upon me daily with all manner of enquiries. I am the teacher of all, and they know that at any hour of Day they may come to learn. Sometimes they come to Teach and I am ever gratified.

Ere matches came to Niue, along with white folk, I had often wondered just how Niueans made fire. I know now, for I was given an exhibition as I rested in my arbour. Boys came upon the scene, bearing a stout, round limb of the *Fou* tree, barked and dry. Placing it on the ground, one held it fast, whilst a second took a twig of the same tree, shaped like a drumstick without its knob, and drove a groove along the surface. It takes real strength to make that mark; I could see the force put to it, and the perspiration soon poured forth from the driver. The groove some 18 inches long grew still deeper; quicker moved the drumstick; at the far end a fine dust collected, reached the dimensions of a heap; into that heap the driver ever forced more and more, the pace now furious. There came a smouldering, then a glimmering, then a light. They had made fire.

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<sup>132</sup> A small dish of pleasant-tasting food, meaning here the best parts of the Isle.

<sup>133</sup> A person who lives in the country, especially one who appears to be simple and old-fashioned.

<sup>134</sup> A shaded garden area.



**Hunting the *Kalahimu*** <sup>135</sup>

Three of the Crustacean order are delicacies on Niuean floor-tables: the Crayfish, the *U(n)ga* and the *Kalahimu*. The first is of the sea; the second hides in the caves and rocks of the isle — oft miles from the saltwater, with which he has naught to do; the last is the smaller land crab whose habitat is the Bush. The first you must trap; the second you must entice from his hole by various means; the *Kalahimu* you must hunt for at night only — without anything but a torch, and a basket to hold him.

He is an obstreperous <sup>136</sup> little fellow, like all his kind, with heaps of fight in him, and he has an immense bump of Inquisitiveness, which, of course, leads him into trouble, but also causes him — despite that fact — to love to explore the habitations of Man. He enters your house without invitation; he crawls up your walls in the most astonishing way; he oft gets into places least expected. It is always wise to ‘sound’ your boots and slippers or you may get a really exciting surprise. But better this than snakes, which Niue knoweth not.

I heard him one night in my bedroom as he made his way across the coral floor. Strange to say it was bright moonlight. I saw him in the direct path of the door which always stands open, leading to the sward. Adjusting a boot, I let him have it, he the football, landing him full twenty yards away, his dignity doubtless insulted, but I hoped himself unhurt. Another night — my mosquito net unused — I saw him perched directly over my bed, high up in the rafters. I did not propose to have him nip me by the ear as I slept, so with infinite trouble I got him down from his perch and gave him the end of a broom stick. He went out even as his brother had.

The *Kalahimu* is particularly fond of an evening stroll after dark, and elects for his chief promenade the broad grass-covered way that encircles the island. I was invited to take part in a hunt for the crusty little fellow with the nippers, and as I miss nothing that is going, I joined the party. But we were far from being alone; half the village was out. There was no moon, and to see him, bundles of cane tied loosely together are used, which make a fairly decent flare. Some use a kerosene lamp, i.e., those who can afford kerosene at 1/— a small medicine bottle; others, a bicycle lamp, i.e., those wealthy enough to own a bike. I provided a candle lantern, but the flare beat it hollow.

Out of the village we tramped and into the broad way with dense forest on either side, a darksome place indeed without a light, as I know by taking long walks alone of nights, the trees and the coconut palms shutting us in, though peering through I could see a beautiful starry canopy above us. Ahead were scores of lights, ever moving as the different bearers swished their flares about, sweeping the ground to find their prey. Their eyesight is past my understanding. I saw not one single crab the whole hunt through, till my party had nabbed him or it had nabbed them. Especially along the sides of the road is the place to look, where the coral touches the grass. One of the party carried and worked the flare, another a coconut basket like a carpenter’s tool bag, but sewn up, save for a tiny space, into which to pass the captured. Yet even at that, they get out and the carrier would oft complain of a crab grabbing his or her arm, or neck or hair and we had to haste to the rescue. Men, women and children were all busy that night, strolling along and every now and then swooping down upon something they clearly saw, but which I utterly failed to.

It was a pretty sight, those flares in the dark amid the forest, and a cheery one too, for all were laughing and chatting as Niueans full well can, and the sight of the White Chief out to hunt the *Kalahimu* seemed to amuse them hugely. We walked many miles, and half way were refreshed by the milk of

<sup>135</sup> See also Tale #44, *Of the Kalahimu*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>136</sup> Noisy and difficult to control.

the coconut — bless him who climbed those giant trees in the dark to get them — for the nights are warm here, even as the days.

They are a generous folk, they give to one another — especially to the smaller children — quite freely of any store. We needed no helping out; there was no Jonah <sup>137</sup> in our party. We nailed them on the roadside; we nailed them climbing the trees; we nailed them right upon the road, at the cost sometimes of a nip to naked feet, who were thus made aware of their prey. If everyone had our bag there must have been, with that crowd, well over 1,000 caught, for we returned at last, well tired out, but well content with a bag of fifty, and my lantern, the only glimmer. We had no more fuel.

### A Matter of Taste <sup>138</sup>

She, a buxom lass, had often borrowed my lantern lit by candle. She always preferred it to my kerosene light distributor. Never once had she brought it back to me with any candle left therein. Every atom of grease had likewise disappeared. I was not mean. I started it out every time on its way with amplitude of burning power. If that novel kind of lantern gave the natives any pleasure in the using, they were very welcome to it.

One day I chanced to be spreading bread and butter for some Alofi visitors, and my candle lass was standing by. Knowing the readiness of the native to have a ‘bite’ at any hour, I offered her a slice. “Thank-you very much,” said she, “but I do not like your butter. I do like your candles; they taste so good.” So that is where they went. She still uses my lantern.

We may think such taste debased, but the natives have answer to hand. The *Loku* is a favourite of mine; it has much Pepsin in it and when eaten fully ripe is very tasty to most white folk. They are very plentiful, yet I have much urging to do to get my servants to bring them to my table. They would not dream of offering them to you as a present. You must ask or you will not get. “Bah!” say they, “*Lokus* are only pig’s food” and to the pigs they are served. Therefore may that Candle Eater and I call Quits. After all, it is but a Matter of Taste.

## Chapter XII

### My First Xmas Party — Xmas Morn — Outdoors and In — That Union Jack

#### My First Xmas Party

It is not altogether easy for a new comer to the Southern hemisphere to associate Xmas with broiling summer weather. It seems incongruous to those of us who are used to look for snow at that time, or at least biting weather. Here, too, are no shops with a Xmas look about them, no holly bearing trees, nor mistletoe nor robins. Yet these folk have caught the spirit of that Season, and look forward to it with as much zest as any, whilst elaborate preparations are made for its cheerful observance far ahead.

And so it came about quite naturally that we should have a Children’s Party, to fall on Xmas Eve. For lack of proper lighting arrangements, there is no thing, as a rule, held publicly of an evening, so it

<sup>137</sup> [Jonah](#) is the name given in the Old Testament to a prophet of the northern kingdom of Israel in about the 8th century BC, the eponymous central character in the Book of Jonah, famous for being swallowed by a whale.

<sup>138</sup> See also Tale #44, *Of the Kalahimu*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

was to be from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m., and besides Eating, there were to be Games — the chief, the introduction by this lone hand of two games so far wholly unknown to Niue — Basket Ball and Soccer Football. Rugby and Boxing I unwillingly refrained from; Niuean tempers are far too short. I knew there would be some sport for me as well in these, and there surely was.

But first of the preliminaries. The Eating was a great event in itself; the trouble was that I could not persuade the children not to bring baskets of food along with them. I had assured them of plenty, but it seems to be the Custom to add always of their own, and I had to let it go at that. My Assistant, *Faséné*, is, as a sideline, a baker, besides being, as you know, a tonsorial artist,<sup>139</sup> and using one of the large discarded open air ovens of the village, his part of the feast consisted of a gift of fifty loaves of bread — and they were fine. Then a couple of outside Traders — friends of mine — each sent a large biscuit tin of Candies, whilst my own share had to dwindle down to cakes and tins of various biscuits, treacle<sup>140</sup> for the fifty loaves, and Lime Juice Cordial by the bucket. What were in those coconut baskets, I never knew, save the contents of two which the Village Chief, during the proceedings, formally escorted me to and announced that they were mine, one full of cooked Taro, which meant for my Household, for it is a vegetable quite beyond me, being to my taste a mixture of glue and turnip, the other, five chickens roasted in leaves in the native way. Five chickens and in 24 hours they would go bad; they gauge my appetite by their own. I gave away three — on the quiet, ate one, but before I could reach the last, it well nigh walked again. Those baskets were arranged outside the school house not in one long line this time, but in groups. It was a sort of general hotch potch; the supplies were divided up amongst the children of North, South and Central Hakupu, but such nice division of my village was news to me.

We assembled the scholars — the 100 — inside the school, they sat upon the mats, each with a half coconut shell as a mug before them and we moved up and down the ranks, handing the various foods provided by us. Nothing was touched till the last biscuit was distributed. The pile before each grew, to my mind, to alarming proportions — especially with games in sight — far beyond the capacity of any human stomach to envelope. Certainly the Candy got one or two — I saw them crunching on the sly. Then they set to, at least most of them did, and stuck gallantly to their task. Others, wiser as to what was to follow, produced from somewhere on them, paper or old rag in which they wrapped the greater part, proposing to eat later on, as indeed they did, for picnics *alfresco*<sup>141</sup> were to be seen that afternoon every where about the roomy grassy playground. Meanwhile, the Mothers of the village crowded the doors, besides peering through the many glassless windows, so as to miss nothing of the novel proceedings.

Before the children passed outside, each received a Xmas present of a Picture Scrap Book, 50 of which had been sent by the ladies of Auckland, lead by the gracious Lady Mayoress, whom I had enlisted on behalf of my scholars, and whose constant contributions of pictures proved of inestimable benefit to Hakupu, and assistance to myself. The other 50, at great cost of Time and Labour, I and my kind assistants had made up of magazines, illustrated papers and Fashion Plates! The children were delighted, for the pictures would give them a fund of useful information, with questions to ask me for weeks to come.

Then came the Games. Some weeks ahead, I had illustrated upon the Blackboard the various positions of the players and the limits of each field of play. The boys had cut saplings from the forest for goal posts, with a fork atop across which we laid another sapling; there were corner posts and limed lines. For Basket Ball, we had no nets, but tied a coconut leaf-basket to each upright.

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<sup>139</sup> A barber.

<sup>140</sup> A syrup made during the refining of sugar.

<sup>141</sup> Italian: outdoor.

All was ready for the whistle. Basket Ball first, because I would show honour to the Fair Sex, though their skin be nut brown here, and point the moral to those among whom they hold but a secondary place. The rest of the crowd — adults most numerous — ranged themselves about on the sward. There was no crowding of the side lines; all sat upon the ground, the ensemble highly picturesque. It was not easy getting the sides into their respective places, seeing that the entire vocabulary of needful words was a new Branch of the language to pick,<sup>142</sup> but René, my young Pupil Teacher, was invaluable and I am sure would have most willingly thrown off the field anyone, or indeed the whole mob, if I had but raised my finger. She has great Strength. But the whistle was 'It'. When that blew, once that game had started, they stopped dead short even with a leg poised in air. I had got that much into their heads. The other point — not to grab one another — was quite a different matter. There were some fierce 'scrums' amongst those girls. To a white man on the side lines, each game — and there were many for every girl had to take a part — would have been a screaming farce, but I was kept far too busy. Those girls went at it with a right furious will. The ball — imported, as was the Soccer one, from Auckland — flew up and down the field, the girls tearing about in wild endeavour to connect. The Passing to each other, which I had so carefully instructed them in, went wholly 'by the board'.

It was well that I had ordered old garments to be worn for my Xmas Party, for those clothes — though scant — had a very bad time. So did hair, which would not keep in place, but the great black coil would come untied and cover up all vision of both ball and field, just when eyes were most needed. René and I were kept busy disentangling 'scrums', dragging out by any limbs most handy those who lay buried beneath the avalanche. Those girls, even to the smallest, had a lovely time, and goals were scored despite the fact that the ball would not remain in the 'net', mostly coming out as soon as it went in, but they were goals all the same, so said this Referee.

The Soccer, too, was full of thrills. Some boys took an unfair advantage; they had secured boots, never mind whose, or what size or about laces. Those who had only nature to help them, found it very advisable to do as I had bid — get their toes well under the ball, not propel it with the ends thereof. Penalties came fast at first, owing to their desire to play Basket Ball at the same time, and the Backs became Forwards, and the Forwards became Backs, but each of the many games — ten minutes each — went with a rush, and here, too, goals were scored to the huge delight of all.

Being Coach, Referee and Linesman all in one, and all over both fields for a score of games beneath a tropic sun, I was glad at last to call a halt, and we had Races, with tobacco tins of mine filled with candy, as the Prizes. There was some great Sprinting done. Some sprang the lines and were disqualified, much to their surprise. There being no tapes, there were many collisions and some Blood. The girls threw all appearances to the winds for those candies, whilst the boys 'saw red' in their wild rushes over grass and coral rock. The Strangers' Race<sup>143</sup> attracted several of the men onlookers — and I would have given the many mothers a like chance — but the candy ran out. But every body enjoyed that day, the Games, the Eating, the Scrap Books, the Lime Juice and the Candy, and trooped off home a happy crowd from my first Xmas Party.

But I had not done with my scholars yet, so far as that Xmas was concerned.

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<sup>142</sup> Almost illegible: last word on the page numbered 41 in Volume 2.

<sup>143</sup> Possibly a race that is open to contestants outside the group for which the main races of the day were organised; in this case, the main races were for the children, while the Strangers' Race was open to the men onlookers.

## Xmas Morn

Foregathering at the school, thence to march *en bloc* <sup>144</sup> to Church, we purposed there to sing a hymn — a Xmas Hymn in English — both for the edification of the elders of Hakupu and, I hope, in all hearts to give Honor to Him whose Day it is. Now did they blossom forth in all their glory. The ‘Me’ and ‘Xmas’ are set apart on Niue for new attire; the rest of the year may look after itself. This year, the color for the girls of Hakupu was Pink; the boys were to appear in khaki pants and white singlets. <sup>145</sup> My! but they did look grand when they assembled. My attention was so riveted on their smart appearance that I had hard work giving them a Xmas Greeting and a little talk. I had a surprise for them and sprang it. Those generous-hearted Auckland Ladies had sent — months previously, for schooners are erratic — 100 Xmas Cards for distribution, nay 200 indeed, but I had sent the other half to give joy in Avatele. Each scholar got a picture and thanked me courteously, as is their wont. Then we sang one of our Songs, and got ready in line — to march.

First came 20 boys stepping bravely out, then half a hundred girls in Pink, then 30 more boys with the famous boy bowler, *Ikitaimata*, bringing up the rear. The boys, of course, bare headed; the girls, on the contrary, each one with a new Niuean straw hat of various shapes. These also, in several cases, essayed <sup>146</sup> white stockings and shoes, but none of these thus encased moved freely. Far prettier it is to see the bare sturdy legs and feet peeping out beneath the skirt, and I now well know how admirably pink and brown combine. The dash of colour in the long line had a picturesque effect as the column wound its way through the village along the green Highway, with the quaint native homes on either side. The Caretaker, a huge fellow, in khaki uniform and white helmet — he must have borrowed them, for I have not heard of him as having been at The Front — marched by the side of the leaders and put fear into the line.

To the Church we went, and filed in to our appointed place, nor were we called upon at once. Later in the service, I heard the Sailor Pastor announcing in his great voice something to the people, and René whispered to me, “It is our turn now.” Up she rose, faced the scholars sitting in the pews, let out a stentorous <sup>147</sup> 1–2–3–4 and off they went. It was, of course, without books, and they made not a single slip. There is no ‘Amen’ to their hymns — but there was to mine. Finished, I wondered if Reverence would forbid applause, and it did, save for one woman who in her exuberance over pleasure given loudly clapped her hands, but happily that was the only one, and the service proceeded on its usual lines to the end.

A half hour later, not a girl but in her everyday attire. I saw the boys, however, playing ‘rough house’ in their suits. I had hoped that they would become their school uniform, the girls to be dressed in blue; I no longer counted on it.

## Outdoors and In

Niue flies are lazy things; they happily in their millions are great lovers of the outdoor life. On your walks abroad they are countless — indoors one cannot complain. Outside, they prefer your back to their own wings to cover distance, also your arms and shoulders. Hence the Fly Whisk, which is constant a companion with everyone. The Elite make theirs of hair attached to a short stick; mine is that of the tail of a defunct horse; the common folk use any old thing, preferably a small branch with leaves. It is a continual battle with the lazy things.

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<sup>144</sup> French: all together.

<sup>145</sup> A man’s sleeveless undergarment covering the body from the shoulders to the hips.

<sup>146</sup> Tried.

<sup>147</sup> A voice which is loud, powerful, or booming.



When you pay calls and approach a door, you are ever careful to whisk well your back before entering. If you don't, you are likely to be reminded of the courtesy, for whilst you are very welcome, those upon your back are not. It becomes second habit, and my white friends tell me that when once again they reach the outside world, their friends find much amusement in the actions of their visitors in the attempt to remove something from their backs which is not there.

On my walks abroad of a day, I much prefer to have an Attendant as Fly Whisker in Ordinary to doing the perpetual motion act myself. Then I feel like an Eastern Potentate out for his airing. I have a perfect jewel of a boy for the job. Not my regular *Tuli*, but another, smaller; he is Death on Flies and keeps my back whacked hard and well, mile after mile. The walk itself is no object with him; his Head Teacher's back is the thing. The rest of the group accompanying me do their own fly swatting.

Specially do I like my Sunday afternoon walks along the lovely 'grass' covered roads which lead out from Hakupu. There is shade all the way. Sometimes there comes a long avenue with the branches meeting far overhead, and here we lie down for a rest by the way to feed on oranges, which the nimble younger folk have climbed for as we pass along.

Though I battle not with flies, yet battle I perpetually with the language, and by the time we have reached the village again I am quite unsteady on my own. But I forget my troubles in the scene before me. Afternoon Church has been held in our absence, and the large, open, Village Green is a Rotten Row;<sup>148</sup> all Hakupu is out. Here are mothers with their little tots, and young maidens in their Sunday shoes, full proud thereof though they step right gingerly. The Church steps hold the old and the infirm. There is evidently a meeting of the Wise Men in the centre of the Green, a square with all the figures squatting tailor fashion,<sup>149</sup> smoking and talking as only Niueans can for astounding rapidity. There is singing going on in the Sunday School, many passing the hours in their own peculiar melodies, despite all the services that they have attended. Games? No! Such things on Niue are utterly taboo. The young men have on their Sunday best, their hats at an angle that even beats a Guardsman.<sup>150</sup>

Everybody is happy. I bid Goodbye to my kindly company, thank cordially my Fly Whisker and retire — despite loud protest — within the lone white man's Falé.

Would you be Lonely thus, as week follows week? Doubtless you would unless you hold the key to the opposite. It is wholly a matter of Temperament. If you are not by nature Self Contained; if you have not the natural gift of being At Home with Oneself, then keep with the crowd. It is the want of the key to the secret, which has created the Wasters, the Drunkards and the Beachcombers, those curses of the South Seas and other cast away Islands.

I will leave it at that.

### That Union Jack

I saw it again — that piece of bunting presented by the 4 and 40 Exiles from Samoa, who were so gloriously vanquished by Hakupuan cricketers — and wildly happy hearts were following it. It spoke of yet another Victory and lead the way into the village from Fatiau, whither that same day at break of dawn 5 and 20 had walked forth with their women folk to pit themselves against that village. Being

<sup>148</sup> [Rotten Row](#) is a broad track running along the south side of Hyde Park in London. During the 18th and 19th centuries, Rotten Row was a fashionable place for upper-class Londoners to be seen.

<sup>149</sup> With crossed legs.

<sup>150</sup> Certain regiments of Guards in the British Army, such as the Buckingham Palace Guardsmen, wear tall fur hats, known as a bearskin, at an angle that almost covers the eyes.

Wednesday, the Church bell had rung but at 5 a.m. in place of 6 a.m. so as to get the Devotions over and an early start made for the walk.

All Hakupu was uneasy till news began to filter in that Victory was ours. Then was there great joy, and an eager looking forward to the Victor's return. They came at last, just ere sunset of a roastingly hot day, a long line in single file, the 5 and 20 each carrying their slogging instrument upon their shoulder, and the 'rooters' behind, with the village children, largely unclad, bringing up the rear.

The Flag, beautiful still in its newness, was attached to a perfect mast of a pole; it seemed so high as to be waving among the lofty tops of the coconut trees. And before it marched the Band!

Ah! but that Band was the joy of every heart, and gave the final touch to the brilliant performance of a great day. There was a Trombone that had long outlived its usefulness, and gave forth detached blasts and grunts of fearsome sounds. There was a Drum, the size of a small soup plate, beaten in splendid time and fashion, but at best far from resonant. There was a Horn made of twisted coconut leaf — a most ingenious contrivance — capable, according to the power of the blower's lungs, of truly awful sounds; a kerosene can wildly struck; and a Penny Whistle, which gave forth but one long piercing shriek which sent every pig, dog and chicken furiously to cover. But it was glorious! The Victors were returning home! They were entitled to a noise.

And more, they were richly entitled to Presents. Said a maiden to me as I stood at my door as the Procession passed and the cricketers courteously raised their hands at the Salute to the White Chief, "Please give me three boxes of matches so that I may give our men a present." How could I refuse? So my matches went as her present and I added for myself three tins of good Roast Beef. I could do no less, and if I run short before the schooner comes, I shall go without for a noble Cause, for with me it is "Hakupu for Ever!"

As a devotee of the game, I have had a formal presentation made to me of a genuine Niue cricket bat. It adorns my walls. It is a murderous looking instrument, but it is the Real Thing and I set much store by it. My Adult Class gets knocked endways with games. The men plead off, but I have no doubt that they play with an uneasy conscience. Here is a sample: a letter handed me by the sister of a player, in English and my name correct! for the unlettered folk could get no better than '*Misi Po-lo-to-nee*' to the last.

"Dear M<sup>r</sup> Bolton,

Please you don't be angry for me. But I'm sorry, because I did not come to school last Friday. I hope to see you again by and by. Last week before, I got a medicine from you to cure my cough and my breast. I thank you very much M<sup>r</sup> Bolton because I was better.

That's all my loving master

I'm *Folihaké*, lazy man." <sup>151</sup>

How can I possibly find fault with such kindly grown-up children?

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<sup>151</sup> This letter is also reproduced in Tale #46, *Of Inspection and Roll Call*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

## Chapter XIII

Gifts – With a Sting — The Free Clinic Again —  
The *Togo* Cave — The Caves of Death

### Gifts – With a Sting

And still they come, those gifts. Upon arriving at the school, a scholar offers me an orange, another a banana, yet other Passion Fruit — a hard looking marble of large size, but much glutinous matter inside with pips most sweet — now an egg is offered, and next a stalk of sugarcane. School over and a siesta sought upon my couch, no ceasing yet, for two girls appear bearing a basket between them on a pole — holding four dozen oranges — and those for one lone man! “*Alofa*,” (love) say they and disappear. Now comes *Vini* — a melon, with a casing tough as leather, but sweet matter inside encasing a multitude of seeds.

Despite all this fruit, there is cooking to be done. Three of us are on the job; none of us are Experts. Some of our results are a cheering surprise, others a hideous failure. But my Chef-in-chief and my house maid are so willing and so cheerful in times of distress in the cook house that I take all that is served with a smile. Their wages would break no one. One pound per month, with food. I should hesitate to pay so small a sum were it not that they have such splendid appetites and make such heavy inroads on my stores. *Tuli*, my boy, had to leave me; it was not just to keep him for my service at a school so far below his standard. We did not want to part, but both saw it was inevitable. I have another Jewel in his place.

Yes! my servants are willing, far too willing oft times, for they pay no heed to clocks. They lay the table always far ahead of time, and upon the spot you will oft find a stone-cold meal, which you had ordered to be hot. When they themselves are ready, they take it you will be also. I know of white homes in Alofi where the mistress has to order her servants back to their sleeping mats of a morn, or they would have the Breakfast ready at peep of dawn.

Gifts offered in such kindly spirit as here are ever welcome, yet have they danger lurking, for some white folk, within. Among the many gifts brought to my door have been Limes. I had been warned at Tonga that limes in the Tropics are one man’s meat, and another man’s poison, and had acted very cautiously ever. Yet was I ignorant of their cumulative effect. That is where they got me, even as some human poisoners get in their deadly work. The storm broke. How I hate limes! They are an abhorrence in my sight. They got me from the soles of my feet to my crown. They made their outward mark, and for full six weeks they worked their bitter, biting acid upon me. I fought the battle alone, in my *falé*, for some three weeks, but at length, at ominous symptoms, was borne off by the Doctor to his own home, where he, his good wife, and the Island Nurse spared no pains to put me on my feet again.

Be this a warning to any contemplating Touring upon Niue. The Limes of Niue may be good for you, but they may play the very devil with you. Take it from me, and leave Niue limes alone. I know; you don’t.

### The Free Clinic Again

I am rapidly qualifying for an M.D. I have to report no one killed for the present. My Dispensary is the verandah, and my patients very numerous. They come singly, in pairs, at times in droves, and at all hours of the day. The night I bar; my *falé* is sternly forbidden ground from sunset on. I have not,

however, the heart to set fixed times in the day time. They may be in pain, why then should they needlessly wait? But at night they must. Visiting I refuse to do; I know not where it might end, did I once begin.

I have now so many pills, lotions, salves and bottles that I am terribly mixed at times, but hand out the *Vai Lakau* (Plant water medicine) and the *Tepu Vai* (Knob water-pills) indiscriminately, with fullest confidence of a kill or cure. Headaches are common things, so is 'a bad stomach' (from eating unripe fruit I ever ween <sup>152</sup>), chills and fever very frequent, cuts and bruises everyday affairs. This coral works havoc with the extremities. So steadily at these am I employed that I might well have the sign on my door "Feet here both heeled and soled while you wait" like any lightning boot mender. Sore eyes are not at all to my liking nor to the owner's when I get busy with my eye dropper. Infants are brought to me with sores and gaping Yaws (ulcers) pitiful to look upon, and yell like blue murder now at the very sight of me, which is a gross injustice. I still swear by Condyl's Fluid. Everybody has to wash their wounds in an old coconut shell for a basin. I can't spare mine. The needle I refuse to use; such cases are the Doctor's.

A young girl came to my door with a gashed neck, showed me a clean cut almost clear through the stout muscle on one side, said that she had fallen backwards on the huge knife they all carry for Bush work. Of a truth her mother, in anger, had given her 'a love tap' and was afraid that the Law might get her for Attempted Murder; hence the poor girl's fib. That was the crowning glory of my amateur hands so far. The real Doctor saw it weeks later and gave me praise. I deserved it. It was some job getting head and shoulder together again. But 'Sticky Tape' did it, together with a bandage which tied her head back, with threats of Death in the offing for anyone who undid it.

The work goes on merrily — at least for me — no enemies to date nor — at least known — deaths.

### *The Togo Cave*

The *Togo Cave* lies some few miles from Hakupu, between that village and Liku, on the East Coast; the last mile of the way, first through the forest along a trail, one mass of roots of banyan, kauri and other big trees, and then a sharp descent to the sea, which even a goat might think awkward. Besides the Cave there is a Chasm close by, with a large Bathing Pool of fresh water, by the side of which, women — toiling down the difficult path loaded with heavy baskets — prepare arrowroot for their homes.

It was the Chief's Picnic, and I was one of the party. We were 5 and 20 strong. There were no carriages ordered, we had to foot it all the way, a good seven miles in a broiling sun, and the Invitations read "From 9 a.m. to 3 p.m." just the hottest hours of the day. The Chief carried nothing; the rest brought hampers of coconut leaf or handkerchiefs, in which were ship's biscuits, taro and bananas. Big knives were much in evidence. One of the party was the owner of a boiled land crab; I saw it divided among many on the way, but I got none. For drink we relied on coconut milk, and ere we got back we had raided many trees, nor thought of asking leave.

We tramped out of Hakupu along the Highway, a merry party, talk interspersed all the way with song. I fear that they were, of a truth, Church Hymns, for I could distinguish sacred names and places, Jerusalem in special, but they were out for a good time and had to let off their high spirits some how. My servants dropped all their duties and came, too. As in due course we reached and took that goat path, it was a pretty scene. The long drawn out line of natives in varied attire and coloring descending zigzag in single file; the background, giant needles of coral; the foreground, the sea. The last sixty

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<sup>152</sup> Archaic: to think, suppose.

feet impossible, save by ladder, not one to inspire confidence, rungs some close, others far apart, tied to the side beams with sinnet rope looking very old; four feet broad was that ladder and a slip did not look inviting. Twice did our party tackle the thing and all came safely through.

Now we were at the Chasm, a split in the rocks, which towered high on either side, a fairly decent level where a few coconuts thrive, and at the far end a Pool, deep and cool. It did not take long for most of the party to get in. There was little undressing; the men were already practically in bathing costume — a lavalava is not much covering — the women threw off one upper garment and took the rest in with them. They had a glorious time. Lunch was always on. All ate when they felt like it. I could not enthuse over the table manners, but they had had a good walk, and now a prolonged immersion, and were very hungry.

I saw those huge knives taken into the Pool, and soon there was much diving. Solid chunks of a redwood tree, and of solid weight, were brought to land, and seemed much thought of. Some were then cut into smaller pieces, and all were borne home, for they are a Fetish. It is good luck, it seems, to pay a visit to *Togo* and secure a portion of this submerged tree. Of course, I wanted to know why, and with some great effort of interpretation on my part — for there were many eager tellers — I finally secured it.

Two trees, a fragrant one and an ironwood, grew at far off Hikutavake. They decided to have a race round the Island. Off they started and the going was so fast that when Hakupu — full twenty miles away — was reached, the Fragrant One was quite played out. It gave up the contest, but did not die, for that same Frangi-pani tree grows today alongside my side door! The other pushed on, but alas! in the dark fell head long into *Togo* Chasm and was drowned in the big Pool.

From thence we climbed into the Cave. We had to get in from the back, for the sea was thundering in from the front. It was not easy work; the boulders were huge, sharp-sided and smooth atop. Once in, we found a lovely dome-shaped vault, but no floor, for the sea covered it and came ever swirling in right furiously, though there was but gentlest breeze outside. Across the mouth there rose a huge bridge of rock; occasionally the waves were not content with entering under the arch thus formed, but would rise clear over the bridge itself, and yet some of our party — and those not the youngest — took their chance upon it, as they sought certain shellfish there.

Having now seen all, we turned homeward, scaled the ladder, crawled up the coral path between the towering needles, gained the height, rested and drank still more coconut, pushed on through the forest, gained the Highway and tramped on till the Chief suddenly called a halt in a shady spot. Here we sat on either side of that Highway, when that same Chief sprang a surprise upon one of his Party, at least. He announced that he desired to Pray, and with eyes tight closed, a long, long prayer without a break for a single word. I heard “Beretania” and “white folk” mentioned — evidently me — and thanks for our safety given, and when at last it ended, everyone to my further surprise gave a loud “Amen” and made a raid on a coconut basket of bananas.

Then on we trudged, half baked, to Home, reached sharp at 3 p.m. where a cup of tea, soon brewed, tasted exceeding good, and rest seemed fairly won, but not for all, for I saw several of the oldest go off forthwith to the Bush to work, whilst younger ones joined riotously in games on the Village Green.

There are other Caves hard by Hakupu. One is closely linked with further Folklore, which relates a fierce quarrel between a Frangipani and a Mango tree. They grew up, far from Hakupu, side by side, but somehow could never agree. So, in the dead of night, the Mango moved off to quieter quarters. But this, the Frangipani, like a scolding wife, could not possibly allow. Her vocation and her joy were gone. So she followed and grew again beside the peace-loving Mango. Again he departed, and yet



again the Scolder sought him out and found him. Then the Mango thought long and deeply, at length deciding that the only safe place for him was a Cave. He knew of one, where in the centre was a pool, promising water enough, and only room for one. Therefore he departed and hid himself therein, and though the Frangipani sought him out — and found him — yet was there no chance of its abiding nigh. Outside upon the cliff she planted herself and died — from lack of quarrel, which alas! was also the fate of the Mango who though he greatly loved water, yet needed at least some measure of soil to thrive upon, of which in that cavern Pool there was none.

Another has gained its notoriety by a Man-hunt. There was a Scandal in the village, and men were hotfoot after the interloper. The injured husband was ripe for Vengeance. The pursuers tracked the delinquent to this Cave, searching every nook and cranny. A deep hole in the centre, where the water lay, was the only spot where the Hunted could possibly be, and as it was nigh full, it was settled that the man was drowned. Therefore was the party sent to his falé for all his possessions, shirts, trousers, coats and hats, and one by one they were cast in to accompany him to the Land of Shadows. But as the hats went in, they came out again, the coats the same, the shirts and trousers, too. It was a Blow hole. “He does not want them, that is sure,” said they. “Let us divide the spoil.” But the Injured One demanded all, and his claim was recognized as just. Therefore got he all, and the crowd returned to the village of Hakupu happy in the thought of one wicked Niuean the less.

But the women gave them a shock, for they told of seeing the Drowned — or his ghost — sitting within his falé. He knew that Cave better than they, and even as they had entered, had stepped out by other exit. They hastened to verify. It was true. But had he not paid for his indiscretion? Did not the Injured One own his shirts, his coats, his hats, his pants? Was he not utterly despoiled, that Wicked One? Therefore did anger depart from the Injured; he called it Quits, his honor fully satisfied, and the village dwelt once again in peace.

### The Caves of Death

*Kulusea*, my Chief, would not be denied. We were to take trail to the seafront at *Kopola*, and on the way have a look at dead men’s bones. We went, but not alone; there accompanied some husky maids and lads, who, true to the tradition of their fathers, eat all along the way. It mattered not whether such food was ripe or unripe; it was a thing to eat, and eat they did, guavas and melon, sugarcane and even the despised Mummy Apple (*Lokus*), all washed down with copious draughts of coconut milk. Little wonder that I am oft called on to dispense ‘Good for Colic’, but despite their pains, both old and young keep on doing the unwise thing.

And so we journeyed on, past many a plantation where men and women were busily at work, the land hereabouts wonderfully open for Niue, till cutting across country at great and most regrettable expense to clean white garments, such as mine, we came to the grim spots. They are certainly well adapted to their old-time purpose: great round pits of coral into which you look from well above, roomy enough, with level floor, not inviting for descent, though the offer was made, for dead men’s bones formed scattered piles about. The question was naturally asked, How could the Dead without enormous labour have been carried from the village to their last Resting Place through a countryside such as we the last hour had passed through? The Chief made answer gravely, “They were not carried; they walked hither themselves.” When the time of their dissolution drew nigh, the old and decrepit made their last journey to their own burial, accompanied by the stalwart and the strong. Arriving, they were given food and water, and left in these pits to die. It was the Custom, and thought nothing of. Had not these in their day done the same to their parents and their friends? Besides, it saved a lot of trouble; there was no tending of the dying as they lingered on, and there was no digging of the grave at the close. The old folk passed away with piles of bones their only company. I was offered a memento, but refused the gift.

Then we passed on to the edge of the upper cliff above *Kopala* reef, where a splendid view is obtainable of the wild coastline from *Halafualagi* to *Limafulafua*. Down we went by well nigh a precipice to see the rough camping ground of the arrowroot makers, and their fresh water supply at the bottom of a narrow fissure into which a boulder thrown seemed very long a-reaching; thence to many leaf huts, which stand at the very edge of the lower cliff, beneath which the breakers roar over the fringing reef eternally, brilliant Blue fish and Golden fellows of large size, disporting themselves therein. It was time now to make for home and this we did by another way, a clear trail even for a novice which led eventually to the village. I had had enough, but again the husky ones were fresh and frisky still, and their appetites being still unappeased, ships' biscuits from my storeroom came in handy.

## Chapter XIV

The Secret Ballot — Of Burials — Progress — The  
Welcome to the New Year — *Motu-tu-taha*

### The Secret Ballot

It was the first time that Hakupu had tried its hand at other than an open Election. The village was agog with excitement. Just what was going to happen, none seemed to know; only this, that the Government was going to come, Policemen, too, and a mysterious Box, and *Galiki*, *Tinohaga* and *Tione* were to have a tussle as to who was to be Hakupu's Representative upon the Island Council. Eleven men, true and capable, sit in solemn Parliament at the Capital, Alofi, from time to time, to consult with the Resident on the welfare of Niue, one from each village. As women have the suffrage, the gentler sex have a right to sit, but so far none have aspired to the task. It was the voting of the latter which drew me to the booth, the spacious native-built Sunday School, for I felt sure there would be something worth seeing as the Ladies of Hakupu made their first attempt. I was not disappointed.

Everything, save the Voters themselves, was very businesslike. One door was Entrance, another door was Exit, with a burly policeman set over each. One was armed with a stick, and the way he laid it on each lady as she departed was most rude, but all took it as a part of the wonderful Secret Ballot. At a big table sat the Officials striking off names as the voters entered, ushered from the door with a loud announcement of the name. Given their voting paper, they far from gracefully retired to where should have been those hidden spots where one marks his cross, but in place thereof, two men had their seats at separate tables, where they assisted those who could neither read nor write to signify their will. These men were not of the village of Hakupu.

The main difficulty seemed to be how to get that folded paper into that Box. It may have been nervousness or short sightedness or pure cursedness, but the little slot seemed impossible to negotiate. In sheer despair, they would offer the paper back to those solemn officials, or start off for the Exit carrying away with them the all important missive. Then those police got busy and brought the Muddled One smartly up to tune.

Next in interest to this difficulty was the apparel of the Ladies. They had on their 'glad rags' <sup>153</sup> and the assortment was both varied and wonderful. Many Bath Towels were in evidence as Shawls, and indeed they helped greatly to cover much. There were Whole dresses and Shreds of dresses; there were Mother Hubbards, stiff with starch; apparel, too, that made me wonder how it held together.

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<sup>153</sup> Slang: fine or dressy clothes.

Most were hatless, but oft a woman would march up to the table with a straw sailor's hat perched rakishly on the summit of a great mass of unruly hair. A few did their hair up before the official's table. It did not need a looking glass for its arrangement, a great coil on the summit with a piece of kindling for a hairpin.

And everyone was happy — the crowd outside peeping through the wooden window slats; the children very keen to see; the Voter within giggling through sheer excitement, moving about the big room as if under fire and seeking shelter. Nine out of ten sought to go out the way they came in, the police asserting their authority with stick without stint. One only refused to obey and he our Pastor! Fie <sup>154</sup> upon him! After the Ladies' turn, in rolled the big ex-Sailor man, rolled up to the table, rolled to the writing spot, rolled back to the Mystery Box, and rolled his huge Self out the way he entered, proclaiming aloud as he went that it was the shortest way Home, and none gain said him. The Pastor is no 'small beans' in his village.

At last the Voting ceased, the scrutineers got busy and when all was counted *Galiki* came out on top; once again he was Hakupu's Spokesman on the Council.

### Of Burials

A firm believer in Cremation, or as seemed best Burial Earth to Earth, it was good to hear of one of my villagers, an aged woman who lately passed away, possessed likewise of a desire to escape a coffin. She had carefully woven a basket large enough to hold her body, and her instructions were that the rock hewn tomb was to be avoided so far as humanly possible. The usual method is to crowbar by the side of a mass of coral, then when fairly well down, to cut a narrow space like a shelf into the mass, level it off and laying fine sand upon the flat, lay the body thereon wrapped in its grave clothes. The open front of the shelf is then covered with wood or tin, and the trench filled up. The actual grave is, therefore, not the spot disturbed, but under the rock to one side. If then it is sepulchre <sup>155</sup> one seeks, it is easy to secure it on Niue. You can be sure of very slow disintegration, with also no possibility of Curio hunters walking shamelessly off to some Home Museum with your skull or bones. In Niue's Caves you are at their mercy.

To hold high feast around the dead is not confined to Ireland. Niueans hold their 'wakes' and are very loath to give them up. Then is the time for gifts of food to the close relatives, and around the body many gather, and eat unto repletion, then sleep till morn — unless the case demands more rapid action — when the Dead is carried forth to the coral grave. Happily, Drink plays no part thereat, and the wailing is ever genuine.

### Progress

Hakupu moves ahead. We are a live village. All are workers. No longer have we a sugarcane thatch for a school roof. We boast today of a red painted galvanized iron roof, put on by the natives with astonishing expedition. Secretly I was against the change, despite the many leaks and pools below, for I had learned from my own *falé* what would happen in a Tropic downpour. Of course, it happened, and constantly I and my Assistants were forced to change the lessons, for it was beyond the power of any human voice to beat the clatter of the rain.

With but one concrete Tank for the whole village, and that one far off on the Village Green — fed from the Church — we were not content either as a village or a school. Therefore, right in the school grounds — to be fed from the new roof, and the coming Bungalow for the future Head Teacher with

<sup>154</sup> Archaic; used to express distaste or disapproval.

<sup>155</sup> A burial vault, tomb, or grave.

a family, the Hakupuans with infinite labour worked for weeks, blasting out from solid coral, a reservoir to hold 8,000 gallons, 7 feet deep by 12 feet square, with concrete sides, and level top of same, the sand brought in sacks from full two miles away upon the backs and shoulders of men — and women, too — a heavy task beneath a sweltering sun and over coral trails barefooted. Especially did I feel pity for those women; they looked so piteously tired and bedraggled of attire at each journey's end. And for the weeks before the mixing of the concrete, these Hakupuans refused to use the water of their only Tank so that there might be enough for that mixing, preferring to drink coconut milk alone, and carry the needful cooking and washing water from caves and fissures far scattered. Not even the wails of babes and the appeals of frantic mothers availed to cause the rest to unlock the pump of that Treasure House, where the precious liquid was stored. Our School Pump today is very fine. The Key is in my pocket. Apart from school hours, I am the Public Dispenser. I feel greatly my importance.

A new road has been cut through the Bush from the Village Green, giving a quicker route to school for most, rocks blasted, trees felled, scores of banana trees meeting their end to make way for the new Approach. It is so extremely picturesque a way that I often and quite needlessly take stroll thereon.

And ere long now, the Teacher's house will be going up within the school estate, in a portion laid off already by low coral wall all round, broad atop and solid. Here the boys of the school got busy, and with me as Foreman of Public Works, we laid out that space to be conserved, and felled the coconut trees that occupied the space, cutting up and burning busily, accompanied by immense consumption of the milk from their nuts. Girls came to our aid in raising that wall; we gathered the rock from everywhere, staggering along with heavy load, all in arms, till Alofi came gallantly to our aid and loaned us wheelbarrows.

We are planting in the garden, where soil permits, the daintiest of the shrubs of Niue, the fruit trees, too, other trees also so far as space allows, but Flowers, No! We want no importations. Niue's indigenous growths are more than enough and satisfying. Of Shrubs there is the glorious Hibiscus, the Single and the Double, both flaming crimson, and the yellow beauty with rich claret stain in the depth of its Golden Chalice. There is the Cape Gooseberry, and the Paper Mulberry, the *Kapili* and the *Kamapiu* both of these used for garlands, the sweet smelling *Momoli* and many a berried bush. Of the graceful Palms, there is the *Fau* and the Cabbage, the Umbrella, the Date and the Traveller's.

Of fruits, there are the Guava and the Pear, the Paw paw and the Fig, the Orange and the Lemon — even that accursed Lime, its half brother — the *Talapa* and Mango. Of trees, the place will hold the fragrant Frangipani, the Almond, the Coral, Chestnut, Ebony, Kapoc, the Mahogany and Pine. The Banyan I have barred out, lest in time it monopolize the whole limited space — he wants a forest to expand in; ours is but a Garden.

We are all 'on edge' for that concrete Bungalow to rise — though to me it spells Departure, for my work will have been finished, my promise kept, that of Pioneer in the Rough — that comfortable Home with its twelve foot verandah all around, netted in against mosquitos; its airy rooms; its hallway; well furnished kitchen, with room for stores a-plenty; its fore ground, the playground; its back ground, waving coconut trees, bananas thick below them; clear shut off from the Village, the only ways thereto, two Avenues graced on either side by most entrancing foliage.

No more will the Teacher hear babes yelling with colic half the night; no more will pigs roam all too closely, and chickens walk in upon him to have a look around. No more the singing, save at such healthy distance as it may make it seemingly melodious; no more rats that love old dwellings and spiders dropping from the rafters with a thud upon him. He and his will be indeed 'in clover', yet

does not such appeal to me. Niue, Hakupu, as it is, is good enough. That changed, I roam to other of these sun-kissed isles — to Learn.

### The Welcome to the New Year

My first New Year's Day on Niue was spent, by urgent request, among the handful of white folk at Alofi; my second, in my village, and right glad I was to be there to be enlightened of the doings. In a measure, it was unfortunate that the Passing of the Old Year should fall on a Saturday at midnight, for the full welcome to the new one had but short shrift at the hands of our Pastor. Everything had to be done ere the sonorous bell rang forth from its turret on the Green, for then Sunday would have come, and the Sabbath forbade all hilarity. Yet I may as well confess and get it off my soul that there were not a few, and I among them, who were far enough away from that burly Pastor to have a little merriment in forbidden hours.

But leading up to midnight, there was enough going all day long to satisfy anyone. There was a feeling of suppressed excitement from early morn; there was a ceaseless coming and going between the homes, whilst the children could not withhold from letting off a fire-cracker before the appointed hour, beating on the kerosene cans or making the day hideous with tin whistles. To ease the situation, I was glad to call them into the school grounds and arrange to let off some of their enthusiasm in games.

The Xmas Feast lasts but one day; the New Year's Feast is an octave. It is their 'Holy Week', not of the remembrance of a great Tragedy, but of dedicating themselves to the toil of another round of Time. High Service everyday at 8 a.m., with a sort of Championship Singing Contest connected therewith. Then Eating and Rest and more practice of Song, till the night comes, this for eight days, a holiday indeed. This contest stressed the three divisions of Hakupu: the North, the Central and the South. The keen rivalry between them evidently reaches even into the House of God. Three Hymns are set as the Test; each Division sings one daily out of the three at Public Worship. It appears to be Public opinion which awards the crown. So far as I heard them, I would have given the championship to the Central folk; they had more vim, were specially strong in basses, and their contraltos were not be despised.

For this Week's Eating, there, of course, has to be much previous digging and bearing home the produce, and all day Saturday, men, women and children passed my door well loaded down. They actually impressed carts drawn by hand to bear the produce. It was largely gifts for others. A tithe from every house for the Pastor, till a monster pile lay before his door that day, and much for the neighbours. Yet I fear that Pride plays a large part in the latter — spoiling the gift and leads to a fearful waste. Saturday was one long competition to see who could give most. When the Octave is over, then comes the Aftermath. "I beat you in my gift to you of taro." "Yes, but I beat you hollow in my gift of sugarcane." "I gave you more chickens than you gave me." "Ah! but who gave you the pig? Tell me that! Isn't a pig worth twenty chickens even at one and sixpence apiece? Keep silent you, I'm the Champion giver of us two." Thus are New Year's presents given on Niue.

I could not enter into such a competition. I should have had to empty my storeroom with no ship in sight for a good three months. But, happily, I had one thing in bulk, small to look at, but of delightful expansive power. I gave the village at one fell swoop enough Tea to drown the lot. Of course, I had to have a present in return, and about midday, along marched a troop of men bearing taro and live chickens. Withdrawing a little space after depositing the gifts upon my doorstep, the first spokesman declared that they regretted bringing so little, but that they knew that personally I did not eat Taro, and that more than three chickens would be but an encumbrance. The second spokesman spoke of how greatly they all appreciated my dwelling among them and made other kindly remarks. In reply,



I assured them that with white folk, it was not the quantity that counted, but the spirit of Friendship which prompted any at all, that I was grateful not to be swamped and my life among them was a daily joy. Retiring gracefully, my servants pounced upon the Taro, which I gladly saw the last of, and whilst their backs were turned I spirited away the livestock, making it a gift to a family, the proud possessors of a chicken yard, who could keep the trio for the lean days to come. There is such a thing as too much chicken and I had lately had a surfeit.<sup>156</sup>

The hours wore on till the evening meal hour; at 4 p.m. the village was quiet for quite a while, as one and all fell to, and commenced the prolonged feast. Then, with nightfall, began the Welcoming proper. It may be an isolated isle whereon we dwell, but the natives can ‘whoop her up’ as well and as uproariously as any white land. They did indeed ‘whoop her up’ and I lay snug within my falé till that bewitching moment when Big Ben rang out, and a New Year came in.

Then, in the pitchy dark, I rallied forth to where I knew High Jinks<sup>157</sup> would be, despite Sir Oracle,<sup>158</sup> our Pastor. I found; I saw them; I was offered steadily of the kava bowl, but I declined, even as my pen declines to place on record those same Jinks. ’Tis enough to say that there was a merry party, and that Hakupu was not lacking in the warmth of welcome to the New Year, despite the fact that it fell upon a Sunday.

### Motu-tu-taha

Motu-tu-taha is an ancient name for what is now called Niue, and is most appropriate the ‘Land which stands alone’, and being alone for unknown period, its people have evolved special customs, habits and peculiarities. Some I have already noted.

The habits of Early Morn I have nowhere else met with in such clearness. They are extremely early risers; there is no such thing known seemingly as lying abed of a morning. After 4.30 a.m. you cannot count on quiet. They commence talking, as well outside as inside their falés, strictly, it would seem, at that hour, and keep it up till they retire at night. The sick will be outside your door by 5 a.m.; your servants will clatter plates and spoons a half hour later; at 6 a.m. you may have a visitor just arrived from Alofi, then comes Morning Song in the Church, which resounds throughout the village. You must get in your sleep early or you will have to go without.

If only they made a decent breakfast, and had to cook it, the village could not so instantaneously rise up, but dressing does not take a moment, with only a lavalava to adjust and water far too scarce an article to be wasted on a wash, and Breakfast causes no worry to the cook. A cold taro, half a cold chicken if handy and not gone bad, a banana and a drink of coconut milk, all taken ‘any old how’ — and the thing is done. That meal carries Adults till evening. Today tinned meats are often opened for that meal, and they are somewhat epicures as to the kind they like. They have a great objection to sausage for they fear a trap of the white butcher, and especially for mutton which they affirm is naught else but canned cat! Beef, Beef is the thing, and they buy it not by the tin, but by the barrel, fully salted.

How babies exist, after weaning, upon such hardy fare is explained through the help rendered by the elder children. All food for little brother or sister is first masticated by those but a few years older, then given to the babe. Toothbrushes may be unknown, but sugarcane is the best of dentifrices and they are ever munching it. So far, so good, but danger lurks still for the infant in arms, for nothing gives greater joy to the old grannies — who have no teeth usually, but in their gums grip a well

<sup>156</sup> An excessive amount.

<sup>157</sup> Playful, often noisy and rowdy activity, usually involving mischievous pranks.

<sup>158</sup> Dogmatist.

seasoned clay pipe — than to carry off a babe for the day, and thus in addition give the mother a rest. Always is the warning given, “Don’t feed it,” but all too oft the old lady slyly prepares a meal for the infant in her ‘blackjack’ soaked mouth, and then there is a baby very ill, the mother guessing, but the old dame swearing that it was not so. Many die, thus poisoned.

As to privacy, it does not seem to appeal at all. Every home is largely a Crystal Palace, albeit it lacks glass. Doors and windows, front, back and both sides. My own is similar. I have secured two discarded green blinds — kindly donations of my white friends — which I roll on two discarded broom handles, and suspend from a couple of nails in my sleeping quarters. These help, but I am getting hardened to Publicity, and care no longer who peers into or through my quarters. It does not do to be nervous on such matters here.

Desiring to be honest anent this isle, I will not hide yet other disadvantages. They are but slight compared to other Foreign Parts I have essayed, and some are common to all Tropic lands. Your clothes of a morning seem one and all to have just come out of a wringing machine; you have a fine tussle to get your nice, clean socks on; there is — at least in Hakupu — a constant menace of a shortage of water which forces you to consider carefully your ablutions; there are Borers who have a gimlet <sup>159</sup> head, which works havoc with your furniture and boxes — luckily it draws the line at human flesh — cockroaches abound and stop not even at your bed; ants of minutest size are in their millions and hold not back even from the hair of your head; while insects (hitherto unknown to me) drop from above as you sit within, and call for immediate and drastic attention.

Living alone, there is, for me, one special disadvantage. I recall a sign above a restaurant somewhere in the great world outside. It bore the legend ‘Quick Eats’. Such were for Busy people. Here there are other reasons, the chief being the absolute necessity of consuming one’s food in the shortest time possible. Take my case. Ere I can hope to get through a tin of condensed milk or butter, and many another perishable article, it goes bad. It is always a race and invariably I lose. No man, save a glutton, could possibly consume the whole of even a Hakupuan fowl, but the question is whether next morning what is left over will not be poison.

Nor can one kill aught and hang for mellowness. Thus it comes that the rapidity of action upon, for instance, your poor fowl is remarkable. It is brought to your door, say, at 9 a.m. and, tied by one leg to a banana stump, disports itself till 2 p.m., then slain, prepared, and by 5 p.m. upon your table when — for safety’s sake — the last stage is reached. Personally, I would much prefer not seeing my dinner hopping happily and busily about before my door a few hours before I consume it. It seems so callous. One day, however, a rooster, thus doomed, escaped. The hue and cry was raised. Everybody in the vicinity went after that bird. It got behind bushes; it flew into trees; it fled down the Highway, but all was of no avail. A fat woman, dear kindly soul, at last fell prone upon it, and there and then it nigh gave up the ghost. Anyway, it had had enough and that same early evening was served upon my table.

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<sup>159</sup> A hand tool for drilling small holes.

## Chapter XV

### One of a Jury — Hue and Cry

#### One of a Jury

Niue has so small a party of white men dwelling on it that everyone of them must stand ready to give what help he can to the Resident Commissioner. Justice requires — save seemingly for murder — an equal number of natives and of whites to form a Jury when the High Court meets. Therefore when called upon, to Alofi I went to help adjudicate upon the guilt or innocence of my fellows. To refer to so ordinary a matter would be uninteresting, save that Niue's dispensation of Justice has some strange concomitants, not met with ordinarily. There is not a lawyer on the island; the proceedings, therefore — may lawyers pardon me — run wholly along common sense lines. There are no quibbles, no fine points of the Law of Evidence raised and argued over. Everyone is allowed to tell all they know about a thing; the main issue is always to the front.

There is no curious, gaping crowd in the Court Room. Those who have actual business there are present, squatting on the floor, save the officials, who have chairs; all others go about their ordinary business. The Court Room is the Post Office of Alofi; the dock is the centre of the floor. There the Accused must stand, even by the hour if need be, nor ever seems to weary, and alongside the accused ranges close, but with seat on floor, each witness for or against called in turn. Those witnesses, in waiting to be called, are also to be seen sitting on the sward outside, each accused being also free to roam till his or her case is called.

The Prosecuting Attorney is the native Chief of Police, and yet it seemed to me, as if the Registrar — a white man — held half of that same post. As to the Judge, who is the Resident, one can only say that seeing, in his particular case, he had had to train himself to the post after arrival on Niue, he filled that post with admirable ability. There is an absence of stenographers, yet all the evidence is written down. I was sorry for both Judge and Registrar, for their wrists must have ached badly after a session that ran from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Interpretation just doubles the time.

Happily, the Jury had no disagreement. They retired to the Private Office of the Postmaster, and each Jury man had to carry in his own chair. I feared that my lack of knowledge of the language would prove a handicap in that room, but it was not so. As all evidence was given in both tongues, so was discussion in the Jury room, my two white 'assessors' — fluent speakers in the Niuean tongue — gave me the converse of the rest and kept me 'in the know'.

There were three cases sent up from the Lower Court, which simply means the Police Magistrate — who is one and the same person as the Judge of the High Court — who had considered them worthy of a Trial by Jury. There appeared 'a woman' in each case. One had been assaulted; one had beguiled her lover into Trespass; another was said to have been looked upon whilst asleep by the accused who had stolen in through a French window<sup>160</sup> and unwisely bragged about it on the outside to his fellows. In no case was any real damage done, but there is need of constant firmness to keep the young Hotbloods in their proper place.

The first fellow was clearly not 'all there' in his upper storey. It hardly needed the Doctor's evidence to tell us that. The second fellow one could not help feeling sorry for. Has not the heart always gone out to the gallant Lover, who leaps the garden wall and defies all creation in the doing? The third

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<sup>160</sup> A door with one or more panes of glass such that it is also a window.

fellow, whether guilty or guiltless, got off on a remand, for the prosecution failed to weave a really convincing web around him. Gossip is well enough over the tea table, but does not count much when Liberty is at stake. If he was indeed the Gay Lothario,<sup>161</sup> he had a shock that should last him for a long time. When he was told to go, he went, nor stood upon the order of his going.

And we went, too, though ere Hakupu was reached that night there was an anxious time, with a wheezy, gibbing<sup>162</sup> Ford, a bumpy road and a chance to have to foot many a mile in a Tropic downpour.

### Hue and Cry

Pride cometh before a fall. I used to think in my young days upon the then trackless Canadian Prairies,<sup>163</sup> and exploratory expeditions elsewhere, that I was a Pathfinder. Now I know that I am as ignorant of the unknown and untried as a babe. I have had my lesson; it might easily have ended in tragedy. To get off the beaten track in the Niue Bush I knew to be fraught with danger; such counsel I had had from many, and as I have tramped along the Highway, again and again, I have noted trails leading therefrom into that impenetrable bush, with its hidden crevices of coral, and thought with a shudder of getting off them by mischance. But it was to be.

It happened thus. From the school grounds there runs a perfectly clear cut trail, a mile or more long, direct to the sea. From that trail others branch off East and West, and I was given to understand that they also lead to the sea. Why not, having often walked the main trail, strike off and follow a fresh route to that lovely wild vista at the lower cliff-edge. It was easy, surely, to turn back if the way became uncertain.

I had been honored by a visitor, one of the gentler sex, a new comer to the isle and would fain seize the occasion to show off the beauties of my dwelling place. Early in the afternoon of a gloriously hot day, giving my servants warning whither I went, with orders for Supper to be set at 5 p.m., we set out. With a woman's foresight, we took a Thermos of tea, some biscuits and a brand new box of matches. At the first clear fork we left the main trail and turned slightly to the East — though of a truth I had no compass — but was not I a Pathfinder who could not err?

All went well for a full half mile; that Way was lovely, the plantations full of fruit. At one lemon grove, we gathered of its bearing — that lemon was to come in very handy ere the day was done. On we tramped, still swerving to the East, then came to a Bush Shack, a thing of poles and coconut leaves, where workers sleep over night to be on the spot for work at break of day. The trail lead on to some fallen trees, along which we walked, dropping off therefrom into a most alluring avenue, which looked well trodden. The way ahead was clear and we passed on till we came to a split in the land. Just across that hollow appeared the continuance of our avenue. Coral shows but little sign of wear by naked feet and this broad fissure was edged therewith. Doubtless, however, natives went round, but we would dip down and up. It looked so easy. Right there I was in grossest error. We were down, but to get up that farther side was quite another matter. To escape more fissures in the bottom, we had to twist and turn till when we reached that farther side and up, our clearance was to be no more seen, and looking back we knew not in the slightest whence we had come. The way back was just as impossible as the way ahead. To try to retrace our steps down and up that split in the coral was as

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<sup>161</sup> A man who seduces women. The character *Lothario* is from *The Fair Penitent*, Nicholas Rowe's stage adaptation in 1702 of *The Fatal Dowry* by Philip Massinger and Nathan Field, first published in 1632; also a character in *Don Quixote* by Cervantes, published in two volumes in 1605 and 1615.

<sup>162</sup> Possibly derived from the word *giblets* and meaning, in this context, *about to explode*.

<sup>163</sup> WWB was a missionary at Moosomin, Northwest Territories (now southeastern Saskatchewan), Canada, from 1884 to 1886.

likely as not to lead us still deeper into the Bush inland, to grope our way amid pits or coral, and scrub impossible to see through. Ahead lay the Sea, for we could hear the waves thundering on the reef in the silence that reigned around, though we were a mile away by now. There — if we could gain it — we should at last be in the clear. Either way meant a great effort, but of one thing I was sure, that if I did not return by nightfall, the village would make search, and first direct its steps to the seafront whither my servants knew I had set out.

Therefore, to the sea directly ahead we set our faces and began the fight. That mile was made, but it took nigh four hours to reach its end. It was also a fight against Time, for once the sudden darkness fell not a move could be taken because of the deep fissures, chasms and pitfalls everywhere, most covered with enticingly stout trellis of vine, inviting for strength, but traps of death. We were also well aware that before we could reach that sea, there was a sheer drop of 100 feet to be made somewhere ahead, a cliff of broken, jagged coral, and beyond a level broken by an infinity of needly-pointed rocks, and of deep fissures, as is common to the Southern coast of Niue, and then a further drop of 90 to the reef. To reach some height of rock so as to see ahead, we tried in vain; we were down among coral, which broke every way, and amid trailing vines an inch thick, which barred the way and wound around one, requiring to be hand broken, as yard by yard we forced the way ahead. To the West lay that known Trail, but try as we might, the broken ground forced us ever further East, but South we steadily kept, where alone Escape lay. At times we could walk the coral needles, at others we could only crawl along the jagged edges, a yawning chasm ready, a drop that seemingly had not bottom.

Now did we see the great Rock Crab in plenty, safe from the hunting native, brilliant in his lovely lobster shell of blue, and wished that we had his ability to climb. We progressed steadily, if slowly, hands, knees and legs now bleeding, with bruises many, till forcing up and on the summit of a lofty block of solid coral, we saw the Sea ahead, but realised at the same moment that we were upon the very edge of the Cliff to the level below, the first of two drops to the sea. Beneath us we could see where the next fight was to be made, far as the eye could see a maze of coral and shrub.

We celebrated our arrival at the first cliff by a sip of tea, despite the necessity of haste. The drop did not look inviting. From crack to crack we lowered ourselves, grasping roots and trailers. Happily they held the strain, save one which nigh caused an end to this same Roamer, but let that pass. We arrived and at once pushed again ahead. Scarce one fissure ran our way. When it did, we climbed down into the bottom — and some were deep indeed — and kept to it till forced out. Then from pinnacle to pinnacle we stepped, balancing as best we could, our sunshades now in ribbons and our clothing nearly so. Yard by yard we won our way, till at length we leaped down from the maze we had been struggling through and stood clear — with the waves smashing at high tide on the reef 90 feet below. Our four hours fight was over.

But by no means were we yet really ‘out of the woods’. Could we, before darkness fell, make now West till we struck the old Trail? We judged the distance to be a couple of miles to the West, so far had we been forced East. That high tide cut off all hope of using the reef below, which would have made the thing fairly easy. Another sip from the Thermos and we started off, clinging as we could to the cliff-edge, but constantly forced back into that coral and matter scrub growth. Now the light was giving; we could no longer clearly see, yet felt on our way, testing every step, oft landing into holes where that growth gave way. Then utter darkness fell and there was nothing for it but to remain just where we were, till help or daylight came. In such a district we might be found at night or we might not. Anyway, did we not have two biscuits left, a sip of tea, one lemon and a box of matches?

We laughed at our dilemma, and sat us down, our backs to a great coral slab, our feet dangling in a fissure whose depth we knew not. Should the moment arrive, we would light a flare with the fragment



of paper those biscuits were wrapped in and so direct any rescuers to our enforced retreat. Alas! that new box of matches was a fraud. Its ability to strike a light was gone. Every article of clothing left us was wringing wet with our efforts beneath such a sun as had been that afternoon. With infinite patience and coaxing, we saw the hour by one, a half hour after 7 p.m., but when most needed, when in the inky darkness we saw a mighty flare high up on the Cliff to the West, those that remained, one and all ignominiously <sup>164</sup> failed. We could make no answer; we could give no aid. The villagers must find us in that maze. Therefore divided we our last resources, one biscuit each, a half sip of tea and half the lemon. Our thirst was great. Then waited we for what might happen.

It was as I surmized. When supper time came, and I not back, the servants waited. When 6 o'clock came, they hastened to the Chief. Like the good fellow that he is, he hastened forthwith down that Trail and shouted loud and long. None answering, back he hurried and made for the village tocsin. <sup>165</sup> That bell, sounding suddenly in the village eve, brought out everyone upon the run. What was the matter? Our White Chief lost in the Bush and night come on. Then things happened. The Hue and Cry was raised, and the village turned out to a man. Aye and women, too, and young folk, and with flares and lanterns hastened by every trail to the sea, both East and West of that main trail they knew we had started out on. Word was given that if by midnight we were not found, a runner was to be ready to hasten to Alofi to bring the Police to aid in search. They meant business, did those Hakupuans, and knew the dangers we had unwittingly faced.

The party which went seawards directly upon the main trail reached the edge of the upper cliff at the very time I calculated. We saw the flares, but had no light to answer with. They shouted, but no human voice could carry such a distance. I knew that they would make down to the lower cliff and we should see the flares again. We did. High up on the pinnacles of that coral and scrub flat there appeared half a dozen flares, then but one, for the others were leading the search in rifts and chasms. Steadily the lights came toward us. It was the party's duty to search Eastward. Others had gone to the Westward, whilst looking behind us as we faced the oncomers, we saw still other flares in the far distance. It was a pretty sight in the darkness, those lights moving hither and thither, now high, now low, now gone altogether as their bearers followed the contour of the land. Then borne in upon us came a shout, faint at first, but growing steadily stronger. When I judged that a Coo-ee would carry, it went. Then like a pack of hounds they gave tongue, <sup>166</sup> and we could see the flares flashing back the news to those behind. All now we had to do was to direct them to our perch, by the voice at first, then we stood up and the remnants of our white clothing stood out in clear relief against the dark background, whilst they were still some distance off. Slowly they worked forward, slashing with their huge knives and testing every step, till at last two semi-naked men — big fellows each — stood before us and with gladsome faces grasped our hands.

Now came the last, but not the easiest nor the safest portion of our tramp that day. We were taken in hand — and literally at that. We had hard work preventing those huge, strong fellows, with their kindly hearts, from carrying us bodily, and were led step by step along the cliff-edge. Perilously near the edge we were all forced at times, but nothing would make those guides go into that maze in which we had walked and fought for hours. Now women awaited, women who had been praying hard upon coral rock, and who seemed overcome with joy. At last we hit the old Trail, and rescuers and rescued started homewards. Parched with thirst after those long hours of struggle, there awaited us, a little way ahead, coconuts fresh gathered from trees in the dark! And coconuts hang high. Did ever drink taste sweeter to us than that long draught? Refreshed, we made the 100 feet ascent, and there found larger company. So made we home at last.

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<sup>164</sup> Marked by shame or disgrace.

<sup>165</sup> The name of the bell used to sound an alarm.

<sup>166</sup> To articulate, either verbally or with a cry, shout, or noise.

It was just striking 11 p.m. when we entered my falé. Here supper lay still spread for two, but it stretched to hundreds. Wild shouting had long told the village that the Lost were found. Both inside and outside my dwelling place sat men, women and children. They could not sleep whilst the hunt was on, and now to these were added the fast returning groups of hunters. What less could I do than distribute tins of biscuits to folk who ought long hours before to have been asleep upon their mats? The contents of those huge tins disappeared as if by magic. Their Joy was great; they thought not of reward of any kind, yet did I add to the Biscuits a Thank Offering the next morn to the whole village, which to them seemed a fortune, but far from adequate in my private view.

Ere the gathering at that late hour dispersed, I got a lecture from the Chief and took it like a lamb. Said he in broken English, “What for you go into the Bush? You get lost. We love you. You must never do it again. When you want go, I take you. We very unhappy this night. Now we rejoice we find you.” It was past midnight when the last of that company retired. Bed felt very good the next few hours — still more so when ere Dawn, down came the rain in torrents and I thought of what that would have meant to those two torn, bleeding and bedraggled ones sitting in the open — but for days, nay weeks I, for one, nursed my sores, my bruises and my wounds.

For my companion, I cannot speak, save that I would bear witness to her pluck, her calm, her confidence to the very end in a Broken Reed.<sup>167</sup>

Never again will I leave the Beaten Track. I am no Pathfinder. Never was.

## Chapter XVI

### Let Dogs Delight — Sunday School Extraordinary

#### Let Dogs Delight

Alas! that in so fair an Isle, where perpetual Summer reigns, and everything should tend to make an Isle of Saints, there should be scenes still — in public, too — of hasty temper and of Violence, as in the old and wicked ‘Period of Darkness’, when all were Heathen. But the Truth must be recorded in a true Chronicle, however painful to one who loves both Isle and People as this Roamer doeth.

The good Bishop made doubtless some strange errors in his noble hymn for lack of geographical knowledge, but he might well have had Niue in Mind — if he had only known the spot — when he penned, “Where every prospect pleases, and only Man is vile.”<sup>168</sup> Wisely did he generalize the species, and not lay all the sins on men, for I fear that here, women are oft as culpable, as I must now faithfully unfold. Of course, a woman is supposed to be at the bottom of most trouble in this wicked world, and it was an wholly innocent dark-skinned maid who brought about my first Tumult.

Who is this who disturbeth the quiet of the village, as it rests beneath a blazing sun, making his entry therein with loud, wild and most naughty words, brandishing a big stick, and sending every child to cover on the dead run? It is an irate father, whose plans have been sent sky high. He would fain have stopped the marriage of his daughter to a young man of whom he disapproved, and as she had passed

<sup>167</sup> A weak or unreliable support. From Isaiah 36:6: “Lo, thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed, on Egypt; whereon if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it: so is Pharaoh king of Egypt to all that trust in him.”

<sup>168</sup> From “*From Greenland's Icy Mountains*” by Reginald Heber (1783–1826), Bishop of Calcutta from January 1823.

her troth <sup>169</sup> and stuck right gallantly by it, he had hied himself to Alofi to get the white Chief of Chiefs to bring the Law to bear. But that high Authority had pointed out that as the maiden was of legal age, none could prevent her choosing her life-mate. Thus foiled, he returned, a savage at heart, vowing direct threats. If only the village native policeman had been about, things would soon have been normal, but that worthy had an off day, so the field was clear.

The girl, having found the air of the paternal home too warm, had removed with her belongings to an Aunt's nearby. It was thither that this Peace Disturber hastened. Everybody there was wisely out, and peeping at the infuriated one from behind the coconut trees in the rear. But why should White Man fear? My scouts were ever on the watch for me for stirring incidents, and I was never slow in the response. I came, I saw, but of course could not control.

Out he dragged the precious boxes and proceeded to smash them up, trampling and scattering far and wide their contents; out came her mats and pillows, her one and only pair of shoes, and, pettiest vengeance, her Scent Bottle, which was sent flying into the nearby bush and fell with a crash upon bare coral. Oh 'twas a sorry sight, yet such a delightful savage to behold at work. He left a wreck, then evidently bethinking that there would be a Reckoning, hied him to the Bush, a beaten man for all his brave show. They were married despite him. I helped to replace her *trousseau*. <sup>170</sup>

Again, it was just high noon when female voices, high pitched and furious, rent the air upon the Village Green. My scouts were on their job, and I was there, useless as usual in such an emergency. It was not words alone, but deeds that got everybody on the run. There, in the central spot of all the place, four of the gentler sex were madly at it. Their long black tresses had fallen down and each was grabbing fiercely at her rival's; there was enough already on the ground to make me covet it as an extra Fly Whisk, when quiet reigned once more so as to gather it. Scratching and biting, rending clothes, the two sides were marking each other handsomely, and the village heard such words as must have shocked the Pastor before whose *falé* was the battle ground, but for me they hurled them far too fast to be translateable; yet was it fine to hear in high pitched Niuean those female Battle Cries.

Then — not content with fighting at a distance, they closed in, and there was a genuine football 'scrum', a pile of femininity, bare legs, and feet not on terra firma; a dog fight was a funeral beside it. Ah! but it was a brave scrap and going beautifully, the score quite even so far as one could judge, when suddenly the crowd scattered, for the Village Policeman — this time upon the spot — was hastening from his *falé* in the Bush to the scene of combat, and he might require Witnesses. But I stood firm.

Those Four Furies rose at his dire command, a sad and sorry quartette, but still there was a flash of savage fury in their eyes calling for Blood! more Blood! You could see their forefathers standing out in them. But the loinclothed Arm of the Law held them. They parted, to meet again that week before the Bar of Justice in the Port Office of the Capital, where hard labour on the roads was meted out to them. I was most kindly asked to select the spot and promptly chose my back way to the school. There, as good friends, they worked their Sentence out, giving me a delightful smile as I passed daily by. Those rascals somehow seemed to know how dearly I have ever loved a scrap. Their names were — — — — No! never will I betray those Amazons of Niue. They are Heroines All!

Their drama ended there, not so the Irate Father's. Act 2 succeeded upon Act 1; let us hope that there will be no Act 3, for that will surely be the Capital Crime and Niue has had enough of such.

<sup>169</sup> Faith or loyalty when pledged in a solemn agreement or undertaking.

<sup>170</sup> French: a dowry; the outfit of a bride, including the wedding dress or similar clothing.

The bridegroom was one of two brothers who had been brought up by a stepfather to whom they were greatly attached. Those two young men are in the full 'pride of life'; the elder, the father of a young family.

It was Friday morning in Avatele, and at 6 a.m., Church Service held and over. The natives had begun to separate to their homes, when one — none other than the father of the late made bride making purposed visit thither — began to orate. Niueans love a Speaker, so the crowd stayed. The village very still, no breeze, the human voice could carry far, half the little village could easily hear such an angry voice as now poured forth its tale. He claimed that he had been grossly insulted, for no Feast had been given him when he had lost his daughter. He seemed to have quite forgotten his wild antics awhile ago. From this point, he went on to heap abuse upon the groom's stepfather and it was real 'hot stuff'. Away those wild words floated and smote upon the ears of the elder brother, as he came forth from his house and put foot upon his bike to make journey to Hakupu. He heard — stopped — listened — worse words followed. It was enough. Vengeance was in that young man's heart as he leaped upon the seat and swept furiously towards the Speaker and the crowd. Past them he swept, then swerved and rode behind the House of God, where he deposited his bike and made all haste for the orator. He came indeed from behind, but gallantly stepped round and ere any had divined his purpose, drove his good 'left' at the jaw of the Speaker. That speech stopped short. Spinning round by the force of the blow, his 'right' drove hard upon the other's breast, then essayed he to make mincemeat of the man. So far, none had stirred, for they felt that the Irate One was only getting what he well deserved, but now they rushed in and grabbed the younger man.

The elder waited not on the order of his going, but, disappearing, he reappeared in a trice with an axe in his hand, walking swiftly along that Highway, which the younger would surely take, as was his daily wont. The crowd saw and insisted upon that journey not being taken, yet would it have been, had not some wise brain suggested a trip in the other direction, even to the Capital, there to get in first by laying information against the Defamer of Character. Thither, therefore, he went and the axe missed its prey, and I straggled bravely alone that day with only René to assist me, the while greatly wondering, for that young man is *Faséné*, my Assistant Teacher, a tireless worker, whole souled and true.

The end, I fear, is not yet, for that irate one has ever been a fomentor of trouble, a quarrelsome fellow, his savage instincts with but thin veneer, and my young man is fearless, whilst the road between his home and his duties runs in utter loneliness for miles, with ideal lurking spots for assault and murder all the way. We shall see.

### Sunday School Extraordinary

As I was not called upon to give Religious Instruction to my scholars, I was curious to see how my burly ex-sailor Pastor carried out that important duty. So I went to Sunday School — but only once.

Whilst one does not expect to see the strict discipline of the Classroom at such a gathering to teachers and taught, yet there are surely limits to its freedom. In the large, long building, there was gathered a motley crowd of men and women, boys, girls and infants too. They sat where they liked, some in groups, some in pairs, some inside the railed off portion for the one and only Teacher — our Pastor. Two men were evidently supposed to keep order, one being provided with a stick, a long sinnet lash attached, the other with a switch, but they might as well have been absent.

After the monotonous tolling of a bell for a full quarter of an hour, the Pastor rolled in, dropped into a chair in front of a table and yawned. Everybody kept on talking. After a good while, out of the Babel, the Pastor could just be heard above the din, announcing a hymn. The man with the whip led

off, and the noise was deafening in that low-roofed building. Still sitting, the Pastor made prayer. My idea that he would now address the school and give them sound yet simple teaching on high matters was a delusion. He proceeded to sit dumb as an oyster for a full twenty minutes, whilst the din of those 100 and more talkers was awful. I enquired of my neighbour — a native — what was the object of this strange hiatus and was informed that it was to give time for the scholars old and young to find answers to certain Biblical questions previously announced for this particular lesson. I saw a very few busy with pencil and paper, but the majority were having a ‘bully’ time, the boys loudly declaiming<sup>171</sup> the Weights and Measured I had taught them, others shouting aloud the English Alphabet — both possibly to show off before their Teacher — the women chatting, girls furiously hunting after babies who had escaped them, others singing.

But nothing moved the Pastor. He sat on, looking bored to death, occasionally glancing out of doorway, evidently to get the time of day from the sun. At last he rang a mournful little bell and it took sharper ears than mine to hear it ten feet off, but the movement of the thing seemed to have gradual effect, the din slowly lessened, yet that Pastor urged not haste by word of mouth or rose. I was by now quite keen to hear those Questions, set by him stationed at Hakupu to teach the deep things of God. The first was “How many villages did the Jews take under Joshua?” The next, “What is the meaning of the name, Solomon?” The third, “Give the number of David’s Army?” I fairly gasped. It may be that Hakupu’s religious instruction is unique as compared with the rest of Niue’s villages and behind the times. I will but say that I sincerely hope so.

As the Pastor gave out the correct answers amid a babel of voices, I noticed that the only ones who give him any close attention were a few young men. Then another hymn led by the now very husky man with the whip — he had possibly been leading in the Church from early morn — a prayer from the Pastor still lolling on his table, and he slowly rose to go. Sunday School was over. I leave it to you who read to comment. This only, I would say, that “The letter killeth, the letter killeth,”<sup>172</sup> rang in my brain for days. The Bible, as a Book, I believe to be a Fetish with this people. With many, I have no doubt there is a conviction that the mere knowledge of the text is a sure printed passport to Heaven.<sup>173</sup>

My Pastor is a fine, big fellow, a bit slow to be sure in his movements. I like him much, and I like his big voice when he lets it off full blast in Church, but I cannot be blind to his limitations. Exegesis is evidently beyond his powers, and he is clearly ignorant of the great value of Order. Bible Societies may be doing a fine work, but I must doubt it, unless the giving out freely of the Book is followed up with the most careful instruction by those really capable of giving it. I have it on the direct testimony of a native woman, who is today as sincere a Christian as any on the island, that though she had been a Christian from her earliest years, not till the Great War<sup>174</sup> had she realized that Egypt (whither Niueans went), the Holy Land, Persia and the whole gamut of lands mentioned in her Holy Book were on earth. She had always thought of the whole lot of them as in Heaven. The Missionaries needed and still need to teach Geography and the Bible hand in hand. You can take nothing for granted in the untutored mind.

<sup>171</sup> To deliver a formal recitation, especially as an exercise in rhetoric or elocution.

<sup>172</sup> From 2 *Corinthians* 3:6: “Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.”

<sup>173</sup> At this point in the text, about a third of the way down the page numbered 127 in Volume 2, a piece of blank paper has been pasted over eight and a half lines of text.

<sup>174</sup> World War I (1914–1918) was generally referred to as the *Great War* up until World War II (1939–1945).



## Chapter XVII

### Niue's Blue Ribbon — My 2<sup>nd</sup> Mé

#### Niue's Blue Ribbon

Hakupu did it. There is no disputing the fact. Its cricketers are the Champions of this coral isle. For long years, they have hoped for it, have striven hard for it. It has taken many weeks, nay months, this present year to settle it. They have attained their goal.

The last and the greatest conflict was with Alofi; one by one, Hakupu had challenged each of the other villages, and entertaining them right royally, or been entertained in turn, had won game after game. With an unbeaten record, there remained but the 10<sup>th</sup> between them and the Championship.

It is rare for Alofi with its 1,000 inhabitants to step outside to meet opponents. They consider it the part of others to go thither. But Hakupu stood out for its rights as Challenger and declared that the Title would be theirs by default, if Alofi stood upon its dignity. Therefore did Alofi journey to Hakupu, full of confidence, too. What could a minor village expect, but a sound drubbing from the stalwart sons of the Capital. Now would they put a stop to the all conquering march of the Hakupians. Yet I fear that they were not above trying to take a mean advantage.

Alofi has men by the hundreds. Hakupu, beyond 40 playable men, has to call on boys. Alofi brought 100 for their side and insisted upon putting at least 60 in the field. This meant Hakupu's playing 20 children against 20 men. Long was the debate; strenuous was the argument; hours sped by, which should have seen the earlier stages of the game, but Hakupu was not to be fooled. At length, my village did a sporting thing, it compromised at 50, and at that was forced to put some of my scholars in, hardly in their teens. But back of these was a real team, a team that had played together for months and were as one. It was team work against individual strength and skill, and as it ever is, Team Work won. Yet Alofi never dreamed of defeat and their very over confidence helped much to bring about their downfall.

Hakupu knowing that a big crowd of men was to be expected for a match that would run for at least three days, got busy for a week previously, bringing huge quantities of food from the Bush, and well it was, for though eight miles divide the two places, half a hundred women and children besides the 100 would-be players tramped over to see Alofi bear away Hakupu's scalp.

Lest the Evil One should settle upon Alofi's manhood, the 100 marooned themselves for days and nights in Alofi's school house ere they came. It was not for training that thus they acted, but to ward off bewitchment. And during their stay in Hakupu, they occupied houses to which none, even of their own village, were permitted to approach, least of all the gentler sex by those 'gallants', who like all Niuean males condemn their women folk, going so far as to consider a canoe forever defiled by a woman stepping therein.

They came, did those Warriors Bold, in three detachments, with a huge Flag each, and a New Zealand Ensign in addition, and to drive every possible devil seawards — there to be drowned like the pigs of their Holy Book <sup>175</sup> — entered Hakupu by three different trails, covering the North, the Central and the South portions of the village. And yet — according to them — the devils got them after all.

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<sup>175</sup> *Luke 8:33*: "Then went the devils out of the man, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the lake, and were choked." See also *Mark 5:13* and *Matthew 8:28-34*.

But at first, all was Gladness; the usual preliminary performances were gone through. Church Worship, Addresses, Drillings, Songs. Then came the toss, which Hakupu lost and was promptly put to bat. All day we slogged and far into the second day. Our first 20 went down for all but 100 runs and Alofi saw Victory already in sight. The antics of that Alofi ‘Eleven’, as each man went out, were amazing; they served out a fresh series for every fallen wicket. And all the time the ‘followers’ beneath the coconut trees kept up, as they sat, a continuous song and drumming of the hands, then rose to dance. Alofi was out for a good time, for the easy annihilation of presumptuous Hakupu. Why not ‘whoop her up’?

But my village team had cunningly a stronger tail than head, and the two bowlers never changed — in their case an egregious blunder — grew weak just as and when Hakupu’s bats were strong, and ere the 49<sup>th</sup> wicket went down, 357 runs were chalked up on the blackboard. But what were nigh 400 runs to 50 Alofi men, each a mighty slogger? So in they went, the crowd accompanying their first two, leaving each of them with a loudly expressed Blessing.

But what was this! Who were those two bowlers, *Fanovaha* and *Ikitaimata*, my school boy? Surely had the devils got into them. They bowled in deadliest fashion, wicket after wicket fell for a mere pittance; the Hat Trick <sup>176</sup> went by the board; and what balls they did connect with went into the hands of those 8 and 40 fielders, and Hakupu put on no Antics. Did a wicket fall, they certainly gathered round it, but *Latoa*, the Captain, a huge, ruddy native with a pompadour of raven black hair, gave the call for the rhythmic clapping, and let it go at that. He would have no Dancing. A wise Captain, he.

Then Alofi began to grow anxious; things were not so rosy after all; the singing and the dancing ceased; and men stepped forth to stand before those bewitched wickets and bedeviled bowlers with less jaunty air. So tense grew their feelings that when one man — who had reached a total of 17, two of which were ‘sixes’ over the roof of the Church — was ‘run out’, his father, one of the Alofi Chiefs, rushed forward as his hero son came back, and kissed him oft! Yes! they were sore perplexed, and well might be for the 49<sup>th</sup> man was out and Alofi had but 218 runs. Play for the Second Day ended thus, with despised Hakupu 139 runs in the lead.

That night there was great ‘searching of hearts’, and rumour was brought me that Alofi was so wrought upon that there was a serious talk of their decamping there and then, for who could play Cricket with Devils? Hakupu’s Captain, with his most tremendous roar, had to talk stoutly to them, inviting them to search the whole village, all the surrounding Bush and even mine, the White Chief’s dwelling, for those same devils, and told them plainly that those were but ‘poor Sports’, who could not take defeat.

Of this one thing Alofi was dead certain of, that a Hoodoo was upon them, and if that night it was not removed, they were doomed. Yet was every one of them a Christian, and attended Church the year round! So out they went — and I went too — in the dark night in search; light glimmered here, there and everywhere. There was ‘Bad Medicine’ round each wicket; they stirred the poor dust up thoroughly; the Lacrosse ball of rubber I had given them was brim full of Devils; they doused it in a bucket sufficiently often to drown 10,000 devils; they examined each player under oath if he had spoken to any woman for three days past — and all denied, husbands foreswore their wives, lovers utterly repudiated their Amoras, <sup>177</sup> then, which was exceedingly rude, they declared that the food and drink which Hakupu had so lavishly supplied had been bewitched, and thus had they lost their eye and their strength.

<sup>176</sup> A [hat trick](#) in sport is the achievement of a positive feat three times or more during a game. The term was first used in 1858 in cricket to describe [Stephenson](#)’s feat of taking three wickets with three consecutive deliveries; a collection was held for Stephenson, and he was presented with a hat bought with the proceeds.

<sup>177</sup> From the Italian *inamorata*: a woman with whom one is in love or has an intimate relationship.

There was but one thing to do. They sent off that night post haste to Alofi for a Devil Doctor — a thief to catch a thief — who, coming at dawn, set his traps to catch the wily demons of Hakupu. He settled right away the location of the Chief Evil Eye. Anyone could have sensed it, he declared. A poor, lonesome, upright coral slab, a headstone of a grave in the Long Ago, lying in the Village Green, close to ‘the pitch’, between the Pastor’s House and the Church, was without doubt the main object to be watched, and a guard was to be set on a rickety house hidden from that stone — since the House of God lay between the two — a house once owned by a deceased rival Devil Doctor, who had watched and waited long to get his own again from Alofi — and both sides swallowed the thing, Hakupu rejoicing in its helpful demons!

The 3<sup>rd</sup> Day opened with Hakupu’s second innings. Alofi felt better after the Doctor’s visit, and better still when no less than three of the highest Chiefs in Alofi had been rushed to the scene of battle. These could not believe the news brought home. Hakupu getting the scalp of the Capital! Impossible! It must not, it shall not, be! And if Talking and Wild Encouragement could do it, Alofi’s Chiefs had done it. One white-haired, old Chief stood forward — for hours — right on the field of play, talked, yelled, sang weirdest songs as Solos; he would have doubtless danced, but for his high position. Hakupuans, on the other hand, kept grimly silent, and the same full measure of success did not attend the villagers’ ‘Eleven’ — for Alofi had ‘laid the devils’ by a change of bowlers, though to their dying day Alofi will never grasp the simplicity of the thing — yet when the Innings closed, they had added 220 to their score.

And so Alofi had 359 runs to make, which was 140 more than they had made at their first poor effort. Hakupu knew that they could never do it, but Alofi, having ‘jerked the jinks’, decided to have a try. It was the afternoon of the 3<sup>rd</sup> day that Alofi went to bat, with *Fanovaha* and *Ikitaimata*, Hakupu’s trundlers once more. They tried to connect, with all their might, but the score rose very slowly. Yet did they not lack encouragement and, in one direction, highly specialized. At each wicket, there stood an Advisor to the batter at the other end. He is considered a most important party. I place him as the Clown of the Play. He is generally an old gentleman, and his Directions more antiquated than himself. I made a note on paper of a few I gathered those wondrous days; it was easy to do so because, though for safety’s sake I sat far off, their voices were loud enough to be heard over the whole village. Here are a few. “Watch your left, that’s where the ball is coming.” So, of course, *Iki* put it to the right, and the wickets flew apart. “Hit this one for six or you’re a Muff,” and he misses it altogether, spinning completely round in his endeavour. “Send this one over the Church roof,” and stepping out to it, is ‘stumped’. And they never tired of Coaching.

But all that Alofi’s aides could do, could not stave off the miserable score. More than half were out for 140 when Time was called for the 3<sup>rd</sup> day. That left over 200 to be made next day by their tail end, a real tail end as all had seen. Some of them had stuck their huge War Clubs in front of the wicket and received ball after ball without a movement, yet they were not playing against Time. Others mowed the ground. That tail was long and weak.

The 4<sup>th</sup> day opened, and after Church at 6 a.m. one could hear Hakupu tuning up for the finish. There was much drumming, and the ancient Trombone of Hakupu — only used for State Occasions and for Triumph — was once more doing duty. But Achilles sulked in his tent.<sup>178</sup> Alofi had had enough. They sighed for Home and their dark-skinned damsels. The Championship was nothing now to them. And, anyhow, how could 4 and 20 Lane Ducks put on 200 and more runs with those deadly, devil-endowed, bowlers, *Fanovaha* and *Ikitaimata* — in special that mere school boy *Iki*, who lives for Cricket, whose young arm never tired those long broiling days, whose wicket-keeping, too, was

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<sup>178</sup> In Homer’s *The Iliad*, Achilles sulked in his tent, rather than fight the Trojans, after the Greek king, Agamemnon, took Achilles’ love, the beautiful captive girl Breseis, from him.

quicker than eye could follow, who stumped man after man, snapped up everything within reach and oftentimes seemingly quite beyond it, who was cool as a Veteran all through, and Coy as a shy maiden at any praise from the crowd. No! they had had Enough. Therefore did they beg the burly *Latoa* and his team to let them off; Hakupu was their master. And though we one and all were wild to play the match out, Hakupu is not vindictive, and let it go at that.

Then did Pandemonium break forth in this Village in the Bush. There was huge and lusty Shouting, drums beat and tin cans appeared in shoals; they danced; they sang; they ran hither and thither aimlessly; one would have thought the village had gone Mad.

But games in these parts do not end — on great occasions — by the closing of the innings. There has to be a final seance, even as there has to be a Preliminary. That Final Seance took just six hours to carry through. I can but touch upon its outlines to keep these Chronicles complete in all their Niuean details. First came the Procession. Both sides and their ‘Followers’ marshalled their forces on the village green. Forming four deep, the army moved in soldierly style to the school grounds, amid the clash of every kind of drum. Past my *falé* they marched, the Defeated gallantly allowed to lead, 200 strong, one hundred carrying their War Clubs as muskets. Then came that Flag, that Union Jack, once more, that Flag whereon defeat had not yet sat, the big *Latoa* right behind it leading his victorious Legion, who with beaming faces gave me a Salute as they passed, even as I stood at the Salute to the One and Only Flag for me. Behind these was the entire village seemingly, men, women and children, the little boys a most disreputable crowd, who in their wild excitement had forgotten most of their attire. Once upon the playground, there was much counter marching, and courtesies extended to each other, which I could not fathom for my usual interpreters were wholly out of hand. Then back to the village green, for Giving and Receiving, Dances and long Orations. The native Traders’ stores were soon sold out. I could get no Black Jack, so fell back upon the very last packet of my matches.

Carrying my chair, I prepared to see the matter through. It was hugely interesting, though it took hours. At one time, the old Chief, who had worked so gallantly as Inspirer of the defeated, stepped forward into the space between the squatting ranks of Alofi and Hakupu with a huge ships’ biscuit tin. Placing it in the centre, he surmounted it with a wide mouthed coconut basket. Into this, men, women and children from Alofi cast much money, and many another kind of gift. After an oration from both sides, a Hakupuan stepped forward, grabbed the lot and disappeared. I know nothing of any subsequent division. It may have been for the winning Team. At another, two aged women who ought to have known better, put on a Dempsey<sup>179</sup> – Carpentier<sup>180</sup> prizefight; at another, evidently the Rape of Niue, men rushed in among assembled maidens and with fierce struggles bore them off. Alofi’s male dancing was both well done and a scene to be remembered, the while an old woman assiduously poured coconut oil upon their naked backs, lest these should be blistered in the broiling sun. Nice compliments were given on both sides — all bitterness had passed.

The afternoon was well on when, at last, the gathering broke, the visitors gathered their baskets up and departed, some singly, some in groups, the Chiefs, the last, arose and turned their faces towards Alofi. That invading, would-be all-conquering army was gone. Doubtless, arriving at the Capital they would — in true Niuean fashion — try to cover up their defeat; they would march in with gallant bearing, all flags flying and every instrument of noise full blast; excuses would be made by every inhabitant — save the white folk. It would be held to be no real defeat.

But what cared Hakupuans! Hakupu was content with all the World, the Blue Ribbon of Niuean Cricket at last was Hers.

<sup>179</sup> [William Harrison “Jack” Dempsey \(1895–1983\)](#)

<sup>180</sup> [Georges Carpentier \(1894–1975\)](#)

My 2<sup>nd</sup> Mé

I was there that time for sure — my Second Mé — not with bells on, it is true, but sporting a linen suit, the envy of all. It happened this way. White soils quickly in contact with the bush, and being of a frugal mind, I had purchased from Auckland a dye, a rick khaki brown — so said the packet — capable of defying the look of dust and stain. Being also of an innocent mind, I had carefully followed directions, and though I was surprised at the colour in the tub, I had no doubt but that all would come out right at the end. Boiling long and stirring well with a long pole, I brought forth my treasures to hang upon the line to dry, when lo! I had before me suits of a most entrancing lavender hue, delicate enough for a lily of a lady. Here indeed was a surprise and an unexpected joy. The village maidens fell in love — with the colour; the villages' braves begged the garments themselves, but there was nothing doing in that way. To the Mé I tramped, seven good miles, in all my delicate Glory and was a marked man the whole Festival long, the envy of one and all. I am not giving away where I bought that 'dark brown' dye.

That Mé was memorable in that, though it is a Religious Festival, there was held on the previous evening the first Nigger Minstrel Show <sup>181</sup> ever held on Niue. Needless to say, the excitement was great. Thus did the printed notice run, which was sent out from the Missionary Press at Alofi to all the villages. Sound each vowel separately, please, as in the French tongue:

*“O mai oti ke kitia e tau Tagata Uli Aferika he vaha ne faka tupa ai he tau Meleke i Amerika, mo e logona ai e tau Lologo ne fa uhu e lautolu, Kua hagao ke he mate matekelea ha lautolu, Katoa mo e Tau Lologo atu motu mo e falu a mena fulufuluola Kehekehe”*

which being interpreted reads “Be sure and come to see the Black Men of Africa, who became Slaves in America, and hear their Songs of Sorrow, and Songs of Joy.”

And well was it carried through on a stage raised in the open, with palms as a background, the white-robed audience squatting on the sward in their hundreds, and over all, a gloriously Clear Full Moon. Naturally, the leading spirit was a white man, but the natives rose magnificently to their new role, and the fun was fast and furious. The program was long — as all programs are on Niue — and contained much more than mere Songs and Speaking; there was Acting and Dancing to audience's hearts' content. They had their money's worth: 6d for the sward, 1/- for a chair, 2/- for the Front Row or rather Sides, otherwise those upon the grass would have seen naught. The Chiefs of Niue, to keep up their Estate, had to shell out the higher price and sit with us, of whom every white was present, the ladies in elegant toilettes befitting a hot night, the men totally eclipsed alongside my own Lavendar Glory.

The Great Day itself was long; the whole morning taken up with Singing, Speaking and Praying, the large crowd seated on the ground beneath a huge awning, yet ringed round with scores who found no room within its shade. Each village had its separate place, and the colours were those of the rainbow, the women straw-hatted with bands thereon of delicate reds and blues. There was not a loud colour in the lot, such are reserved for the loin-cloth, which was happily hidden from view.

Each village had to have its own innings, and each went at it with a Vim. My Pastor had been honored with the post of Time Keeper, his instrument of warning, a cowbell of uncertain timbre. No man might speak for more than five minutes, no Hymn take more than ten — yet did some strive hard to

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<sup>181</sup> The [minstrel show](#) was an American entertainment consisting of comic skits, variety acts, dancing, and music, performed by white people in blackface or, especially after the Civil War, black people in blackface.



step beyond, and sore hearts were clearly theirs when the bell cut short their harangues and their songs. At my special request — so that the children might haste away to play, rather than sit the long hours through, a deadly defiance of Tradition — the Government School children led off in the program, and Hakupu was the first. Bravely my scholars opened the proceedings and sang with all their hearts that martial hymn and air, ‘Who is on the Lord’s side’,<sup>182</sup> which was wholly new to Niue, and the tune of which I had fortunately carried in my head. It went with a swing and a dash that put life into all. My baton, this time, was my Fly Whisk — the defunct horse’s tail attached to a piece of stout, twisted wire off a packing case, for a handle. Thus did I perform two acts in one, Kept Marching time and Warned Flies of their doom awaiting.

Now the Island’s missionary contribution was announced. This year a total of £1,080, no small sum from under 4,000 souls all told, with copra down to bedrock price. Hakupu’s share was £106 — of which £50 went to the native Pastor, £25 towards the upkeep of the Mission Steamer — to which my scholars had contributed £8. The announcement as to which of the villages had contributed the most was awaited with breathless interest. The rivalry each year is keen. Mutalau came out on top; Hakupu’s hopes were blasted. Yet have we been top dog often. The meeting at long last over, the Missionary and his wife had lunch ready for both Whites and Half Castes in their commodious home, a bounteous spread to which all did justice, and I, as the Patriarch, gave thanks for all.

There followed, by special request of Mutalau, the Champion Givers, a Dance in the Missionary’s Compound, with presents for their Host and Hostess at the close: 114 eggs being one of the gifts, with live land crabs tied ‘hand and foot’ to sticks. Forthwith all went to a Baby Show: 3/— and a pink rosette for the winners of each age. There were some real beauties shown, clean, clear-skinned, fat to bursting point. Alas! that the healthy stage is kept so very short; once weaned, deterioration sets in.

Then followed Sports of many kinds, with a Flag for the village winning most points, and lo! the high honor this year — did I not forewarn you — fell to my Hakupu. Last year but one prize; this year, the Banner. Hakupu went wild with Joy; the burly ex-sailor Pastor so far enthused that, forgetful of his dignity, he seized the Flag and wrapped it round and round his copious frame, and swore that he would carry it thus to Hakupu that same night. And he did. A seven mile walk at the end of a long day is nothing to a Hakupuan — but night walks are never taken singly, for fear of Devils. My own long night tramps are past their understanding.

Truly that Mé was a stressful time, and to add to the excitement, the Mission Ship had arrived on its yearly call, and there was coming and going of boats, and partings to be made. The white folk sighed a sigh of relief when all was over and we could settle down once more to the simple life.

I found my way back to my village late that night — with the Hakupuan long gone ahead — for I enjoy its real restfulness and its primitive life. Yet have I now a little two-roomed den of my own at the Capital, a Town house, in fact, as well as a Country one, the key of which I carry ever in my pocket, and to which when I have a mind to — at weekends — I walk on Friday midnights, to escape the sun of the next morn, a charming tramp through the dense and stilly forest, to find everything in my hand, save servants; a duplicate, in fact, of my Hakupu home, though still every house in Alofi is wide open to me, and my place is set at every table.

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<sup>182</sup> Words by Frances R. Havergal, 1877. The title is from [Exodus 32:26](#): “Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the LORD’s side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves unto him.”

## Chapter XVIII

### The *Maota* and Other Things — *Kuenaia*

#### The *Maota* and Other Things

The long winter of some of these folks' Discontent was over, the many months of completest isolation passed; a boat was riding at anchor off Alofi. Not a boat of a truth to enthuse over, a mere tub, 40 tons, built by Japanese at Suva, Fiji, and bearing name of tree '*Maota*'.<sup>183</sup> But it was a boat and brought news of the outside world, also some small amount of mail it had picked up some how — for it came not from New Zealand, but from Samoa — and one white passenger, a Nursing Sister, to relieve the one who had so long and ably fulfilled her task. Its orders were to carry off some of our little company, thus further depleting our ranks. Our kindly Resident was going, none, however, sent to take his place; therefore, our genial Doctor had this further duty lain upon him as Ruler and Magistrate, in addition to administering pills and lotions till our new Head should arrive.

None going out anticipated easy voyage; the deck, the only cabin; a rising wind and an angry sea, with Apia 350 miles away. There was coming and going all that day — I had walked in, of course, on the news arriving — letters to be answered, and help given for hasty packing. The freight man, however, had an easy time for no heavy matter came or went. Alas! for larders, which remained impoverished, and for good housewives' peace of mind. Now was the hour of sailing, and the bank leading down to the Landing Stage was crowded with curious natives. The departing ones waited each their chance to leap into the dingy, which rose and fell, twisted and twirled, in the narrow break in the reef wherein it lay. They made it, and strong arms battled out to where the *Maota* lay. The anchor raised, she dipped her nose; there was long waiving from boat and shore; they were gone. We turned and entered once more upon our isolation. And they? We learned later they had safe, but tempestuous and horribly inconvenient voyage.

I found fresh honors awaiting me. I was always for Peace; now am I working for it as Chairman of the *Kilikiki* Disputes Committee. They forced the job upon me, and we got to work at once. There were several misunderstandings to be straightened out. We backed up the native Umpires to the limit, and threatened direst pains and penalties if teams withdrew in anger ere a match was lost. It would appear that I have great fame on Niue as a cricketer — a one time Grace or Armstrong<sup>184</sup> — Heaven alone knows why. My continual protests are of no avail. In my village, I am Sir Oracle and what I say is Cricket Law!

I learned fresh lesson at the Capital. Entering the combined Post Office and High Court of Justice, I perceived a large bundle of dog collars. That was enough to set me going. I learned that of canines, there are 131 till the next litter is born; that every dog must wear a Government collar or be food for sharks; and that the roads are helped in their making and repair by this tax upon their owners. This was the new lot just arrived. Dogs are not indigenous on Niue.

High honor came to the first of the species that stepped ashore from a passing ship in the Long Ago. He had a name but it was not worthy of so great a wonder. The natives called him — not his species, which is merely *Kuli* — *Taafu*, and no dog since has borne that title; it was Niue's Knighthood. It

<sup>183</sup> See the [New Zealand Maritime Index](#), where it is described as 'Early 1920s the Pago Pago mail boat'. The source is Eric L. Cordery, "Shipping in Samoa in the '20's: Some recollections of a happy youth," *New Zealand Marine News*, 1966, p.55.

<sup>184</sup> [Warwick Windridge Armstrong \(1879–1947\)](#)

seemed, however, to have turned his head, or else the ordinary food failed to appease his hunger. He sighed for meat and bones — and got them. Alas! he scented out the Caves of Death and ate human flesh and bones, and was discovered in this wickedness, and not even his great name could save him. There were the gods to think about, whom he had outraged, therefore *Taafu* came to an untimely end, and Niue waited long ere the species came again. I cannot enthuse over them; they are mostly of terrier size, all mongrels, mostly thin as rails. Their only use, to drive pigs from the *falé* doors, and — when they feel like it — to take a stroll with their masters to the Bush. I have yet to hear one called a name; *Taafu* took the lot.

But this lack of individual names is fully made up by the human species. There seems no end of name giving. One at birth, a fresh one at Lock Shearing, another upon going to school, yet another at Marriage and a final one at Burial.<sup>185</sup> Surely it is wisdom on the part of Traders to work on a strict Cash basis with such a people. The police also have to keep their eyes wide open to follow tabs on dog collars with the owners playing ‘ducks and drakes’<sup>186</sup> with the name thereon. They use no surnames, nor even Family name. One name at a time suffices. It certainly sounds strange to hear children thus familiarly address their parents, but as they have no ‘Dad’ or ‘Mum’, it has to be.

I noted that day also, that the School of the Prophets was off on a holiday, so also was the Chief Prophet, the Missionary. I have frequently wondered why there is such a keen desire to get into that select group. I fear that worldly things enter largely into the matter. It is, compared with the rest, an easy life. Food is brought to one’s door; the tithe is sure, so is the salary, which ranges according to the popularity of the Pastor from £30 to £80 a year, more money than most could make, save in the Government service, and posts in that are few. In a few years, one has enough to retire on; meanwhile, he has been busy building his future residence in the village he originally came from. The Parsonage of the L.M.S. is always well built and substantial, so, not far off, is sure to be another, a retired Pastor’s dwelling. They do not favour life long service; when the time comes in his own opinion that he has worked long enough, he quits. Of expulsions, I will not speak; what Ministry is wholly free of such? The wonder is that in so short a time, so earnest a Ministry has been evolved.

I returned to my own native house to find Death had entered it during my short absence. It was a case of Suicide. My 60<sup>th</sup> rat awaited burial. I am justly proud of my record. I caught old Grey Beard after all. He was Number 54. He was, without doubt, the great-great-grandfather of all Niuean rats, a monster, bigger than a ship’s rat, the pride of his Race, and the honour fell to me. He filled up the spring trap so that all were amazed. Once too often he relied on his ancient cunning, and the White Man got him. Now am I reaching out to my One Hundredth, unless I have exterminated the Colony in the Bush. Highly do I prize my one spring trap, with fiercesome jaws; if it breaks, then sure I am my luck is gone. But so far, so good.

### *Kuenaia*

Relief has come at last. No longer do I suffer backache bending over scholars seated on the floor, nor am I forced down on my knees to hold and guide the hand, as it struggles to learn the art of writing — upon slates. Wellington heard my appeal and we have Desks! Real school desks, holding two apiece. They came, of course, not put together. We had that joy. I was Head Carpenter, *Faséné* Chief Assistant, everyone else, from the Chief down, eager to lend a hand. Now have we attained to Ink and Pens and real Copy books; slates are in the discard. That ink has given me much anxiety, not because it is spilled on Copy or wasted on my scholars’ fingers — my scholars are too amazingly

<sup>185</sup> Multiple names on Niue are also mentioned in Tale #12, *Of Nomenclature* (2), in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>186</sup> [Stone skipping](#).

adept for that — but because many of them have taken to it as a new and delightful drink.<sup>187</sup> I find ink wells empty daily; at first I put it down to the exhausting heat, now I demand where the fluid has gone. “Please, Teacher, I drank it,” says the culprit. I fear to run short if this does not stop; New Zealand’s stores are far across the ocean; my powder supply, though generous, is insufficient for 100 thirsty throats. If only their Insides would reject it! But there is little hope for that. I am reduced to planning low down schemes. If only I had some Ipecacuanha<sup>188</sup> handy, surely that would cure them, as it did my Cambridge<sup>189</sup> servant in the ’70s, who loved too well my sherry.

But I can forgive them such delinquency, and much besides, when I look upon those Copy books. I thought that a mighty task awaited me to break my scholars in to use of pen and copy. There I was wholly wrong. They took to such unknown things as ducks to water. Whole copy books are filled with scarce an error, a blot considered a disgrace. The writing of those neophytes amazes me just as had their drawing, and the girls designing. I would pit Hakupu’s scholars, grade by grade, with any white lot. They acquired at a stroke what others take a year — nay more — to gain. I take no credit — it is latent power waiting simply to be tapped. They have the capacity for taking infinite pains. It is a Copy and they take the word literally. Were the words written upside down, it would be the same. The daily writing period is a joy to all, sitting correctly at those wonderful desks, and not a pen is put to paper till word or sentence has been thoroughly explained, thus killing two birds with one stone; they write that which they clearly understand, new English words at that. They surprised me — I would surprise them.

There came a message across the ocean that King George<sup>190</sup> and Queen Mary would speak to all the children of the Empire, and the Government of New Zealand had a gramophone record made which could be procured by any and all teachers. Were we to be left out? Certainly not. To secure the record was easy enough, but how about a gramophone, which in Hakupu had never been seen, and the addresses themselves, which would be unintelligible to the hearers at their present stage. Those generous, ever ready ladies of Auckland had seen to the first, for through them a kindly dealer in such wares had made gift to the hospital at Alofi, as has been noted, and I annexed it for the great occasion. The second was overcome by our translating the two speeches into the native tongue, and having every scholar write them out, learning them in both languages by heart, before the Great Day arrived when they should hear the human voices of their King and Queen from far off Beretania. That was a tense hour when a crowded school room, filled to capacity, and outside, too, with scholars and their parents, awaited, to them, the amazing and incomprehensible thing of the human voice on a disc. Some were clearly nervous — the elders fearful of magic and witchcraft, the younger that someone might suddenly spring out of the box, yet did the White Chief’s presence and handling give them confidence to see the wonder through. The King’s voice — so resonant, every word so richly sounded, clear and slow, the Queen’s truly feminine — rang out in that lofty sugar-thatched school, every word understood and received with deepest reverence. The speaking stayed, but once was not enough, the appeal was made for again — and yet again till every sentence had been indelibly impressed. Then broke they one and all into that which they sing at the close of each week’s schooling, ‘God Save the King’, to disperse, discussing this new wonder, and the high honour done them in the hearing.

I would not have you think my scholars Paragons of Wisdom. They are certainly above the average white boy and girl on some lines; two of the three Rs come easily to them; the third, Arithmetic, is

<sup>187</sup> The drinking of ink is also one of the subjects of Tale #46, *Of Inspection and Roll Call*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>188</sup> [Carapichea ipecacuanha](#) is a species of flowering plant in the Rubiaceae family. The roots were used to make syrup of ipecac, a powerful emetic. WWB has *Ipepecuanha*.

<sup>189</sup> WWB was admitted to Caius College, Cambridge in 1877. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1880 and his Master of Arts degree in 1884.

<sup>190</sup> [George V \(1865–1936\)](#) was King of the United Kingdom from 1910 until his death.

Anathema. In the first two, they fall back upon their native gift of wholehearted, tireless Application; the third is the handling — juggling it appears to them — with Figures, with which till white men came for barter, their forebears had no serious concern. It will take more than one generation of scholars to clear up the confusion wrought in their heads by ‘Sums’. The straight work of Tables, Weights, Measures are nothing to them as an exercise of memory, but Thinking in such terms is prodigiously hard work.

Zealously have I guarded against supplanting their own native life. Whilst learning to read English — in order as they know full well, in chief, to have the whole world of Books open to them in place of being limited to only three in the native tongue: Bible, Hymn Book and Catechism — they have been taught to become readers in their own. Niuean Reading has had to be done regularly till each boy and girl is ‘Passed’ by *Faséné* as a fluent reader. Whilst the history of the world has been taught them in orderly sequence, the history of their own Isle has been as carefully instilled. Whilst Nature at large has been laid before them, their own Fauna and Flora have been collected together and been learned by heart. Their Fish, their island’s specialties, have been stressed as against the common varieties of the outside world. Their handicrafts have been taught. They are Niueans first, and have been instilled with a just pride of their Island home.

We have now the beginnings of a Village Library. The freewill offering, made when the school first opened, of £10 and more has bought — now that we are ready — a whole gamut of books, suitable, and carefully graded. They have found ready readers, and the thing should steadily grow.

We can sing now, not shout. We have looked inside ourselves with wonderful Charts, and know why we cry out with Indigestion and Colic pains. We can roam about the World before a Mercator’s Map, take trips all round, and know Polynesia by heart, no group or single isle can faze us. We can write a Business letter to surprise both parents and Traders, and letters home — should we wander off — that will give joy to those who would hear of us. We are wonderfully adept at our Drill and Physical Training under that stern instructor, *Faséné*, who is a born Sergeant-Major, berating us, deriding us, but proud of us — at heart.

Yes! we are now two full years and more on the high road of Education, and the foundations laid, there is every promise of further, useful building. Happy he who has the privilege of putting on the coping stones.<sup>191</sup> He himself will be living in clover. His choice Bungalow is ready at long last. Hakupu rejoices at its handiwork.

The day that I put the key into the front door of the completed building was, from the first, to me, to be *Kuenaia* — the ‘End’ of Hakupu for me.

That day came. My pleasant task was done.

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<sup>191</sup> A stone that forms the top of wall or building.



## The Village of Tuapa

(Too-ar-par)

### Chapter XIX

#### Going A-trading — A Wreck Ashore

##### Going A-trading

Tuapa, the last seat of Royalty, lies some five miles from Alofi. An opportunity offered to go thither with a Trader friend, who has a branch store there, which he opens for business once a week, and himself, his wife and I set out right early from Alofi for a busy day. The drive, in his fine lorry, all along the way runs close to the cliff-edge, with the waves a lovely sight below you as they dash against the Fringing reef. On the other hand was one long avenue of tropic growth.

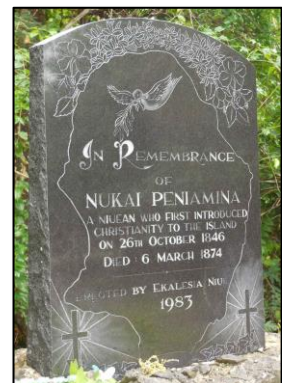
Makefu, celebrated for its bead work and its turtles had first to be passed through, a long straggling village with a very poor class of homes.

Graves the entire way, both sides, for as we have seen, cemeteries on Niue are unknown.<sup>192</sup> The run was quickly made and we reached Tuapa, a goodly village with a noble green; the usual Church, Sunday School and native Pastor's house, the main features of the broad open space.

What took my fancy most was, however, the White Missionary's onetime abode. Though the house is now torn down, its outline remains in concrete foundations, and the compound in which it stood still surrounded by a low stone wall. Without doubt it is the finest site in Tuapa, if not the whole island. The view of the sea from that site is magnificent. It was used in the days of the brothers Lawes, when one lived at Alofi, the other here. When the elder went to New Guinea, the younger moved to Alofi, and there was no need for a second residence. The site has been offered by Tuapa for the Teacher's house, when the school is built and the three R's started. Lucky the teacher who dwells in Tuapa, unhemmed in by bush and the sea breezes ever blowing in upon him.

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<sup>192</sup> WWB does not mention that one of the graves is that of Peniamina, shown below in June 2015. See *Things Missionary* above.



In the centre of the village green are two graves. One that of the last Niue king — *Tongia* — and close to him, his lifelong friend and advisor, the Grand Old Man of Niue, the Trader Robert Head.<sup>193</sup> It was upon Tuapa's reef he was wrecked in the long ago; it was at Tuapa that he lived for fifty years. In Tuapa he rests. Here is still his home, his wife still living in it, a lively old lady keeping that hearth still warm. Here is the store which sent all Niue mad with its wondrous goods. Here he brought up his large family, a stern father who combined parenthood with Business, holding school even as he served the counter, marshalling his own flesh and blood in and out at the Quick March, and allowing no fooling as they sat upon the mats grinding away at their daily lessons.

At one end of the village green, hard by the mission compound, is *Tongia's* Crowning Stone, his 'Bathing', a coral slab painted today a glaring white with lime, nearly directly opposite his one-time Palace, a poor place for a king, perhaps used whilst he was so diligently seeking the office; for his last Palace is further on, a well found house, now occupied by his grandson, who was my friendly guide during the day. A keen young fellow, full of push, who is not content to idle in Tuapa, but ever off to other lands to make good money and see the world. He has a wife and children, so the royal line is not likely as yet to become extinct.

He took me to the old Palace to see his heir looms: signed portraits, of large size, of England's Royalties, Queen Victoria,<sup>194</sup> King Edward,<sup>195</sup> King George and their Queens. They were sent to Niue's kings, and he is justly proud of them. I wanted much to see the Stocks of Ancient Times, which I had heard of, and the Prince was nothing loath. Down we clambered into a cave on the cliff-edge, no easy going, stumbling over roots and coral, and found ourselves in a noisesome place, damp and gloomy. No wonder the punished oft died of fright when left there overnight. To one side my Cicerone<sup>196</sup> stepped, and drew forth bones and pieces of skulls of human beings. The stalactites were dripping as I stood there; the coral, green in places; not a comfortable place at all. The Stocks — shame be it said, such relics of the Past as they — lie thrown carelessly upon the coral floor. There is no doubt as to what they were. The lower piece has grooves for four pairs of legs; the further end is rotted badly. The upper piece is but a remnant, grooves only for three left today. The end stakes, which were driven down, are lying loose. The top and bottom pieces must have been bound together with sinnet rope. I longed to buy them on the spot, but wanted first to learn who were the present legal owners. And no one seems to know, though I doubt if any Tuapan cares a tuppence for them.

But if all this was interesting, the hours spent behind the counter in the Store were just as good. My Trader was born at Tuapa, brought up there, knows everyone by name, has a pleasant word for each

<sup>193</sup> The graves of Tongia, left, and Robert head, middle and right (June 2015):



<sup>194</sup> [Queen Victoria \(1819–1901\)](#) was the monarch of the United Kingdom from 1837 until her death.

<sup>195</sup> [Edward VII \(1841–1910\)](#) was monarch of the United Kingdom from 1901 until his death.

<sup>196</sup> [Cicerone](#) is an old term for a guide, one who conducts visitors and sightseers to museums, galleries, etc., and explains matters of archaeological, antiquarian, historic or artistic interest; the word is presumably taken from [Marcus Tullius Cicero](#).

and is a whirlwind. Before we opened, we arranged the shelves for trade. The Strong Box was opened, and we drew forth all manner of calicos and enticing articles of barter. Then we flung open the front door, and in they trooped.

There are two other Traders in Tuapa, one the widow of him who went down in the ‘Jubilee’ <sup>197</sup> — that schooner which mysteriously disappeared — the other an Irishman with a charming wife. Niue’s Traders are unlike others I have met. They refuse to run to seed <sup>198</sup> and careless ways. It is a pleasure to enter their cosy homes. Their welcome is genuine, and their surroundings those of real white folk.

My Trader seems, however, to be the favorite, and very naturally his clientele a large one. Many were waiting his weekly visit. Two tons of copra were brought into his shed that day, borne in baskets, some carried by long poles on shoulders, others in *panniers* <sup>199</sup> upon horse flesh, others in the most ramshackle of carts. All was weighed and credit given. Then across the counter passed the goods in return; some wanted soap, others dress goods, here was one for fish hooks, here one for kerosene. The ladies were specially keen on scents, yet some were dead on tinned meats and biscuits.

My eyes were ravished by the baskets and the hats that were handed in for barter. I counted one hundred baskets of lovely shapes and workmanship. I lost count of the hats, and fans came, too. I had to buy — directly off the ladies — and the Trader helped me to pick the choicest and the best. There is a great demand for the hats and the baskets in New Zealand, and here was I upon the spot. The Trader was making up a consignment of one thousand of the former, and handled the precious things in a way which I thought scandalous. But he had no time to be careful. I did that for him as best I could.

We closed up for lunch, when the good wife spread before us, on the back verandah, a toothsome feast. There was baked flying fish — a fine thing — upon that menu. Then back to work we went, and oft refreshed ourselves with the milk of the young coconut.

It was a glorious time, on a gloriously broiling day, but at last the long list of customers was served, the store emptied of lookers, and we set to work to put back all the remnants in the Strong Box, then loaded up the lorry with copra, hats and baskets, and made for home. My seat was high up on the load and none too secure; the road was not of asphalt, but we got back safe and sound.

## A Wreck Ashore

Another call which took me to Tuapa was a Wreck. Our longed for schooner with supplies had arrived and purposed discharging certain of its cargo for the Village Traders at the village itself. The Captain was new to the island, but the mate, though a young man, an old hand on the treacherous coast. The boat was seen from the cliff to be coming dangerously near to the reef at the wrong spot. Frantic efforts were made by flag waving and horn blowing from the shore to warn of the danger brewing, but still the schooner drew nearer. It was a calm day, and this boat taking the place of the usual one had auxiliary power in it, so wind was no essential. Had the mate been on deck there would surely have been no catastrophe, but he was engaged with the engine, and the Captain was full of confidence

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<sup>197</sup> In an [article](#) dated 9 December 1920, we read that “The Government steamer Tutenekai returned to-night after an unsuccessful cruise in search of the missing schooner Jubilee, which left Auckland on the 15<sup>th</sup> August for Niue Island. Careful watch was kept for floating wreckage, but none was seen. A merchant at Niue, Mr. Head, who returned by the Tutanekai, states about 4<sup>th</sup> September a severe hurricane was experienced at Niue, and later he found a ship’s locker on the beach, which he has brought to Auckland for identification.”

Mr Head lost one of his children on the Jubilee; see *The Old Trader* in *Tales of Yesterday*.

<sup>198</sup> To decline in looks, status, or utility due to lack of care.

<sup>199</sup> French: a basket, bag, box, or similar container, carried in pairs either slung over the back of a beast of burden or attached to a bicycle or motorcycle.

at his ability to bring his boat alongside the reef, and there tie up till the wind rose. Closer still he drew and the onlookers now could only await the inevitable. He did bring up against the reef, but he did not know that at the very spot he chose, there was an underlying reef jutting out, a veritable trap, which, sailing into, he ran upon hard aground, so hard indeed that he tore the bottom out of his boat and the engine disappeared through the hole. And now up sprang a breeze, seemingly from nowhere, and then breakers rose and rocked that schooner back and forth, cracking its sides between those cruel jaws till 'twas but a wreck indeed.

But the Tuapans had not waited. They had dashed in troops down the cliff and across the reef to save what could be saved from the wreckage. I fear, nay I am sure, that it was first for themselves and but little thought for the Captain. When I arrived upon the scene (news travels fast upon the island in some uncanny way), I met for miles upon the Highway as I walked, men, women and children staggering under loads of what was pure 'plunder'. Not the stores alone, but mattresses and tables, pots and pans, chairs and the very clothing of the crew. For them it was Treasure Trove, their Pastors' teaching was cast to the winds. I found but little of the boat left.

It was hard on them, but the Resident Commissioner who had lately arrived was a man of parts.<sup>200</sup> He gave orders that all was to be returned, and sent out his police to enforce his command. The Bush saved some for the plunderers. however, and what had been consumed that night of orgy was no small fraction of the whole.

Niue's coastline is not to be trifled with. That Captain is but one of many who has learned by bitter experience to approach the island with special care.

## The Village of Hikutavake

(Hee-koo-tar-var-kay)

## Chapter XX

A Village *en Fête*<sup>201</sup> — Headman *Hipa*

### A Village *en Fête* — Headman *Hipa*

There was High festival in Hikutavake, the village at the North West corner of the Island, and I was one of the company. For the second time they had won the Challenge Cup as the Cleanest Village, and the presentation of that Cup was to be made. A third time and it will be theirs for 'keeps'.

*Hipa* had really done the thing each time, *Hipa* the Masterful, *Hipa* their Headman, not alone by right of birth but by his forceful character, and *Hipa* was naturally much in evidence that day. He had arranged a lengthy program, and every item went through with a swing.

It was also the Doctor's Day, a sort of Triumph for his assiduous labours for this people. It was he who had offered the handsome trophy and had worked up the islanders to make an effort towards real

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<sup>200</sup> A person who is talented in a number of different areas or ways.

<sup>201</sup> French: engaged in a festivity.

cleanliness. With him it is not so much ‘Cleanliness next to Godliness’ as ‘Cleanliness the Handmaid to Health’.

There are Laws and Penalties, but compulsion has heretofore utterly failed. It was Rivalry that did the business, with hard work by the Doctor and his native helpers, week in, week out. The Resident, the Registrar and the Doctor decided the winning village, and certainly to an outsider such as I, who had roamed in each of the eleven villages, Hikutavake had clearest right thereto. True, it is but a small village and compact — not more than 300 souls — and being so, has a distinct advantage over the larger ones where untidy and indifferent folk are more numerous, but the secret lay in Unanimity. Everybody was out to win, and *Hipa* the Masterful would not stand for any slackers.

Most of the white handfull on the island were there that day, the men, their wives, their children, babes in arms. The two lorries, the one and only Ford, traps varied, all bore happy loads, and the White Man from far off Hakupu could not be left out, therefore did his scholars have a holiday, and that white man went.

Hikutavake lies off the main road, reached by a by-lane between Tuapa and Mutalau. The approach is highly picturesque, the land bordered on each side by a tropical forest, till at length straight ahead one sees the open space of the Village Green.

Arriving, we found six and thirty men, arrayed in white trousers and blouses of blue edged with white, drawn up on one side, whilst the same number of women, all in white, stood at strict attention on the other, a dozen boys also on the men’s side, the like number of girls on the women’s. Here was *Hipa*’s work at the very outset, for *Hipa* had been a Sergeant in the Great War and is not Drill a Sergeant’s strong point?

A long and commodious marquee <sup>202</sup> had been erected at the far end of the Green, no mere sailcloth, but of posts and coconut leaves, with flags fluttering from the front, and tables spread therein for the white folk’s lunch to come. That for the natives was to be seen at one side, extending almost half the length of that Green — seventy baskets in a row — loaded with all manner of local foods, yet in one I saw two tins of B.C. <sup>203</sup> Salmon! Of course, there must be roasted pig, and three of these hung suspended at full length in the centre of the line.

Before the formal proceedings began, I took a stroll around. The village nestled on the summit of the cliff, the Church not a stone’s throw from the edge. Below, the waves were smashing down upon the Fringing reef; for all that, it was a glorious day of sun. Far below me, to the left, one could see the cleft in the reef, where alone boats can safely approach. Nature had made it. It is but narrow, and a clumsy oarsman could easily make a hash of it, but taken properly it would land you safe and squarely upon the even reef top close to shore. There is no beach.

Twenty years ago Hikutavake lay up on the ridge — the flat top of the land — behind the present site, and great was the dispute as to coming lower. But the Church settled the matter. It also was the first Church on Niue to discard a thatch and put on corrugated iron for a roof. They are clearly a progressive people. The rest of the island has followed them in this, as they will now have to follow them in cleanliness.

I gathered herewhiles *Hipa*’s history, for he had welcomed us in excellent English and I wanted to fathom this masterful native. A big chap he, straight and strong of limb, he has not lead an idle life.

<sup>202</sup> A large tent, open-sided and installed outdoors for temporary functions.

<sup>203</sup> British Columbia, Canada. WWB lived in Victoria, B.C., from 1887 to 1890, 1898 to 1920 and, after he left Niue, from 1925 to 1928. Salmon canning has been an important industry in B.C. since 1870.



His father, though a Chief, hired himself as Boss of a gang of Niue ‘boys’ engaged to work phosphate on Malden Island, 900 miles away to the North East, and took his little lad along with him. His term of engagement up, the father returned, but the white manager and his wife had taken a great fancy to the little pickaninny. He became their cook boy, thus learned he English. Returning to Niue, he took the fashionable step in Niuean Society, went to the Mission School and passed out as Pastor and Teacher. To New Guinea he went and stayed there till his wife’s health compelled him to return. He now became a member of the native Legislature, the Niue Council, and Headman of his native village, adding to his duties that of Official Government Interpreter. When the Great War broke out, he promptly volunteered and saw not only Egypt, but France, lost a brother in the Fight and himself was wounded. Rose to be a Sergeant. The War over, he once again saw Niue, his added duties now being Chief of Police and Health Inspector. When he walks into a village with his *Aides-de-camp* <sup>204</sup> on Inspection bent, there is something doing in that village. Like a wise man, he first set his own house in order, and rightly Hikutavake thinks that there is none on Niue quite so good as he.

A bell rang out, and all got to their places, chairs actually provided for the white guests beneath the welcome awning. Drill was the first Order of the Day, much marching and counter-marching, much Swedish Drill <sup>205</sup> too, *Hipa* in his element, the typical Drill Sergeant, terribly masterful, and, I fear, despite his clerical training, giving vent — so I was told — at times to many naughty words in the vernacular when things did not go quite to his liking. He certainly was not afraid to use his bare toes when it seemed needful. The women did their share splendidly, though they had oft to mop their perspiring faces. That Drill took a long time — Time counts not upon Niue — then came the Speaking, which took even longer.

The Resident led off with words of congratulation, the Doctor followed with words of counsel, the Missionary got his turn, and they sought me, but I declined to overload the program. Then came forth the Challenge Cup and into *Hipa*’s hands it went, with £10 of good silver money besides, a present to the Village from the Government, and £2–2–0 given by that generous Doctor to an ungetatable <sup>206</sup> name, for having the cleanest, tidiest, sweetest smelling house in Hikutavake. Oh! they were a happy crowd and showed it in their oratory. Great was the flow of native eloquence, the general burden this: In keeping our homes clean, ere the Cup was heard of, we were but trying to obey the regulations, but now that it has come to a tussle with the other villages, we challenge the whole lot to a fight to a finish. One outsider spoke — a great man of Tuapa — the other villages had sent none, I fear through jealousy. He of Tuapa spoke truly enough, that a small village stood always a better chance to win that Cup than a large one. But Hikutavake was the daughter of Tuapa — *Oho motu*, the King’s abode — and the mother rejoiced wholeheartedly in the success attained by the daughter.

At last the Speaking was over and we fell to upon the tables piled high with food. Opposite me was a huge banana leaf spread across to my *vis-a-vis*, <sup>207</sup> and upon that broad leaf, minus any plate, six roasted chicken and two boiled land crabs. Thus was it for each. We had knives and forks. The crabs were not so easy; there were neither crackers nor hammers handy, but a native waiter promptly made and presented to me a most efficient Penetrator and all went well. *Hipa*, of course, was very much upon the spot, and recalling his training as a cook boy, forgetting all the rest, served up a delicious cup of tea, followed by the ‘King’s Dish’, arrowroot in a half coconut shell, boiling hot and no spoon! But what of that! We consumed it.

<sup>204</sup> French: a personal assistant, secretary, or adjutant to a person of high rank, usually a senior military officer or a head of state.

<sup>205</sup> Exercises for students based on *The Swedish Drill Teacher* by M.H. Spalding, 1910.

<sup>206</sup> Un-get-at-able.

<sup>207</sup> French: *face to face* or *in regard to*; in this context, the person across from WWB.

And now the tables were removed and we had a rest, ere the Dancing and the Songs commenced. Some of us took that resting time to walk a half mile through the deep shade to see the *Ma-ta-pa* Chasm, a great rift in the rocky cliff into which the sea pours, forming a long and lovely Bathing Pool. Right across its sea face, there rises a huge rock, which breaks the force of all ordinary waves, and all is still within. That great Pool is deep, and only healthy swimmers take their sport therein, for it is cold there, abnormally so for Niue. *Matapa* is the northern end of a rift, which runs unevenly down the island and ends at Fatiau's Cave at the southern end nigh fourteen miles away. Here Captain Cook, undoubtedly to my mind, knowing well his Journal, first made land, sighting the great rift in the coast cliff as he came from the north. He got nothing for his pains by landing, as that Journal shows.

Now back, and Time was called for full three hours of Song and Dance. It can be overdone. It was, but everyone wanted to have a turn in doing honour to so great an occasion. They came in groups, four of them, North, South, East and West Hikutavake, and in each the women outnumbered the men two to one. I counted just three dozen in each, and they, both sexes, wore all the colors of the rainbow, not only on their garments, but on their ankles, wrists and heads. Yet even at that they found room on the latter for the sprinkling of much grated sandalwood, giving a touch of dull gold to their raven-black heads of hair. The ladies made up for the inequality of the men by adding charcoal mustachios of most elaborate design. No man ever had such, but they looked exceeding fierce and clearly spelled the Male.

Their Songs were so many 'Speeches in Song', much to the point, and the Music, a Chant, repeated endlessly, the hands beating in truest time, the body movements ever changing. If it was not for the fact that Hand movement is an integral part of all Polynesian Song, I should say that it was pure Vanity on these Hikutavakean women's part, for the hands were undoubtedly pretty, the fingers tapering gracefully, the proportions perfect, no large hands seen and no trace of hard work done, their rich brown colour giving a softness quite beyond me to depict. They sang of the Cup, of their Hopes and their Fears, of the Hard Work it meant, of the New Mats made till fingers ached, of Whitewashing and the Broom. They sang a Welcome to the Cup, a Welcome to the £10, a Welcome to the White Folk, and a Proclamation to all Niue of their firm intention to win that precious Cup outright.

Then some would rise and dance whilst the rest sang Jazz or Rag or Foxtrot Waltz time, and those bodies twisted, twirled and writhed like snakes, and the kerosene can went rattling at a dazzling pace, and the Funny Men got busy and played the Fool around the group.

And each set, ere leaving, gave gifts to us: sugarcane and baskets, necklaces and live crabs, chickens, too. I tied my white Leghorn to a leg of my chair and yet lost it in some mysterious way; I did not Mourn for it. One of those seventy baskets I found was mine also. I was very Chieflike and generous, giving it grandly to *Hipa* (and the Devil), for it contained Abominations — fat pork half roasted, and weirdsome-looking fish, with taro in abundance. For all that, it was very kind of them, and I a Stranger.

Then for a closing scene, they gave us an old-time game — 'the Owl and the Rat' — Niue's 'Pussy in the Ring'. A large circle was formed of men, hands joined, and within the ring, a human being on all fours with a long improvised tail acting as the Rat. Forth from a *falé* issued the Owl, whose face was certainly well made up, and who flapped his arms as wings and looked o'er wise. The antics of that Owl were clever, and the squeals of that rat as he saw his winged enemy making for him, were very real. Again and again did that human Owl try to get within the ring, but was blocked by arms, high, low and every way. Meanwhile, the ring chanted high Derision at that Owl, till goaded on to desperation, he rushed at the spot where the rodent cowered, scared him out of the ring, and rat and owl made frantic rush, the one for safety, the other for capture, and both headed straight for unlucky

me. Being still a little nimble, I escaped the onslaught by a hand's breadth, but chair went flying and the Rat met death at my feet.

Now all rose and sang 'God Save the King', and thanks were given and received by visitors and village, and once more tea and cakes were served, with handshaking all round. Then carriages were ordered, and the lorries, and the one and only Ford, and with hearty cheers from both sides, Hikutavake was left to itself, its Triumph and its Cup.

## **The Village of Makefu**

(Mar-kēf-ōo)

## **Chapter XXI**

### **Turtles — Grades of Grief**

#### **Turtles**

The Village of Makefu, a small and, as usual, a straggling one, lies between Alofi and Tuapa going North. It has but little history, but is noted for its bead work and its turtles. These latter are to be seen all round the island, but they are not easy of entrapping. Makefu boasts the Champion trapper, known as the 'Turtle King'. In his falé he hoards that portion of his catch which is incorruptible; in a shed close by, three immense backs were hanging as I passed one day, slowly smoking till ready for sale or barter.

This fortunate one owns a pool in the reef below, which is a special rendezvous of turtles. To see if any are lying deep below the still surface, he uses a glass box; should there be, he knows that they must needs rise for a breath of air, and accordingly prepares a stout line with hook attached. As the head appears, he deftly casts the snare. The turtle may draw back as it senses danger. Mostly it is just too late; it only needs a hauling in.

#### **Grades of Grief**

The village has come lately into unpleasant prominence, for here dwelt murder and victim in Niue's latest capital crime. A great man and a leader was the former, well to do as his pretty, well built bungalow close to the road, so that all can see, bears testimony. Not far along that road, one comes to the scene of the tragedy, marked by a cairn of stones 'for remembrance and for warning'; the grave just across the way, in front of the victim's home. The widow made strong entreaty to have the body buried actually within that home, it to become a sort of mausoleum, but the Authorities refused. Such action was well taken; they know the native mind. It may be that within six months she will have another lord and master and be glad of her home.

It was but the other day that one in the adjoining village lost his wife and would fain bury the body at his doorstep, so that from his verandah he might sit and gaze and mourn. His friends managed to persuade him to lay it at the back but a step from his porch on that side. There, when his plantation did not require him, he sat and grieved. Yet but half a year had passed when he brought a new wife home and that grave became an offence as he and she stepped from porch to cooking shed, but there it has had to stay. Whilst passing of husband or wife seems but a temporary grief, it is not of children.

Till they have left the home circle, they are held exceeding dear and later are very far from being forgotten should they die. You may see a parent adorned with a dead son's trousers tied round the waist, or his shirt around the neck, some article of girl or babe likewise, mothers alike with fathers thus adorned. That grief is lifelong.

## The Village of Mutalau

(Moo-tar-lar-oo)

## Chapter XXII

### On the Top of the Land — Fearless Hearts

#### On the Top of the Land

There was an opportunity offered to see this village at the extreme North-Eastern point of the island, eleven miles by road from Alofi, for there was work out there for the Doctor, ever a very busy man, and we hastened thither in his 'Ford'. The run was through Makefu and Tuapa, then taking the grade to the top of the island, we crossed to the east by a road which seemed never to leave plantations. There were scattered houses all along the way, and greetings many as we passed, for all know the *Ekekafo*.<sup>208</sup>

The water question must be acute with these folks, their only source the Wayside Tanks to some homes a mile away and all to be carried in buckets. One cannot wonder at the scanty ablutions and that skin diseases are rife.

Then out from the bush to the village, where there is the usual open space, but no Church, for it collapsed under the last hurricane and with iron at its present price, it awaits to be rebuilt. They use the Sunday School in place of it, which managed to escape the blow. The village on the flat top of the island is, like Hakupu, some distance from the sea below, where one has to use a ladder of sorts to reach the reef.

Here dwells a white man, a New Zealander, who has a home bespeaking care, a cosy dwelling with countless nick-nacks, and a garden where roses grow. He, too, heard the Call of the Motherland, went through the Fight, and happily came through unmarked. In his hall are hung mementoes of the struggle. He proved a most admirable host at each visit of mine to his village.

They are keen to have a Government School, having one of the largest populations of the island, and I saw Blackboards in the Sunday School, which showed that the native Pastor was anticipating things, as also English on those boards, whilst Mission Schools teach all in the native tongue. Logs and lumber lay ready for the school to be on a site cleared in the forest on the confines of the village. The main difficulty is to secure the White Teacher. Tuapa waits alike as here. Hakupu was the fortunate one; their turn will surely come in time.

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<sup>208</sup> Niuean for *doctor*. Translated by Efi Rex. WWB has *Ekekafo* here and elsewhere.

Once there was much trading carried on, no less than three concerns serving the place; merchants overdid the thing; one store now fills the bill. The village is a stronghold of the Seventh Day Adventists; they have their Church in the bush and are served from Alofi.

### **Fearless Hearts**

It was at this village that Paulo, the Samoan Teacher — he of the fearless heart — first set foot on Niue. He came from the North and stepped ashore with but a Bible in one hand and a staff in the other. The savage natives gathered round him, with intention quickly to slay him who had thus dared to land. Despite their murderous looks, Paulo stood calm amid the clamorous crowd and thrusting his staff into the ground, exclaimed in their own tongue he had learned through Niueans borne off by others to Apia, “Here plant I the Word of God.” His fearlessness appealed to one High Chief. “Men! shall we slay this newcomer till we have heard him? He has no spear; he holds but a walking staff. If he brings bad words, we will slay him, but if he brings good words we may glad.” They were.

Here, too, another fearless heart, this time a white man proved his courage and won out also. It was in the 70s. There was a murder in the village and the victim was widely connected. The news spread fast and his friends came hurrying to the spot with every prospect of fierce fighting. The murder had been a lively time in itself. No stealthy blow in the dark, nor sudden assault in the bush. That Chief was found where he had no right to be and essay was made to lay hands on him by the injured one and his friends. Seizing an axe, he flayed it right and left, took off one man’s ear, cut off another man’s arm, slit another’s shoulder and laid out still other three in direful shape. But the numbers were against him and hacked and hewn well nigh to pieces, still had strength to cry, “I pray you leave me just a stump,” then died. News reached Tuapa, where Head the Trader dwelt. At once he hastened to the scene. He was but just in time. The natives’ fighting blood was up; it would have seemed and been to most a hopeless task to avert catastrophe. He, known to one and all, stepped in between the gathered crowds, spoke and won out. Staying their hands, he saw them separate for their diverse homes, then bore off the wounded to his own home, bound up their wounds, nursed them back to health and strength, nor lost he one of them.

Both these fearless ones — Polynesian and British — were long a Power in the land of their adoption.

## **The Village of Liku**

(Lee-koo)

## **Chapter XXIII**

### **Manners Easy — The Rugby Tackle**

### **Manners Easy**

Another of the eleven villages I was first enabled to see by the kindness of our Island Doctor. Later I knew it well. Liku is the most unsophisticated village of them all, being on the East coast and having had but little contact with white folk in comparison with the rest, from the very first. It is far strung out, its houses of the most rough and ready appearance, save two in the village proper, which belong to the past and the present native Pastors respectively. The run was very pleasant from Hakupu, six miles of grass road, acknowledged by all as the most delightful of the whole forty mile circuit. Ferns



abundant on either side, richest foliage of every kind mixed up with these, heavy timber here and there with leafy, widespread branches, fine plantations of coconut palms and sugarcane, bananas too aplenty. We ran through a continuous bower.<sup>209</sup>

The Doctor was not allowed to see his particular patients till he had held an Open Air Dispensary. What that auto carried in the way of medicines was a marvel. Those villagers were avid for pills; watery medicines came a very poor second. As to manners, there was a great lack of ‘Please’ and ‘Thank you’; they grabbed at everything handed out and the Doctor was far too busy to teach them courtesy. The three hundred villagers were well represented round the car; men, women, children, infants, too, poured in upon the scene. The Pride of the Village was there, of course, a boy, a pure Albino, in his early ‘teens, from his flaxen hair to his bare toes, a ‘Paleface’ indeed. Liku is in luck possessing two fully grown women, all three entirely unrelated. Other villages are full of envy, for Albinos bring good luck with them, so gossip says on Niue, and this backed up by the island’s Devil Doctors still far from extinction. They have long held strong grip on Liku and the Doctor has been much encouraged by the appeals made for him to visit and dispense for the village. So the welcome was very hearty, even if it was somewhat rough and manners easy.

I wandered off to see the sights, not numerous. The Church, a long one, some 100 feet by 20, seats right across the nave, no central aisle, these at the sides, a stout rail all down the centre dividing the sexes, the pews soft of seat through coconut fibre and matting. Its name the ‘New Jerusalem’ painted in huge lettering high up on the eastern wall. Thence outside to the Village Bell, presented lately by Likuans resident in American Samoa — a bell with rich mellow tone, one that many a City Church might envy. Church and Bell Tower are embraced in the Church yard, these together with four enormous ungainly graves of the Great of Liku’s Past enclosed by a stout wall of coral made to represent a ship’s upper deck, a rudder in stone at one end, a bowsprit of like material at the other. A weird conception, which must have some history behind it, did one know. The village green, a poor one, especially for any games, far too many coconut palms, free space little.

Of course, the Pastor and his wife gave us welcome, a grave welcome befitting their responsibilities, the wife — as all Pastors’ wives on Niue appear to be — very plump and robed in a Mother Hubbard gown that reached the ground. They took the lead up the gentle slope to their roomy home, all within as well as without whitewashed, and regaled us with fruit and coconut milk.

Usually the Doctor leaves a village loaded down with gifts of fruit pressed eagerly upon him, but Liku’s manners do not at present run to that. Once the Doctor had made his rounds after the despoiling of his Drug Shop on wheels, they let us depart with but noisy shouting.

### The Rugby Tackle

A later visit with the *Ekekafo* was a memorable one, amusing to me, but anything but to the little Doctor. At once upon arrival, he was informed that a man with a badly ulcerated tooth needed his attention. Drawing the Ford up on the Highway, the patient came forth from his *falé*, hidden up a rise in the bush hard by, accompanied by two stalwart male friends and a wife of like calibre. A box good and strong was produced for a dentist’s chair and each man gripped an arm, the woman standing close behind with her arms on shoulders ready for emergency. The patient with but a loin cloth on him, clean shaven and very bald, was an ugly customer to look at, not alone from the exuberance on his cheek, but from his bullish build. My Doctor was not built on such massive lines, not only being short, but lean. He looked within, inserted the forceps, one pull and the thing was done, but not so thought the patient. With a yell that half the village must have heard, he sprang from his box, cast off

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<sup>209</sup> A shady leafy shelter or recess, as in a wood or garden; an arbour.

his friends as if they were feather weights, wrenched off his wife's encircling arms and went for that poor Doctor. Seated in the car, I flung open all doors as a hoped for City of Refuge,<sup>210</sup> but there was no chance for the poor man, the Avenger was too close upon his heels. Round and round the Ford the Chased and the Chaser sped, the latter yelling the while, full blast. Thrice the men and woman rushed him and each time failed to hold. Jumping to the rescue, I shouted "Collar him low" — I played Rugby in the 70s<sup>211</sup> — and whether they understood English or not, they followed the advice and brought him squarely to earth. Then all three sat on him. Others now rushing up, he was borne off, still bellowing like a maddened bull, to his home, some holding legs, others arms, the wife his head and the exhausted little Doctor sank on to a seat beside me. A gallant little fellow for once recovering, he calmly went his rounds, and then, ere leaving the village, paid a visit to the man, whom, however, he found not only quiet, but profoundly penitent for his attempted assault.

On later visits to Liku, no Doctor with me, I met that man and we had a laugh together at the nimble little Dentist and the Rugby Tackle.

## The Village of Fatiau

(Far-see-aroo)

## Chapter XXIV

On the Downgrade — The Black Rock

### On the Downgrade

Fatiau lies in the forest, well off the Highway, on the upper flat about a mile from the sea. Once it was well populated and its warriors went forth from it to contend with those of other villages, especially of the northern side, and when hard pressed, they could find shelter and safety in a huge cave by the sea, which today is so overgrown of approach or entry by trailing vine that it is no easy matter to reach. But now they are a handful, the smallest community on Niue, some seventy all told, and they are far from up to date, whilst their village is uncomely. Their Church, dedicated as 'Zion', has a rickety appearance, its walls propped up by stays, and relics of heathen times seem to linger even in so sacred a place, for hideous figures in relief, demons surely, meet the eye at the four corners of the Church verandah.

Orange trees abound, however, and guava bushes, and they will not starve for lack of coconuts. They still have the will for sport and lately sacrificed many a fine fruit tree to win a very limited space as the Village Green, to be like their fellows elsewhere.

Those who greeted me on visits paid looked very far from healthy and the children are so few that Fatiau may yet be wiped off the map. It has been so with other spots; one hears of place names that exist no longer, some not even the oldest of today can at all locate.

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<sup>210</sup> The [Cities of Refuge](#) were towns in the Kingdom of Israel and Kingdom of Judah in which the perpetrators of manslaughter could claim the right of asylum.

<sup>211</sup> WWB played rugby for Blackheath in southeast London, and other well known teams. See the article *Mr. Bolton's School* in the August 12, 1906, edition of the Victoria Daily Colonist, in Part VI.

Those villages, like this one, were in the Bush, for it was there — not on the coast — that the earlier Niueans lived. Not till the white man came and raised his stores by the sea did they leave the forest and cluster round the strangers. But Fatiau did not move; the bush was good enough for them. Its coast line, however, holds Romance.

### **The Black Rock**

At the northern end of Niue and off Mutalau, there is a huge Black Rock, but half of it has split away and gone. That other half is to be seen at the southern end, off Fatiau. The great boulder quarreled with itself, split in two, one half remained, the other went a-wandering, slowly working its way till now it has reached and rests awhile off Fatiau. It will not remain, but as slowly journey on till it has completed the circle, once more to meet its other half, join on and heal the breach forever. When those two become one again, then will Niue sink into the deep from whence it rose.

What the natives really feel about that rock, I cannot say, but we can surely await that day with great complacency, though we should dwell thereon, as now I do, and others will as the years mount up for Niue.

## **The Village of Avatele**

(Ar-var-say-lay)

## **Chapter XXV**

The Home of the Aborigines — The End of the Round

### **The Home of the Aborigines**

Avatele lies five miles from Alofi, at the South West corner of the island. There is an upgrade from the little Capital to the flat top of Niue, then miles of guava bushes cover the ground, with pandanus trees here and there, whose fruit, so like a pineapple, produces a most pungent scent for the ladies of the land and whose leaves are used for plaiting; then downgrade to the village by the sea. Here is the only real beach on the island.<sup>212</sup> Not large, only some eighty yards by twenty, a beach of white sand reaching to the Fringing reef and so to the so-called Bay, where in the whaling days of old, many a ship lay to for shelter and supplies. With such rough sailormen ashore, Avatele has seen some lively

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<sup>212</sup> Oneonepata Beach at Avatele, with boat ramp on the right (June 2015):



times, but today is very demure, a tidy looking village with several pretty homes, a fine Church and Sunday School. <sup>213</sup>

Here an Englishman, married to a native, has long made his home, acting as a Trader. The Call of his Motherland found him eager to go where he was gassed and finds life now at times a burden, but pluckily works on. Here, too, *Faséné*, my assistant dwells; no slouch is he, zealous at his school work and very capable, a clean man in every way. His home, a charming one and neatness itself, even as he. He, too, went to the Front and happily returned unimpaired. <sup>214</sup>

I hoped to see the ancient coral Fort, where the villagers were wont to fly for refuge in days gone by, but the trail is blocked by vegetation, so that it is not possible to see or follow it. The Avateleans seem never to have hit it off with the rest of the villages; they claimed to be the Aborigines and the rest were Interlopers. They were forever beset by the rest, but with the Fort to flee to, were never wiped out. They certainly carry themselves proudly and are courtesy itself.

### The End of the Round

Here, then, we have visited all the villages on the island, save two: Tamakautoga and Lakepa. Not but that I oft passed through the former on my tramp afoot from Hakupu to Alofi, when I chose the

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<sup>213</sup> Church at Avatele (June 2015):



<sup>214</sup> Role of Honour commemorating the men from Avatele who served with the New Zealand Maori Pioneer Battalion in the First New Zealand Expeditionary Forces, 1914–1918, including WWB's assistant teacher, Fasene (June 2015):





coast route rather than cut across the top of the island, but it is a sleepy village without interest to any others besides themselves, except that there — as has been already mentioned — dwells that very formidable woman, not only in character, but in size, who is the Pontiff of Witchcraft on Niue and exacts obedience from every wizard and witch thereon, and they seem not to be few in number.<sup>215</sup> It is a small village, lying on the West coast, whilst Lakepa, similar to it in every way, lies on the wild East coast. Besides these two there is a 12<sup>th</sup> village in the making, close to Hikutavake, a thing today of a few grass huts, yet to win both a place and a name.

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<sup>215</sup> Tamakautoga (June 2015):





## TALES OF YESTERDAY

### 1. The Cost of a Sextant

Ere white men dwelt on Niue, there came a British schooner to the offing of Tuapa. The natives crowded off in their canoes, and some were allowed on deck and shown around. Friendliest relations being established, Captain and crew went ashore. The next day the sextant was discovered to be missing and great was the fuss aboard. Enquiries on shore failed to lead to the culprit, and as still the natives hung about the ship, the Captain determined to seize and hold a hostage till the culprit should appear. A young lad was laid hold of, taken from a canoe and brought aboard. Then ugly temper showed, and the wild natives tied their little skiffs with ropes of sinnet to the big ship's sides and refused to leave till the captive was restored. A wind just then sprang up, which meant destruction of the schooner upon the fringing reef if she still held her ground. So out to sea she put, the limpets still hanging to her sides. Many of the occupants had clambered aboard, and the Captain having no desire to return to land them, gave order when well out to sea to clear the decks of those dark skinned fellows, willy nilly. Out upon that fast rising sea they were forced, and of all the number but one returned to Tuapa. His story was that after incredible effort, they had managed to make shore at Avatele, the south western point of the island, and there had been set upon by their enemies — for war was then ever amongst the villages — and all but he had fallen in the unequal fight.

Here then was clear cause for revenge, and the Tuapans started forthwith upon the warpath. The Avateleans were not unprepared; they had a coral Fort for just such times as these; to it they retreated before the furious onslaught and long held out, but not without a heavy loss of life on either side.

Avenged according to their code, the Tuapans returned to their northern village, and sick and sorry for all the trouble some thief had caused, made search and found both culprit and the sextant. His doom was sealed. No casting over cliff, no spear thrust nor club, but putting him in his canoe he was sent adrift to sea, doomed to perish just as certainly, but far more miserably.

With cooler tempers, came word from Avatele. What really was the late war about? They had learned that it was for slaughtering fellow Niueans who had landed out of a raging sea. The storm was certainly a fact, but the canoes and their occupants a myth. The sole survivor had clearly lied to make himself out a hero. Tuapa offered no apology, however. The fallen warriors were dead. Both sides had put up a brave fight. The sea might hold its secret and its dead. The ship had gone, and Tuapa possessed a Sextant of which it was inordinately proud.

### 2. Village Justice

In the days before a Resident came to the Isle, they had a rough and ready way of settling with the law breakers. Upon the village green the culprits were marshalled by the guardians of Niue laws. The native judge sat upon the sward, and on his right and left stood the apprehended, men and women on respective sides. One by one they stood before him, and like a true Niuean he aired his eloquence to his heart's content. The Disgrace was what these solemn Judges chiefly dwelt on, and when they felt that the delinquent had been sufficiently squelched before his and her fellows, the fine was named, if fine it was to be.

Before tin money came into use, the fine was necessarily in goods; afterwards it was Peruvian dollars<sup>216</sup> or their equivalent. The sum might sound large, but the method of paying usually adopted cut down the amount prodigiously. The Treasury was in front of the Judge and grew in size as the judgements were announced. A shirt was thrown onto the pile at ten dollars, a lavalava went on at five, a battered straw hat at about the same, whilst the proud possessor of an ancient ‘plug’ hat,<sup>217</sup> secured from a ship in the long ago, went in at least for twenty.

After the garments of the sinful came their produce, and when Court at last was cleared, Judge and Police proceeded to divide up the spoils of the day. That ‘plug’ hat was well known all over Niue; it travelled much; its owners — for the police found ever ready purchaser — could not somehow escape the meshes of the Law. It was a hoodoo, yet none hesitated for possession. One week it would be on the head of some brave at Avatele in the South; the next week would see it at Mutalau in the North.

But not always was it Fine. For moral offences, it was usually the Lash, and there and then it was administered, to women as well as to men. There was no play about that. Judge and police could get no benefit out of it, so it was the real thing. The blood came, but the savage heart refused to cry out. When over, the usual happening was the taunt to the administrator<sup>218</sup> of the law that he did not know how to hurt, and to the Judge that he must give a heavier sentence the next time. Then Court adjourned.

### 3. Rogues in Cassocks

They love not Roman Catholicism upon Niue. It is hardly to be wondered at, as this tale will disclose. The Protestant missionaries had at last got a permanent footing upon the island and things were running smoothly, when one day a ship appeared; off from it put a boat, and making the perilous landing, two figures stepped ashore, the rest returning to the ship.

Who were these men robed in black to their feet, and round their necks hung chains of beads, a cross at the end resting on their breasts, and as they stepped ashore were heard mumbling words, and with folded hands cast their eyes to heaven? Slowly, amid the crowd of natives, they made their way direct to the Missionary’s large stucco house with roof of thatch. They seemed to have no doubt as to whither they would go. The Missionary, in his largeness of heart, received them warmly. All his was theirs. They could not speak his language, but they were strangers and teachers of the same Saviour. They made it clear to him, however, that though the ship in the offing was a mission ship, they had much aboard for barter. Would the natives come off and see? They would be very welcome.

Thus was the trap laid, and into it the Niueans fell. What entrancing things they had aboard! those beads and things called ‘amulets’ and pictures, too, of the natives’ lately accepted Christ, useful things as well. There was much going and coming, besides which they were free, were those native men, to stop aboard whilst the mission ship moved around the coast. Then something happened.

Everything was lovely; everybody was so very kind. The hundred men and more who had joined the picnic, ere the round of the isle was made, were asked below to have yet one more sumptuous meal. Of course, those ever hungry natives would. Hark! what was that, as the last stepped down the hatchway? The covering boards came thundering down above their heads. All was darkness. They were trapped.

<sup>216</sup> Possibly the Soles de Oro, which was introduced in Peru in 1863, [replacing the Bolivian Peso at a rate of 1 Soles de Oro to 1.25 Bolivian Pesos](#).

<sup>217</sup> A hat that is round and black and hard with a narrow brim; synonyms are *bowler hat*, *bowler*, *derby*.

<sup>218</sup> WWB has *administrater*.

Some of the finest manhood of Niue were carried off, but one only ever to return, he by the kindness of an Englishman, who found him working in the mines of Peru and took pity on him and his story, conniving at his escape from slavery. For this ship was a Peruvian barque; those cassocked rogues were ‘black birders’. They sailed to Easter Island far to the East, the Slavers’ rendezvous.

From that day, the name of Roman Catholic has a fearsome sound to Niuean ears. Who can wonder at it? Yet good came out of that gross, evil deed, for the echo of it reached round the world, and the Motherland, whose protection Niue long had sought, protested loudly at such an outrage. Strong pressure was brought to bear on that South American home of plunderers of peaceful isles, and Peruvian ‘black birding’ barques no more sailed these seas.<sup>219</sup>

#### 4. An Affair of Honour

Things matrimonial have not always run smoothly upon Niue. There was Patterson,<sup>220</sup> the trader. He had lost his first wife and had laid her to rest on the cliff-edge at Alofi. In Samoa he had found a second mate, a governess to white children in Apia. Now came to Avatele yet another trader to represent an Australian firm. He had wife and budding daughters. One of the latter, Patterson of Alofi coveted. He had the effrontery to tell his rival trader that he asked for the maiden in rightful form as the then M<sup>rs</sup> Patterson was no legal wife of his. He thought to prosper in his suit, but he counted not on an injured woman’s grit. That same true wife got wind of the scheme and put her spoke in it. Therefore word came to Alofi from Avatele that the courter was not acceptable — indeed far otherwise.

Now the courter was a big man, claimed to be an American, had a Prussian bearing, altogether a masterful man, and the Avatele trader was a little man, with the heart of a mouse, brave only at a

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<sup>219</sup> This story is recounted on pages 87–88 of Smith, Part IV: “In my account of the Kermadec Islands, at page 15, I mentioned the fact, copied from Sterndale, of a large number of Tokelau natives (since known to be Niuē natives) having been taken to Sunday Island [now Raoul Island in the Kermadec Islands] by a Callao slaver in 1861, where nearly all of them died. I got the Niuē account of this affair through the Rev. F. E. Lawes. It was not very long after the arrival of Rev. W. G. Lawes that a Peruvian slaver appeared off the coast at Alofi, under the command of an American. They succeeded in getting a large number of the people on board and induced them to go below, when they clapped the hatches on and secured them. There were about 200 of them. The people on shore, seeing the others did not return, began to understand that something was the matter. So Fata-a-iki, who was an enterprising and determined chief (but not then king), got a large number of people together and went off in their canoes, with the intention of over-powering the ship and releasing their fellow-islanders. But the crew prevented their getting on board, and fired on them to keep them off — one man being killed and others wounded. The crew manned and lowered an armed boat, and gave chase to the canoes, which made for the shore. A big fat man in Fata-a-iki’s canoe wanted to cease paddling and offer up prayers for their safety; but Fata-a-iki said, “Leave your prayers till we get ashore,” and insisted on urging their canoe at full speed. Some time after this an Irish sailor came ashore to the mission house to fetch some medicine, and Fata-a-iki wanted to make him prisoner as a hostage for their own people, but Mr. Lawes dissuaded them, thinking the captain would not wait for his sailor. Soon after the vessel sailed, and before very long dysentery broke out amongst the unfortunate prisoners, when many died, and were cast overboard. Things got worse, so the captain, being then near Sunday Island, landed most of the others in Denham Bay, and there left them to die, as all the unfortunates did. Some few were taken on to Peru, where they were made to work as slaves in the mines and other works. Some years after this an American whaler manned by Aitutaki natives arrived at Callao. Two of the younger Niuē people determined to escape by her if they could, and communicated their desire to the Aitutaki crew, who arranged with the captain to take the young men, if they came off dressed in their best, and hid somewhere near the shore. When the whaler’s boat came ashore, the heart of one of the young men failed him, thinking they would be recaptured by the Peruvians, but the other went off in the boat. The coastguard suspecting something gave chase, but the boat reached the ship, and the captain being all ready put out to sea at once. This young lad was landed at Oahu, from whence he managed to communicate with his relatives at Niuē; but he was afraid to come back on account of his father, who he knew would hold him responsible for his brother left in Peru. He married at Oahu, but in the end made his way back to Niuē.”

<sup>220</sup> The first trader to settle on Niue was Mr. H. W. Patterson, who came from Samoa in 1866 as agent for [Johann Cesar Godeffroy & Sohn](#) of Hamburg, Germany. See [Johann Cesar VI. Godeffroy \(1813–1835\)](#).

distance. The Big Man wrote a letter, not mincing words, but challenging the Little Man to a duel to the death; he had been grossly insulted; he would have revenge. He would come over the trail and have it. He named the day and the hour. The letter went. Then was there great consternation in Avatele. An unheard-of thing! a duel with pistols upon Niue! The natives were wild with excitement, yet feared. The Little Man with the mouse's heart barricaded his home and his store, got his and himself safely behind the walls and waited with palpitating heart.

Yes! it was true! The road slopes down from the ridge above as one nears Avatele from Alofi; the village itself is on the flat. Along that wooded flat came furiously the Challenger. How big he looked upon his horse, that horse which he had borrowed from the missionary for a little outing, and in his anger was spurring that steed which ever before had but ambled on errands of peace, and on each side of the man there were holsters with those implements of death all ready for use.

He came tearing along, and nearing the Little Man's abode shouted aloud brave words, demanding Blood! Blood! The natives hied to their thatched homes; he might take theirs instead. The Mouse Heart behind the walls peered out and trembled. Round and round the castle the coatless knight steered his mount, uttering fearsome cries and many most extravagant words, brandishing his weapons, expending them anon in air. But nothing else stirred in Avatele.

Foiled of his prey, his amorata hid behind the door, Patterson could do naught but turn his horse's head Alofiwise and depart to whence he came, hurling back to the very last cries of "coward", "cur" and "I'll return." But he did not return and Avatele dwelt again in peace.

## 5. Jews' Harps or Death

Patterson was full of guile, Head was honest-minded. Their stores at Alofi were one behind the other, Head's at the back. They were rivals of necessity for native trade. Patterson was Agent for Godeffroy & Sohn — a German firm, Head acting at that time as Agent for 'Bully' Hayes, whom he had not seen for a long time, and little wonder for the man was jailed in Apia. The natives went on strike for higher value to be allowed in trade on their cotton and fungus.<sup>221</sup> Patterson feared Head's 'cutting' and strongly counselled firmness. Standing together, they would win. And Head agreed.

Here was a pretty pass for things to come to! The natives sighed for the tinned goods and the biscuits of the white men, the women for the dressing goods, the children for those Jews' harps, which were their constant joy, whilst the white men sighed for that cotton and that fungus. It was a deadlock. Then Patterson approached Head with the news that real trouble was coming, that he had learned that there would be a raid in two nights' time. Had he gun or pistol? Head had none. He would lend Head his second holster and they must not sleep, and when the marauders came must shoot straight and fight bravely to the last.

The marked night came and Head lay with pistol ready, dozing off and on, and up at once at the slightest sound. Light came and naught had happened. Patterson made excuse that he had confused the dates; the coming night would see the tragedy. Things were ominously quiet all that day in the village of Alofi; few moved save the ever restless children who hung about the two stores and cried mournfully for the harps they loved. The traders were adamant, though Head with his sailor's heart felt sorely for the kiddies.

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<sup>221</sup> Possibly the wood ear fungus, [Auricularia auricula-judae](#).

That night he lay again prepared. About 2 a.m., in the pitchy dark, he heard steps outside. Rising, he primed his weapon and peered out through the slats of his Venetian blinds, if haply he might see his enemies. They were there of a truth, for he saw a hand slowly inserted beneath a blind, and the slats raised. Creeping noiselessly towards the would-be marauder, he raised his pistol to take steady aim, when a great bundle of cotton was pushed through by two tiny hands, and a mournful little voice appealed, “Please, oh, please, Misi Head, give me a Jews’ harp. Don’t tell Mother. We’ll bring you cotton every night but not Misi Pattersoni. *Samesesi* and *Moses* want harps too. Give me quick. I must get back to my mat.”

Many harps fell to that youthful smuggler of contraband. Next day there came a compromise; peace reigned and trading had a boom.

## 6. Flouting the Flag

During the absence of Niue’s British Representative, Head, ex man-of-war’s man, became his Deputy. His modest soul saw nothing in the office but its duty. Not so Patterson, the rival trader. His soul was filled with envy. Therefore he hied himself to Samoa by the first schooner that made Apia, and claiming American citizenship, secured the appointment from the Consul there as Deputy for the isle of Niue.

Back he came, and a huge name plate upon his garden gate blazoned forth the fact, besides which he had a pole erected and flung to the breeze the Stars and Stripes.

Niueans are simple and loyal, and cannot grasp the niceties of politics and nations. It was beyond them to conceive how the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes should be flying along the cliff-edge at one and the same time. They had lost their king — not that they much wanted him — because there could not be England’s Sovereign and King Tongia on the same island. How then could there be two flags?

Therefore there was a Fono, and a crowd, and a wild gathering before that Consul’s home, and down came the Stars and Stripes, despite the ravings and the threats of Patterson. The emblem of American Liberty was torn to shreds, and the little imps of Alofi cast aside their lavalava fragment, and wound around their loins rent pieces of the flag.

What would be done to Niue for that outrage, Patterson made quite clear. He would sail by the next schooner that touched the isle to bring a warship, and their villages would be blown to fragments, and off indeed he shortly went, but not to Pago Pago or to Western Samoa direct, for the schooner was headed for Sydney; yet did Niue fear. They had had their way and their riotous fun, now they had to pay for it. Those were anxious months; unexpectedly ships came in — all too often for once, for the quiet of their minds — and the folk at the very first sight thereof upon the horizon made for the bush and the far interior, till they were reassured by no cannon’s roar.

Then, one day, Paterson walked ashore from a schooner and landed many goods. So after all, he had gone not for revenge, but for business only. Niue smiled, and what little respect Patterson still held was gone for aye. And the end was not far off. None but a few would trade with him. His debts accumulated. The Firm which supplied him changed hands; the new one — the D.H. and P.G.<sup>222</sup> —

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<sup>222</sup> The headquarters of the *Deutschen Handels-und Plantagensellschaft der Südsee-Inseln zu Hamburg* (D.H. and P.G.) were in Apia, Samoa. In 1879, D.H. and P.G. took over the assets in the Pacific of Godeffroy & Sohn, which had been forced into bankruptcy over investments in Russian Paper and Westphalian iron. For information on German firms in Apia, see Chapter 2, “The Elements of Discord: Foreign,” in Robert Louis Stevenson, [A Footnote to History](#) (1892).



took his store and home and told him to go to the other side of the island and work off his debt to them. He was old now, and a new start was beyond him.

Early in the morning of the day he was to leave Alofi, they found him — dead, sitting on his own door step, a great gash in his arm whence the life blood had run, and to make sure, a phial of poison by his side. He had hauled Life's Flag down with his own hands.

## **7. Donkeys on Niue**

Once there were four-legged asses upon the island. There are none now. This is their story, as told to me by one who saw them in the Long Ago.

At Liku, a village at the back of the island, a trader had opened a small branch store. In those days, there was little or no cash in circulation, and business was done by means of barter. Goods were given in exchange for produce, such as the fungus and the cotton of the land. These had to be carried some ten miles through the bush, on a narrow trail, to where the main store was situated. As an inducement to the trader to open the branch store, the natives offered to carry the produce free of charge. This arrangement, so excellent for the trader, did not last long. The natives found the task far heavier than they bargained for and, after a few weeks, demanded payment. The sum of sixpence per bag of 100 pounds was offered and accepted. This again lasted but a short time, when a general strike took place, a shilling a bag the price. The trader, not relishing being thus held up, imported three donkeys from Samoa. When the animals arrived, the produce had greatly accumulated.

A native, tempted by the wage, became the driver of the team. Pack saddles were used and each beast was loaded with three bags. An early start was made, but after only a short mile on that bush track had been covered, the donkeys refused duty. They had had enough. A messenger was sent back to the village and the entire inhabitants hurried to the scene. After due consultation, the crowd decided that it was a golden opportunity to pay back the trader for his meanness. Each donkey was, therefore, tied by the legs, and by means of stout poles was carried, together with the produce, the whole remaining distance to the coast on the other side. The owner, who was expecting splendid results from his quadrupeds, was dumbfounded when the crowd put in so weird an appearance, shouting and yelling with delight, becoming wild with rage when a sum of four golden sovereigns was demanded for carrying the donkeys. For the sake of peace and future trade, there was nothing to do but pay up.

On the following day, the animals were offered for sale, but their usefulness having been shown to be a minus quantity, no buyers were forthcoming. Eventually they were re-shipped to Samoa; the branch store at Liku was closed; and no trader from that day has looked to donkeys as means of transportation upon the isle of Niue.

## **8. The Rape of Niue**

Natives now look upon Cook's landing as one of the supreme events in Niuean history, for it told the outside world of the island's existence. They recall another landing as one of the most tragic, and well they may.

To the coral isle came ‘Bully’ Hayes <sup>223</sup> of evil fame, not long after the Peruvian slaver had made a haul of the best of its young manhood. Whites and natives stood aghast at his nerve to show his handsome face amongst them, for to him they had laid the charge of kidnapping, which still rent their hearts. But Hayes was ready; it was all news to him; he was guiltless; and as he had a wonderfully persuasive tongue, and a manner — when he chose — that few, if any, seemed able to resist, his word was accepted and he was given the freedom of the isle.

He said he was anxious to give his crews a few days’ run ashore after long sea travel. So they landed, and spread to all the western villages which skirt the shore and, as the manner was of such rough folk, sought their amoratas, telling them wondrous tales, beguiling them with travel and scenes enough to make the brains of simple Niue maidens whirl.

All had been arranged. Aboard went Hayes and weighing anchor at dusk, set sail up and down the coast. Out upon the reef flares twinkled and from the ship a boat put out, shot toward land, and here a couple, there two or more were picked up. The silly dark skinned maids were caught, and though at the last moment protesting, were helpless on the reef, their men upon the cliff, all unconscious of their peril. All night the direful business went on, the flare, the capture and the shriek, and then the ship, having regained all her crew, set sail and carried that despairing hold of womanhood to far off eastern isles. There was human traffic there, and the ‘Bully’ got his price.

Some few — after many years — returned, and one, now an aged woman, still lives, yet speaks not of the Past as she sits upon her mat awaiting the end, which those days in the sixties so nigh brought about.

To Niue, Hayes, with his consummate impudence, returned when so he felt inclined, and assailed afresh with reproaches and threats laughed them aside. ’Twas no fault of his; the women had indeed come aboard, but when he would have them return, how could he make a landing with the wind now dead against him? He was forced against his will to carry them to his next port of call, where they chose to abide, entranced by the wonders of new lands. Thus fooled he the simple Niueans and again was received into their good graces.

But now that the truth is known, and Hayes and his wild crew have gone to their last account, the natives hold the hope that those poor deluded ones in the Rape of Niue may be allowed to rise in judgement against so base a villain.

## 9. The Biter Bit

Between Captains Peese <sup>224</sup> and Hayes there was not much to choose. Each was dyed deep with treachery and murder on the High Seas.

To Apia, on Samoa, came Peese and found his boon companion nabbed, and under duress of the Law. To get him free was his task and his jailers proved an easy mark. Peese’s chronometer was out of shape; no mariner could go to sea in safety with such an instrument. None was there in Apia like Hayes to set such instrument aright. Might the prisoner be allowed on board to make repairs? It was

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<sup>223</sup> [William Henry “Bully” Hayes \(1827 or 1829 – 1877\)](#) was born in Cleveland, Ohio, to a father of Irish descent and was murdered by Peter Radeck in 1877 onboard the *Lotus* near Jaluit, Marshall Islands. See [Concerning Bully Hayes](#) by Louis Becke. See also the Biography.

<sup>224</sup> Captain Benjamin Peese or Pease, who claimed to be American, was born in 1834 and was murdered at Port Lloyd in the Bonin Islands in 1874.

a worthy cause, and to get rid of Peese at an early date was yet a better one. Therefore Hayes stepped upon the deck duly accompanied; the anchor was forthwith raised and to the ocean sped both villains.

They headed for Niue, Peese's schooner well found in articles of trade. To Alofi first, for Hayes' sake, who would close his store and take aboard for China the fungus gathered by his agent, Head. Inviting the latter to run down with them to Avatele, they sailed for that bay and the trader who dwelt there. Presenting to him a forged order, from the Australian firm he represented, to deliver to Peese all his fungus on hand, the trader handed over the contents of his bulging sheds, and so to sea the plunderers went.

Head, seeing their direction, asked for his wages of long standing and to be returned to his home, but was coarsely told that there was no return for him, and Hayes half drunk, blurted out that "dead men tell no tales." Here was danger indeed, two rogues to deal with and not a friend aboard. The schooner was fast losing sight of land when, as Hayes sat upon the hatches, his agent made one last appeal. It touched the one chord in that base nature which still rang true. Both had daughters.<sup>225</sup> Hayes' death would bring his lasting grief; his death would cause yonder girls to suffer likewise. Calling for Peese, down to the cabin they went, whence issued loud talk and many an oath, the trader left upon the deck to await his fate. Peese alone returned and calling to his crew to shorten sail, himself taking the wheel, deliberately turned the vessel round and headed back to Niue. Approaching the reef, he had the boat lowered and ordering the unpaid agent in, told him to get ashore, and that if he breathed a word of what he doubtless knew, his would be short shrift when next they called.

The two now set their course for China, and arriving, Hayes calmly reported Peese as a long-sought fugitive from Justice, whom it would be wise to clap in jail till the Authorities could be notified, and returning himself aboard, weighed anchor and sailed off gaily with his prize.<sup>226</sup>

## 10. A Rogue's Career

There was always mystery about 'Bully' Hayes. Not about his deeds, for they rang to heaven, but whence he came. It is said that he was born in Ireland, and Irish he was in many ways, his suavity, his moods, his droll schemes and his 'chip upon the shoulder'. This Pacific pirate of the 19<sup>th</sup> century was first heard of at Honolulu in '58. He may have been an honest man in early life, but once he beheld the waters of the Pacific, he was out for perpetual evil. He stole ships and men and women, as boys do cherries. He was of attractive appearance, always well groomed, to meet him none would think him capable of the depths he delighted to step down to. Seized many times by the supposedly strong arm of the Law, he always managed to escape. He changed his religion according to his circumstances. He was London Missionary Society, with prayers aboard night and morning, when such missionaries were aboard; he was Wesleyan and Roman Catholic when need required. He deserted wife after wife, yet found other devoted to him. Of his children, he was much attached to two daughters by a wife who dwelt for long in Apia, and who was esteemed by all who knew her. He amassed wealth, but failed to keep it. In his cabin, one of his wives and he quarreled over a bag of gold pieces, £500 the sum. Seizing the sack, he strode up on deck and hurled the whole thing into the sea. It was not wise to cross him.

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<sup>225</sup> Hayes' daughter with Rosa Buckingham, Adelaide Eudora Hayes, was born on 11 July 1863 in New Zealand. Both mother and daughter died on 19 August 1864, after their boat capsized about a mile and half from shore; Hayes alone survived. Hayes' twin daughters with Emily Mary Butler, Leonora Harriet Mary Hayes and Laurina Helen Jessie Hayes, were born 2 May 1866 at Lyttelton, Canterbury, New Zealand. Mother and daughters were living in Apia, Samoa, at the time of the incident described in this story.

<sup>226</sup> Peese then became a representative of a Shanghai firm (Jane Resture's *Oceania*).

In one of his ports of call, he took umbrage at a ‘darkie’, who ran a well equipped saloon. Entering with a belaying pin,<sup>227</sup> he proceeded to demolish the establishment; grand mirrors, bottles, glasses all fell before his mighty arm, nor desisted till an unlucky blow smashed the central light and left him in total darkness.

He was a fine seaman, ever ready to take chances, too, through reefs and over bars where others would hang back. He knew the islands as few did, from Easter to the Carolines, and had he been content to wait, could have built up a great chain of Trading Stations with his accurate knowledge of the natives and the best locations.

It is hard to get the truth about him, even from those who sailed with him, for they ever seemed unwilling to say aught against him from a sense of weird loyalty, which he inspired despite his villainy.

He came to a just end, a violent one, too sudden, one would think, for he who had done in so many, in lingering agony. To an island he had gone ashore, his mate charged to keep the schooner gently moving well off the encircling reef. Hayes did his work ashore, then stepped in his boat to make the ship. But the wind and tide were against the schooner and she had drifted far. He had far to row, and at last reaching the side, clambered up cursing the mate and swearing he would shoot him. Descending to his cabin to get his weapon, the mate stood over the companion way, and as the would-be murderer came up, one blow from a belaying pin ended his all too long career.

So runs, at least, the Niuean story of his end.

## 11. Midnight Justice

Men do things, sometimes, out of routine order in the far outposts of the British Empire. Authority has a motley crowd at times to deal with, not only with the natives, but with white folk, too. Even officials are not, at times, all that they should be. One would think that the Police Force would be free of misfits, yet of one who fell from grace is here made record.

The members of the Niuean Force are natives, but the Chief is a white man. A previous Chief had well nigh died of *ennui*,<sup>228</sup> and just in time had fled from a post for which nature had not fitted him. Yet another had served in the Coldstream Guards,<sup>229</sup> a fine specimen of manhood and keen for duty, yet he was going the same way had he not been recalled to the Colors and saved his intellect, even if did not save his life, which on Niue is not known.

Then came one who proved a waster, a man of parts maybe, but as Chief of the Niuean Force, he was no good. Having much time on his hands, he got into mischief. Whether married or not, he gave himself out as a bachelor, and set hot siege to the heart of a dark-skinned Niue maiden. He spent his days a-courting and his nights laying plans for victory. He won; there was a marriage feast, and the lone mission bell of Alofi rang out right royally.

Six months had passed since then, and all was not going well, either in his home or his post as Chief. The Authority was on to him and greatly desired a change, but what could be done with no actual charge to nail him with, nor any ship in sight on which to give him ticket.

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<sup>227</sup> WWB has *bellaying pin* here and elsewhere. A device used on traditional sailing vessels to secure lines of rigging.

<sup>228</sup> French: boredom.

<sup>229</sup> The [Coldstream Guards](#) is a part of the Guards Division, Foot Guards regiments of the British Army. It is the oldest regiment in the Regular Army in continuous active service, originating in Coldstream, Scotland in 1650.

Then “Sail ho!” rang o’er the isle, and a ship lay in the offing. Apart from the Power, the Chief had his own keen desire to be aboard, heading for the land he came from. Unexpectedly, things came his way. There were several parties ‘going out’ and things were humming in preparation. The hour of sailing was already past. Night fell and still there was delay.

It was then that one of the departees discovered that his treasured bicycle was lying in the Doctor’s residence, just then untenanted. He could not sail without it. He hastened thither only to find the house locked and barred. As luck would have it, he met the Chief walking moodily along the cliff, the ship’s lights twinkling, beckoning him to come. Would the Chief kindly help? There are no strangers in such tiny isles and everyone stands ready to help a neighbour. Of course he would, and forthwith walked to the residence, smashed in the door and secured the prize. One man was happy, but another who would fain get even with the Chief for past unfortunate attention witnessed the destruction, hastened off to the Authority and reported the outrageous deed.

The Resident hastened out upon the warpath, met the Chief, hot words passed and the incident seemed closed. Hardly had they parted than the Chief met the talebearer. Then there was real trouble. The Chief worked upon him his pent up feelings. Escaping, he fled to the Residency. It was enough. Late though it was, nigh the hour of midnight there was a summons, a trial and a judgement. Deportation on the spot was ordered.

News flies fast in a village. There was no packing up. A weeping woman clung to the arm of the departing official, as he made his way down the cliff to the Landing Stage. They parted. He had his way, so had the Authority, but from that day no word has come to a woman who loved not wisely, but too well.

## 12. The Biblical Boomerang

A certain King of Niue was undoubtedly an able man, head and shoulders above the rest of his race. He had been trained to be a Teacher and a Pastor, and his probation finished, he was sent to one of the far off islands to the West as his Mission Station. He was a good-looking fellow even to his end. As a good Pastor, he had his wife along with him, but strange stories began to come back, and at last a lovely dusky maiden in that far off isle committed suicide. Dame Rumour locally got busy and laid the charge against the Niuean Pastor. He denied, but the Authorities were adamant, and sent him back whence he had come, where he retired to his village and dug his plantation for a living.

Even in his retirement, his abilities could not be hidden. His King oft sought him out, nor ever failed to take counsel with him on all affairs of State. When his Monarch passed, the thoughts of all turned to the Nameless One, and they would not be denied. He was the only possible successor to the Kingly dignity, and he ruled with Justice, Firmness and Great Wisdom.

His one weakness, once upon the throne of Niue, was like to another great Potentate of whom he had read much in the Holy Book, and on whom he had grounded many a powerful sermon — a plurality of wives, yet because of his weaker brethren, he would not keep open harem at Alofi. His was in the Bush, and his servitor, of purpose, both deaf and dumb.

That servitor intended no harm to his lord and master, but though dumb, the Sign business brought much trouble. Through him the secret leaked out to the white folk and duly reached the ears of the Missionary. That party saw his duty very clearly. Though a king, he must be brought to book. Therefore did the white Pastor mount his steed and guided by the faithless dumb one, make his way into the Bush, taking his Majesty wholly by surprise. But the surprise was shortly his, for coming



forth from his snug retreat, Royalty demanded the reason for such intrusion. Told that he was a Scandal and the thing must stop, the Royal Blood rose to boiling point.

“Get you gone,” said His Majesty. “You shall not thus insult me. Does not our Holy Book tell of Solomon the King, renowned for his Wisdom, who took to himself many wives? Am not I a king? Am not I renowned for Wisdom? As the Holy Book declared, so shall I act like Solomon to the end, I too shall have my harem.” And the Missionary turned his horse toward home.

Yet did he cut off the Nameless One from Church fellowship. There was no more ‘Breaking of the Bread’ for him, nor might he longer sit upon the High Chair next the pulpit in Alofi’s Church. But this did not at all disturb His Majesty, who went to service as regularly as ever, finding his place as pleasant sitting on the mats. Nor lost he caste <sup>230</sup> among his people to his end. His grave lies close outside.

It does not do, one sees, to teach the Letter of the Holy Book too strongly — as a Guide to Conduct.

### 13. Death on Pigs

There is a law, today, confining pigs to pens when once they pass the age of babyhood, yet seemingly it is more observed in the breach than in the observance. But in earlier days there was no such law and they roamed whithersoever they listed; <sup>231</sup> hence, today there are many wild pigs in the Bush, which men go hunting with the rifle.

In Alofi was a trader whose premises were constantly invaded by the village pigs. He stood it till he could stand it no more. He proposed putting an end to the nuisance. He did — but far more thoroughly than he intended. He distributed plenty of rat poison about his plot. The bait was taken that same night. He was awakened early by a boy who informed him that a dead pig lay outside. Hastening to the spot, as he gazed upon his crafty handiwork, a lad came running with the news that another porker lay dead not far off, and yet others bore a similar tale. There were dead pigs everywhere. He was filled with dread at the situation. Would the natives eat this wondrous and unexpected feast lying ready to their hands and might he thus become the murderer of the whole village? Yet dared he not tell or his trading days were over. Happily, it was felt that some mysterious and virulent disease had struck Alofi’s pigs and none partook.

But even larger game fell to his sinister and mean design, for one of a herd of cattle, which another enterprising trader had brought to the island — the one and only herd ever seen on Niue — and which browsed as best it could on Alofi’s village green, fell before that fatal sowing. This was too much for the natives. They passed the pigs, but Beef was altogether too alluring. The beast was carved up amid huge rejoicing. The owner cared naught as to the distribution. He had lost one of his herd, the price of the rest would have to make up for it. But the guilty one greatly feared. None died, however. They may have preferred to keep their inner pains to themselves as the price of gluttony.

Yet pigs no longer wandered aimlessly about the village, the owners thinking it best to feed them within pens on coconut and mummy apple, keeping them safe and sure for future table use.

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<sup>230</sup> Social position.

<sup>231</sup> Inclined.

## 14. The Old Trader

At fourteen years of age he was on the famous training ship the ‘Victory’, thence into the Royal Navy, where he served long, winning the medals of the Crimean, Kaffir and Chinese wars. Free now to go where he listed, he would go a-wandering. In the prime of life he was drawn to the Australian gold diggings, where for ten years he experienced the ups and downs of that eventful life. Then once more, the Call of the Sea, and he set his face toward Sydney. Just then the Missionary ship, ‘John Williams II’, made port on her way to the many stations of the South Pacific. He sought a berth thereon, but found no vacancy. Yet he had not long to wait. She had not long left port ere she came limping back, a sorely wounded thing; she had grounded in the New Hebrides and was badly holed; half her crew refused to work her back; the rest stuck to her, the missionaries aboard filling up the vacancies, the redoubtable Chalmers<sup>232</sup> amongst them, and at Sydney she arrived.

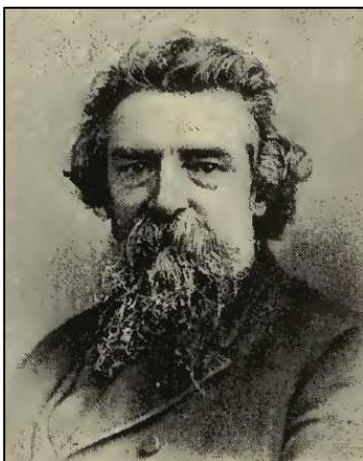
Again he applied, and this time found a job as bo’sun. Now they set sail once more and dropping the Men of God along the way, at length hove to off Niue. The captain, fearful of that Coral Isle and its inhospitable coast, sailed to and fro in the offing, as wise seamen to this day do. But the wind set in against him and slowly, but surely, drove the ship upon the reef. Crew, passengers and goods were safely landed despite the difficulty and the Trader-to-be — who was to see 50 years residence on Niue — set foot upon his future home.

There was then, in 1867, a trader with his store upon the island, not on his own account, but in the employ of that great German firm, which like an octopus spread its tentacles over those scattered isles, Godeffroy & Sohn, and Patterson, their man. The schooner of the firm came in sight not long after, and some of the stranded took passage in her to Samoa. For the balance, there was sent from Apia yet other boat, the ‘Rano’ and in charge, the notorious ‘Bully’ Hayes. Ever with an eye to business, Hayes bought the wreck as it lay upon the reef, and off he went, first to land his passengers, thence to other isle to get help to salvage his late purchase. He returned to find not one plank against another. Hayes rubbed off the account and disappeared from Niue. One of the wrecked crew still refused all offer of passage — our man-of-war’s man. He would stay.

Ever a God-fearing man, honest as the day, one of England’s handy men, nor feared he man or devil. In the Mission House he found congenial company and put his hand to many things. He fell in love in two ways at the same time. The little isle attracted him and so did a Christian girl of Niue, one of

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<sup>232</sup> [James Chalmers \(1841–1901\)](#) was a Scottish-born missionary, active in the Cook Islands and New Guinea:



the Mission household. In her he found a real helpmate and who survived him, though he saw nigh four score years and ten. I missed him by just one month.<sup>233</sup>

Now out into the Bush he went and set out his plantation that he and she might live. He planted his taro and his banana trees, but fast as he set them, he found on his return, the lot uprooted. Then saw he leaves stuck in his plot of land pointing towards him as he came to his clearing. Seeking, he found answer to these puzzles. “We do not want you White man. Go away.” But they spoke foolishly and those who thus had acted learned to regret their blindness. They needed that strong hand and justice-loving brain; they learned ere long to look upon him as the Friend who never Fails. There was great and genuine sorrow when the Grand Old Man of Niue passed out to sea forever.

Just when things looked blackest at his start, Hayes once more appeared and the sailorman became his Agent as a trader at Alofi, till a second visit of that bully, after long absence, lost him his job and nigh his life — which is another story already told — and once again he was stranded. But Patterson, Godeffroy’s agent, his wife dying at that time, was leaving for Samoa for another and offered the post during his absence to the sailor. A second term of trading now began, again Alofi the location. No well appointed store was Patterson’s, goods in boxes on the floor, a pandemonium. It troubled much the tidy handyman, yet it was not for him to dictate to his employer. A relic of those days is still to be seen, Patterson’s old safe, which even to this writing is at its appointed task, cumbrous but sure, the great grandfather of all present safes on Niue. The sailor’s eldest son possesses it and I use it as my Bank.

Copra was then in its infancy as a trade on Niue, fungus the main staple — a great delicacy for Chinese palates — till the days of the American Civil War<sup>234</sup> when cotton<sup>235</sup> went a-soaring. A leading Sydney merchant sent counsel to his sailor friend that if the island climate suited, good money might be made by planting the much needed thing. So to this, also, he put his hand and induced the natives to do likewise. Months many passed, he the only trader at Alofi.

Then came a gallant looking ship, a gallant owner in command, seeking fresh openings for trade, a ship crammed full of tempting goods. Long he tried to win the sailor from his allegiance, to close one store and open up another, but till Patterson returned his agent was not free. A compromise was reached, that Captain was to land and store his goods at Tuapa — not Alofi — and when the absent trader should return and his agent be once more free, then would he return to Tuapa, his real Home, and open in opposition. So was it done, yet Patterson upon return was sore at opposition once again, and kept back wages due for a whole year and a day, but the sailor smiled and went.

There were great doings in Tuapa when that store opened out. With his own hands he built it, and within no boxes suited him; that day for Niue had gone by. There were shelves all round and a counter, too, and all goods were laid out shipshape. Such a store! Such goods! First they sent Tuapa wild, then all Alofi came, and as the news spread round the isle, all Niue went plumb crazy. The wealth of the whole countryside was laid at the sailor’s feet.

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<sup>233</sup> This sentence would appear to be in error. According to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, The Old Trader died on 5 February 1921, whereas WWB probably arrived on Niue on 12 June 1921; see *From Victoria to Niue* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

<sup>234</sup> 1861–1865.

<sup>235</sup> Cotton was cultivated on other islands in the South Pacific at that time. For a history of cotton growing on Tahiti, see *Tragedy of Atimaono, Story of the Rise and Fall of a Tahitian Cotton Enterprise*, Section 1, Pacific Islands Monthly, 1938, May 25, p. 33–39, and Section 2, Pacific Islands Monthly, 1938, June 22, p. 34–38, written by J.L. Young and edited by W.W. Bolton, both of which are in Part VII.

It was not long before there was but one Chief Trader and all the rest, as they filtered in, were lesser lights. To him all looked, White as well as Brown-skinned, and knew his counsel good. The Missionaries, too, knew his worth. Were they absent, there was no stoppage of their work; the Handyman took their place and carried on. Was there troubling of peace on the isle, before the days of the Great Mother's Protectorate, he was there in the midst of it and promptly brought order out of chaos.

Children were born to him, many, and he solved the difficulty that so many white fathers on the isles have failed in. He showed that sons and daughters, despite their native blood and early environment, can become men and women of sterling worth. He spent his money freely on them; to Australia and New Zealand they went for education, after he himself had grounded them in the essentials. He had a second home in Auckland; it is still theirs today. Some did not return to Niue, some have passed, one engulfed when the little 'Jubilee' went down — one of the Secrets of the Sea — others in Niue still, one and all living as sons and daughters of such a father. He died, but Robert H. Head of Tuapa, Niue, can never be forgotten.

## 15. Fire and Brimstone

The white race has brought both blessings and curses to these South Seas native races. Skin affections are one of the latter. Before a resident Doctor came upon the scene at Alofi, many and strange were the attempts at cure made by local medicos.

One ingenious fellow hit upon a plan whereby he would not only heal his brethren, but make a tidy sum thereby. He constructed a large box without a bottom, carefully plugged all the cracks and announced that he was prepared to cure all cases of Yaws at 5/- a head. Sulphur had been long in use for this purpose, and the traders did quite a large business in this article. But the treatment was not drastic enough, at least so thought this expert. He would accept no patient unless, with his entrance fee, he brought 5/- worth of sulphur. Plugging the ears and nostrils of his victims and leaving one tiny hole through which passed the hollow tube of a fruit tree branch, which, placed in the mouth of the patient, allowed him a modicum of air, the strenuous one placed the pile of sulphur on the ground in a coconut shell or two, lit it, sat the patient close thereto, covered him over with the box and sat on top to make sure of no escape.

With eyes tight closed and tube in mouth, it was the unanimous opinion of the Niueans that whilst the treatment was wonderfully effective, yet they knew now for a certainty what wicked people will suffer beyond the grave.

Thus did this medico effect two purposes at one and the same time. Besides enriching himself with handsome fees, he cured his patients and caused them to walk hereafter more warily in the straight and narrow way. Hellfire with brimstone added was too heavy a penalty to pay for passing pleasures.

## TALES OF ROMANCE

### Niuean Romance

But eighty odd years back, Niue was — if not what Captain Cook claimed for it “Savage” — at least Heathen. There are those yet living, who in their childhood spoke with their elders who themselves had lived their whole lives in the ‘Period of Darkness’. They are fast dying now; they have told their tales; and mine has been the pleasure to cast them into English — faithful to the spirit and setting of the original, I trust — that far from the little Coral Isle, those who will may know them.

The Tales of

1. *Toafofia*
2. *Motufalo*
3. *Lagiholo*
4. *Kilimanapule*
5. *Toapuho*

#### 1. There Were Giants in Those days

*Toafofia*

This is a saying of the old men, such as I, who in childhood spoke to and learned of those of the Long Ago. Niue had first a race of *Lukiloans*, then came a race of *Lomeaans*; their place was taken by a race of *Tegameaans*, who were followed by a race of *Ikateaans*. This is the day of yet another race, even the *Tolotoloans*. And what, what will the next be? Will they be children always, without a trace of manhood?

For here is the meaning of this seeming riddle. The Niueans, according to us old men, whose standard reaches to the far, far past, have deteriorated; they are not as their forefathers. The earliest Niueans were as big as the big Black Ants, whose place was taken by the smaller Ant of Brown; these were followed by the Hermit Crabs, to be succeeded in turn by the small White Sprat. This day sees Niueans as Crawling Things! And what will be the end thereof?

#### 2. The White Amulet

*Toafofia*

*Palalagi* the Mighty made a spear like unto himself, and the village wondered why he wrought so mighty a weapon. Was he a-preparing for yet another foray into the territory of his foes? Perhaps he had sent challenge for a duel to the death with the champion of the north. But it was not so, yet had he one in view for other.

Calling his braves together, he led them to the fighting ground, then striking the huge weapon into the earth, he called upon them that one by one they should take the spear and play the fighting man



before the rest. Thus would he test his warrior band and know the weak from the strong, and the strongest of them all.

Man after man stepped forth, the young men in the pride of muscle, the veterans in their assurance by past deeds. They grasped the spear; they made brave effort to parry, thrust and twirl, but all in vain, their strength was not equal to the task. Then was *Palalagi* the Mighty full of wrath and harangued them as weaklings one and all, unfit to follow him to victory.

It happened that amongst the assemblage on the sward there sat one, a stranger named *Helagi*, yet ought they to have known his strength, for he was of great renown. Was it not *Helagi* who slew *Mohelagi*, the craftiest warrior of the isle, at *Mougakelekele*? Was it not he who when the Tongan canoes came hither to make conquest of the land, ordered out his own, and giving each man a pearl shell in place of weapon played the sun upon the enemy till blinded and bewildered they withdrew?

Now did this same *Helagi* rise and ask *Palalagi* the Mighty if he might take the test. Permission given, and lo! he played with that huge weapon as 'twere long stalk of sugarcane. In every attitude of fighting did he pose, his beard in his mouth, his eyes most furious; he was terrible to look upon.

Then was *Palalagi* the Mighty pleased and gave great praise to him, even to the stranger *Helagi*, and before them all gave *Helagi* the spear inviting him to join them in the next fight, soon to be, even with Chief *Giaafu* of the North, and thus he spake, "Behold! O *Helagi* the Strong. To you I give this spear, the like of which there is none for size and weight and length on Niue. I charge you with it to slay him upon whose upper arm you shall note the white shell bound," and *Helagi* noted this and wondered much who bore into battle so carelessly, so valuable a treasure, for it was a thing to be buried with as an offering to the gods, not a thing to adorn the body with in the hour of conflict.

He had not long to wait. With yells and cries, the Northerners swept out of the forest upon *Palalagi* and his band. The struggle was on. *Helagi* worked havoc with his mighty weapon, yet saw none with the white shell upon his arm. Then suddenly he beheld a fresh band of attackers springing into the clear, and leading them was none other than the Chief *Giaafu*, and lo! upon his arm was a shell of dazzling whiteness.

This then was the man, thought *Helagi*. The honor was great that had been given him even by *Palalagi*, who had stood aside that he and not the Mighty One should settle the matter with the opposing Chief. Little chance had *Giaafu*. Indeed, it seemed as if he rushed purposely upon that spear, as leaping forward, the monster barb hurtled through the air, flying towards him with all *Helagi*'s strength behind it. The man and the weapon met; the spear struck home; *Giaafu* crumpled up, lay dead; the White Shell had not saved him.

Great now became *Helagi*'s fame. Men feared him even as they had dread of *Palalagi* the Mighty, and sought his end, nor could for long accomplish. But there came a day when *Helagi* was working in the bush — all heedless of danger — even at *Tamahatakula*. He must needs dig and plant as other men to find food for his own.

A sudden breaking of the undergrowth, a sudden shout, and a band from *Tamahalakika* — even Liku of today — was around him. They closed in and *Helagi* was no more.

### 3. A Warning Contemned

Toafofia

*Likalika* and *Kalomahina* assembled their warriors together ere they went forth to fight *Palalagi*'s band. The plan of attack was settled and many details. Then a word of caution. No single brave was to tackle the opposing Chief. So great was his strength that he could beat off with ease each single spear and lay out the attacker to a certainty. They must mass in the rush on him, and great was the reward to be if that day *Palalagi* fell.

Now *Hautupu* heard and smiled. What were the Chiefs thinking about? Afraid of *Palalagi*? Certainly not he. Long had he itched to have a tussle with the great man, and if the chance came his way, he would ask the aid of none. Forth went the warriors and ere noon the fight was on. Men fell on both sides. *Palalagi* was mobbed, but to no avail; he cut a swathe about him like as with a knife. But *Hautupu* stood aside; he was waiting for his chance.

Now from the mob of yelling, spearing, clubbing savages, there came out the Chief and — as if for a moment's rest and breathing space — stepped to one side and leaned upon his bludgeon. Winded he was, for sure, and *Hautupu* spying, saw that it was his chance. With a yell he rushed him, and whirling his weapon thought to bring it down upon the leaning chief, but *Palalagi* was quicker to action than he, for ere that stroke fell, the chief's mighty bludgeon swept upward and swept down, splitting *Hautupu*'s club to fragments, and landing full upon the attacker's skull, split that and the whole man down well nigh to the very waistline. He learned too late the part of wisdom. *Palalagi*'s hour had not yet come; to him it was but an episode in a day's good fighting, and rushing in again he so flailed about him that *Likalika* and *Kalomahina* were right glad to escape homeward with their skins.

But *Hautupu*'s death was sung for long in many a village, a warning to the over-confident, and a lament over the unwise but brave.

### 4. The Biter Bit

Toafofia

The warriors of *Titi* went forth to fight the warriors of *Aoliko*. But they had given no intention of their coming. It was to be a surprise party and everything was to be easy for the braves of *Titi*. *Ikihega* led the Titians; he was ever full of stratagem and wiles to get the best of his enemies. *Palalagi* was Chief of the Aolikoans, famous the whole isle over for his bravery, his dash, his strength.

Through the forest by narrow trail the Titians made their way, creeping upon the unsuspecting village at last with stealthy tread. Those villagers were resting in the falés, some chatting as Niueans have ever loved to do at their entrance, others lazing on the green. Like a bolt from the blue, there was a wild savage yell and *Ikihega* burst from the infringing forest, followed by his crowd. They had thought to take *Aoliko* at a disadvantage, but it needed night-time to do that.

Forth from his hut rushed *Palalagi* and saw but one man in the assaulting band. A handy bludgeon he had hastily grasped and whirling it over his head, he went straight for his chief enemy. Avoiding the spear hurled at him, he closed in on *Ikihega*. That was the latter's end. He had better have stopped at home, for now he went to another, even to his Long Home.

Then with his enemy dead, *Palalagi* took the path of wisdom, which led precipitately into the Bush. According to Niuean code, it was always well to live to fight another day and he saw that the odds were hopelessly against him. It was his blood, not his people's, that the Titians sought, and they should not get it that day at least, if he could help it. *Ikihega*'s men beat the forest far and wide, but failed to hunt him out. Sadly, therefore, they returned to *Titi*, their little surprise a failure, their Chief dead. *Aoliko* could well claim a victory, and this, with song and dance, they did.

## 5. A Drink Under Difficulties

### *Toafofia*

*Palalagi*, ever eager for a fight, found at Mamalava all he wanted, and something more, for both he and his band had to make haste for Makapa, where he had built a fort of coral rocks for just such an emergency as this, and reaching it defied his enemies. But water was a necessity and of this there was none, yet had they coconuts in plenty nearby. Therefore, in the darkness of night, they crept out and climbing, secured the needed things, but to break them open in the usual way by smashing them on the rocky surface of their fort was out of the question, for their enemies skulking nigh would surely know why they thus held bravely out, and would see that all night marauding promptly ceased.

Coconut is both food and drink, and now they were in need of both. But *Palalagi* was a man of resource. "Why not cut the nuts open with a sharp stone, and coral is sharp and here in plenty," said the Chief, and no sooner thought of than done, the scheme succeeded to a nicety. So proud was the Chief of his bright proposal that he burst into poetry and this his Song:

Making mere stones to open coconuts,  
How wearily long it takes to get within,  
Hunger and thirst the meantime ours.

Doubtless this was very true, but refreshed and replenished with strength, they were ready for aught that might turn up. An unexpected visitor indeed turned up, even *Hiligutu*, the bravest brave of Tamahatokula — this day known as Hikutavake — who, scenting fight, had come from the far north to lend a hand to his friend. Entering, he rubbed noses with them, one and all, and found his presence needful, for every nose was cold as winter water. "This is fear," said he — though they denied — and set to work, good fellow that he was, to put some undiluted courage in their hearts.

So bucked up now were they that what with *Hiligutu* and coconut milk they made a *sortie*,<sup>236</sup> broke up the encircling band and reached their homes in safety. And yet alas! Ere many moons at Fugahehake, *Palalagi* the Mighty fell, most of his warriors, too, and Chief *Hiligutu* also, standing bravely by his friend's side to the very end.

## 6. Vavau's Chief

### *Toafofia*

Paluki, the true centre of the island, was the capital when Alofi (now the chief of all) was but a fishing village. There dwelt the King of Niue and to Paluki all trails led.

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<sup>236</sup> French: deployment or dispatch of a military unit from a strongpoint.

*Talamahina* was a great Chief, a mighty warrior, and dwelt at Vavau close to Paluki. News reached him that the Alofi men were going to make a great fish killing at Tufonua. He was very hungry for fish, for Paluki is far inland and few were brought thither, save for the King, who had his own canoe and men to work it at the little village by the sea.

At Tukaiavi stood *Talamahina* the Chief, the sea far below him, and saw the boats returning. They were full to overflowing. Hastening his steps, he was at Alofi's reef as soon as they. Tufonua had indeed been a great success. There were all kinds, big and small. There was the Parrotfish and the Bream, huge Cod and Barracouta, the Kingfish and the *Utu*, the Redfish and the Tiger. He sought a present of them, and unwillingly — yet because they feared him — they gave him one — one only. His heart hungered for the Tiger, a big sound fish full of meat. But they would not part with even one of the many *Paala* they had caught. Instead they gave him a *Fagamea*, gloriously red of hue.

*Talamahina* was fiercely wroth, yet dared he not, amongst so many, speak out aloud his thoughts. He took the Redfish, for he hungered greatly for sea meat, and strode home along the narrow trail, holding his gift by the tail, and in his anger swinging it about nor thought to see the mischief he was doing. At Vavau, even at his own home, lo! he held now only the tail, the rest he had left along the trail, piece by piece. Now hurled he the remnant away and vowed he vengeance fierce.

Summoning his band he cried, "Clean your spears, both single and two pronged; get out your war clubs and your stones, for we go to attack and destroy the fishers' homes who refused me aught but a *Fagamea*, whose tail alone reached Vavau!" Then stood forth *Agivalu* and *Tumailagi*, two of the band and said, "O Chief, right gladly will we go with you. Are not the Alofi braves, cowards ever? They are fishers; they are no fighters; they have neither stones nor hooked clubs as we. Haste you that we may kill, for victory is surely ours."

Though *Agivalu* thus spoke of stones and clubs, yet did he himself despise them. From his youth he bore no weapons but his own two hands, closed to fight. All Niue feared him. He fought close in and his blows were terrible; the heart stopped forever at his stroke; the eyes refused to see again; the skull lay cracked and open; the face was as an orange crushed beneath the foot. And *Tumailagi*, though he used weapons, was little less than *Agivalu* in renown.

Now the band went forth, *Talamahina* striding in the front, *Agivalu* close behind in the post he loved right well, nigh to his Chief, *Tumailagi*, his friend, next behind. Swiftly they made westward even to where *Mana* dwelt, that they might settle first with him and his, whom they loved not. Reaching the fighting ground, they sent their challenge, nor was *Mana* unwilling for the fray. He was no fisher, yet was he their friend. A mighty man was he and he had a band that knew no fear.

The battle was joined, stones and spears seemed to darken the sky that day. Now did *Tumailagi* come to see his end. *Matahaiki* had marked him out and so hard pressed was he by many another that he took shelter behind a clump of banana trees. But that availed him not. With mighty throw *Matahaiki* hurled spear, so swift, so sure, so straight that it passed clear through a banana trunk and spitted the hiding warrior to another. Here, too, did *Agivalu* fall. Face to face and man to man he fought, and men lay stretched out all around him, but the gods were against him that day and *Mana's* men were not to be denied. They rushed the brave from all sides, their clubs rained blows, broke arms, crushed skull — he lay a corpse.

And it was nigh the last of *Talamahina's* fights. *Takiula* accounted for him, though now his spears were all gone to fight the Chief with, his club broken, and he had only the round stones, big as a man's fist to fight on with. There was a rain of stones, but 'twas his that reached the leader. It struck

low, or *Talamahina* had been slain. His leg bone cracked, he could stand no more. Out of the fight he crawled and with aid was carried home. Alofi was not for him or his that time.

And *Mana* got *Talamahina* after all, for no sooner healed than he was ready to fight again, his heart still sore with those fisher folks. He sought yet again to reach them, but *Mana* blocked the path, and in the fight the Chief of Vavau fell; he passed to where fish are of no account, nor cause for cry of battle.

## 7. The Labors of Laufoli <sup>237</sup>

### *Toafolia*

Though 250 miles of trackless waste lies between the isle of Niue and the Tongan Group, there was oft coming and going between them in the Long Ago. Tonga out to conquer and awhile victorious, yet got at last a lesson which made it the part of truest wisdom to keep away from Niue. 'Twas in those earlier days of friendship that my story lies.

Among the visitors from the distant isles came a man of great renown amongst his race. A Tongan great and strong was he, famous for many a daring deed. Now *Laufoli* held the same high place in the hearts of Niueans, and it was but natural that two such braves should meet. In friendly rivalry, they tested one another in many a feat of strength and hardihood, and Tongans present, as well as Niueans, gave loud applause to their respective champions. Though *Laufoli* afterwards made such good record as well may wipe out from our memories an act unworthy of the man, yet in his keenness to get the best of the visitor it must needs be told that he resorted to a trick.

Unbeknown to any he selected a tall *fa* <sup>238</sup> tree, bent down its top and broke it off, then let the limb fly back. Now did he call the Tongan and the crowd to see his mighty handiwork, how with his cutting stick he had swung and slung it upwards and with unerring aim had severed off the top. He challenged the visitor to do the same, but such a feat was quite beyond his ken; he did but marvel as did all the rest. And *Laufoli* took the praise.

Soon after, the whole party returned to Tonga, inviting *Laufoli* to surely visit them, where he would have warmest welcome, for was he not a strong and mighty man? He went, like many another in those brave days of old, alone across the great deep, with naught but the stars to guide him where his haven lay, but with that unerring instinct of our race, he feared not to overshoot the mark, and after many days drew up his canoe on the shore of *Vavau* Isle.

Meanwhile the Tongans had held council concerning this visit of the Niuean. Friendly indeed they would be, but they would put him to four tests. If these he passed, then surely was no honour too great for so wonderful a man. These, then, they agreed upon and prepared for:

1. The Strengthened Banana Trunk.
2. The Stony Mountain.
3. The Chasm of Leaves.
4. The Cannibal of the Cave.

<sup>237</sup> The story of *Laufoli* is told on page 9 of Smith, Part IV. Smith notes that the party of *Tongans* were not necessarily from Tonga. It is also told on page 110 of Smith, Appendix Continued. The latter contains a translation of the *Death Song of Laufoli* that differs from WWB's.

<sup>238</sup> Possibly the screwpine (*Pandanus odoratissimus*).



*Laufoli*, like all in those wild times, never travelled without his weapons, his spears, his clubs, his cutting sticks. These he had carefully covered with many leaves, laying them in the bottom of his canoe. Arriving, he stepped out upon the beach and went forward to where many were hastening to give him welcome. Soon he was informed of what had been arranged and right gladly did he consent thereto. He was ready for the first that day and hour.

Now did they lead *Laufoli* to a stout-stemmed banana with succulent but sturdy trunk and called upon him to lay it, at one blow, low. The crafty Tongans had previously driven down from the top, through its very heart, the hard young sapling called *Toa*. Thus would *Laufoli* strike something unexpected and be foiled. He smiled, so easy thought he such a test. Forthwith he sent for his belongings, but they could not be seen so well he bestowed them, and he himself had to fetch them to the testing ground. Tonga was there to watch and laugh. Selecting that stick with which he slashed best at home, he shaped himself, but found that the tree had been selected so that the usual swing there was no room for. It had to be a reverse stroke or none. Yet was not *Laufoli* disturbed in mind. All strokes were the same to him. He raised his stick, he struck with mightiest power, there was a sucking sound, a crack, a swish and the trunk fell, clean severed by the blow. Tonga's laugh was turned to wonder; gave they *Laufoli* praise, for their hearts were good towards him, and was not he their guest?

The next day came to second test. Tongatabu is flat, but Vavau is mountainous, and climbing is not what Niueans have to do, for our isle is even as is Tongatabu. *Laufoli*, however, thought little of such a test of strength. Were not his legs, his thighs, as rocks for hardness? But he was not prepared for the strange action of that mountain. For lo! as he made his way upward, mighty stones came rolling down upon him, stones that would crush and kill, and lesser stones as well, a torrent of stones and no refuge therefrom. Then did *Laufoli*'s anger rise in his heart. He saw no test, but treachery therein, and he burned to reach those hurlers at the summit and lay upon them his good club. With nimble steps, he jumped aside as the great rocks came tearing towards him, the smaller ones he utterly disdained, standing with legs apart he smiled as they went hurtling through. None struck him and he gained the top; then struck he and in his fierce wrath, slew those men, all save one who craved for mercy and, *Laufoli*'s anger now appeased, was granted it. Thus again did *Laufoli* triumph. Great praise was his; the Tongans' hearts were good towards him, and was he not their guest?

A rest and the third test came. To what appeared as a deep sloping trench, the Niuean was led. He was told to make his way along it to a point selected far ahead. Its real depth was hidden, for it was filled with leaves laid on trestles. To tread thereon was to fall, to disappear, to drown in the waters far below, and if *Laufoli* escaped this test and trap, then would they have seen a wonder done before their eyes. And they saw it, for looking ere he leaped, he thought the path of wisdom lay along the sides, and with an agility ne'er seen surpassed, he sprang from side to side, back, forth, back, forth, till his goal was reached, nor had one leaf been touched. A great shout went up; gave they again *Laufoli* praise, for their hearts were good towards him, and was he not their guest?

This final test was left; accomplished they could ask no more of him. *Toloo*, the Wild Man of the Cave, was the terror of all. He was a giant Tongan whose wits had left him; his food was man when he could lay his hands of him; all sought to slay him, but all feared. It was for *Laufoli* to end the terror or himself to die. War club in hand, he sought and found the Cave, went boldly in to find the giant absent. The way led down, so down he went and saw bones everywhere, bones of his fellow men. Not wishing to avoid the meeting, *Laufoli* waited long, then towards sunset heard the Terror coming as he crunched the trail above. At the top of the Cave, the wild cannibal stood, and thus he spake aloud, "Whence comes this smell of Man?" Then looking down, he spied the Niuean. The giant smiled at the thought of getting food so easy and so nigh, then started to descend. As he put his great foot down, one blow from *Laufoli*'s club smashed it to pulp; he thrust the other down and again that club descended. Then the maddened wild man put forth his hand to grasp that which assailed him and

again that club struck true; then came the other reaching out and it too fell helpless. Now came the great body full upon *Laufoli*, but he stepped aside, and soon the cannibal was a lifeless corpse. The terror was no more a thing to fear on Vavau. Taking the teeth out from the massive jaws, *Laufoli* thrust them in his loincloth, then ascended and went back to those who had sent him on his mission. Cried he, "Your terror has departed. I have slain *Toloo* in his cave." With one voice they cried, "You surely lie, O *Laufoli*, it could not be." Then showed he them the teeth which he drew from his loincloth, and they believed.

Thus had *Laufoli* passed every test; they could ask no more of him. Then did the Tongans pour gifts upon the noble Niuean. None were too good for him — many a *Tooga*, those most beautiful of all mats made, hair oil in plenty; *Hiapos*, too, to wrap himself therein when cold; coconuts and all manner of foods. Loaded down, and full of honour and renown, *Laufoli* left the friendly isle, and once more stood on Niue.

The years passed, and for *Laufoli* life held nothing more of interest. He wished to die. He feared that if he grew old and his strength departed, then in some island quarrel, he might fall a victim unable to defend himself, and that to *Laufoli*'s mind was no worthy end to a man of high renown. Therefore he determined that he would make an end of himself, and it should be done openly, bravely and in the sight of all. He was a great man, therefore dared none to gainsay him. He dwelt at Veli on the East Coast, nigh to Liku, and calling his relations to him, he gave orders, "Make you a great oven for a human baking." And they made it. Now did they make huge fires therein, and when all was ready they break it open. Great was the furnace and the heat.

Thus did *Laufoli* draw nigh and spake his last words — "Behold! I die. Cast much earth and covering upon this oven when I do leap therein. Make large the grave of *Laufoli* this day, I charge you." Then he leapt and the great heat wrapped him close. Yet went he not alone to his death, for the people obeying him, piled up the mound all too quickly, and with a mighty roar the huge oven exploded and slew many of those standing by, the workers also. Therefore is it to this day when a big oven of native make shall explode, men say "This is *Laufoli*'s work," and lay the fault on him, nor try to find the cause within themselves.

*Laufoli* has gone — his great Labors are o'er — but even after so many years, there may still be seen the outlines of his oven tomb at Veli, nigh the sea. And this is the Death Song of *Laufoli* ere he leapt into the oven:

How many strands to make a rope?  
 Say it be four to make it strong;  
 Needs make it six to be as I.  
 A Life full of wonders, labors unsurpassed,  
 Great store men set upon their lives,  
 Yet when done where goes it? To the grave.

Now let the Tongans assemble  
 To gaze upon a hero.  
 Was not the banana foully grouped and chosen?  
 How great the cunning to detect the snare;  
 Soft appeared its core, yet wisdom triumphed.  
 But now is the rope getting frayed by age;  
 Where shall it be placed when at last it breaks?

Now let the Tongans assemble  
To gaze upon a hero.  
Heavy and hard was the climb of the mountain;  
Stones rained in rain to hinder, and the summit gained,  
Death met all but one, who pleading hard for mercy, found a friend.  
But now is the rope getting frayed with age;  
Where shall it be placed when at last it breaks?

Now let the Tongans assemble  
To gaze upon a hero.  
Deep was the chasm and very great the danger,  
Water below, all ready to engulf,  
Leaves for deceit with fragile base to hold them.  
But now is the rope getting frayed with age;  
Where shall it be placed when at last it breaks.

Now let the Tongans assemble  
To gaze upon a hero.  
The shadow of the giant shut out the blazing sun,  
As entering his Cave for human blood and meat  
That Flesh struck out and smote him down — a corpse.  
But now is the rope getting frayed with age;  
Where shall it be placed when at last it breaks?

Now let the Tongans assemble  
To gaze upon a hero.  
As the cry of an owl when pierced by an arrow,  
So cried *Toloa* as the blows struck home.  
My life or his! There we settled it.  
But now is the rope getting frayed with age;  
Where shall it be placed when at last it breaks?

The Oven!

And into it Laufoli leapt.  
Thus came he to his end.<sup>239</sup>

<sup>239</sup> The site of Laufoli's death (June 2015):



## 8. All For a Candlenut <sup>240</sup>

### *Toafofia*

Two of the most highly prized trees on Niue have ever been the *Fetau* and the *Tuitui*. Both bear nuts which have much oil therein, which, as now, was used both on the body and the hair, but in ancient times this also was an added use, namely, making every part of the body ready for battle.

Time was when two men great of fame, both of Uhomotu (now Tuapa), by name of *Ligatoa* and *Fakapuna* quarrelled over the right to a *Tuitui* tree. Each claimed possession and the quarrel grew to blows. In the fracas *Ligatoa*'s head was cracked by *Fakapuna* and he was wounded sore. Some of his sons and daughters had left the father's village and married amongst those of Mutalau. When the news of the father's plight reached the latter village, then did those sons rise up and swear by all their gods that they would have vengeance, for their father was dear to them. Therefore did they gather together many braves and, well armed, set out across the island, a large band. The news of their coming went ahead of them and *Uhomotu* feared not, but hastily calling together the warriors of the village, *Fakapuna* took the warpath, too. 'Twas at *Gutukiu* that they met, a famous fighting ground of yore, and there *Ligatoa*'s sons paid *Fakapuna* back in plenty and he was glad to escape with many a wound, but yet a whole scalp of his own. When the fight was over and the sons of *Ligatoa* looked upon the dead of *Uhomotu*, then were their hearts sad, for they had been fighting with their boyhood's friends. Men call such today Civil War, and when hearts are not angry, it appears a fearful wrong. Therefore did these same sons repent and think it an evil thing to slay men of their own village, all for one broken skull. *Ligatoa* rejoiced at the love of his far-off children, yet did he, too, grieve that they had been o'er hasty. It was long, however, ere *Uhomotu* forgave Mutalau its breaking of the peace, yet were they once more friends in time, and *Gutukiu* is but a memory of the ancients, the fight that there took place over a *Tuitui* tree, a ne'er forgotten episode on that cleared field for battle within the forest deep.

## 9. The Dummy

### *Toafofia*

One *Tongia*, an old-time King and his good henchman, *Titi*, puts their heads together how they might entice certain of those who liked them not to their doom. They evolved a plan, which worked with great success. At Paliaati, but a mile back in the bush from Alofi, where the trail branched, one towards Liku, the other towards Hakupu, there was a disused house of poles and leaves. This the two had put in decent order, and then within they made a dummy. Taking a chunk of wood, they covered it with tapa cloth, even to the head, which was the root of a tree, and laid it out, so that it gave the likeness of one asleep. They arranged a fire within the *falé*, and all was ready.

Now did they send forth *Tuhola* and *Tepoua* with orders to make full haste to the Taitians, even to Hakupu and Fatiau and bring hither any Chief they might think fit. Timing the return of their messengers, the crafty King and *Titi* had the fire smouldering, as if the sleeping man would fain warm himself. *Tuhola* and *Tepoua* were successful in their mission and leading the Taitian stealthily to the dwelling, pointed to the man asleep. "Behold," they cried, "did we not say that we could lead you to look upon your great enemy, even upon *Hunuki*. There lies he sleeping. Haste back and call your men together, and return as the sun goes down tomorrow, and he will be yours, for each night he resteth

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<sup>240</sup> [Aleurites moluccana](#).

here.” Right glad was he to see his enemy so surely in his power, and back he hasted to gather his friends to the slaughter.

Now was it that the King and *Titi* put in their final stroke. At Huluitoga, which lieth nigh to Paliaati on the Hakupu trail, they prepared an ambush. It was easy done, with the thick bush and lofty trees and giant coral boulders to enshroud. That same night, *Tongia* settled with those who disliked his rule. But few escaped. None reached the Dummy, which was borne in triumph to Alofi, where feast and dance and revelry signalized the savage victory, and *Tuhola* and *Tepoua* were given rich reward.

## 10. The Removing of the Mace

### *Toafolia*

Well back from Uhomotu — the royal village now known as Tuapa — in the forest, many of the great Chiefs, with the King of the island at their head, builded a great Council Home at Fautuaua. With care, they selected the wood for the posts and rafters, and had it thatched close, so that even the fiercest rain might find no way therein. Here they should meet and settle the laws of the land, and as a sign of their authority, they decided that a mighty club should be made, and suspended from a rafter in the centre of the building. For this mace, the choicest wood of all Niuean trees was brought into use, and with their rough tools they shaped and polished it. Great was the pleasure of the King and his chief men when all was finished, and the fame thereof spread throughout the land, making good men rejoice at the authority that ruled over them, but the wicked to tremble lest it should reach them with its might.

On the eastern side of the island, where the breakers never cease to roar and life was hard, there dwelt at Veve the Chief *Hafonua*, who had had no part in this work of his King and was envious of the powers of his brethren. Many and wild sons had he, *Tafaia* and *Fualeva* amongst them, and his village feared him for he spared neither young nor old in his wrath. Now did he summon his headmen before him and disclosed his plan. They, too, should have a great Council House and if laws were to be made, they should be made in his village alike with Uhomotu. Therefore was it necessary to secure that mace and he would do it even if it meant a fight. The Council House was raised. Taking only his two sons with him, he now crossed the island along the beaten trail, then hid close to the great Council House till nightfall. Suspecting no danger, all the royal village were within their falés, a full mile away. Nor locks, nor bolts were known then, therefore those wild men walked in, and one climbing the rafters, let down the mace into his father’s hands, and home they went forthwith.

Great was the consternation in Uhomotu when it was found that the sign of the King’s authority had vanished. The wizards were called in and long and deeply did they consider, yet found no solution of the matter. But of this they were sure, that it was the devil’s work and all that they could do was to pronounce their curses on the thief, invoking torment and pains upon him, and let it go at that.

Home the fierce Chief had borne it, and amid feast and rejoicing that mace hung suspended from the main rafter of Veve’s Council House. Then something happened. Sickness befell that village and many died. The groans of the stricken ones touched even that hard heart and the old chieftain sought counsel from his wizards. To them, the mace was the rock of offence, and it must leave the village. To return it whence it came was out of the question, therefore did that Chief commit it for the nonce to the care of the neighbouring village. In their simplicity, they received it with joy, but here, too, even in Kavatonu sickness quickly followed its arrival. Seared at deaths so inexplicable, they, too, suspected that polished mace, and forwarded it promptly on to the next village with word that if they



refused to receive it, there would be war and they be forced to welcome it. Yet again death kept close to it. It was a hopeless case.

Therefore did the Chief of Veve order it to be returned to him and sent back whence it came, and back it was borne through the bush by his stalwart sons, nor was his order fulfilled till once more they had caused it to hang whence they had removed it. Then did the plague cease in the East; Uhomotu rejoiced, and peace reigned in the land.

## 11. A Close Shave

### *Toafolia*

Long was *Utamotu* sick, and his sickness was of a kind none before had known in the land. Time and again he would lie as dead, then return to life again but ever feeble. The devil doctors did their best, but their incantations, their herbs, their every artifice availed naught. But now at last he was really dead. Who could doubt it? All breathing had ceased; the heart was still; the eyes looked blank. *Utamotu* was but a corpse.

Three courses were now gravely considered by his folk. Which should it be? Should they carry the mute form out to sea and there consign it to the deep, which already so many had chosen as their grave? Should they drop the corpse into that Chasm so deep, which already so many had made their grave? Or should they bear it to the Great Cave of *Tukuofe* and add it to the bones, which littered deep the gloomy spot? They decided on the latter. With care they bound the dead man with the four stranded cord, then made a bier of poles and carried him to his last resting place. That night there was much wailing and a feast, and men's hearts were sore for their great loss, for *Utamotu* was a wise man, his counsel ever good. It would be hard to fill his place. Thus mourned they him for days and nights, even for seven sun-risings and sun-settings.

Then a wonder happened, which in those ancient times none could fathom, but we of today have been taught of and do understand. 'Twas night and all had lain upon the mats to sleep, when a voice was heard calling, "Am I alive or really dead? Is it a dream or do I live?" None doubted but that it was the voice of *Utamotu*, yet trembled they on their mats, nor dared to rise, for they feared exceedingly the spirits, which in their ignorance they held to roam the land of nights. But this ghost was a reality, for into his own grass hut did *Utamotu* totter with the rope which had bound him in his hand, yet was he too weak to lay about him and could but berate them with his tongue. Though he scolded sore, yet were they right glad to have him back.

Nor made they like mistake again. When next he seemed to die, with sore hearts, but fullest confidence, they dropped *Utamotu* in the Chasm, and laid the ghost for aye.

## 12. Put Not Trust in Man

### *Toafolia*

*Hopohelagi* was a warrior and was supposed to be both a brave and a trustworthy man. When the women of the village gathered at the sea to prepare the much prized food called *Tuhoi*, crushed berries at picking poisonous, but washed oft in saltwater cleared of every danger, then *Hopohelagi* was for a long time at his best. Great was his pleasure to attend them, giving them little assistances when

needed, watching lest hostile village should swoop down and bear the females off, seeing, too, that their baskets were ever safe from youthful ravagers. But he fell, and this the cause, Rank Jealousy.

There was no love between him and *Tuhega*. The latter was a dashing fellow, winning both in person and in speech, strong too in limb, and active in every kind of game. Much, too, he delighted in playing tricks on the seriously minded *Hopohelagi*, and making him ridiculous in the eyes of the village maidens, but there is a limit to even playful tricks and this game of *Tuhega* went too far. It cost *Hopohelagi* his good character.

The women busy on the reef, the faithful warrior handy, down the cliffside sauntered the gay-hearted *Tuhega* and passed from group to group with jest and cheery word. His eyes, meanwhile, were on those baskets and what could those women do but each one give the handsome brave some portion of their making. Ere long he had all that he could handle — *Hopohelagi* the while glaring at him sullenly — and left those guileless womenfolk with a laughing side glance at the watchman. Now did *Hopohelagi* think long and deeply. If those women were so ready to give away what he gave up his time to watch and ward, why should he be left out? Therefore did he gather up the lot, despite tears and lamentations, and walked off calmly homewards, his credit and good name gone, his occupation as guardian in chief lost for aye. He had failed them it was true, but had he not good reason? The women blamed *Tuhega*. *Tuhega* blamed the women. It was ever thus on Niue and is, even to this day.

### 13. The Fiery Furnace

#### *Toafofia*

*Nukai* and *Lagi* were great men in the land, but were wicked of heart, and sought to increase their power by means however base. Of the two, *Lagi* was not so far steeped in crime as his companion, else had the fulfilment of their most inhuman act been the extinction of all that was noble in the land. For their plan was the slaughter at one stroke of all the other Chieftains.

To Matagu these two wicked ones most cordially invited all the rest, and assured of a sumptuous feast most — unmindful of the treachery — came with glad accord. The feast was to be held in a great open space carved out of the bush, and back of it well hidden from all eyes, *Nukai* and *Lagi* had built a mighty oven. If prying eyes had seen it in the making, there was answer ready: was it not being prepared for the Great Feast? Yet never had Niue seen one of so great a size, nor was any feast to be.

As the Chiefs, singly or in groups, from all parts of the island, came upon the scene, the two ruffians with their cowed assistants seized and bound them. Soon all were in their power. Now did *Nukai* refuse to listen to all appeals, and into the oven of heated stones, he cast man after man. But *Lagi* weakened at the entreaties of the doomed and cast his into the bush on the farther side. His companion doubted not but that *Lagi* and his assistants had done his share and that fire had consumed all traces of the crime of both, and none dared tell him otherwise for fear of *Lagi*'s wrath.

When darkness fell and *Nukai* slept, then did *Lagi* creep to where the bound men lay and cutting their bonds, let them go free. Thus were these saved from the fiery furnace that had engulfed their friends and lived to have a reckoning, which repaid the debt in full.

*Nukai* and *Lagi* have both long passed away, but Matagu remains, and the site of that mighty human holocaust is visible today.

## 14. Long-Distance Divers

### *Toafofia*

At Fautuaua, representatives from every village on the island had gathered to make laws. It was but a mile back in the forest from Uhomotu, where dwelt the King and before which the sea beats upon the coral reef.

It was hot and, their duties over, it was agreed to visit Mataloko, a well known bathing pool to this our day, there to relax in swimming and diving. Rivalry soon showed itself and soon chosen men from each village were at it in earnest. Now came diving and after leaping from great height, there was competition as to who could remain under the waters for the longest time and distance.

All joined in, save two young men from Tafiti, which is where Hakupu and Fatiau lie today. These men were *Tulitoga* and *Tagaloa-hekula*, the stalwart sons of the great Chief *Foufou*. They seemed to be indifferent to the contest, the shouting and the clamour. Yet were they not really so. When all but they had tried, the rest cried out, "Shame be upon you, ye sons of *Foufou*. Take now your turn and dive or Tafiti will be disgraced before us all." Now both *Tulitoga* and *Tagaloa-hekula* had long practiced the art of remaining under water for great distance, and had watched the rest, none of whom could compare to them.

Therefore, now that they were challenged they took the dive, both at the same moment and making the full length of the passageway through the reef, reached the open sea. Still kept they beneath the waters and turning south kept on till a point hid them from sight. Then rising to the surface, they swam steadily on to the cave at Avaiki, which is nigh to Makefu. There they landed and by way of trail returned.

Meanwhile those at Mataloko knew not what to make of it. Was it a dive beyond any known of them, or had the two been drowned? At first, as the distance lengthened alike with the time, men shouted their approval and applause, but when the two did not appear upon the surface, then did men fear many things, the giant *feke* with its tentacles, a shark or the sea-god's wrath. To Uhomotu all returned with hearts saddened for *Foufou's* sons. When the two appeared that evening in the village, great was the astonishment and wonder at their tale. Such diving and such swimming was not known in Motu. Tafiti took the crown.

Motu was defeated and *Tulitoga* and *Tagaloa-hekula* took pains to press it home. Had not Motu jeered at them? Therefore they composed this Song :

Dive cleanly, swim swiftly,  
Else shall you be mocked!  
Tafiti dived, came up for breath,  
But Motu saw us not.

## 15. A Mysterious Visit

### *Toafofia*

*Palafoumiku* sat upon the tiny beach of sand that is to be found at Tavahihi, close to the Tuapa of today. He was thinking of nothing in particular, just taking a rest beneath the winter's sun, when something he saw far out to sea made him think very hard indeed. No ordinary canoe with outrigger,

for such no mortal eye could discern at so great a distance, but a huge warcraft that rose and fell as it clave the waters, making straight for where *Palafoumiku* sat. It came from the west, where Tonga lies. Was it peace it meant, or war? Still on he sat, nor thought of hastening up the cliff to give warning to the village; he would just wait and see.

Bounding along beneath the strokes of a hundred paddles, it soon was but two spears' throw from the land, when it stayed, swung round and rested. Into a smaller canoe, which trailed behind, there leapt a landing party with one, *Teiloa*, at the head. These made straight for the little beach where *Palafoumiku* sat. Now they were out and walking towards him, the while *Teiloa* was unrolling a fine mat. Cheerily the Tongan cried aloud, "Surely are you the Chief of these parts. Your courtesy in coming thus to meet us we warmly welcome. Let this fine tapa cloth be our present to you. E'en now with it will we adorn your shoulders." Then *Palafoumiku* seemed suddenly to awaken to realities. He saw capture and slavery, and thought but of escape. He gave no credence to such soft speech — and yet who knoweth? It might have been, but he went the wrong way about to cause it to be so, for having no weapon with him, he had recourse to his legs alone, and springing to his feet, dashed up the beach, running for dear life. This abrupt proceeding in answer to such kindly words naturally made *Teiloa* angry and forthwith he gave chase. After the beach comes a rocky space, e'er the trail up the face of the cliff is gained. Here *Palafoumiku* cleared at a single bound a wide-spreading rock and crazed with fear rushed on. *Teiloa* followed, but failed to clear and coming down hard, he broke his leg. Here was a 'to-do', the leader helpless and in a strange land, and the crazy one flying up the cliff face with news that would bring the village down like a swarm of wasps. Therefore the man-chase ended then and there, and picking up the helpless *Teiloa*, they made their way back to the canoe and so to the warcraft beyond.

The Leader of the party had watched all these proceedings nor could he understand at all, at such a distance, but great was his anger when he heard that *Palafoumiku*, the cause of all the trouble, had escaped. "Why did not the rest of you chase the man? Were all your legs broken as *Teiloa*'s? A fine landing party are you indeed! And now we must haste back, lest *Teiloa* perish and we incur the wrath of the King, for high is *Teiloa* in his favour."

Uhomotu from cliff and beach saw them pass out to sea. To this day there is mystery about that visit. It came from Tonga, or else we had not heard the story from their lips, which completes *Palafoumiku*'s portion of the tale, but they said not if it was peace or war, and amongst all our ancient tales, it remaineth still the one whose riddle is unsolved.

## 16. Welcoming the Babe <sup>241</sup>

### *Toafofia*

There were strange customs in the days of old when the new-born first appeared. It was a busy time for the father who would have a famous son. Of the girls, the *falé* was their lot in life, not the canoe, the hunting of birds and the warpath. Strength, hardihood and a fine voice were the longings of that father, and his part it was to start his babe on the way thereto.

Down therefore to the receding tide the fond parent would hasten and hunt with diligence for the little *Kamakama*, a crab whose fleetness of pace surpasses his size. When caught, it was borne home forthwith, its claws detached and rubbed for long on the feet of the babe, those claws that sped so

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<sup>241</sup> Smith refers to the use of the *Heahea* bird, *Kamakama* crab and sugarcane, and also the *Taketake* bird, at birth on page 204 of Smith, Part III. His informant was *Pule-kula*.

swiftly o'er the rocks. Thus would the child, when reaching manhood, be like *Kamakama* swift of foot, swift to pursue, swift to escape to fight another day.

Then off to the bush that parent went to bring down with stone or spear the sweet-throated *Heahea*, the thrush of Niue. The dead bird in his hand, he would haste, and oft rub the lips of the babe with the soft breast of the songster, thus ensuring the future warrior a noble voice that would carry far, either in battle cry or oration to his people.

And yet again he would haste away to his plantation to cut down the *Tomaka*, our sugarcane, but this one with outer skin as stone for hardness, as we have still with us today, and bearing the sweet cane home, would force some of the sweet juice down the throat of the loud wailing babe, that he might be hard as stone to endure all things in the days to come. For in those days, none but the strong could hope to survive; the weakling succumbed quickly in those stressful times.

Therefore with much diligence did each father strive that his son should be a warrior, brave and strong, and take his place and part in life on Niue's stormy isle.

## 17. The Black Devil

### *Toafolia*

It was not the wish of any brave to die upon his mat. Therefore it was grievous unto *Hiligutu* to lie sick in his grass hut, doomed ere long to die as any woman. Yet did he long bravely struggle to conquer and be strong once more, but what could avail, seeing that he had the growth in his stomach, which we this day call cancer? So great was the strength of the disease within him that the brown skin of our race was changed to well nigh black. He sank lower and lower till he lay — seemingly — a corpse. This then they did, though their hearts were sad; it was the hot days of the yearly round of sun and quick must be the burial. Ere the breath had fairly left the body of the mighty warrior, they carried it to a canoe, paddled far out to sea and cast the dead man overboard into the still but gently heaving waters. They had gone far and darkness ever cometh down with startling suddenness. It was as the sunlight fled, they eased them of their burden and paddling swiftly, soon left the spot behind.

The village rang with lamentations both that night and the next for *Hiligutu*, but *Hiligutu* was far from dead, and very busy for a sick man all that time. For the plunge into the waves revived him; his lethargy took flight; coming to the surface, he looked around, but the inky darkness shut out all and every sight. Ever a good swimmer, he struck out and went with the waves. It was long ere he made land, yet made he it in safety, and then was he far from home. Weak was he and faint, and slowly made he his way along reef and cliff. Two nights had sped by, and one of the village made journey to the sea at dawn, when on the reef below the cliff he saw a black form — hunched up, eating bananas, skin and all for none of the fruit seemed to be thrown away. The villager doubted not but that he saw a devil, and fled back to the village with the news. "Come, come quickly, all of you and see a real back devil eating bananas skin and all."

The cliff-edge was well crowded and the black form still sat hunched there. They took it all in, this vision of a devil, its shape so strangely like their own, its ravenous appetite, for still it was busy, its color just as their wizards had taught them. Now would they be able to tell their children and their children's children of the wonder their own eyes had seen, when lo! the devil rose, turned, looked up and waved its arms. With one voice, they exclaimed, "It is no devil. Lo! it is *Hiligutu* whom we had cast into the sea as dead. Let us haste down to hear his story, for it is a wonder greater even than a



devil that *Hiligutu* has returned from death.” The village had high feast that day, with song and dance in place of tears and wailing.

*Hiligutu* had his wish at last, for he died as a warrior should, despite his malady. At Fugaehake he fell, and with him, to the Land of the Shadows, went his friend, the mighty *Palalagi*, to whose aid he had hastened, sick as he was, in that brave’s hour of need.

## 18. A Ruffianly Chief

### *Toafolia*

*Tuhega* was a western man, brave enough, a fighting Chief, but he was a ruffian. His ways were cruel, and of himself he thought alone. When famine struck the land, then roots and ferns, creepers and weeds, were eaten of the people in their dire distress. Some of these are poisonous like as some fish, but from earliest times, Niueans have known the art of clearing out the deadliness and can eat it in perfect safety. Who taught them this is a secret of the past, even as the medicines that are made from many a plant and herb. At such dire times is the food *Tuhoi* used, which, crushed and oft times washed with saltwater, is taken in lieu of better.

Down by the sea upon the reef, the women worked and slaved, whilst Chief *Tuhega* watched above. Then would he take his servants down, and despite tears and entreaties carry off the lot. Yet was he wary. The women who had strong brothers he disturbed not, but only those who were old, and defenceless in their homes.

But the wailing of the women was not to the liking of *Tuhega*’s clan. Their wrath was great against their Chief, who would thus despoil weak women. Therefore did they plot to slay him, but *Tuhega* had his friends, ruffians as he, and many a time did he escape when they nigh had him at their mercy. Yet was life too strenuous for even such a one as he, and he sought at last refuge in the bush. Upon his trail the avengers went, rounding him up at length upon Tapeu hill, which is the summit of the rise behind Tufukia, nigh to Aliutu. There they slew him, yet ere he died, he cried aloud this Death Song which has passed down from mouth to mouth these untold years, sung by him who in his lifetime was oft called ‘Three Hats’ from his delight to wear upon his head a triple covering in his fights:

*Togia* of old was slain by braves;  
I am besieged on *Tapeu* hill.  
Three Hats will be slain this night;  
My bravery avails me naught.

## 19. The Fight at Avaau

### *Toafolia*

Fine were the coconuts — none finer upon Niue — that grew nigh Makefu at Fofoaiki and at Faifai. And envious eyes were cast upon them, even those of the Hakupuans in the south. Therefore did the braves from all the district of Tafiti journey thither on a night agreed upon and stole those nuts, the pride of Makefu, bearing great loads of them away.

Then came there running into Makefu men from both Fofoaiki and Faifai crying, “Our coconuts are gone! Who hath stolen them?” Great was the excitement at the news and men’s hearts grew wild with anger. “There shall be death for this,” said they and they meant it. The wizards and the old men said

that Hakupu was the thief, for long time had bad blood been between the two. Now was there a rush for spears and clubs and those deadly coral stones rounded to hand size, which whom they strike they slay, and when the third sun rose, Makefu was on the warpath.

Tafitians knew full well that there would have to be a reckoning, and had got ready, too. They would forestall the Makefuans, and this time there should be such a fight as would wipe Makefu out; no half measures, their place should know them no more. "Now let us slay them one and all, and possess their homes, and ourselves own those plantations we have raided." So confident were they of their superior force that they took the women, even their wives, along with them to make a settling in forthwith.

At Avaau they met — the angry Makefuans, the bloodthirsty Hakupuans. The former had not expected to meet the enemy so near their village, but the place was good for battle, not cramped, and long the contest lasted. Revenge and right gave strength, and ere the day was over, Tafari was in flight.

One brave of Hakupu, *Lagamohe* by name, saw clearly which way victory was going and thought to save himself for another day by timely flight. He took to the bush and a trail that winds, like all, in and out amid huge coral rocks. Hurrying homewards, he heard what he took to be an enemy close at his heels. Crouching behind a pinnacle of stone, he awaited the approaching one. He sprang; he struck. Alas! it was his own father, *Matagutu*, who had thought it the part of truest wisdom also to get away from the battle, and had taken unknowingly the same route as his son.

But *Lagamohe* soon joined him in the Land of Shadows. The avengers were combing the forest, ere he could drag himself away from his fallen parent. Men, women, fled past, one cry upon their lips "Haste! haste! We perish!" Then rushed they onwards, leaving him still mute and motionless. Makefu hath it that *Lagamohe* made no fight at all at the last, though he was a brave. They came upon him as he slowly made his way. He turned; he raised his head; he had no weapon in his hand; a spear flew, struck home. *Lagamohe* and his parent walked together in Another Land.

## 20. Poachers! Ye Gods!

### *Toafofia*

*Puivao* had a fish preserve. It was his particular fishing ground and he allowed none to encroach thereon. Always, as he went out in his canoe, he called upon his god, *Motufolo*, and was ever careful to first feed his catch with many a dainty fruit and leaf. Lalofou was that fishing ground, and the fish that he sought most to catch was the *Paala*, or as we now call it the Tiger fish, from its long, strong body, striped in red and black.

*Puivao* long had known that others poached upon his ground, but though he tried oft and in many ways, he ever failed to catch them. *Taula* was one of these, whose young son often helped him. The boy had made great friends with *Puivao* and oft went out with him, and thus learned all of the best spots to cast net or hook. Men used for hooks, in those days, the crooked roots of trees. These were the useful trees, the *Piliva*, the *Maile*<sup>242</sup> and *Kapilili*, and nets they made with the vines and tendrils of the forest.

*Puivao* would one day go a-fishing and took the boy along with him. He did his duties thoroughly, called on his god, and gave out food in plenty, yet ne'er a fish came either to hook or net. Then was *Puivao* sad and wondered for the cause. Surely was *Motufolo* angry because he had failed to stop

<sup>242</sup> Possibly the shrub [Alyxia stellata](#).

others coming on the ground. Therefore now would he set double watch, both by night and day, and all would be well once the poachers were slain, for there was killing in the heart of *Puivao*.

*Taula*'s son wandered along the reef off *Puivao*'s ground a short while after and lo! he saw a multitude of fish. Hastening home, he told his father that which he had seen. "What kind of fish were they, my son?" said *Taula*. "They were all the great *Paala*," said the boy. "Go now to your mat, my son, tomorrow we go a-fishing." And they went. It was at break of day and *Puivao*, who had built a leaf hut on the cliff that he might better pounce upon the poachers, was still asleep.

Out they put, and calling upon their god, the two got busy with hook and net. Such catch astonished them. The Tigers were hungry and leapt at the hooks; they were so many that the net soon filled. Now did the father and the son shout aloud with joy, and that was their undoing, for *Puivao* above heard the noisy two below, and rushing forth looked down upon them.

That boy, a poacher, whom he had treated as a son! And *Taula*, the doer of all mischief! Now did *Puivao* call upon his god once more, "O *Motufolo*! Quick! Haste you to the sea and punish *Taula*! He is the poacher! And if you fail to punish him, I will." But *Motufolo* failed not. He was far mightier than *Taula*'s god. For lo! Just then the father and son in their excitement in hauling in the net, upset the boat, fell into the net, their feet and legs all tangled up; they struggled hard, but all in vain. They sank, and the Tigers had a meal they had not looked for.

This was the poachers' end, and so glad was *Puivao* that for one hundred nights, he celebrated it with song and dance, nor forgot he *Motufolo*, who had heard his cry.

## 21. Of Kings <sup>243</sup>

### *Toafolia*

I would fain tell of the Kings of Niue Isle from the earliest, but Tradition is oft at fault, for famine and pestilence and inter tribal wars wrought such havoc in this land that those to whom the sacred traditions were handed on oft perished, their knowledge with them. But out of the dimness of that past, some names have never perished, and it is now well to pass them on in the printed page that our children, so engrossed in learning the ways of the great White Race, may not forget the glories of their own land.

These, the names, and of some of them I would speak a little of matters that may interest. Of the *Togia* of ancient times, I have already spoken. *Leivalu* and *Hetalaga* are both memories. Of what village, why bathed with the sacred oil, thus set apart from their fellow Chiefs, what made them famous or how died, none of Niue knoweth, but came *Tihimau* and *Punimata*, *Patuavalu* and *Galiagaaiki*, *Fokimata* and *Pakieto*. The reigns of these covered many years and Captain Cook, the first of white folks to see our lonely land, was late in time compared with these.

Yet was not Niue wholly without visitors, royal visitors at that, for it is told of *Tihimau*, who had his crowning at Lakepa, on the east coast, that a great and mighty Chief, even *Tepunua*, King of Tonga, 250 miles away, came to see his royal brother, not in war array, but in peace and friendliness. He made his landing at Avatele, which till of late years was the chief and safest spot to gain our shores, and though a stranger was not then repulsed, for Niue had yet to learn the danger of introduced disease. Once learned, the barriers were put up, as the Great Navigator found when it came his turn

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<sup>243</sup> Niue's kings are discussed on pages 173–175 of Smith, Part II. His source was *Mohe-lagi* of Alofi. Niue's kings are listed on page 106, and a history of the kings is given on pages 116 and 118, of Smith, Appendix Continued.

to seek a passing foothold. Finding that he whom he had come to see was on the other side of the island, Tonga's king took forthwith to the bush along that trail, which to this day runs clear but sinuously across. Many were his followers and his presents, too. Good news ever travels ahead and ere Lakepa was reached, *Tihimau* did the courteous thing, hasting forth to meet his Majesty. In the deep bush, they met and in the friendliest fashion talked and questioned. Each sought to test the other's knowledge, and in rivalry propounded each their queries. All that Niue's king sought of Tonga's was clearly answered and for long Tonga's could find no weak spot in his brother's ken. Then said *Tepunua*, "You have here a king as we?" Said *Tihimau*, "We have here a king as you." "You have an under king as we?" "We have an under king even as you." "You have councillors as we?" "We have councillors as you." "You have the great Meeting House as we?" "We have the great Meeting House as you." "Have you place of worship for the gods as we?" Here was fall for *Tihimau*, for Niue worshipped them under the blue sky of heaven, and knew not of locating whom they worshipped, whether above, below, around them or wholly in the sea itself, whilst Tonga had wondrous stone Temples, which may still be seen, and in them placed images of their gods imperishable, too. Here was weak spot on Niue, to have a King with regal pomp surrounded, but to have the gods unhoused. Niue thus lost out in friendly tilt of words, but no ill feeling followed. Perhaps it was to see that Niue's lack was filled, that the visit was prolonged to so great length that after many moons Tonga's king breathed out his last on his good friend's domain, and *Tepunua's* body was carried back, a lifeless thing, to be buried with his fathers.

*Punimata's* reign was a reign of peace. He had his bathing at Hakupu, even on the spot where the Government School for our children stands, called Makatea, and he was wise and good to all. None fell to fighting, for all looked up to the king, and his words were ever good, yet lacked he not in firmness. It was in his day so long ago that Uhomotu — now called Tuapa — was made the King's Village, and at Fautuaua, back in the bush, there was raised that great Council House of the land of which I have already spoken.

Now I pass on to *Patuavalu*. His reign was also one of perfect peace. It seemed as if Niue had never known, nor could ever know again, so wondrous a time. All life seemed to be happy, as were the people. Never had the trees borne so abundantly; never were the wild birds so numerous or tame. The fat and luscious pigeons came into all the villages, resting not alone in the bananas, but on the roof of every falé, nor feared they man at all. The great land crabs came forth from their rock holes and entered the homes, finding good hiding and abundant food in the huge piles of coconut shells cast aside. The sea, too, was full of fish; none ever went out to return empty handed. The sun was not too great in heat, nor did the rain withhold; the wild winds ne'er blew fiercely. People and land were happy. All rested for the stormy times ahead, yet knew they not that such was to be. *Patuavalu* had his bathing at *Puato*, close to Alofi village, and there at last they buried him, grieving sore at their great loss.

*Galiagaiki* became now king of Niue. He was of Liku, on the east coast, and bathed at Taumahala, in that village now extinct. He was a good man and strong, but fell a victim in another's quarrel. The plantation of a native by the name of *Tinomata* was despoiled and none knew the thief. Now *Tinomata* was of a fierce and ungovernable temper, and in his savage breast, thought only of how he could reach the thief and satisfy his vengeance. He determined to murder the king of the land, for thus would misfortune come to the island; the gods would be angry; they would send too much sun, too little rain, thus would famine come, and coming, slay the thief, though he himself should likewise die. Therefore did *Galiagaiki* fall to *Tinomata's* spear and sorrow great spread over the land. Then did the Chiefs hear *Tinomata's* tale and making search, found *Fakahemanava* to have been the thief.

Then, like Achan <sup>244</sup> of the Holy Book, was *Fakahemanava* destroyed, himself, his wives, his children; the whole family of that wicked one, who had caused the regicide, was wiped out of Niue forever. Now for a long time there was no king, for all the great, the wise and the strong refused to be bathed, lest for some other's wrong, they should come to sudden end.

*Fokimata*, far from willing, was at length prevailed upon, had his bathing at Paluki and dwelt on the King's plantation nigh to Uhomotu. He was the western people's choice, and the eastern side were jealous and long sought his life. For better safety, he at length removed to Hikutavake, which village then lay nigh high up above the lower ridge of Niue's coast. But the warriors of the eastern side were not to be denied. Gathering in mighty force, they crossed the land, rushed the village and yet another king of Niue came to an untimely end.

And now the eastern men set up their king, his name *Pakieto*, who was of lowly birth, yet had come to the front by force of character and strength. The common people had no say, and soon discussion arose throughout the land, and quarreling amongst themselves, they let their plantations go. Then there was too much sun, and far too little rain, so famine came and added to the trouble. Niueans were right glad to eat roots, which in times of plenty they would have despised. And their duty to their king — though they loved him not — they thought not of. Kings were ever provided for after their bathing; it was not for kings to work among their plantations. Now were all men weak with hunger, and each thought only of himself. Therefore was *Pakieto* driven at length to crawl half-dead into the bush and eat aught that came to hand, even the dead birds that had perished from hunger and which were as poison even to the healthy and the strong. There *Pakieto* died, and for long, people sought him when the worst was over, asking "Where is he, our king?" But none could make answer. Some had seen him as he made his weary way from falé to bush, but none after that. Then came the welcome rains, and the famine ceased, and Niue fed once more. And lo! one stumbled upon the body of the king, yet was it hard to recognize for the wild rats had had long their feast. Such was the end of *Pakieto*, an end unworthy of a king.

Now, once again, there came a break in the line of our 'Anointed'. None would consent. Strong braves pushed themselves to the front, some of whom I have spoken of already and others I may mention, among them *Palalagi* and *Foufou*, *Hafonua* and *Futuga*, *Manatoga*, *Tokaagataha* and *Mohelagi*. These took the lead, some here, some there, and rivalry arose and fiercest fighting, and the isle was split in two, some crying out that they were of Tafiti, the others that Motu was their home.

Thus was it, till the Gospel came and changed the land from constant warfare to a land of peace. Then, like God's People in the Holy Book, Niue wished to be as other lands again and have a king, and those known to all of us did reign, *Tuitoga* bathed by Solomon the Deacon in 1876, *Fataaiki* bathed by the Missionary in 1888, and *Tongia* bathed by the same good man in 1890.

Then Britannia's King became our King and Niue cries today "Long live the King — of England and of Niue."

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<sup>244</sup> [Achan](#) is a figure in the Book of Joshua in connection with the fall of Jericho. According to the narrative, Achan pillaged an ingot of gold, a quantity of silver and a costly garment from Jericho; this act resulted in the Israelites being collectively punished by God. The Israelites used cleromancy to decide who was to blame, and having identified Achan, stoned him, as well as his sheep, other livestock and his children to death.



## 22. Derision and Its Sequel

### *Toafofia*

*Lavakula* was of the west side, and set out to pay a friendly call upon some whom he had long wished to see, who dwelt at Mutalau, which then was known as Eastern Niue. A brave, he ne'er went without his spears, and thus equipped made good headway over the trail. He was near his goal, even at Fakafaleloto, when *Foutapa*, another brave, but of the eastern side, came swinging along. Now *Foutapa* was quick of speech and thoughtless, unmindful of others' feelings and thus sang out, "O *Lavakula*, brave and strong, why carry you those forks? It looks as if you mean business both of killing and eating. Surely you had better brought a cooing dove to play with, and like it make soft love to yonder maidens." Now *Lavakula* did not take such talk at all kindly; his heart grew hot within him and his anger rose. Yet did he not strike there and then, but challenged *Foutapa* and his band to combat, naming time and place, then turning, struck off into the bush and in his fury set his face for home again by another route than that *Foutapa* held. Tufakalele was the battle ground, the scene of many such a fight in days gone by, an open space and level. Here could they fight man to man till victory was assured.

Hither then came the Derided and the Derider, each with a chosen band, and at once the two sides clashed. It was East against West, and all the old-time jealousies and animosities warmed up the combatants to fiercest effort. Man after man went down to rise no more. No quarter was asked; no quarter given. Those 'forks' of *Lavakula* did deadly work that day. He lunged; he thrust; he parried, the greatest warrior of them all. Yet one he kept in reserve; he would first make havoc of the lesser folk, then settle with *Foutapa*. The space was large, the fighters many, but at last they met. "Now will I show thee, O *Foutapa*, how *Lavakula* maketh love," cried the derided one, and parrying thrust after thrust, at last found an opening, and thoughtless-speaking *Foutaoa* fell, paying the account in full.

## 23. A Generous Foe

### *Toafofia*

There is an ancient proverb. This is its ground.

Eastern Niue went forth to fight Tafiti, which in those days of Long Ago was a large populous district, but today is but Hakupu, and Fatiau, too, which is now the smallest of our villages. They thought to kill many, to carry off the younger women, to despoil the villagers of their fruits and roots, and leave their mark upon the place.

But the Tafilians were game; they, too, could put up a lusty fight, and first in steady retreat, then in headlong fight and rout, the Easterners made through the tangled bush for home, the Tafilians ever close upon them. The forest has but trails, and coral rock oft ranges high on either side, as the path glides on between.

This was Tafilian country and *Fofoaiki* ordered his good henchman, *Kiumaka*, to make quick detour and by bypath, head off the fleeing bands. This he did, and blocked the trail ahead. Caught between two batches of Tafilians, it had gone hard with them had not *Fofoaiki* called out to his furious host, "Stop the slaughter; stay your hands." Already many had fallen to rise no more. More, still, were wounded; none had escaped, but for the great heart of *Fofoaiki*.

Therefore is it that *Fofoaiki* is ever named when generosity is spoken of, even as the ancient proverb saith, “Generous as *Fofoaiki* in the day of battle and sure victory.”

## 24. Divided Counsels

### *Toafolia*

Since Captain Cook’s day, in the eighteenth century, ships had steered clear of Niue as a landing place. Yet as Australia and New Zealand opened out to white settlers, merchant ships and carriers of human freight steadily increased in number, and the wild braves on the isolated island saw them, and bristled for a fight, as occasionally they passed by outward or homeward bound. On board, curious eyes would doubtless look at Niue, lying low on the ocean’s bosom, without a hill to break its even line, and would talk together of the savage Polynesians, whose home it was, whilst on the isle itself, there was running to and fro, and hasty messages calling upon its braves to seize their spear and club, if perchance the winged monster of the deep should head their way. That any benefit should come to the island by such means was not within the capacity of the Niueans to conceive. It was an enemy, and as such was to be driven back, attacked if possible, and any way made to have a wholesome and a lasting fear.

Therefore when off the western coast, a full-rigged ship came in view, and under a light breeze was making but slow headway, there was much excitement in the villages that rested on the summit of the lower cliff, whence the wide expanse of ocean could be clearly seen. All the Chiefs, save one, called upon their warriors for defence; *Vihekula*, however, would carry the war to the enemy and fight him ere he landed. Therefore did he call upon his head men three, to leap into his big canoe and with him paddle out to intercept the enemy. Fast and furiously, they cleaved the water and steadily cut down the distance. Perhaps the sailors were lounging lazily, and watching on the taffrail <sup>245</sup> the oncoming canoe with amused interest, but not so was it with *Vihekula*. Though four against an unknown band, that was naught to him. He was out for a fight, and had he not spear to thrust the monster through with, and club to smash it to submission? And it might have been a fine tale for both sides to tell, in spinning a yarn in their old age, but for *Manatoa*. He spoiled it all. His heart was not big enough. Now was it found that he had not even a rat’s courage — that lone wild thing on four legs in Niue — for as the great hulk of the ship grew bigger and higher to his vision, so did *Manatoa*’s heart sink lower and his courage vanished. He was seared and putting energy into his paddle, paddled backward strokes even as his companions paddled forward ones. *Vihekula*’s commands and threats were of no avail; the canoe went wildly; the great lazy hulk moved slowly on; the distance lengthened; the chase was hopeless; it was given up.

*Vihekula* returned to the reef, his wrath had not abated, *Manatoa*’s cowardice had but added fresh fuel to it. What was the coward’s end is a secret of the past, but his paddle was that same day given to another, and none can point of certainty to *Manatoa*’s grave.

## 25. The Fate of the Unruly Son

### *Toafolia*

Stern parents were those of early times; they lacked mercy even to those of their own flesh and blood.

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<sup>245</sup> The railing around the stern of a ship, often, but not always, ornately carved.

*Puatau* and his wife had many sons. All, but one, had learned obedience and did their share in the bush and the plantation. But one was idle; hard work was not for him. Yet was he an expert fisherman, and he loved to pass the hours with his paddle on the high seas beyond the reef. Repeatedly the father warned him, but he paid no heed either to his father's commands or his mother's entreaties.

"Come my sons," said *Puatau*, "Let us go to the cliff-edge and there build a canoe." Not even the unruly one held back, for it suited his fancy to a nicety. Thither they went, and felling a tree, worked many days upon it. But what struck the brothers as strange was that this was not to have an outrigger to steady it, nor would the father have the ends prolonged and pointed. When they sought the reason, *Puatau* told them to mind their own business; they would know soon enough. Now it was finished and taken down to where the rest of the village canoes lay covered from the sun with many leaves.

Next day, *Puatau* talked first thing in the morning of the need of fish and said that he was going a-fishing, and as the unruly one was good with hook and line, he could come along with him, if he had a mind to. All unsuspecting, the youth jumped at the offer. Indeed, he would go, so father and son set out. Down the cliff-edge they went to where lay the canoes. Taking a stout piece of sinnet rope the father tied the 'dugout' to his best boat, into the latter he stepped and told his son to sit ahead of him. This done, they paddled out, fished, succeeded, went still further out for larger game. All day they fished; all day they had great success. It was time now for action. As the sun began to be low in the heavens and returning was the order, ere darkness fell, with one fierce blow, the father laid his son out senseless with his paddle, then drawing up the 'dugout', lifted the limp form and dropped it in, minus paddle, minus food, nor coconut, nor bite of fish, then turned and paddled slowly home. None asked him where the youth was; none dared; they knew.

Out on the great ocean somewhere had he found himself an outcast, helpless. Perhaps it was not long; perhaps a great roller arose and made an end; perhaps though it was nights and days ere, a raving maniac, he took the plunge, and That which had followed so relentlessly in his wake, got its meal at last.

## 26. The Owl and the Children

### *Toafolia*

There lived a man at the north end of Niue whose wife had died. When necessity required his going to his plantation, he ordered his little ones to keep within the house and on no account to be rude to callers. This they steadily obeyed, yet did not think that such order extended beyond their own kind.

There came a day when playing outside close to the house, there was a sudden whirring sound in the air and upon a tree they saw an immense owl, in size quite beyond any they had ever seen before. Sitting upon a branch looking so solemn and so wise, it was more than lively youngsters could stand not to offer remarks of a jeering nature to the bird. For a long time it took no notice, but seemingly at last it could stand it no more and letting out a terrifying screech swooped down from its perch upon the baby, and grasping it in its talons flew off into the thickness of forest nearby. The father, upon returning, heard the terrible story and roundly berated his children for their rudeness even to a bird.

The following morning, thinking it full likely that the bird might return, the father decided upon his plan. He ordered the children to play again close round the house, whilst he himself hid just within the doorway, and so in case the mighty bird should pay a second visit they were to heap all manner of insults upon him, rousing his fury, then rush for shelter within. Sure enough! It was not long ere loud hooting could be heard, gradually drawing nearer and nearer, till at length upon the same tree

that owl appeared. "Murderer, Cannibal and Savage," were the mildest of the words hurled at him, but the wise bird only looked a little wiser. Then lo! It found voice and hooted out, "Who is hiding behind the doorway? Tell me that, you brats." They chanted, but one answer, "Come down, old goggles, and see for yourself." "I'm coming sure for another meal," at which they all incontinently fled within, the great bird after them, whirring his mighty wings and shooting in like a spear, cast straight and true.

Then was that father's chance, his strong arms encircled the half-closed wings — and there was owl for supper.

## 27. The Feast of Death

### *Toafolia*

Long years there had been warfare between the Chiefs *Tepunua* and *Lipitoa* and victory complete and final rested on neither side. There was great difference of character between the two: *Lipitoa* was brave to rashness; *Tepunua* was brave too, but cunning. To him came the thought that what he could not gain by fair means, he might secure by foul, therefore set he his plans accordingly.

Despatching his finest orator to the enemy's village, he charged him to assure *Lipitoa* and his braves that it was his earnest desire that an end should be put to this perpetual quarrel, and that he had been sent with no fresh challenge for a fight, but with the request that they should bury the spear, and seal the compact with a Feast. To Tumuuli they were invited and they would never regret it, for they would return laden with all manner of foods for their wives and children, and thenceforward the two villages in Southern Niue would be friends.

*Lipitoa* hesitated not a moment; he was right glad of peace, and his braves agreed thereto. The day was set and the envoy returned. The women were set weaving many baskets of coconut leaves, and filling them with stones; the Chief had these covered with baked leaves in which were seemingly tasty cooked fish, but of a truth shaped slabs of wood to deceive the coming guests. When the fatal day arrived, these baskets were arranged in a row upon a chosen spot, surrounded by the homes of the *Tumuulians*. They were a fine sight, bursting their sides with their seeming abundance.

Anon forth from the forest there issued the brave *Lipitoa* and his fighting men — splendid types of Niuean warriors, naked save a loin cloth, no spears in their hands, but garlands round head and shoulders, for they came to celebrate a welcome peace. With mighty shouts and dancing, the visitors were received, then followed much oratory on both sides, and so the day wore on till eating time. No need for *Tepunua* to have drawn attention to the baskets of food; they had been looked upon longingly by *Lipitoa's* men for many a hungry hour.

Now came the grouping of the baskets according to custom, setting so many together for each group of visitors, done by traitors' hands. This done they all withdrew, as is done to our day, to their nearby homes, and *Lipitoa's* hour drew very nigh. Moving to the baskets, his men lifted the top contents, and here one, here another, let forth an exclamation. Instead of toothsome fish, they found cold wood; instead of tarrow, they found a stone.

"Treachery, treachery," they cried, but even as they cried, with a savage yell the *Tumuulians* with *Tepunua* at their head burst forth from the falés and the air was thick with spears. Brave *Lipitoa* fell well nigh the first, his long-time enemy made sure of him at least. The rest, in lieu of spear, strove to do something with the stones, which had deceived them, but there were far too many against them;

soon every warrior had bit the dust. Thus did Tumuuli triumph over its neighbour; many widows were made that day, and a generation had to pass ere the sons of the slain could have revenge for the slaughter of their fathers.

## 28. The Innocents of Niue

### *Toafolia*

There was drought and famine in the land and the people were dying fast. Desperate, they had roamed the forest for *aka* and *luku* and other edible ferns and roots, but even these could not suffice for so many hungry mouths. He who had aught eatable or drinkable on his plantation must needs watch closely and guard well.

At Matahao in the north there lived one, *Tafaki*, who, on his wide plantation, had many of those bananas whose root is both edible and luscious. Jealously he watched his treasures, but desperate folk take desperate chances. News spread of *Tafaki*'s possessions, and to his clearing in the forest there trooped men, women and children, babes in arms, all ravenous and parched with thirst. *Tafaki* saw ruin and death staring him in the face, and in his savage heart determined that it should not be so, if he could help it.

Fast to the village, some little distance from his clearing, he hied and called upon his friends to help drive back the invaders from outside. To a man they rose and followed him back. Aye! Surely, with that crowd, there would be an end of his precious store in quick time, but quicker than that time were he and his. Surrounding the famished ones, they rushed upon them and with spears and stones swept like a hurricane amongst the crowd. None rose again who fell, women and children, as well as men. The babes in arms they left, clinging to their dead mothers' breasts to slowly die. The slaughter over, *Tafaki* awaited the coming of another day, when the little Innocents along with the guilty trespassers should be cast into the deep chasm for their common burial place.

## 29. Simplicity and Witchcraft

### *Toafolia*

Famine and drought were again in the land. It was ever so, yet Niue ever revived. It was the Period of Darkness and to the priests of wizardry they turned at such dire times. *Fakailikula* was the head of the profession at this time and the famished people sought his aid. His was strange counsel in their ears, "Get you back to your plantations and plant as never before. Then will I cause bounteous rain to fall, and drought shall no longer be your lot." Like obedient children, the people of Niue obeyed, and though their strength was well nigh spent, yet did they labour prodigiously.

And now the wizard called their leaders to him and in his blind effrontery gave out his intent to bring rain from heaven. Leading them into the depths of the forest, he selected a narrow chasm in the coral rock, which there abounded, and seizing a boulder, declared that when the rock struck bottom, such a splash should be as would raise a shower of spray that should reach to the sky above and spreading out should cover the whole land on its return. He cast the stone, the Chiefs standing gravely by, not doubting but that what he said should be. They heard it as it crashed against the sides, as falling it bounded back and forth and down, till it found bottom, but not even the feeblest of splashes was heard. They wondered, but not so *Fakailikula*. He charged the failure to them and they meekly received the charge. "Get you gone. You must save yourselves. Haste to yonder reef and dive seven



times into the sea. Slip not in from little height, but plunge from high. Your splash will then rise to the skies and plenteous rain shall be.” Maybe in his heart he hoped that in plunging they would lose their lives and thus save his, for he knew that the temper of the land was well-nigh ready to burst, and his would it be to pay the forfeit, for all that now their Chiefs stood like lambs around him.

They went; they plunged; the rain came not; their gods had played them false; and now in really savage mood, *Fakailikula*’s post was vacant. He had fooled them once too often.

### 30. Unworthy of the Name He Bore

#### *Toafolia*

*Palalagi* was in olden time a name to swear by upon Niue. The mighty *Palalagi*, whose strength was as the strength of ten, had fallen at length at Fugahehake, but others bore the famous name down the long years, and one of that name of renown, the last ere the Period of Darkness passed away forever, I would now tell of.

Alas! He was not full worthy of the name he bore. Great he was and a powerful Chief among his fellows, but today he is not a man whose memory all Niue delights to honour, for he turned his hand against his own, and his end was at the hand of friend turned foe, nor in a worthy quarrel.

*Palalagi* was the son of *Laufuti*, and the mother who bore him was named *Nau*. Born in the south, he was Tafiian and there long he dwelt, growing up among his own kindred, taking part in their councils and fighting in their fights. But his choice for wife fell upon a northern woman, a Motuan, and her he married; nor took her to his home, but went to hers; and by much talking and persuasion, was prevailed upon to side with Motu, not Tafiiti, and to go forth in their fights, and ere long to lead his former foes therein. Tafiiti, therefore, both despised and hated him. They cast his very memory out from amongst them and sought earnestly to put their hands upon the turncoat.

Now was this strange thing. Before *Palalagi* changed sides, he ever had led to victory, but after he joined the northerners, he was continuously beaten. Seven fights he had and in not one victorious; there were Talikifea and Fetiki, Tukuofe and Mamalava, Fetuna and Mougakelekele, Fugahehake, too. He lost all, and many were slain, yet was not he. *Mohelagi* was the closest of all *Palalagi*’s friends; long had they counselled together, worked together, fought together. They were as brothers of the same mother, born at one and the same time.

There came a day when *Mohelagi* sought of his longtime friend a simple thing. “Bring me, good friend, I pray you, a piece of shark’s fin with which to cut my hair, now over long.” And lo! *Palalagi* made rough answer, “I have none; cut it off with land crab shell; ’twill do as well.” *Mohelagi* grew angry and made no effort to smooth the matter over, the rather did he cast cutting words, words true enough, but words best not uttered between friends. “Remember you not, O *Palalagi*, the day your enemies tied you hand and foot, fast to the tree at Fafagu? Would that I had not troubled to set you free, who will not do a simple thing for a friend.” “I have paid you back a hundredfold for that,” said *Palalagi*. But *Mohelagi* denied. Then hot words, then hotter still, then in hot blood, they fought. Fierce was that struggle, hand to hand, friendship changed to fiercest hate and *Palalagi* fell.

Men point out his grave today. Not even dead would Tafiiti have him; his son lies near, that son who slew *Uea*, from whose dying lips Niue first heard of the One and only God in Heaven. Father and son were ruthless men, but they lived in ruthless times ere the Period of Prayer had dawned and knew not better.

### 31. A Niue Stadium

*Motufalo*

On the eastern coast of Niue, there dwelt a mighty Chief, one *Manatoga*, who believed in manly exercises, and believing saw that it was done. He dwelt at the village of Fetuna. He was no one wife man, for he had five to tend to him and bear him children. By two, he had none — they were despised — but the others bore him twelve lusty sons, not to speak of daughters. For these he turned the open space of the village into a great playground, and here not only his sons, but all his warriors and their male offspring took daily exercise. Here was running and spear casting and *tika* throwing, too, and amid all, those twelve sons excelled. Yet amongst them was not one superior to another, so wonderfully trained and expert at exercise were they. The fame of the playground spread far and wide over the island, and men came from every village to see both space and competitions.

Therefore was the name of that village changed from Fetuna to Maleloa, which meaneth “The Long Place”. Yet this day, the forest hath absorbed it; none knoweth its true location, though some ancients do name and hold Lakepa as the spot. But who can tell?

### 32. A Niue Samson

*Motufalo*

*Tafoulu* was a mighty man on Niue. The eastern coast claimed him as their son, and proud those villages were of their doughty <sup>246</sup> champion. His strength and his endurance amazed all; his spears, who could lift, much less throw? His clubs, who could wield, even with two hands, whilst he toyed with them in one? When he went forth to fight, then did his enemies tremble, yet were some truly brave and were found ready to withstand firmly both him and his.

Who has not heard of the Fagahehake fight whereat *Tafoulu* forever sealed his fame? In that fierce struggle within the forest, he fought from early morn till dewy even, his mighty bludgeon laying about him till one hundred men lay slain. Yet did he nigh come to his end that day when he met the opposing Chief — face to face — in mortal combat.

The ground was split by chasms in the coral and slipping, as he lunged forward with his war club, he fell prone into a rift of rock. But for his brother, that had been the last lunge of *Tafoulu*, for the Chief then had him at his mercy, but *Tiuea* saved him, coming on the scene in the nick of time and spearing the exulting enemy to his death.

From that day forward *Tafoulu*’s name was changed to *Tateau* which meaneth the ‘Slayer of One Hundred’.

### 33. Canoeing Under Difficulties

*Motufalo*

From the village of Tamalagau, four braves started out to circumnavigate their island home. It was a dangerous undertaking, not alone from the wild seas that beat all round, nor from the cruel reef which extends from every yard of shore, but from the enemies who lurked in every seaside village on the

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<sup>246</sup> Marked by fearless resolution, valiant.

way. These were the daring men's names, even *Lagahetau*, *Vetevihi*, *Tuatea* and *Taumatakau*. They were young men, strong, fearless and adepts with the paddle.

Journeying by easy stages, they came to Avatele, that village which kept aloof from all the rest, despising them as interlopers, newcomers, only fit for slaves. Avatele's warriors soon spotted them. Here was daring indeed, even to pass by water in front of their village. *Tafiti*, the Chieftain, hurled defiance at the intrepid four upon the deep, and the four, far from keeping away from such a hotbed of violence, drew in. Steadily nearer they came, taunting the Avateleans to do their worst, till coming within range, *Tafiti* cast his spear at the quartette. His aim was good; it missed *Taumatakau* by inches; nor had it missed him, but for his agility in ducking to the coming messenger of death. This was *Taumatakau*'s chance, the chance not of retaliation, but of becoming one of the early poets of Niue. It was free and spontaneous and strictly to the point. Thus the Song:

Here still I am, O foolish one of Avatele.  
 You have lost your spear and something else besides!  
 Your bravery becomes thus mine.  
 True and great is my skill, though I am but young,  
 Sitting in a canoe, I yet avoided your spear.  
 So, too, on land you could not hit me!

*Tafiti*! You are no good at all!

Your bravery is mine.

The rest took up the song and what *Tafiti* and Avateleans thought and said, tradition telleth not, but those four braves went on, past many another village, where reception just as warm awaited them, and the seas were rough, and landing was oft a dangerous thing, but did not *Lagahetau* and *Vetevihi*, *Fuatea* and *Taumatakau*, the poet, bear charmed lives?

Safely they journeyed, till they saw their homes once more. They had encircled Niue and were sure of lasting fame.

### 34. A Devoted Brother <sup>247</sup>

#### *Lagiholo*

One *Lefutogia* was a youth of *Tafiti*, between whom and his sister *Nukai* there was deep affection. They felt it much when *Lupekovi*, a great man from the same south of the land, even from *Hakupu*, sought her, claimed her in marriage, and bore her off to a new home. Not long after, *Lefutogia* made journey thither and was warmly welcomed by his old-time play mate. But things were not as they should be. This did not take long to see. *Lupekovi* was treating her harshly, berating her with angry words and laying upon her heavy tasks. The soul of *Lefutogia* was moved to protest, yet was he but a youth and had not strength to fight. Therefore he returned to *Tafiti*, full of love for his poor sister and of hate for the man her husband. He should pay for it, even if it took years for the reckoning.

Now did *Lefutogia* of *Fatiau* in *Tafiti* start in to train himself for the coming fight, strengthening his muscles in various ways, learning of his elders how to cast the great spear and to wield the deadly club. All *Fatiau* wondered to see the youth so keen, yet kept he his secret in his heart. One special test

<sup>247</sup> This story is told, with slight changes, in Tale #47, *A Devoted Brother*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

of strength he set himself, and when he should succeed in this, then settled he that *Lupekovi* should be taught his lesson, and his dear sister should know peace.

He had his private training quarters at Tanu, in a cave close to the reef, and there he exercised most strenuously none interfering. Hither he brought a huge bowl of oval shape, so large that he could but just stretch his arms across to grasp and lift. Sinking this in a pool in the cave so that it was just covered, he made this bowl the test of his strength. When he should be able to lift it bodily out of the pool and raise it to his head, water and all, then was he *Lupekovi*'s match; the day of days would have struck.

See then this devoted youth. Day after day, he would stand upon the cliff above, whirling his arms this way, that, shaping himself for mightiest effort, then rushing down to his quarters would seize the bowl and heave. Alas! Day after day he could but lift to the surface; beyond that was not in his power to do. For was he not but a youth? But his devotion was great, nor thought he of desisting even as weeks and months passed by and still that bowl remained his master. But meantime, he became an expert in long range fighting and in close. Who in Fatiau could cast the spear now as this youth? Who could evade the blows of clubs as cleverly as he?

And now the years passed on and the youth became a man. Behold! His beard grew and with it, he felt his strength growing ever greater. Now could he lift the bowl clear out of the pool, now could he lift it to his knees, now could he lift it to his shoulders, nor spill one drop. There came a day — the day he had worked for all these years — when he passed the test completely, that wonderful day for him. He stood upon the cliff looking eastward to where his dear sister dwelt; he called upon both her and his gods for triumph. Squaring his now broad shoulders and sparring with those great arms of muscle, he thrust his beard in his mouth — true Niuean sign of fury — then dashed down to his task. 'Tis done! High above his head that oval bowl was raised, then tilted slightly till drained dry where it hung. He was a man. *Lupekovi* should know *Lefutogia*'s might.

To Hakupu he made his way and had long interview with his weary sister. He would not slay his enemy in his sleep; it was to be a fair fight. *Lupekovi* should know nothing till the sister should hear her brother's voice calling out a challenge. "For you, O my sister, deep in grief, I shall come on a day when rain falls not steadily as now, but in passing showers. When I call, come forth and make answer, then tell *Lupekovi* to haste with spear and club, for the avenger of your wrongs is nigh." So was it.

Ere many days the fitful rains began, and the woman sitting on her mat within the grass hut heard a voice she knew and loved crying, "*Nukai*, sister mine, where art thou? Where, O where can *Lupekovi* be found?" She rose, went forth and made answer so that all could hear. "Brother of mine, *Lupekovi* hath wrung from me the secret. He is here and even now hasteth to meet you in the death struggle." They met; that was a terrific fight; Hakupu never saw so wonderful a battle. The old veteran and he who had but just reached manhood. But youth and love were on *Lefutogia*'s side and *Lupekovi* fell at last to rise no more.

Thus was *Nukai* avenged, and the devoted brother led her back through the forest trail to Fatiau her first home, and there in peace and happiness she dwelt for long.

### 35. What Happened to Greed

*Lagiholo*

The whale, that monster of the great deep, has oftentimes been seen off Niue's coasts, but rarely have Niueans had a taste of whale meat. Of one such instance I would tell.

The Period of Darkness was just breaking before the Light of the Gospel of Jesus. Some had heard and had believed, and most of the villages had at least a handful of the Faithful. Being as yet weak in numbers and yet desirous of common worship of the One and only God, some of the villages combined to build one House of Prayer, and thus it was that at Avatele a coral and lime Church was raised, to which the Christians both of Fatiau to the east and Tamakautoga to the north foregathered for public worship, as good Christians should.

The Sabbath had passed, but on Monday morning at break of day, there was to be another service — and folks had tramped the miles westward and south to offer praise and prayer once more. Two Fatiauan, who should have gone, thought otherwise, their names *Paku* and *Futogia*. They preferred a stroll down to the sea and made their way along the well-beaten trail to the lower cliff-edge direct from their home and reached Hikau. Looking down upon the reef, they were astonished to see a monstrous fish lying broadside on it, its huge tail occasionally flapping, showing that life was still within that gigantic form. "Tafua! Tafua!" "A whale! A whale!" they both exclaimed, and hurrying down, soon stood as pigmies beside it. It was past fighting now, soon it breathed out its life, and *Paku* and *Futogia* talked earnestly of what had best be done.

It was decided that *Paku* should make haste to Avatele and spread the news, while *Futogia* should arouse the nearby village. Soon all Fatiau were down at the reef and carving into the gigantic feast. It was the heathen party, one and all; the godly had gone on praying; and these godless ones worked hard to get all they could, ere others came a-seeking. Into the nearby bush they hasted, into caves, anywhere where prying eyes could not readily see, and there they stored the unlooked-for feast.

Meantime, *Paku* had done his part and Avatele and Tamakautoga hastened to the spot. Arriving at the cliff-edge, the newcomers in their host looked down upon a busy scene. All heathen Fatiau was at work, and it might lead to trouble were these newcomers to drop down to lend a hand till formally invited. Now came Fatiauan after Fatiauan up the trail, loaded with solid chunks of flesh; in single file they came, and the outsiders asked in friendly fashion for a share. But No! There was none for Avatele and Tamakautoga, and yet there was no fight. It was sad to see even the Christian *Futogia* thus giving way to greed.

But one, *Taulaga*, made plan quickly. To *Futogia* he appealed, "I pray you, *Futogia*, give me a chunk of whale. If so you do I will give you when next you come to Avatele the shirt you have so long been coveting." It was too much for *Futogia*. "Agreed; for shirt I give you whale meat," and *Taulaga* went home loaded. Yet ought *Futogia* to have given for friendship's sake, not for greed and barter. Meanwhile, others on the reef were still busy — the busiest of them all Chief *Haitaue*. He had worked prodigiously, and in his haste had cast mighty chunks into the bush nearby, careless of aught save getting all he could, ere others grasped it.

And now the carcase alone remained and the hard worked women went slowly home. Avatele and the sister village were sad and grieved, yet had the Christian folk amongst them kept the crowd from blows. Left alone, Chief *Haitaue* went to cast up his goodly haul. Behold! He found none, not even smallest chunk. In his haste he had not noticed that the shrubs to conceal his hoard concealed a fissure broad and deep. Into that chasm all his whale meat had gone, piece by piece, and far out of all possible



reach it lay. Thus was *Haitaue*'s happiness turned to grief, nor could he keep his loss a secret. It was too big for that.

And what of *Futogia*. He had not forgotten the shirt, a very precious garment then, when only lavalavas had so far been known. Hied he therefore to Avatele and held *Taulaga* to his promise, but *Taulaga* absolutely refused. Such greediness on *Futogia*'s part was only fit to be met by like greediness on *Taulaga*'s. In friendship given of the whale, in friendship he had given the shirt. Such the reasoning of *Taulaga*.

When the empty-handed villages heard of Chief *Haitaue*'s loss and *Futogia*'s hapless tramp, then broke forth *Kulukaki*, the poet of the western coast, and this Song:

*Titigigie* prayed for food;  
Appeared forthwith the mightiest of fish;  
All thought to have a share,  
But *Fatiau* was greedy.

Hastily the news went round;  
The lame, the blind found each their way;  
They looked; they saw; they coveted,  
But *Fatiau* was greedy.

With saddened hearts we came away;  
'Twas Christians held us from a fight;  
Yet prayed we sad might be their lot,  
Those *Fatiauans* greedy.

Chief *Haitaue* sought his share;  
A chasm held it safe and sure;  
*Futogia*'s shirt was but a myth,  
Those *Fatiauans* greedy.

When next a whale doth come ashore,  
And good men pray while others find,  
With such stern lessons in their mind,  
Will *Faitau* be greedy?

### 36. A Chastened Brave

#### *Kilimanapule*

*Tukumulia* was Chief of Tamalagau — which is today called Lakepa — in the dark days of Niue, even to the breaking of the light, which the gospel of Jesus brought. He was a fierce-tempered man. So fierce and truculent was he that when thunder pealed and the lightning flashed in the sky, he grew furiously angry with the gods, who were making such a din, leaving him out of their fighting, and grasping his spears and war club, he would rush out from his grass hut, shaping himself ready for a scrap, looking up to the heavens, yelling his defiance and hurling thitherwards his spears if haply he might draw blood.

Now came Paulo the Samoan to Niue, landing at Mutalau, bringing with him the news of the Gospel, and Mutalau received both him and his message, and soon afterwards built themselves a House of

Prayer, and placed a wooden bell beneath its shed wherewith to summon the Faithful to public worship. That drum sounded far, with its sonorous boom, and reached the ears of *Tukumulia*, the heathen. It seemed to be a challenge to both him and his ancient beliefs, and never did he hear it, but he would rush forth to his own village drum and beat it furiously in mad defiance.

The braves — now largely tamed — of Mutalau got wind of this, and being full of desire to pass on the good news to the still benighted villages, determined to pay a visit to Lakepa and have a friendly talk. Arriving, they failed to get an interview with the Furious One, so had to stand outside his *falé*, and thus delivered they their souls. Emulating Paulo on his first arrival, when they had sought his blood, they, like he, stuck a pole in the ground opposite *Tukumulia*'s doorway and prophetically declared, "Here plant we the Word of God, to grow as a mighty tree and spread its branches over Tamalagau." Then they started home. No sooner their back turned, than the fierce heathen issued forth, tore up the pole, hurled it after them, much moist, wormy earth besides, crying out loudly, "Come back! Come back! Pick up your god spirit and take it back to Mutalau. The gods of old are good enough for me."

Soon after, all was changed. Again the thunder crashed and the lightning flashed, and *Tukumulia* rushed forth in fury to go through his performance, but this time his challenge was accepted. As his spear hurtled upwards, a blinding flash came downwards, and *Tukumulia* fell. They picked him up and bore the inert form within; they tended him well with anxious care; he opened his eyes at length, but all was darkness — he was blind.

Then came again those men of Mutalau, and the great Paulo himself among them, and *Tukumulia* asked in his distress to hear this new word of God, and hearing it believed. "Like Paul of old," said he, "I have been struck blind, and another Paul has shown me a great and better light."

### 37. A Wife's Chastening

#### *Toapuho*

Fatiau's Chief had a wife who vexed him sore. She would not keep to her own hut, but was forever gadding about, careless of her home and duties and finding her pleasures apart from her husband. Things reached a climax; they could go on no longer thus.

Deep thought the Chief of Fatiau, and had in mind making an end of her. In his hands were Life and Death. There was the cliff so high, the sea or the chasm. Yet he decided against these, and chose rather to chasten her in the body that she might still live and work for him. Thus spake he to himself, "Now will I give her pain, even as she hath given me," yet saw he not the inequality of the thing, to mete out grievous pains of body to pay for pain of mind.

Said Fatiau's Chief, "I go down to the reef, even to the cave Hikihoe and there will I catch crabs for both you and me to eat." Forthwith he went, but on another hunt. The lizard — no food for man — haunts the Pandanus tree. To tree after tree he went, till at length he spied a hairy lizard in the waving leaves. He set fire to the trunk and soon brought the reptile down to earth. Placing it in a basket, he proceeded to the cave, where he lit a fire and roasted it.

When darkness fell, he journeyed home and found his wife asleep. "Awake! Arise! and eat of this that I have brought thee," cried he, and she was glad for her hunger was great as she had lain awaiting her lord and master. Dark was it, so that she knew not what she took from the man's hand. "But why so tough? Were you not after crabs?" said she. "I found no crabs, but caught this herring instead. Eat

and be glad I have brought you anything.” She ate, but liked it not, and fear came upon her, for the Chief’s voice was fierce. Secretly she kept a portion and already in great pain, she stole later from the mat as he slept and making light saw that it was a lizard! This was her climax, even as her conduct had been his.

Long was she sick; grievous were her pains; anger was in her heart, yet dared not she speak her thoughts. He had cause for anger, that she knew. He had not cast her over the cliff, nor into the sea or the bottomless chasm, therefore had he forgiven. He would warn her. She was wise. She took the warning. She was faithful unto death.

### 38. How Niue Learned of Taro

#### *Toapuho*

For long years, unknown to Niueans, had taro flourished upon the island — that food which became and is unto this day our chief food. To *Lefutogia*, a Tafitian of the village of Hakupu, in the ancient days, do we owe forever grateful thanks, for it was he who found it.

The warriors of the south went forth to fight the north and moved swiftly over the trail that cuts the isle in twain. To gather fruit to eat and slacken both thirst and hunger, *Lefutogia* stopped off the trail and his quick eye perceived a plant with handsome leaf that he had never seen before. Curiously he went to it, examined it, pulled it up by the root and thought well enough of it to make up his mind to try it in his clearing when he returned. Wrapping the thing carefully in a fern, he tied it strong with trailing vine and hung it on his war club, then hastened forward to join once more his band. Hiding it when he neared the battle ground, he came safely through the *melée*, and on his return, picked up his bundle and bore it home.

Saying naught to any, he thrust the plant into a hole he made in his plantation at Manulakafia, and tending it carefully, it thrived. Now did he take a portion and planted this nigh the mouth of the cave at Kakaoka, some distance from his village of Hakupu. Here, also, it thrived amazingly, and soon he had a large space in the bush covered with the unknown plant. He had tasted and knew that it was good, but to others inquisitive, he said it was but a weed whose leaves did take his fancy. Once more he set it, this time at Tehalaga very nigh his village.

The King of Niue dwelt, in *Lefutogia*’s day, at Hakupu, being a Tafitian, and the loyal Niuean bethought that it was time to let him know of this new food. Therefore did he bring that which he had first seen — a handsome leaf, in which he placed arrowroot — and made present to his King. It was night and the company could not tell what this new thing was — this strange leaf — so waited until dawn, when the wise men pondered deep, yet none knew of it, nor had set eyes upon it before. Then said the King, “Go you down to *Lefutogia*’s clearings and see ye this same thing.” They went and behold! it grew abundantly both at Fehalaga, Kakaoka and Manulakafia. They returned and told the King, saying, “We have seen where it groweth and behold it covereth the land.” Then said the King to his sons, “Go ye now and bring some hither that we may plant it even as *Lefutogia* has done.” This was far from the latter’s wish. He was willing to give, but he was not willing that all Niue should have of his find. Yet did the King covet it and *Lefutogia* to his friends thus sounded his complaint:

A second taste, a second taste,  
The first was not enough.  
O foolish I! How true it is  
I’ll die for this new stuff.

And die he did, for how could he, alone, resist in those wild days when might was Right. Not willing to give, they took, and *Lefutogia* was not. None knoweth the grave of him who brought such benefit to his people.

To the King they brought of the roots and he tasted, his warriors, too, and they pronounced it good and gave it the name *Mataga*, the which one species of the many beareth to this day. As the taro spread over the land other names were added — the *maga*, the *pulekau*, to mention some. This is the song that has come down to us, which *Lefutogia* made because of his gladsome discovery:

The Song of the Taro

On Niue Isle I found the thing,  
When fierce on warpath bent.  
Its beauteous leaf attracted me.  
I kened not what it meant.

With my own hands I planted it,  
None knew that it was growing,  
With water daily tended it,  
And ever made fresh sowing.

*Mapualagi* named I it.  
It came 'from Heaven above'.  
Then *Matavalu* sprang therefrom,  
'Eight-eyed' and strong as Love.

It spreads, it spreads, naught stoppeth it.  
*Tehalaga*'s range is wide.  
Alas! the day when all men share  
In *Lefutogia*'s pride.

## NIUEAN FOLK-LORE

By

1. *Toafofia*
2. *Heleliki*
3. *Vihekula*

### 1. How Niue Learned of Fishing Nets <sup>248</sup>

*Toafofia*

Niue was the property of *Hina*. But *Hina* was a god whose dwelling was in the sky. Great *Hina* had four sons, their names *Mele*, *Lata*, *Fakapoloto* and *Hakumana* and these same gods knew much. Long had been their habit to come down to *Hina*'s isle to catch the fish that were so plentiful and bear them aloft for the table of the gods. And Niue longed to know how it was that they caught always so great a quantity and never left empty handed.

Their secret was discovered by one *Puga*, whom all thought a lazy worthless fellow who had no brains, yet was he really deep and scheming as this fable will unfold.

There came again a night when once again the four gods appeared upon the reef, prepared to go a-fishing. To them *Puga* came and asked if he could help in any way. They answered that if he would, he might carry the basket into which the catch would go. Then he saw that they threw something into the sea and drew it towards them. He wondered much and watched more closely, yet were they too quick in handling for him to plainly see the thing. Much fish they kept on hauling in and throwing in the basket, fine fish of wondrous coloring, some red, some yellow and some blue.

*Puga* was thinking more quickly than was his wont. If only the light of the day would come, he would have their secret; therefore he must delay their going in some way. Now did *Puga* do a bad thing, surely unworthy towards the great gods above. He cut a hole in the bottom of the basket and the fish dropped quietly out. *Mele*, the leader sought of *Puga*, "Is the basket full as yet?" But *Puga* answered, "Not yet is it quite full." So on they worked, and as often as they asked, "Is there not yet enough?" he would answer, "No." At last, just as daylight was breaking and the four were hastily pulling in that strange thing that caught so many fish at once, it got entangled in the coral. Now this was very serious for the visitors from the sky, for it was not lawful for them to be away longer than the first streak of dawn.

In eager haste they dived, first altogether, then one by one and sought to set the strange thing free, the whilst *Puga* also dived, and as fast as they loosened it, did twist it amid the coral again. In vain they worked, time was against them and *Puga*'s cunning. The sunlight broke and with a sigh the four swept up what fish they could and disappeared in the sky.

Then did *Puga* dive once more and quickly loosened the caught strands, then rose and drew the thing ashore, and he, first of men, beheld a net. Now did the good news spread, men came and noted how the mesh was made, and copying made fishing nets in plenty. No longer did Niueans hunger for food from the deep. They had the secret of the gods, and lo! *Puga* the Worthless had won it for them.

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<sup>248</sup> This story is told on pages 94 and 96 of Smith, Appendix Continued.



## 2. How Niue Learned of Flying Fish

*Toafolia*

It all came through a quarrel. *Huanuki* and his son *Tafeahemoana* fell out, none knoweth why, but good came out of it as you will see. *Tafeahemoana* was very sad at his father's anger and made haste to the sea, intending to throw himself therein and end his unhappy life. But what he saw there stopped him in his purpose.

Behold! upon the surface of the great waters, white things rose and fell and disappeared, then rose again and seemed to fly as birds. Never had he seen or heard such a wondrous thing. Great was his fright, yet wanted he to know more of this strange happening. Naught said he to any, but out upon the deep he would go, and lest others should learn ere he did, he waited till the night had fallen, then entered he his canoe and took a flare along with him that he might see the better. A new moon arose that night and its faint light touching the waters made it appear as if those same strange things he had seen were skimming over the surface.

But what was this that rose and struck the torch fixed in the bow, then fell aboard? And now one actually struck him. Now came they thick and fast, a flash of white, a strike, a fall. He bent and grasped one still struggling at his feet, a fish truly, but one beyond his ken. He kept on till his canoe was dangerously full, then made for shore.

To *Lagaiki*, his chief, he bore the catch and *Lagaiki* feared to taste for he knew them not. Then to his father did *Tafeahemoana* bear them as an offering of peace and *Huanuki* was glad, and there was love once more between them. A great feast was made and father and son and many another did overeat and long were sick. Soon the island heard the news, and from every village men went forth at night, and with bright flares lured the strange fish that swam, yet flew besides, and called them the *Hahave* which meaneth 'winged'.

Great praise they gave to their gods who had caused these new fish to come to Niue, stumbled unwittingly upon, even through a quarrel.

## 3. How the Hurricane Came to Niue

*Toafolia*

*Huanuki*, one of the ancient gods, paid a visit to the lonely isle, bringing his two sons, *Lefeke* and *Pupukimata*, with him over the sea. So great and all-powerful was he that breaking off a leaf from the *Talo matagi*, our taro food, he caught the breeze from the sea, which annoyed him upon landing, and wrapping it up in the great leaf hung it up within the cave at Tatapiu, forbidding his sons to touch it. But boys are ever boys, and when their mighty father had gone forth to visit the land, *Lefeke* thought it good fun to pierce the leaf with his spear. Forth rushed the wind and tearing over the land as well as the sea blew a very hurricane.

From that day Niue has known, not regularly, but still far too oft, that destructive wind, which *Huanuki* would fain have sheltered it from tasting, and the taro, too, from which he broke the leaf is to this day known and called the 'Taro of the Wind'.

## 4. How Fire Came to Niue

### *Toafofia*

The gods *Maui* were father and son; *Maui Matua*, the father dwelt under the earth, but *Maui Tama* lived thereon. These were gods of Niue when all men ate food uncooked, for they knew not of fire to roast with or to boil. Nor was the wondrous thing known to all the gods, and *Maui Matua* had kept the secret long even from the son he loved.

There came a day when *Maui Matua* paid a visit to that son and bore with him good and tasty food from his dwelling place below. As the two gods feasted, the son sought of his father why his own food was hard and his father's so soft and succulent. "My son," was the reply, "place yours in the glowing heat of the sun, and it will be even as you wish." Obediently it was done, but yet the food was hard as ever. Thus did the son perceive that *Maui Matua* was holding back the truth. Therefore did *Maui Tama* determine to watch *Maui Matua* closely, if haply he might learn the secret.

The visit being a prolonged one, the father sought his mat in the dwelling place of the son, and — determined that his father should not steal away and the secret be a secret still — the son, waiting till the god was sound asleep, walked warily, and with long trailing creeper, tied one corner of his father's loin cloth to one corner of his own. Then rested he.

It was midnight when the father roused himself, arose to stretch, felt the rope, untied it and crept out. But the son had been awakened and stealthily he followed. He saw his father gather in his arms a mighty bundle of *kaho*, dry stuff, which today we use for torches to light us on our way, then walk into a cave which led down far beneath the earth. Down after his father the son followed, into the great *falé* below, where a bright fire blazed and much rich food was cooking.

Now did the son determine that he, too, should have such food, and stealing some of the blazing pile rushed upwards and hid it within a hollow banyan tree. But the tree caught fire and there was a mighty roar and flame, and *Maui Tama* ran all over the land of Niue calling upon all men to come and see the wonder. All Niue hastened and beheld, and bore off the burning branches, and lit fires for themselves, and learned to have no longer hard, but softened foods and juicy.

## 5. Hide and Seek

### *Toafofia*

The Land Crab and the Plover would fain disport<sup>249</sup> themselves. Said the *Uga* to the Plover, "I go to hide; you'll have some difficulty to find me, that I'm sure." Said the *Kiu* to the Land Crab, "That's easy, with your great claws and brilliant hue. Wait till it is my turn, then you will have to have more eyes than two."

The *Uga* crept off into the Bush and when time was up the Plover went a-seeking. He did not find it quite so easy as he thought he would; he used his long beak to peck, peck, every inch of the trail the Crab had made. Then he saw the telltale claws, which the *Uga* had thought to have hidden, but could not see to properly, so very wide is he. The Plover cried, "Spy I," and now it was the *Kiu*'s turn.

The Insect went off in search and crawled everywhere, even up trees to have a look around. He was nigh despair, and thought he had lost the game, when he heard the gentle whistle of the bird, who

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<sup>249</sup> Amuse.

could not keep quiet even for a little while, so much he loves his song. Carefully the *Uga* tracked the noise, and creeping up behind the whistler cried, “Nab I,” and nabbed him hard.

Thus learn we two important facts of life: not to be over conspicuous, and the great value of Silence.

## 6. The Swampen and the Woodhen <sup>250</sup>

### *Toafolia*

Why hath the Woodhen black marks along its head, and why the Swampen those long legs. This is the reason according to the Ancients.

They were usually good friends, these free-roving birds, and oft went a-flying together to see what they should find for eating and have a frolic on the way. There came a day when the two birds alighted on the cliff-edge, but the Woodhen thought to keep going, whilst the Swampen said, “I’ll rest.” So down to the reef flew the Woodhen and there he saw a new wonder — a great shell of two sides lying on its back and its mouth partly open. It was the *Gege* shellfish, but he knew it not. Being curious, the Woodhen walked up and looked in. It looked a soft and luscious meal there, but yet he feared. He thought it wisest to try first his foot, and flying up, he deftly let one leg slip in the mouth. Quickly he drew it up again, nor could he wholly escape, for the *Gege*’s two sides snapped together and nipped sorely a toe of the venturesome bird.

This made the Woodhen angry and strangely out of sorts with everything. He called out to the Swampen, still resting on the cliff-edge, “Come down and see a wonder.” Down the Swampen came, and once again the *Gege*’s mouth was open. “Try your legs in there, like I have,” and the silly bird did as he was told. This time the *Gege* made no mistake and caught the Swampen fair and square. Uttering shrill cries, the poor bird pulled and tugged and strained, but all without avail. But what hurt the Swampen even more, was to hear the Woodhen crying, “Come in, come in, O Sea and drown the Swampen.” If ever he was free, there would have to be a reckoning. Yet did the Swampen know its only hope was in the sea. Therefore did he also call upon the sea to come in, and so it did, and the *Gege* glad to be in his own element once more, opened its great sides, and the Swampen flew away.

Then there was a fight, though the Woodhen had whirled off in fear. The chase was hard and long, and the Swampen went hard for that treacherous one and pecked it nigh to death, ripping long marks all down its head, and only spared its life at its entreaties. Then did the Swampen deliver judgement — that henceforth all good things to eat should be the Swampen’s lot, and only refuse the portion of the Woodhen. “For Swampens there shall be ever the stalk of the sugarcane; for Woodhens, but the leaves. For Swampens there shall be the ripe banana; for Woodhens, those fallen rotten to the ground. The taro, too, is ours forever; your lot is to consort with the flies.”

And so it is to this day. The judgement stands. See you now why the Woodhen hath long black marks upon its head? They tell of the sound thrashing the indignant Swampen administered. See you now why the Swampen hath those long legs? They tell of the fierce struggle to get free from the *Gege*’s mouth.

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<sup>250</sup> This story is told on page 101 of Smith, Part I. It is also told in Morris (1919).

## 7. The Rat and the Octopus

### *Toafolia*

A Niue rat — the only wild beast that has been on the island from the first — was making its way upon the edge of the cliff when even its light weight disturbed a piece of rock and down went rat and rock into the sea below. It was high tide and the reef was fully covered; there were great rents here and there, and into one of these both fell.

Now it happened that an octopus was lounging there, ready with its great arms for any prey that might come its way. When the rat struck the water, the ugly monster of the deep, strangely enough, took compassion on the helpless rodent, and rising to the surface laid hold upon the struggling rat and placed it on its head as the safest place till dry land should be reached. Making its way thitherwards, the rat made one leap and felt the sweet land once more beneath its feet. That leap should have been more gently done, for a fish has but tender skin and rats' toes are sharp. The parrotfaced fish got a nasty gash, and in anger swept out one of its great arms to secure that rat, but missed him by a hair's breadth.

Yet was it ungracious of the rat, and teaches us to return a benefit with kindness, nor think only of ourselves and safety.

## 8. The Rat and the Bat

### *Toafolia*

The Rat, for once not hungry for a meal, sat upon its haunches watching the swift, graceful movements of the Flying Fox or Bat. To the Rat, it seemed as if the Bat was he with wings, and he longed to become a Rat of that kind. "How well it flies," said he. "I must have a talk with it, if only it comes down for a space," and long he watched and waited.

At last there came a night when, as the Rat sat watching and hoping, he saw the Bat come down to the very earth to eat of a banana that had fallen fully ripe. Said Rat to Bat, "O Bat! You are an honor to the sky. Your movements are wonderful. I dearly want to see the sky like you do. Give me, O Bat, wings like you." The Bat ate on, then answered, "No," and flew away.

Again the Rat saw the Bat upon the ground and again he made entreaty, and this time the Bat said, "I will lend you my wings for a fly as you so much wish it." Therefore did the Bat strip off his right wing, and then his left and put them on the Rat, who at once mounted up, and saw the sky and many another wondrous sight.

Soon the Bat grew impatient and called out, "Come down. You have had my wings long enough." But the Rat said, "Just a little longer, please," and off he went again. And now the Bat grew angry and said, "I cannot wait any longer. Come down at once." Then said the Rat, "Mine was the Earth and yours the Sky! Now yours is the Earth and mine the Sky," and off he went for good.

Therefore the Rat and the Bat did change — the Bat of the Sky became the Rat of the Earth; the Rat of the Earth became the Bat of the Sky — which is the reason why Tongans ate rats, but Niueans never did, for a Rat is a Rat and a Bat is a Bat, but not to the Tongans, for they believed this fable and affirmed that to eat Rat was really to eat Bat, whilst to eat Bat was to eat a Rat — which they abhor, but none the less they ate it.

## 9. Why Famine Came

### *Heleiki*

Avatele was not short on gods. Besides its own minor tutelary deities, the Bay itself boasted of many. These, the names of four — *Leloloa*, *Futimotu*, *Fitifonua* and *Fuluhimaka*. Of these *Leloloa* or Long Tongue was the chief and he hung around Tepa Point, which is the southern end of Avatele Bay. His appetite was enormous, and alas! it did not reach to fish; he had long had a surfeit of such dietary. What he loved were the fruits of the land, and being of a generous disposition, he saw to it that his three friends had a share. Well was he named Long Tongue, for never was there plenty of food around the village than he stretched out that unruly member even from the depths of Tepa and swept the land of coconuts, bananas, taro, too, and oranges, melon, *vi*<sup>251</sup> and *ufi*.<sup>252</sup> It was useless to do aught against such a monster; famine had to be till the four were gorged.

Yet did the poor folk who, till *Leloloa*'s time, had plenty, find some little consolation in a song, not of strong words as one might well suppose, but in a plaintive ditty:

*Leloloa! Leloloa! Why act thus?  
All Niueans<sup>253</sup> do grieve most sore.  
Fish are very good to eat.  
Why not content with them?*

But *Leloloa* had no soul for such sweet music.

## 10. A Fisherman's Luck

### *Heleiki*

*Fiti*, Chief of Avatele, was a mighty fisherman and he believed in his gods. He paid them due reverence and they gave him rich return. When he went forth after flying-fish, he put out in his canoe of three, but ever he stood in the bow and himself lit and used the torch, which drew the finny tribe from the depths, to fall into the wide-spread net behind.

Ever was he careful to call upon the proper gods. Did he paddle west, then invoked he the aid of *Tagaloa*, *Fakaalo* and of *Tagaloa Fafao*, those three gods whose domain it was, and always got plenty. Did he paddle east, then called he loudly upon *Lagaiki*, *Fakanoatua*, *Tafahemoana*, *Uliuli*, *Papatoka* and *Lua Tofufu*, one and all of them in careful sequence, and to him they too gave copiously.

Great ever was his good fortune; none could equal him. Line, net or torch, it was all the same. Was he not Chief of Avatele? Had he fear of any be he god or man? Great fame had he on Niue. *Leloloa* of a truth loved him not, and oft despoiled his people's labours with that long tongue of his, which reached from the sea, even off Tepa Point, but left he that god and his chosen three alone; there he never fished. *Tagaloa*'s and *Lagaiki*'s Bands ever filled his baskets; as so he was content.

<sup>251</sup> *Spondias dulcis*; common names Ambarella, Golden Apple, Brazilian Plum.

<sup>252</sup> Species in the family *Dioscoreaceae*, genus *Dioscorea*; common name Yam.

<sup>253</sup> WWB has *Nieuans*.



## 11. The Old Man of the Sea

*Vihekula*

*Limaua*'s home was beneath the waves; his feet were at the bottom of the sea; his head and shoulders could rise far above the placid surface when he chose. His words were few, but when he spoke the sea was in a tumult. Did he shake himself beneath the surface, then canoes rocked hither and thither, for the water was disturbed. Those who are said in the Long Ago to have seen him say that he had a woman's long hair, and that the long weeds seen floating on the surface by men were the combings thrown away. It was always best for those who purposed fishing to give *Limaua* rich presents for food.

There was no point of land on Niue's isle better for troll and net than Halagigie between Alofi and Avatele, and here *Limaua* was sure to be. Happy and successful was he who threw out upon the waters off the Point, baskets of bananas, taro and many a coconut. Calm was the sea and many were the fish, but woe be to him who was niggardly or brought none at all. He would wait, would *Limaua*, to give him his chance and then things happened. The giant would shake with fury, then would he rise and whirl his arms about, upsetting the waves till they knew not which way to go. He would shout aloud, "Shake up, shake up!" and his breath was as a mighty wind, so strong was it. Men had a wholesome fear of this great sea-god, whom all Niueans, since Niue was, had known and fed, and his tribute was great in those long years.

But now he is no more. The God of Heaven holds the sea in the hollow of His Hand and *Limaua* has sunk forever out of sight, even as he has from the memory of all but a few. And yet! Does the sea rage and the great waves thrash upon the reef, then do men say to this day, though they know not why,

That is *Limaua*'s work.

*Limaua* is hungry.

## THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF NIUE

### Note.

D<sup>r</sup> E. M. Loeb of the Bishop Museum Staff arrived on Niue during my residence, measuring skulls. Naturally, at his request, I gave him freely of my information. On his return, I am told of “The History and Traditions of Niue” <sup>254</sup> from his pen, without any acknowledgement of the source thereof. The world is full of strange people.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY <sup>255</sup>

Books on Niue are not plentiful. Little scraps, however, can be gathered here and there from books of Travel, which help out.

1. Could one but get hold of the literature of 1853, Captain Erskine would tell us how Niue looked then, in his ‘Western Pacific’.
2. In 1861, the Rev George Turner wrote his ‘Nineteen Years in Polynesia’.
3. In 1863, Lieutenant Hood wrote his ‘Notes of a cruise in H.M.S. Fawn’. <sup>256</sup>
4. In 1868, ‘Savage Island’ appeared from a missionary’s pen, the Rev Thomas Powell.
5. The Yearly Missionary Reports of the London Missionary Society, from the date of landing of the Rev George Lawes, should hold good matter.
6. The Rev J. King wrote ‘W.G. Lawes of Savage Island’, a book of real interest.
7. S. Percy Smith’s ‘Niue-fekai’ has much useful information.
8. Sir Basil Thomson’s ‘Savage Island’ has pleasing information of a later date. <sup>257</sup>
9. Louis Becke, in his ‘Wild Life in Southern Sea’, gives an all too short account (from so vivid a writer of Tales) of Niue, where he resided as a Trader for some months.
10. Beatrice Grimshaw put in a short visit, leaving a vivid remembrance and a pleasant one. ‘Strange South Seas’ tells her story.

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<sup>254</sup> See the reference to Loeb (1926) in the Preface. See also Part III.

<sup>255</sup> References to all books in the Bibliography, and links to online versions of some, are given in the Preface.

<sup>256</sup> This source is mentioned in Smith, Part II, in a footnote on page 21.

<sup>257</sup> An article by this author on Niue in the Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland is referred to in Skinner (1901). This source is mentioned in Smith, Part II, in a footnote on page 21.

## APPENDIX: EXTRACT FROM “MISSIONARY ENTERPRISES IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS” BY THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS <sup>258</sup>

### Chapter XVII

Having to pass an island discovered by Captain Cook, which in consequence of the ferocious character of its inhabitants he called Savage Island, we determined to touch there and leave with them two Aitutakian teachers, to impart that knowledge of the Gospel by which, savage as they are, they will ultimately be civilized and blessed.

After a pleasant sail of five or six days, <sup>259</sup> we reached the island in question, which we found to be of the second class, the altitude of its most elevated land not exceeding a hundred feet. It is neither beautiful nor romantic. The shores were iron-bound, <sup>260</sup> and the rocks in most places perpendicular, with here and there a recess by which the natives had intercourse with the sea. We observed also, as we sailed along the coast, a number of chasms and caverns of various sizes and depths.

Arriving opposite to a sandy beach <sup>261</sup> and perceiving some natives on shore, we waved a white flag, which is the signal used to obtain friendly intercourse. Instead, however, of launching their little canoes, and accepting our invitation, they waved one in return, and on perceiving this we immediately lowered our boat and made for the shore, but on approaching it, we found the natives arranged in hostile array, as if to repel an invasion. Each of them had three or four spears with his sling and a belt full of large stones.

When they had arrived within one or two hundred yards of the reef, our natives lay upon their oars, spent a few moments in prayer, and then proceeded to the shore, making signs to the savages to lay down their weapons. This they did readily when they perceived that there were no Europeans in the boat — (In our first intercourse with a savage people, we seldom went in the boat ourselves, for when the heathen see that people of their own nation and colour only are there, suspicion is at once disarmed, and communication more easily opened.) — and coming down to the extreme point of the reef, they bade our people welcome by presenting the *Utu* or peace offering.

This custom appears to be very general among the inhabitants of the Pacific Isles, and consists in presenting to the visitor a breadfruit, a piece of cloth or some other article, with the sacred coconut leaf which they call *Tapaaau* attached to it, on receiving which the stranger returns some trifle as a token of amity, and a kind of satisfaction that the intercourse shall be peaceable. This ceremony having been performed, the natives launched some of their canoes and advanced towards our vessel, but evinced by their cautious movements and the respectful distance they kept, that they indulged the most fearful apprehensions.

An old Chieftain, however, was at length induced to venture into the boat, and with him they hastened to the ship. His appearance was truly terrific. He was about sixty years of age, his person tall, his cheek bones raised and prominent, and his countenance most forbidding. His whole body was smeared with charcoal; his hair and beard were long and grey; and the latter, plaited and twisted together, hung from his mouth like so many rats' tails. He wore no clothing, except a narrow slip of

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<sup>258</sup> See Williams (1842) in the references listed in the Preface.

<sup>259</sup> On the “The Messenger of Peace” .

<sup>260</sup> Indicating rocky shores difficult for landing boats.

<sup>261</sup> Off Falekula, near Tuapa, in July 1830.

cloth around his loins for the purpose of passing a spear through or any other article he might wish to carry.<sup>262</sup>

On reaching the deck, the old man was most frantic in his gesticulations, leaping about from place to place, and using the most vociferous exclamations at everything he saw. All attempts at conversation with him were entirely useless, as we could not persuade him to stand still even for a single second. Our natives attempted to clothe him by fastening around his person a piece of native cloth, but tearing it off in a rage, he threw it upon the deck and stamping upon it exclaimed, "Am I a woman, that I should be encumbered with that stuff?"

He then proceeded to give us a specimen of a war dance, which he commenced by poising and quivering his spear, running to and fro, leaping and vociferating as though inspired by the spirit of wildness. Then he distorted his features most horribly by extending his mouth, gnashing his teeth, and forcing his eyes almost out of their sockets. At length he concluded this exhibition by thrusting the whole of his long grey beard into his mouth and gnawing it with the most savage vengeance. During the whole of the performance, he kept up a loud and hideous howl.

Retaining the old Chief as a hostage, our boat again approached the shore, and our people were permitted to land. The islanders gave them some food and were friendly in their intercourse, taking care, however, to have their war weapons in readiness for a moment of exigency. A person apparently of some importance now arrived and gave the teacher to understand that we had better take the vessel to another part of the island.

On their return to the ship, we gave our wild guest a present, which consisted of a hatchet, a knife, a looking glass and a pair of scissors, none of which, however, did he appear to prize, not knowing their use, but just as he was leaving the vessel, he caught sight of a large mother-of-pearl shell, which one of our people was handling and springing forward, he seized it from him and appeared from his frantic expressions of joy to have obtained an article of superlative value. Thus laden, he was returned to the shore, where he received the hearty congratulations of his wife and people on his happy escape from a most perilous situation.

Night coming on, we stood to sea, hoping in the morning to hold more beneficial intercourse with the degraded inhabitants of this island, but the next day also was spent in fruitless attempts to obtain it. A landing, however, was effected by the two teachers from Aitutaki whom I had intended for this island, and some of our own people. When, after having been handled, smelt and all but tasted, perceiving a vast multitude of natives approach, thoroughly equipped for war, they thought it advisable to return without delay to the ship, but succeeded in getting one individual on board, who represented himself as a Chief of some importance, although the only badge of distinction we could discover was a few shells and part of an old clasp-knife handle dangling to a narrow girdle around his waist.

All the men were in a state of nature and appeared quite unconscious of any impropriety. Very few of the women were seen for they ran away into the woods on the approach of our people. Not able, however, to restrain their curiosity, some ventured near enough to take a peep at the strangers, as they were probably the first persons wearing European clothing they had ever seen.

The teachers from Aitutaki with their wives were so much discouraged and alarmed at the prospect of settling among these wretchedly degraded islanders that they requested us to allow them to accompany their brethren from the Society Islands, to whom they would act as assistants and with

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<sup>262</sup> This and the next two paragraphs are reproduced in Smith, Part IV, pages 16–17.

whom they were willing to labour at the Navigators <sup>263</sup> or any other Station. We, of course, acceded to their request, not, however, apprehending that their lives would be in danger, though in all probability they would have been plundered of everything they possessed.

The only way that now remained, by which we might in some degree accomplish the object of our visit, was to endeavour to induce a native or two to accompany us to the Society Islands, keep them there for a short time, load them with presents of useful articles, and then restore them to their home. This we succeeded, after considerable difficulty in effecting.

As soon, however, as the youths <sup>264</sup> perceived that we were losing sight of their island, they became most frantic in their expressions of their grief, tearing their hair and howling in the most affecting manner. We had recourse to every expedient to inspire their confidence and assuage their grief, but for the first three or four days their incessant howlings were of the most heart-rending description; we could neither induce them to eat, drink or sleep. When animal food was offered to them, they turned away in disgust and howled most piteously, for having never seen it before, they concluded that we were cooking and eating human flesh, that we had taken them on board for the same purpose and that when our present stock was exhausted they were to be put to death and devoured. Their fears, however, were in some measure removed on the third day by seeing a pig killed, and from that time they gradually became more tranquil, were reconciled to their new companions and even delighted with the prospect of seeing other countries.

We were induced to be extremely cautious in our intercourse with the inhabitants of Savage Island from having been informed that the islanders had seized a boat belonging to a vessel, which had touched there a few months before, and murdered all the crew. They are certainly the most wretched and degraded of any natives I have ever seen except the aborigines of New Holland. <sup>265</sup>

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<sup>263</sup> *Navigators' Island* is the English translation of *L'Archipel des Navigateurs*, the name given to the Samoan group by Louis de Bougainville in May 1768.

<sup>264</sup> According to Smith, Part IV, page 17, the two youths were named *Uea* and *Niumanga*. They were eventually taken to Raiatea in the Society Islands. From Smith: "Here the youths were taught many things, and something of Christian doctrines. After several months they were returned to their own island, but they do not appear to have been able to accomplish any good amongst their own people. They introduced to the island the *loku* or papaya. Unfortunately the ship that brought them back introduced some disease into the island, which caused many deaths, and this led to reprisals. *Uea*, one of those who went away with Williams, was killed by *Hopo-he-lagi*, the father of *Iki-lagi*, one of the respected chiefs of Alofi at the present time [1901]. This induced more fighting, in which *Hopo-he-lagi* and some ten others were killed by the Liku people. The other young man, *Niumanga*, belonged to Alofi, and his life was spared. Subsequently this young man together with *Niukai* and *Peniamina* left Niuē in a timber ship for Samoa."

<sup>265</sup> The historic name for the island continent of Australia. The name was first applied to Australia in 1644 by the Dutch seafarer Abel Tasman as *Nova Hollandia*, naming it after the Dutch province of Holland, and remained in use for 180 years.



## PART III

# DID E.M. LOEB USE INFORMATION OBTAINED FROM W.W. BOLTON IN *HISTORY AND TRADITIONS OF NIUE*?

by

Timothy Adair Lawson

May 2011

## INTRODUCTION

Rev. William Washington Bolton, M.A. (1858–1946) lived on Niue from 12 June 1921 to at least April 1924, working as a teacher in Hakupu.<sup>1</sup> During his three years on Niue, WWB obtained stories about the history and traditions of Niue from five of the elders — *Toafolia*, *Motufalo*, *Lagiholo*, *Kilimanapule* and *Toapuho* — and used them as the basis for the *Tales of Romance* in his book, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*. In his introduction to the *Tales of Romance*, written in Victoria, British Columbia, in 1927, he writes:

But 80 odd years back, Niue was — if not what Captain Cook claimed for it “Savage” — at least Heathen. There are those yet living, who in their childhood spoke with their elders who themselves had lived their whole lives in “The Period of Darkness”. They are fast dying now, they have told their tales, and mine has been the pleasure to cast them into English — faithful to the spirit and setting of the original I trust — that far from the little Coral Isle, those who will may know them.

The 38 stories in the *Tales of Romance* are thus WWB’s version of what he obtained from his informants, written in his somewhat biblical style, primarily for the purposes of informing and entertaining his contemporaries, rather than an academic community, while still preserving the main elements of the stories. The original handwritten text of *The Chronicles of Savage Island* is on deposit at the Mitchell Library in Sydney, as part of the Bolton Papers, a collection of 21 volumes of WWB’s writings.<sup>2</sup>

WWB states that the elders “*have told their tales*,” but it is not clear in what form they told them. They could have been spoken, probably in Niuean and written down by WWB with the aid of interpreters; WWB’s usual interpreters while at Hakupu were his two Assistant Teachers, Faséné and René.<sup>3</sup> They could also have been obtained in written form, again probably in Niuean and then translated into English with assistance. Unfortunately, the Bolton Papers contain only his finished works and not his working documents and this makes answering the question that is the title of this study problematic.

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<sup>1</sup> See *From Victoria to Niue and Teaching on Niue* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of William Washington Bolton*.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix II of Part I, *Notes on the Life of William Washington Bolton*.

<sup>3</sup> See, for example, Chapter VI, *The Move to Hakupu*, in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*. According to the official correspondence of the time, René’s true name was Urini.

The anthropologist [Dr Edwin Meyer Loeb \(1894–1966\)](#) had been a Lecturer at the University of California in Berkeley since 1922 when he arrived on Niue on 25 August 1923. He remained on the island for about seven months, departing on 17 March 1924. He was about 29 years old at the time and beginning a long academic career. The purpose of his visit to Niue was to conduct an anthropological survey of the Niueans,<sup>4</sup> and his book, [History and Traditions of Niue](#), was published in 1926 as Bulletin 32 of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum. The book relies primarily on “*written materials furnished by the natives*,” and he notes that “*Most of those who actually wrote note books of information were retired teachers*.” The written materials were translated in collaboration with a Niuean resident, Ella Head.<sup>5</sup>

WWB, who was 65 years old when Loeb arrived, had been on the island for over two years. Both were working on the history and traditions of Niue and they met in that regard. At the beginning of the *Bibliography* in *The Chronicles*, we find the following text written by WWB:

Note.

D<sup>r</sup> E. M. Loeb of the Bishop Museum Staff arrived on Niue during my residence, measuring skulls. Naturally at his request I gave him freely of my information. On his return I am told of “The History and Traditions of Niue” from his pen without any acknowledgement of the source thereof. The world is full of strange people.

We should note that three aspects of WWB’s note are incorrect. First, Loeb’s research on Niue was funded by the Bishop Museum, but he was not a member of their staff. Second, as mentioned above, he was on Niue to conduct an anthropological survey; he makes no mention in *History and Traditions* of measuring skulls. And third, WWB actually *was* acknowledged in *History and Traditions*, but not for his work on the history and traditions of Niue. Instead, we read on page 14 that in regard to the list of place names found on the map that accompanies the book:

The place names in the following list are from the official land map of Niue, to which have been added many by Mr. Bolton, an old resident of the island.

Though WWB was relatively old and a resident of the island, he was not exactly “*an old resident of the island*,” having spent only about three years there by the time Loeb departed.

In any case, the most important aspect of WWB’s note is that he gave Loeb access to his extensive information, yet Loeb makes no mention of that fact in his book. This is especially true given that 17 of the stories found in *History and Traditions* are also found in *The Chronicles* and so would have been part of the information provided to Loeb by WWB.

In an attempt to answer the question regarding the extent to which Loeb may have used information that he obtained from WWB, the text of those stories that are found in both works are compared below.

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<sup>4</sup> See [E.M. Loeb, 1924, The Shaman of Niue, American Anthropologist 26\(3\): 393–402](#).

<sup>5</sup> See page 3 of *History and Traditions of Niue*

## 1. THE VISIT TO NIUE BY THE TONGAN CHIEF *TEILOA*

The story about the visit to Niue by the Tongan chief *Teiloa* is recounted by both Loeb and WWB. WWB's informant is *Toafofia*; Loeb lists *Toafofia* of Tuapa in his Introduction (page 3) as among those giving especially valuable information in general, but does not cite a particular informant for this story.

Loeb, page 29:

Another tradition concerns a man by the name of Palafounuku, who lived at Tavahili, at Tuapa. One day a canoe came to his place from Tonga under the leadership of a Tongan chief named Teiloa. Palafounuku observed the gorgeous manner in which Teiloa was attired, and he knew at once that he was a chief. Palafounuku ran as fast as he could when once the Tongan boat had landed. Teiloa, alone, gave chase. Then Palafounuku leapt over a large stone which lay in his path. The Tongan chief, in turn, tried to leap over the stone, but he failed to clear the obstacle, and stumbling, he sprained his leg. His men carried him back to the ship, and gave utterance to their disappointment. "My leg is sprained;" indignantly replied Teiloa, "are all of your legs sprained also that you did not join me in catching and killing the Niuean?"

WWB, Tale of Romance #15, *A Mysterious Visit*:

*Palafoumiku* sat upon the tiny beach of sand that is to be found at *Tavahihi*, close to the Tuapa of today. He was thinking of nothing in particular, just taking a rest beneath the winter's sun, when something he saw far out to sea made him think very hard indeed. No ordinary canoe with outrigger, for such no mortal eye could discern at so great a distance, but a huge warcraft that rose and fell as it clave the waters, making straight for where *Palafoumiku* sat. It came from the west where Tonga lies. Was it peace it meant, or war? Still on he sat, nor thought of hastening up the cliff to give warning to the village : he would just wait and see.

Bounding along beneath the strokes of a hundred paddles, it soon was but two spears' throw from the land, when it stayed, swung round and rested. Into a smaller canoe which trailed behind there leapt a landing party with one, *Teiloa*, at the head. These made straight for the little beach where *Palafoumiku* sat. Now they were out and walking towards him, the while *Teiloa* was unrolling a fine mat. Cheerily the Tongan cried aloud, "Surely are you the Chief of these parts. Your courtesy in coming thus to meet us we warmly welcome. Let this fine tapa cloth be our present to you. E'en now with it will we adorn your shoulders." Then *Palafoumiku* seemed suddenly to awaken to realities. He saw capture and slavery, and thought but of escape. He gave no credence to such soft speech — and yet who knoweth? It might have been, but he went the wrong way about to cause it to be so, for having no weapon with him, he had recourse to his legs alone, and springing to his feet, dashed up the beach, running for dear life. This abrupt proceeding in answer to such kindly words naturally made *Teiloa* angry and forthwith he gave chase. After the beach comes a rocky space, e'er the trail up the face of the cliff is gained. Here *Palafoumiku* cleared at a single bound a wide-spreading rock and crazed with fear rushed on. *Teiloa* followed but failed to clear and coming down hard he broke his leg. Here was a "to-do", the leader helpless and in a strange land, and the crazy one flying up the cliff face with news that would bring the village down like a swarm of wasps. Therefore the man-chase ended then and there, and picking up the helpless *Teiloa* they made their way back to the canoe and so to the warcraft beyond.

The Leader of the party had watched all these proceedings nor could he understand at all, at such a distance, but great was his anger when he heard that *Palafoumiku*, the cause of all the trouble, had escaped. “Why did not the rest of you chase the man? Were all your legs broken as *Teiloa*’s? A fine landing party are you indeed! And now we must haste back lest *Teiloa* perish and we incur the wrath of the King, for high is *Teiloa* in his favour.”

*Uhomotu* from cliff and beach saw them pass out to sea. To this day there is mystery about that visit. It came from Tonga, or else we had not heard the story from their lips which completes *Palafoumiku*’s portion of the tale, but they said not if it was peace or war : and amongst all our ancient tales it remaineth still the one whose riddle is unsolved.

The styles in which the information is presented differ radically. Here, and throughout his book, Loeb, the anthropologist, presents the translations of the written material he obtained in Niuean as data to be considered for the purposes of research. In contrast, WWB embellishes the translation somewhat for his contemporaries, rather than an academic community.

In regard to differences in the content of the story, WWB has *Palafoumiku* for the name of the Niuean and *Tavahihi* for the name of his village, whereas Loeb has *Palafounuku* and *Tavahili*. WWB mentions (i) a leader of the party, (ii) the King and (iii) the village of *Uhomotu*, whereas Loeb does not.

## 2. MULIA’S COVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY

WWB’s informant for this story is *Kilimanapule*; Loeb does not cite an informant.

Loeb, page 36:

The *toa* of Mutalau, who were doing the work of God, heard that there lived in Lakepa a savage chief, who was disobeying God’s word. So two *toa* of Mutalau went down to take the Bible and convert Mulia. When they arrived outside of the house of the *taula-atua* they took a stick and planting it in the ground they called out to their would-be disciple, “This is the Holy Ghost (Agaaga Tapu) that grows here.” Then they turned to go home.

When Mulia heard himself called, he rushed out of the house in a wild fury. He did the war dance and knocked down the image planted by the *toa*. Then seeing a long worm, called a *kelimutu*, he picked it up and threw it on the road down which the *toa* were going. “Come back and take your Holy Ghost,” he called out.

One day Mulia saw that the lightening was flashing, and he started to become angry at the gods who lived in the sky. So he danced the war dance and threw his spears into the sky in order to kill the gods who lived in that region. Presently the lightening became very intense, and the word of God came down in forked flashes. Suddenly Mulia became blinded, and he fell grovelling to the ground. When he arose to his feet he could once more see. After this he accepted the word of God, and he prayed and bowed down to the ground incessantly. He was always talking about the death of Jesus, saying, “Since the kind Jesus was crucified, Mulia will be kind like Jesus.”

WWB in Tale of Romance #36, *A Chastened Brave*:

*Tukumulia* was Chief of *Tamalagau* — which is today called Lakepa — in the dark days of Niue, even to the breaking of the light which the gospel of Jesus brought. He was a fierce-tempered man. So fierce and truculent was he that when thunder pealed and the lightning flashed in the sky, he grew furiously angry with the gods who were making such a din, leaving him out of their fighting, and grasping his spears and war club he would rush out from his grass hut, shaping himself ready for a scrap, looking up to the heavens, yelling his defiance and hurling thitherwards his spears if haply he might draw blood.

Now came Paulo the Samoan to Niue, landing at Mutalau, bringing with him the news of the Gospel, and Mutalau received both him and his message, and soon afterwards built themselves a House of Prayer : and placed a wooden bell beneath its shed wherewith to summon the Faithful to public worship. That drum sounded far with its sonorous boom and reached the ears of *Tukumulia* the heathen. It seemed to be a challenge to both him and his ancient beliefs, and never did he hear it but he would rush forth to his own village drum and beat it furiously in mad defiance.

The braves — now largely tamed — of Mutalau got wind of this, and being full of desire to pass on the good news to the still benighted villages, determined to pay a visit to Lakepa and have a friendly talk. Arriving, they failed to get an interview with the Furious One, so had to stand outside his falé, and thus delivered they their souls. Emulating Paulo on his first arrival when they had sought his blood, they, like he, stuck a pole in the ground opposite *Tukumulia*'s doorway and prophetically declared, "Here plant we the Word of God, to grow as a mighty tree and spread its branches over *Tamalagau*." Then they started home. No sooner their back turned, than the fierce heathen issued forth, tore up the pole, hurled it after them, much moist, wormy earth besides, crying out loudly, "Come back, come back, pick up your god spirit and take it back to Mutalau. The gods of old are good enough for me."

Soon after all was changed. Again the thunder crashed and the lightning flashed, and *Tukumulia* rushed forth in fury to go through his performance, but this time his challenge was accepted. As his spear hurtled upwards a blinding flash came downwards, and *Tukumulia* fell. They picked him up and bore the inert form within : they tended him well with anxious care : he opened his eyes at length, but all was darkness — he was blind.

Then came again those men of Mutalau, and the great Paulo himself among them : and *Tukumulia* asked in his distress to hear this new word of God, and hearing it believed. "Like Paul of old," said he, "I have been struck blind, and another Paul has shown me a great and better light."

WWB gives the name of the shaman as *Tukumulia*, rather than *Mulia*. He uses the old name of Lakepa, *Tamalagau*, and mentions the Samoan missionary, Paulo, whereas Loeb does not. Loeb does, however, mention (page 35) that this story took place "*at the time of Paulo*."

### 3. KINGSHIP

Loeb, page 51:

According to information obtained, the kings following Mutalau were: (1) Leivalu ; (2) Hetalagi ; (3) Fakahinaiki ; (4) Punimata ; (5) Ihuga ; (6) Patuavalu ; (7) Galiaga ; (8) Fokimata ; (9) Pakieto. Only one informant mentions the name Leivalu and another the name of Ihuga. Two informants writing separately agree on the names of Hetalagi and Fakahinaiki. The remaining kings are certainly correctly named and numbered.

In Tale of Romance #21, *Of Kings*, related by *Toafofia*, the list of kings recorded by WWB is as follows:

Of the *Togia* of ancient times I have already spoken. *Leivalu* and *Hetalaga* are both memories. Of what village, why bathed with the sacred oil thus set apart from their fellow Chiefs, what made them famous or how died, none of Niue knoweth : but came *Tihimau* and *Punimata*, *Patuavalu* and *Galiagaaiki*, *Fokimata* and *Pakieto*.

Regarding the kings, it is clear that Loeb had multiple informants, whereas WWB's informant is *Toafofia*. Since WWB mentions *Leivalu*, which only one informant mentioned to Loeb, perhaps *Toafofia* was the informant for both. Information about the kings was also available in [S. Percy Smith, 1902, Niué Island and Its People, Part I, Journal of the Polynesian Society, Volume 11\(2\): 80–106.](#)

Loeb (page 51) states that “The following stories of the other kings are based on accounts given by Toa Folia in the native missionary magazine (19), supplemented by information obtained from other sources”. The reference “(19)” in Loeb's bibliography is simply “*Toa Folia*,” a native missionary magazine. WWB gives *Toafofia* as his source for the same stories, but does not mention the magazine.

Loeb, page 52, regarding *Patuavalu*:

There was great peace on the island during the reign of Patuavalu. According to a native account “all the trees of the island bore fruit, and there were swarms of birds in the bush, the pigeons coming out of the bush and rested on housetops, and on banana trees. The crabs (*uga*) also overran the land and entered into coconut husks in the *kaina* (homes). There was also a superabundance of fish in the sea. The island was blessed from the beginning of this king's reign until the time of his death at an old age.”

Loeb's account is remarkably similar in content, if not in wording, to WWB's account of *Patuavalu* in Tale of Romance #21, *Of Kings*:

Now I pass on to *Patuavalu*. His reign was also one of perfect peace. It seemed as if Niue had never known nor could ever know again so wondrous a time. All life seemed to be happy as were the people. Never had the trees borne so abundantly, never were the wild birds so numerous or tame. The fat and luscious pigeons came into all the villages, resting not alone in the bananas, but on the roof of every *falé*, nor feared they man at all. The great land crabs came forth from their rock holes and entered the homes, finding good hiding and abundant food in the huge piles of coconut shells cast aside. The sea too was full of fish, none ever went out to return empty handed. The sun was not too great in heat, nor did the rain withhold, the wild winds ne'er blew fiercely.



People and land were happy. All rested for the stormy times ahead yet knew they not that such was to be. *Patuvalu* had his bathing at *Puato*, close to Alofi village, and there at last they buried him, grieving sore at their great loss.

The same resemblance is evident in their accounts of *Galiaga*. Loeb, page 52, quoting from a native account:

During the beginning of Galiaga's reign the island was blessed with peace. But later it so happened that a man by the name of Kakahemanava stole talo from the plantation of Tinomata. Tinomata did not know who had stolen talo from his plantation, but planned to obtain revenge by killing the king Galiaga. Then he killed the king. Tinomata killed the king in order to bring misfortune to the island, so that there would be a famine on the island and the people would dwindle to skeletons and die from hunger. Then the man who has stolen from his plantation would also die. After the king had been murdered the island was cursed, but the people did not know who had stolen from the plantation. When the island found out that Kakahemanava was the thief, they exterminated every member of his family. They did this because of the murder of the king. After this everybody was afraid, and nobody wished for the office of *patuiki*, lest he be killed as was Galiaga.

WWB in Tale of Romance #21, *Of Kings*:

*Galiagaaiki* became now king of Niue. He was of Liku on the east coast and bathed at *Taumahala* in that village now extinct. He was a good man and strong, but fell a victim in another's quarrel. The plantation of a native by the name of *Tinomata* was despoiled and none knew the thief. Now *Tinomata* was of a fierce and ungovernable temper and in his savage breast thought only of how he could reach the thief and satisfy his vengeance. He determined to murder the king of the land for thus would misfortune come to the island, the gods would be angry, they would send too much sun, too little rain, thus would famine come, and coming slay the thief, though he himself should likewise die. Therefore did *Galiagaaiki* fall to *Tinomata*'s spear and sorrow great spread over the land. Then did the Chiefs hear *Tinomata*'s tale and making search found *Fakahemanava* to have been the thief. Then, like Achan of the Holy Book, was *Fakahemanava* destroyed, himself, his wives, his children : the whole family of that wicked one who had caused the regicide was wiped out of Niue forever. Now for a long time there was no king, for all the great, the wise and the strong refused to be bathed, lest for some other's wrong they should come to sudden end.

Loeb states that *Galiaga* was anointed at *Paluki*, rather than *Taumahala*, and has the name *Kakahemanava*, rather than *Fakahemanava*, which suggests a mis-reading of the spelling of one for the other.

#### 4. THE VENGEANCE OF LEFUTOGIA

WWB's informant is *Lagiholo*; Loeb does not cite an informant.

Loeb, page 57:

Lefutogia was a Tafari man. His sister went to marry a man of Tumuakifonua, whose name was Lupekovi. The brother followed and went to live at the new home of his sister [as a *fekafekau*]. The new dwelling place of the brother was not good, and he became angry at the way in which his brother-in-law treated his servants. So he turned back to Tafari and remained there to live.

Presently Lefutogia thought that he would revenge himself for the bad treatment that he had received from his brother-in-law. So he commenced at once learning how to fight. He first made a wooden tub [*kumete*]. When this was finished he took it down to a point by the sea named Tanu, and it was there that he learned how to fight. He went down, and taking up the tub, he filled it with water from the sea. He then went up to the cliffs, and performed the war dance (*takalo*) in order to harden his body. Finally he ran down to where his tub full of water lay, and he tried to lift this in the air. He was not able to, and so he threw the water out of the tub, and taking it up, he left it at the cliffs and went to his own *kaina*, where he stayed.

When the next day arrived he went down to the sea again and repeated his training. Thus for many days he went down and performed his exercises as on the first day. He did this until the day arrived that he was able to fight.

Lefutogia was a young boy when he started to plan revenge (*fakafualoto*), but by this time his body had greatly increased in muscle, and the hair on his face was full grown. Then he went down one day, as on the many days that had passed, and filled the tub full of water. Now, for the first time he was able to raise it. He lifted it high in the air and put it on his shoulders. He then poured the water out from the tub and put it back in its regular place. After this he ran up to the cliffs and danced and chewed his beard. His body was indeed very strong.

Now he returned to the *kaina* where he lived, for he was able to do the thing that he had planned. He chose the day on which to fight and then he went to visit his sister in order to have her prepared. "When I arrive in the night," he said, "you will hear a sound as of the rain falling, so be prepared." After Lefutogia had bade farewell to his sister he turned back to Tafari and prepared the war clubs. When these were prepared the troops went up in order to surprise the house by a night attack. There were only two men in the house, and when they perceived that they were attacked they rushed outside and fell at the hands of the invaders. This was in repayment for their wicked deeds. After this Lefutogia took his sister back to Tafari, and lived with her there.

WWB in Tale of Romance #34, *A Devoted Brother*:

One, *Lefutogia* was a youth of Tafari, between whom and his sister *Nukai* there was deep affection. They felt it much when *Lupekovi*, a great man from the same south of the land, even from Hakupu, sought her, claimed her in marriage, and bore her off to a new home. Not long after *Lefutogia* made journey thither and was warmly welcomed by his old-time play mate. But things were not as they should be. This did not take long to see. *Lupekovi* was treating her harshly, berating her with angry words and laying upon her heavy tasks. The soul of *Lefutogia*

was moved to protest, yet was he but a youth and had not strength to fight. Therefore he returned to Tafiti, full of love for his poor sister and of hate for the man her husband. He should pay for it, even if it took years for the reckoning.

Now did *Lefutogia* of Fatiau in Tafiti start in to train himself for the coming fight, strengthening his muscles in various ways, learning of his elders how to cast the great spear and to wield the deadly club. All Fatiau wondered to see the youth so keen, yet kept he his secret in his heart. One special test of strength he set himself, and when he should succeed in this, then settled he that *Lupekovi* should be taught his lesson, and his dear sister should know peace.

He had his private training quarters at *Tanu*, in a cave close to the reef, and there he exercised most strenuously none interfering. Hither he brought a huge bowl of oval shape, so large that he could but just stretch his arms across to grasp and lift. Sinking this in a pool in the cave so that it was just covered, he made this bowl the test of his strength. When he should be able to lift it bodily out of the pool and raise it to his head, water and all, then was he *Lupekovi*'s match : the day of days would have struck.

See then this devoted youth. Day after day he would stand upon the cliff above, whirling his arms this way, that, shaping himself for mightiest effort, then rushing down to his quarters would seize the bowl and heave. Alas! day after day he could but lift to the surface; beyond that was not in his power to do. For was he not but a youth? But his devotion was great, nor thought he of desisting even as weeks and months passed by and still that bowl remained his master. But meantime he became an expert in long range fighting and in close. Who in Fatiau could cast the spear now as this youth? Who could evade the blows of clubs as cleverly as he?

And now the years passed on and the youth became a man. Behold! his beard grew, and with it he felt his strength growing ever greater. Now could he lift the bowl clear out of the pool, now could he lift it to his knees, now could he lift it to his shoulders, nor spill one drop. There came a day — the day he had worked for all these years — when he passed the test completely, that wonderful day for him. He stood upon the cliff looking eastward to where his dear sister dwelt : he called upon both her and his gods for triumph. Squaring his now broad shoulders and sparring with those great arms of muscle, he thrust his beard in his mouth — true Niuean sign of fury — then dashed down to his task. 'Tis done! High above his head that oval bowl was raised then tilted slightly till drained dry where it hung. He was a man. *Lupekovi* should know *Lefutogia*'s might.

To Hapuku he made his way and had long interview with his wary sister. He would not slay his enemy in his sleep : it was to be a fair fight. *Lupekovi* should know nothing till the sister should hear her brother's voice calling out a challenge. "For you O my sister deep in grief, I shall come on a day when rain falls not steadily as now, but in passing showers. When I call, come forth and make answer; then tell *Lupekovi* to haste with spear and club, for the avenger of your wrongs is nigh." So was it.

Ere many days the fitful rains began, and the woman sitting on her mat within the grass hut heard a voice she knew and loved crying, "*Nukai*, sister mine, where art thou? Where, O where can *Lupekovi* be found?" She rose, went forth and made answer so that all could hear. "Brother of mine, *Lupekovi* hath wrung from me the secret. He is here and even now hasteth to meet you in the death struggle." They met : that was a terrific fight : Hapuku never saw so wonderful a battle.

The old veteran and he who had but just reached manhood. But youth and love were on *Lefutogia*'s side and *Lupekovi* fell at last to rise no more.

Thus was *Nukai* avenged, and the devoted brother led her back through the forest trail to Fatiau her first home, and there in peace and happiness she dwelt for long.

In Loeb's version of this story, the brother and sister are from Tafiti, the southern part of the island, with no mention of their village, and the brother-in-law is from *Tumuakifonua*, whereas in WWB's, the brother and sister are from Fatiau and the brother-in-law is from Hakupu.

## 5. CEREMONIES OF CHILDHOOD

Both Loeb and WWB describe a ceremony to bestow beneficial qualities on a male newborn, with each mentioning the same animals and sugarcane. WWB's informant is *Toafofia*; Loeb does not cite an informant.

Loeb, page 70:

After five nights had passed, they brought the fruit of the *tuitui* (candle nut) to light up the place; then they bathed the child and gave it a name. They called this name "that given at the bathing by the *tuitui*."

When the eighth day arrives, if the child is a boy, the parent goes down to the sea to bring it fast animal as a gift. He then brings up the *kamakama* crab. The leg of this crab is broken off and rubbed on the leg of the boy. This is done so that the boy may run well on the battle field, and be quick in chasing people in war, that he may be quick in running for his life, so that the troops will not catch and kill him. Then the crab is allowed to escape.

After this the father goes in search of a flying bird in the bush, this flying bird is the *heahea*. After the father has caught the *heahea*, he takes it and rubs it on the mouth of the boy. This is done so that when the boy grows up, he shall speak well, and be wise in prayer, and shall avoid spears and stones in battle, also that he shall be able to bear hardships, and be kind, and live long as the stones or the sun, for when the sun sets it rises again. Then they allow the *heahea* to fly away. Finally, the father brings a sugar cane, and lets the boy chew it. This is done that he shall be strong and brave in all undertakings.

WWB in Tale of Romance #16, *Welcoming the Babe*:

There were strange customs in the days of old when the new-born first appeared. It was a busy time for the father who would have a famous son. Of the girls the *falé* was their lot in life, not the canoe, the hunting of birds and the warpath. Strength, hardihood and a fine voice were the longings of that father, and his part it was to start his babe on the way thereto.

Down therefore to the receding tide the fond parent would hasten and hunt with diligence for the little *Kamakama* a crab whose fleetness of pace surpasses his size. When caught it was borne home forth with, its claws detached and rubbed for long on the feet of the babe, those claws that

sped so swiftly o'er the rocks. Thus would the child when reaching manhood, be like *Kamakama* swift of foot, swift to pursue, swift to escape to fight another day.

Then off to the bush that parent went to bring down with stone or spear the sweet-throated *Heahea*, the thrush of Niue. The dead bird in his hand he would haste, and oft rub the lips of the babe with the soft breast of the songster, thus ensuring the future warrior a noble voice that would carry far, either in battle cry or oration to his people.

And yet again he would haste away to his plantation to cut down the *Tomaka*, our sugarcane but this one with outer skin as stone for hardness, as we have still with us today : and bearing the sweet cane home would force some of the sweet juice down the throat of the loud wailing babe, that he might be hard as stone to endure all things in the days to come. For in those days, none but the strong could hope to survive : the weakling succumbed quickly in those stressful times.

Therefore with much diligence did each father strive that his son should be a warrior, brave and strong, and take his place and part in life on Niue's stormy isle.

Except for Loeb's first paragraph, the content is identical. In his first paragraph, Loeb mentions the bathing of the child by the light of the *tuitui* and his being given a name; WWB does not mention either.

## 6. THE PREMATURE BURIAL AT SEA OF *HILIGUTU*

WWB's informant is *Toafofia*; Loeb does not cite an informant.

Loeb, page 87:

There was a man named Hiligutu who died from a swelling of his stomach. His relatives then put his body in a boat, and taking the boat down to the ocean they set it adrift. Then the relatives went and performed the *tafeauhi* [the night dance] for the dead. After two nights had passed a certain man went down to the sea. There he saw someone chewing the skin of the hulahula banana, under the banana tree. The man feared that he saw a ghost, so he ran back and called to his relatives, "Come, go down and see the *mena lalauli* [black ghost; ghosts were always black in Niue] eating the hulahula." So the people went down to see. Oh! It was Hiligutu, whom they had sent off in a boat, and whose stomach had been closed by the sea. He had then turned back alive, and had drifted up to the shore. He lived to a ripe old age.

WWB in Tale of Romance #17, *The Black Devil*:

It was not the wish of any brave to die upon his mat. Therefore it was grievous unto *Hiligutu* to lie sick in his grass hut, doomed ere long to die as any woman. Yet did he long bravely struggle to conquer and be strong once more, but what could avail seeing that he had the growth in his stomach which we this day call cancer? So great was the strength of the disease within him that the brown skin of our race was changed to well nigh black. He sank lower and lower till he lay — seemingly — a corpse. This then they did though their hearts were sad : it was the hot days of the yearly round of sun and quick must be the burial. Ere the breath had fairly left the body of the mighty warrior, they carried it to a canoe, paddled far out to sea and cast the dead man overboard

into the still but gently heaving waters. They had gone far and darkness ever cometh down with startling suddenness. It was as the sunlight fled they eased them of their burden and paddling swiftly soon left the spot behind.

The village rang with lamentations both that night and the next for *Hiligutu* : but *Hiligutu* was far from dead, and very busy for a sick man all that time. For the plunge into the waves revived him : his lethargy took flight : coming to the surface he looked around but the inky darkness shut out all and every sight. Ever a good swimmer he struck out and went with the waves. It was long ere he made land, yet made he it in safety, and then was he far from home. Weak was he and faint : and slowly made he his way along reef and cliff. Two nights had sped by, and one of the village made journey to the sea at dawn, when on the reef below the cliff he saw a black form — hunched up, eating bananas, skin and all for none of the fruit seemed to be thrown away. The villager doubted not but that he saw a devil, and fled back to the village with the news. “Come, come quickly, all of you and see a real back devil eating bananas skin and all.”

The cliff edge was well crowded and the black form still sat hunched there. They took it all in, this vision of a devil, its shape so strangely like their own, its ravenous appetite, for still it was busy, its color just as their wizards had taught them. Now would they be able to tell their children and their children’s children of the wonder their own eyes had seen; when lo! the devil rose, turned, looked up and waved its arms. With one voice they exclaimed “It is no devil. Lo! it is *Hiligutu* whom we had cast into the sea as dead. Let us haste down to hear his story, for it is a wonder greater even than a devil that *Hiligutu* has returned from death.” The village had high feast that day, with song and dance in place of tears and wailing.

*Hiligutu* had his wish at last, for he died as a warrior should, despite his malady. At *Fugahehake* he fell, and with him to the Land of the Shadows went his friend, the mighty *Palalagi*, to whose aid he had hastened, sick as he was, in that brave’s hour of need.

WWB does not mention the night dance, *tafeauhi*, nor the black ghost, *mena lalauli*, although the title of his story, *The Black Devil*, suggests there may have been a reference to *mena lalauli* in the translation upon which WWB based his story. In Loeb’s version, *Hiligutu* lives to a ripe old age, whereas in WWB’s, he dies as a warrior.

## 7. THE INTRODUCTION OF TARO

WWB’s informant is *Toapuho*; Loeb does not cite an informant.

Loeb, page 102:

The men of Tafiti came up to fight against Motu. One man, however, stopped half way and went into the bush. When the man turned around he saw a plant growing near him. He went and had a look, then he took it and covered it up with a long green leaf and left it where the torches were kept. He also plaited it with long black hair.

When the troops came back from the fight against the people of Motu, a man by the name of Lefutogia took the plant and planted it at Manulakafia. Then when the talo had grown a bit he replanted it near the mouth of a cave at Kakaoka in Tafiti. He placed it there so it would be near



the water and that he might water it every day. When Lefutogia saw that his taro was growing well he cut down trees and made a kaina at the seaside, calling his kaina Fehalaga. It was here that he planted his talo.

When the talo was full grown the time came along for the making of arrow-root. Lefutogia thought that he would take some arrow-root as a present to his chief. So he brought a talo leaf and covered the arrow-root with it. Then Lefutogia came up and made a feast for the chief. The chief, however, did not eat the arrow-root in the night, for it was very dark and he wished to see what the arrow-root was covered with. The next morning he saw that it was covered with the talo leaf.

Then the chief said to his people, "Go down and find the place where the talo grew." When the people came to the kaina they saw that the talo had grown up and spread all around the seaside at Fehalaga. They reported what they had seen to the chief. The chief sent a child to fetch a little of the talo. The chief planned to kill Lefutogia because he was angry about the talo leaf that had been used to cover up the arrow-root. The child, however, was told to get some of the talo and bring it to the chief for his feast.

Presently, the people said, "Here comes the chief's son to get a little talo." Then Lefutogia saw the son of the chief approaching, and he thought that he came in peace. But the troops came to kill Lefutogia, because they were angry on account of the talo leaf that had been used to cover up the arrow-root.

After Lefutogia had died, killed by the troops, the people dug up his plantation and took the talo to be eaten by the chief. After Lefutogia was dead he sang this song:

My talo that I planted with my hands,  
Who could guess that it would grow  
To be taken as oil for the anointing?  
My talo from beyond the horizon.  
I shall name it eight points.  
My talo from beyond the horizon.

#### WWB in Tale of Romance #38, *How Niue Learned of Taro*:

For long years, unknown to Niueans, had taro flourished upon the island — that food which became and is unto this day our chief food. To *Lefutogia*, a Taitian of the village of Hakupu, in the ancient days, do we owe forever grateful thanks, for it was he who found it.

The warriors of the south went forth to fight the north and moved swiftly over the trail that cuts the isle in twain. To gather fruit to eat and slacken both thirst and hunger, *Lefutogia* stopped off the trail and his quick eye perceived a plant with handsome leaf that he had never seen before. Curiously he went to it, examined it, pulled it up by the root and thought well enough of it to make up his mind to try it in his clearing when he returned. Wrapping the thing carefully in a fern he tied it strong with trailing vine and hung it on his war club : then hastened forward to join once more his band. Hiding it when he neared the battle ground he came safely through the *melée*, and on his return, picked up his bundle and bore it home.

Saying naught to any he thrust the plant into a hole he made in his plantation at *Manulakafia*, and tending it carefully, it throve. Now did he take a portion and planted this nigh the mouth of the cave at *Kakaoka*, some distance from his village of Hakupu. Here also it throve amazingly, and soon he had a large space in the bush covered with the unknown plant. He had tasted and knew that it was good, but to others inquisitive, he said it was but a weed whose leaves did take his fancy. Once more he set it, this time at *Tehalaga* very nigh his village.

The King of Niue dwelt, in *Lefutogia*'s day at Hakupu, being a Tافitian : and the loyal Niuean bethought that it was time to let him know of this new food. Therefore did he bring that which he had first seen — a handsome leaf, in which he placed arrowroot, and made present to his King. It was night and the company could not tell what this new thing was — this strange leaf, so waited until dawn when the wise men pondered deep, yet none knew of it, nor had set eyes upon it before. Then said the King, "Go you down to *Lefutogia*'s clearings and see ye this same thing." They went and behold! it grew abundantly both at *Fehalaga*, *Kakaoka* and *Manulakafia*. They returned and told the King, saying, "We have seen where it groweth and behold it covereth the land." Then said the King to his sons, "Go ye now and bring some hither that we may plant it even as *Lefutogia* has done." This was far from the latter's wish. He was willing to give, but he was not willing that all Niue should have of his find. Yet did the King covet it and *Lefutogia* to his friends thus sounded his complaint:

A second taste, a second taste,  
The first was not enough.  
O foolish I! how true it is  
I'll die for this new stuff.

And die he did, for how could he, alone, resist in those wild days when might was Right. Not willing to give they took, and *Lefutogia* was not. None knoweth the grave of him who brought such benefit to his people.

To the King they brought of the roots and he tasted, his warriors too, and they pronounced it good and gave it the name *Mataga*, the which, one species of the many beareth to this day. As the taro spread over the land other names were added — the *maga*, the *pulekau*, to mention some. This is the song that has come down to us, which *Lefutogia* made because of his gladsome discovery :

#### The Song of the Taro

On Niue Isle I found the thing  
When fierce on warpath bent,  
Its beauteous leaf attracted me,  
I kened not what it meant.

With my own hands I planted it,  
None knew that it was growing,  
With water daily tended it,  
And ever made fresh sowing.

*Mapualagi* named I it,  
It came “from Heaven above”  
Then *Matavalu* sprang therefrom  
“Eight-eyed” and strong as Love.

It spreads, it spreads, naught stoppeth it,  
*Tehalaga*’s range is wide.  
Alas! the day when all men share  
In *Lefutogia*’s pride.

WWB refers to *Lefutogia*’s *kaina* as both *Tehalaga* and *Fehalaga*, whereas Loeb refers to *Fehalaga*. And WWB refers to a king, whereas Loeb refers to a chief.

## 8. TAFAKI AND FAMINE

WWB’s informant is *Toafolia*; Loeb does not cite an informant.

Loeb, page 112:

There was a famine in the island and all the food disappeared. The people on the eastern side of the island knew that the *tefito* [root of banana tree] grew at Mataaho [Tuapa], and that there were banana trees there. The *kaina* belonged to a man called Tafaki. Then all the people of the eastern side came down; the husbands, the wives and the children. They all assembled together and fenced the *kaina* with sticks. The people lived inside of the fence and ate banana roots.

When Tafaki heard that those people had taken his *kaina* he sent word to his *kau* [troops] that they should go and kill all of the people that were inside the fence. The troops went and killed all of the people inside of the fence, but they spared the little babies. After the slaughter the babies crawled about and sucked the milk from the breasts of their dead mothers; then they also perished.

WWB in Tale of Romance #28, *The Innocents of Niue*:

There was drought and famine in the land and the people were dying fast. Desperate they had roamed the forest for *aka* and *luku* and other edible ferns and roots, but even these could not suffice for so many hungry mouths. He who had aught eatable or drinkable on his plantation must needs watch closely and guard well.

At *Matahao* in the north there lived one, *Tafaki*; who on his wide plantation had many of those bananas whose root is both edible and luscious. Jealously he watched his treasures but desperate folk take desperate chances. News spread of *Tafaki*’s possessions, and to his clearing in the forest there trooped men, women and children, babes in arms, all ravenous and parched with thirst. *Tafaki* saw ruin and death staring him in the face, and in his savage heart determined that it should not be so if he could help it.

Fast to the village some little distance from his clearing he hied and called upon his friends to help drive back the invaders from outside. To a man they rose and followed him back. Aye!

surely with that crowd there would be an end of his precious store in quick time, but quicker than that time were he and his. Surrounding the famished ones they rushed upon them and with spears and stones swept like a hurricane amongst the crowd. None rose again who fell, women and children as well as men. The babes in arms they left, clinging to their dead mothers' breasts to slowly die. The slaughter over, *Tafaki* awaited the coming of another day when the little Innocents along with the guilty trespassers should be cast into the deep chasm for their common burial place.

Loeb has *Mataaho*, whereas WWB has *Matahao*; otherwise, the main elements are the same.

## 9. TALAMAHINA AND THE SHARING OF FISH

WWB's informant is *Toafolia*; Loeb does not cite an informant.

Loeb, page 114:

Talamahina was a very strong toa who lived in Vavau, Paluki. Once he heard that the people of Alofi had gone down to catch fish at Tufonua. So he went down to the landing place in order to obtain his share. The people came back with a great haul of fish, and Talamahina rejoiced at the prospects of obtaining a fine present. The leaders of the fishing fleet gave him some fish. One of the fish was a *fagamea*. This was a very large fish but it was not considered very good eating. Talamahina was so furious at the insult that he seized hold of the fish by the tail, and used it as a walking stick (*tokotoko*) as he went up the road to the top of the cliffs to his dwelling place. When he arrived at his kaina the fish was pretty well worn out by hard usage, and Talamahina threw the tail into the bush. Talamahina then called together his troops, and he explained to them that he had been given a poor fish, and not one with "an honorable name." He bade them prepare the fleet that they might break down the houses of the fish eaters.

Loeb continues this story on page 138, under Accounts of Wars and War Heroes:

Each of the *toa* took his share of the weapons, one seized a club, one a spear, and one took some stones. But Agivalu trusted in his strength, and he went empty handed to the war. He had neither club, spear, nor stone. He spoke thus to his troops, "I will chase the men and throw them over my back so that you can kill them."

The troops fought on the battlefield at Mana. There was in that fort (*taue*) a big *toa* named Matahaiki. As they fought Matahaiki threw a spear at Agivalu. But Agivalu dodged by stooping (*kalo fakau*) and the spear struck a banana tree and he escaped uninjured. After this the fight became violent, and some men, seeing that Agivalu was not defending himself with a weapon, made attach upon him. The men hit him with their weapons, and he died on the battlefield. Agivalu met his death because he had trusted merely in his own strength.

WWB in Tale of Romance #6, *Vavau's Chief*:

*Paluki*, the true centre of the island, was the capital when Alofi (now the chief of all) was but a fishing village. There dwelt the King of Niue and to *Paluki* all trails led.

*Talamahina* was a great Chief, a mighty warrior, and dwelt at *Vavau* close to *Paluki*. News reached him that the Alofi men were going to make a great fish killing at *Tufonua*. He was very hungry for fish, for *Paluki* is far inland and few were brought thither save for the King who had his own canoe and men to work it at the little village by the sea.

At *Tukaiavi* stood *Talamahina* the Chief, the sea far below him, and saw the boats returning. They were full to overflowing. Hastening his steps he was at Alofi's reef as soon as they. *Tufonua* had indeed been a great success. There were all kinds, big and small. There was the Parrotfish and the Bream, huge Cod and Barracouta, the Kingfish and the *Utu*, the Redfish and the Tiger. He sought a present of them, and unwillingly — yet because they feared him — they gave him one — one only. His heart hungered for the Tiger, a big sound fish full of meat. But they would not part with even one of the many *Paala* they had caught. Instead they gave him a *Fagamea*, gloriously red of hue.

*Talamahina* was fiercely wroth, yet dared he not, amongst so many, speak out aloud his thoughts. He took the Redfish, for he hungered greatly for sea meat, and strode home along the narrow trail, holding his gift by the tail, and in his anger swinging it about nor thought to see the mischief he was doing. At *Vavau*, even at his own home lo! he held now only the tail, the rest he had left along the trail, piece by piece. Now hurled he the remnant away and vowed he vengeance fierce.

Summoning his band he cried, "Clean your spears, both single and two pronged, get out your war clubs and your stones, for we go to attack and destroy the fishers' homes who refused me aught but a *Fagamea* whose tail alone reached *Vavau*!" Then stood forth *Agivalu* and *Tumailagi*, two of the band and said, "O Chief, right gladly will we go with you. Are not the Alofi braves, cowards ever? They are fishers, they are no fighters, they have neither stones nor hooked clubs as we. Haste you that we may kill, for victory is surely ours."

Though *Agivalu* thus spoke of stones and clubs, yet did he himself despise them. From his youth he bore no weapons but his own two hands, closed to fight. All Niue feared him. He fought close in and his blows were terrible : the heart stopped forever at his stroke : the eyes refused to see again : the skull lay cracked and open : the face was as an orange crushed beneath the foot. And *Tumailagi*, though he used weapons, was little less than *Agivalu* in renown.

Now the band went forth, *Talamahina* striding in the front, *Agivalu* close behind in the post he loved right well, nigh to his Chief : *Tumailagi* his friend next behind. Swiftly they made westward even to where *Mana* dwelt that they might settle first with him and his whom they loved not. Reaching the fighting ground they sent their challenge, nor was *Mana* unwilling for the fray. He was no fisher, yet was he their friend. A mighty man was he and he had a band that knew no fear.

The battle was joined, stones and spears seemed to darken the sky that day. Now did *Tumailagi* come to see his end. *Matahaiki* had marked him out and so hard pressed was he by many another that he took shelter behind a clump of banana trees. But that availed him not. With mighty throw *Matahaiki* hurled spear, so swift, so sure, so straight that it passed clear through a banana trunk and spitted the hiding warrior to another. Here too did *Agivalu* fall. Face to face and man to man he fought, and men lay stretched out all around him, but the gods were against him that day and

*Mana*'s men were not to be denied. They rushed the brave from all sides, their clubs rained blows, broke arms, crushed skull — he lay a corpse.

And it was nigh the last of *Talamahina*'s fights. *Takiula* accounted for him, though now his spears were all gone to fight the Chief with, his club broken, and he had only the round stones, big as a man's fist to fight on with. There was a rain of stones, but 'twas his that reached the leader. It struck low, or *Talamahina* had been slain. His leg bone cracked, he could stand no more. Out of the fight he crawled and with aid was carried home. Alofi was not for him or his that time.

And *Mana* got *Talamahina* after all, for no sooner healed than he was ready to fight again, his heart still sore with those fisher folks. He sought yet again to reach them but *Mana* blocked the path, and in the fight the Chief of fell : he passed to where fish are of no account, nor cause for cry of battle.

Loeb refers to *Mana* as a place, whereas WWB refers to a person, and Loeb does not mention *Tumailagi* nor *Takiula*, nor *Talamahina*'s demise.

## 10. GREEDINESS OVER A WHALE

WWB's informant is *Lagiholo*; Loeb does not cite an informant.

Loeb, page 114:

The townspeople were all at church at the time, although it was a Monday. Two men from Fatiau came down to the beach. They saw the whale, and hurriedly spread the report of the find to their own village. The people from the small village of Fatiau then came down and divided the whale between them. After the church was over, all the people of Avatele and Tamakautoga flocked to the beach. Nothing remained of the whale excepting the tail, around which the shark were playing. The people of Fatiau were greedy and refused to give up any of their spoils to the people of the neighboring villages.

Taulaga was an Avatele man. He begged Futogia of Fatiau for a piece of the whale, but Futogia was greedy and he refused to give up any of his share. Then Taulaga made a deceiving plan (*fakavai*) . "Give me piece of the fish," he said, "then you come over to my *kaina* and I will give you some clothing to pay you for it." Taulaga received the fish which he at once proceeded to eat. Afterwards Futogia visited Taulaga in order to receive his *fakalofa*. Futogia stayed around the house all day gossiped. Taulaga made no mention of the clothing, and the visit was made in vain. It was in this manner that Taulaga took revenge on Futogia for his greediness....

Haitaue had chipped off many pieces of the fish and loaded them up to the bushy part of the cliffs as a place of concealment. After all the people had scattered he went up cautiously to visit the portion that he had loaded into the bush. "Oi! Where were the many pieces of fish that he had carried up and hidden in the cache?" The place was empty; not a single piece remained. When Haitaue had thrown down the pieces of fish they had fallen into a chasm and were lost to sight. Even the head of the whale had gone down to the bottom of the chasm and was irretrievably lost.



Haitaue suffered great anguish because of his loss, and he almost went out of his mind (*fakaatu kehe*). Thus he was repaid for his former selfish rejoicing.

WWB in Tale of Romance #35, *What Happened to Greed*:

The whale, that monster of the great deep, has oftentimes been seen off Niue's coasts but rarely have Niueans had a taste of whale meat. Of one such instance I would tell.

The Period of Darkness was just breaking before the Light of the Gospel of Jesus. Some had heard and had believed, and most of the villages had at least a handful of the Faithful. Being as yet weak in numbers and yet desirous of common worship of the One and only God, some of the villages combined to build one House of Prayer, and thus it was that at Avatele a coral and lime Church was raised, to which the Christians both of Fatiau to the east and Tamakautoga to the north foregathered for public worship as good Christians should.

The Sabbath had passed but on Monday morning at break of day there was to be another service — and folks had tramped the miles westward and south to offer praise and prayer once more. Two Fatiauanans who should have gone thought otherwise, their names *Paku* and *Futogia*. They preferred a stroll down to the sea and made their way along the well-beaten trail to the lower cliff edge direct from their home and reached *Hikau*. Looking down upon the reef they were astonished to see a monstrous fish lying broadside on it, its huge tail occasionally flapping showing that life was still within that gigantic form. "*Tafua! Tafua!*" a whale! a whale! they both exclaimed, and hurrying down, soon stood as pigmies beside it. It was past fighting now, soon it breathed out its life, and *Paku* and *Futogia* talked earnestly of what had best be done.

It was decided that *Paku* should make haste to Avatele and spread the news, while *Futogia* should arouse the nearby village. Soon all Fatiau were down at the reef and carving into the gigantic feast. It was the heathen party one and all, the godly had gone on praying, and these godless ones worked hard to get all they could ere others came a-seeking. Into the nearby bush they hasted, into caves, anywhere where prying eyes could not readily see, and there they stored the unlooked-for feast.

Meantime *Paku* had done his part and Avatele and Tamakautoga hastened to the spot. Arriving at the cliff edge the newcomers in their host looked down upon a busy scene. All heathen Fatiau was at work, and it might lead to trouble were these newcomers to drop down to lend a hand till formally invited. Now came Fatiauan after Fatiauan up the trail, loaded with solid chunks of flesh : in single file they came, and the outsiders asked in friendly fashion for a share. But No! there was none for Avatele and Tamakautoga : and yet there was no fight. It was sad to see even the Christian *Futogia* thus giving way to greed.

But one, *Taulaga* made plan quickly. To *Futogia* he appealed, "I pray you, *Futogia*, give me a chunk of whale. If so you do I will give you when next you come to Avatele the shirt you have so long been coveting." It was too much for *Futogia* : "Agreed; for shirt I give you whale meat," and *Taulaga* went home loaded. Yet ought *Futogia* to have given for friendship's sake, not for greed and barter. Meanwhile others on the reef were still busy — the busiest of them all Chief *Haitaue*. He had worked prodigiously, and in his haste had cast mighty chunks into the bush nearby, careless of aught save getting all he could, ere others grasped it.

And now the carcase alone remained and the hard worked women went slowly home. Avatele and the sister village were sad and grieved, yet had the Christian folk amongst them kept the crowd from blows. Left alone, Chief *Haitaue* went to cast up his goodly haul. Behold! he found none, not even smallest chunk. In his haste he had not noticed that the shrubs to conceal his hoard concealed a fissure broad and deep. Into that chasm all his whale meat had gone, piece by piece, and far out of all possible reach it lay. Thus was *Haitaue*'s happiness turned to grief, nor could he keep his loss a secret. It was too big for that.

And what of *Futogia*. He had not forgotten the shirt, a very precious garment then, when only lavalavas had so far been known. Hied he therefore to Avatele and held *Taulaga* to his promise but *Taulaga* absolutely refused. Such greediness on *Futogia*'s part was only fit to be met by like greediness on *Taulaga*'s. In friendship given of the whale, in friendship he had given the shirt. Such the reasoning of *Taulaga*.

When the empty-handed villages heard of Chief *Haitaue*'s loss and *Futogia*'s hapless tramp, then broke forth *Kulukaki* the poet of the western coast, and this Song :

*Titigigie* prayed for food  
 Appeared forthwith the mightiest of fish;  
 All thought to have a share  
 But *Fatiau* was greedy.

Hastily the news went round,  
 The lame, the blind found each their way  
 They looked : they saw : they coveted :  
 But *Fatiau* was greedy.

With saddened hearts we came away,  
 'Twas Christians held us from a fight,  
 Yet prayed we sad might be their lot  
 Those *Fatiauans* greedy.

Chief *Haitaue* sought his share,  
 A chasm held it safe and sure :  
*Futogia*'s shirt was but a myth,  
 Those *Fatiauans* greedy.

When next a whale doth come ashore  
 And good men pray while others find,  
 With such stern lessons in their mind  
 Will *Faitau* be greedy?

Loeb's account does not mention *Paku*, nor does it include the song by *Kulukaki*; otherwise, the main elements are the same.

## 11. THE TWO DIVERS

WWB's informant is *Toafolia*; Loeb does not cite an informant.

Loeb, page 118:

Tulitoga and Tagaloahe kula were two Tafari men. They were the children of the *iki* Foufou of Avatele. They went up once to make kava to the gods (*faikava atua*) at Fatuana, then they went to bathe at Mataloko. There they found some people from Motu in swimming.

Now, when leaving a pool it was the custom of the people to dive to the bottom and see who would be first. A man was just in the act of diving when the Motu people noticed that there were two men from Tafari looking on. As soon as they became aware who these two men were they disliked them (*fakavihia*), and made fun of them (*va*), calling out "Dive Tafari, and don't be slow about it." The two men dove at once in order that they should not be killed by their enemies. They did not come up again to the surface, but swam the length of the pool under the water and only rose to the surface when they were out in the ocean. Then they followed the sea down to Avaiki. This is the song they sang,

Dive carefully, dive quickly, lest we get into trouble,  
Dive cleverly, and then we will be sure to rise again.

WWB in Tale of Romance #14, *Long-Distance Divers*:

At *Fautuaua* representatives from every village on the island had gathered to make laws. It was but a mile back in the forest from *Uhomotu* where dwelt the King and before which the sea beats upon the coral reef.

It was hot and their duties over, it was agreed to visit *Mataloko*, a well known bathing pool to this our day, there to relax in swimming and diving. Rivalry soon showed itself and soon chosen men from each village were at it in earnest. Now came diving and after leaping from great height, there was competition as to who could remain under the waters for the longest time and distance.

All joined in save two young men from Tafari which is where Hakupu and Fatiau lie today. These men were *Tulitoga* and *Tagaloa-hekula*, the stalwart sons of the great Chief *Foufou*. They seemed to be indifferent to the contest, the shouting and the clamour. Yet were they not really so. When all but they had tried, the rest cried out, "Shame be upon you, ye sons of *Foufou*. Take now your turn and dive or Tafari will be disgraced before us all." Now both *Tulitoga* and *Tagaloa-hekula* had long practiced the art of remaining under water for great distance, and had watched the rest, none of whom could compare to them.

Therefore, now that they were challenged they took the dive, both at the same moment and making the full length of the passageway through the reef reached the open sea. Still kept they beneath the waters and turning south kept on till a point hid them from sight. Then rising to the surface they swam steadily on to the cave at *Avaiki* which is nigh to Makefu. There they landed and by way of trail returned.

Meanwhile those at *Mataloko* knew not what to make of it. Was it a dive beyond any known of them, or had the two been drowned? At first as the distance lengthened alike with the time, men shouted their approval and applause, but when the two did not appear upon the surface, then did men fear many things, the giant feke with its tentacles, a shark or the sea-god's wrath. To *Uhomotu* all returned with hearts saddened for *Foufou*'s sons. When the two appeared that evening in the village, great was the astonishment and wonder at their tale. Such diving and such swimming was not known in Motu. Tafari took the crown.

Motu was defeated and *Tulitoga* and *Tagaloa-hekula* took pains to press it home. Had not Motu jeered at them? Therefore they composed this Song :

Dive cleanly, swim swiftly,  
Else shall you be mocked!  
Tafari dived, came up for breath  
But Motu saw us not.

Loeb has *Fatuana*, whereas WWB has *Fautuaua* and Loeb does not refer to *Uhomotu* nor Chief *Foufou*; otherwise, the main elements are the same.

## 12. THE QUARREL BETWEEN *LIGATOA* AND *FAKAPUNA*

WWB's informant is *Toafolia*; Loeb does not cite an informant.

Loeb, page 135:

Once two Tuapa men, named *Ligatoa* and *Fakapuna*, quarrelled over the ownership of a tuitui tree. *Fakapuna* gave the first blow and split the head of *Ligatoa*. Then the offspring of *Ligatoa* heard of this at Mutalau, that the head of the parent had been split. So they gathered all of the *toa* of Mutalau that they might split the head of *Fakapuna*, and thus pay back for the split head of *Ligatoa*.

WWB in Tale of Romance #8, *All For a Candlenut*:

Two of the most highly prized trees on Niue have ever been the *Fetau* and the *Tuitui*. Both bear nuts which have much oil therein, which as now, was used both on the body and the hair : but in ancient times this also was an added use : namely making every part of the body ready for battle.

Time was when two men great of fame, both of *Uhomotu* (now Tuapa) by name of *Ligatoa* and *Fakapuna* quarrelled over the right to a *Tuitui* tree. Each claimed possession and the quarrel grew to blows. In the fracas *Ligatoa*'s head was cracked by *Fakapuna* and he was wounded sore. Some of his sons and daughters had left the father's village and married amongst those of Mutalau. When the news of the father's plight reached the latter village then did those sons rise up and swear by all their gods that they would have vengeance : for their father was dear to them. Therefore did they gather together many braves, and well armed set out across the island, a large band. The news of their coming went ahead of them and *Uhomotu* feared not but hastily calling together the warriors of the village, *Fakapuna* took the warpath too. 'Twas at *Gutukiu* that they met, a famous fighting ground of yore, and there *Ligatoa*'s sons paid *Fakapuna* back in plenty

and he was glad to escape with many a wound but yet a whole scalp of his own. When the fight was over and the sons of *Ligatoa* looked upon the dead of *Uhomotu* then were their hearts sad for they had been fighting with their boyhood's friends. Men call such today Civil War, and when hearts are not angry it appears a fearful wrong. Therefore did these same sons repent and think it an evil thing to slay men of their own village, all for one broken skull. *Ligatoa* rejoiced at the love of his far-off children, yet did he too grieve that they had been o'er hasty. It was long however ere *Uhomotu* forgave Mutalau its breaking of the peace, yet were they once more friends in time, and *Gutukiu* is but a memory of the ancients, the fight that there took place over a *Tuitui* tree : a ne'er forgotten episode on that cleared field for battle within the forest deep.

Loeb does not mention *Uhomotu* nor *Gutukiu*; otherwise, the main elements are the same.

### 13. THE EXPLOITS OF LAUFOLI

WWB's informant is *Toafofia*; Loeb indicates that he received multiple versions of this story.

Loeb, page 149:

The achievements of Laufoli have already been presented by Smith, and only a summary of his material need be given here.

It appears that Laufoli was a noted warrior of Niue, who aroused the envy of the people of Tonga (Tongatapu, according to Uea). One time a party of Tongans came to Niue where they were much surprised to see that the tops of the pandanus trees had been cut off. When the visitors heard that Laufoli had cut off the tops of these trees with his staff they invited him to come to their country and try his skill.

The first test that the Tongans put to Laufoli was the cutting down of a banana tree. A piece of ironwood had been placed in the banana tree so as to make the test more interesting. Laufoli failed when he tried to cut down the tree with his staff at his first attempt. He then held the staff in his left hand and succeeded in cutting down the tree.

The second test was the jumping of a wide chasm, a feat which Laufoli performed with ease. This chasm is supposed to be of volcanic origin. The third test was the climbing up to a cave in which lived Toloa-kai-tangata, or Toloa-the-cannibal. Laufoli came to the cave of this cannibal, and after cutting off his hands, feet, and tongue, he put him to death.

Three days after this feat the people of Tonga made Laufoli climb a high mountain and attack the enemies on top. While climbing the mountain Laufoli was assailed by large and small stones. The large stones he avoided, and the small stones he straddled. When he arrived at the top of the mountain he killed many of the people there, and the others he pardoned.

When this episode was finished the people of Tonga made peace with Laufoli, and they gave him the king's daughter as wife. A girl was born, whom they named Malama. Presently Laufoli had a dispute with his wife, who told him to "shut up" (*fakamate*), and who called him a stranger (*tagata paea*). The words of his wife so angered Laufoli that he returned to Niue.

After Laufoli came back to Niue he gave himself the following names: Toloa, Tapivai (Summit-of-water), Mouga (mountain), Mougafafau (Built-up-mountain), Tagaloaheiki (Tagaloa-of-the-chief), Tahikona (Bitter-sea), Taputoga (Sacred-toga), Poitoga (Run-toga), Mitiakau (Suck-the-(banana)-tree), Tuitoga, Titimatatoa (The-front-of-the-girdle-of-the-toa). These are the names that Laufoli gave to his wife: Mataginifale (Wind-in-the-house), Potutagaloa (Corner-of-Tagaloa), Potuhetoa (Corner-of-the-toa).

The manner in which Laufoli met his death was, according to Uea, as follows:

*After Laufoli had finished telling about his adventures, he decided to kill himself while he was yet able to rule and before the hands of the people could touch him. So he dug a hole at Tuafutu and he lit a fire resembling the ti oven. After this he sent word to all of his friends to come and do his bidding. After they had opened up the oven Laufoli called out, "Which toa will come and push me into the oven?" But everybody was afraid and nobody would consent to do this thing. They all feared that Laufoli would pull the person that came to do his bidding into the oven. Laufoli next cleared a space and performed the war dance. When this was finished he ran and jumped into the oven.*

*When the oven was nearly cooked it burst open. That is the reason why ti ovens always are liable to burst; it is because the one that Laufoli jumped into burst open. The spot on which Laufoli fell they named Veli (to fall) because Laufoli fell there, and no women or children were allowed to approach the spot; it was tapu.*

*These were the toa who were with Laufoli at the time of his death, and to whom he called out. He especially pleaded with Kulatea, who was afraid. He also called out to Katikula (Mitiakau), Fohiano, Potuhetoa, Potutagaloa, Matalakitifa, and Mougafafau, the son of Vemoa I...*

As further evidence of the recency of the Laufoli incident, it may be added that all of the versions of the story which I received are almost identical with those recorded by Smith...

Loeb had versions of the story of Laufoli in addition to those in [Smith \(1903\)](#). Perhaps one of those versions was from *Toafofia*, WWB's informant for Tale of Romance, #7, *The Labors of Laufoli*:

Though 250 miles of trackless waste lies between the isle of Niue and the Tongan Group, there was oft coming and going between them in the Long Ago. Tonga out to conquer and awhile victorious yet got at last a lesson which made it the part of truest wisdom to keep away from Niue. 'Twas in those earlier days of friendship that my story lies.

Among the visitors from the distant isles came a man of great renown amongst his race. A Tongan great and strong was he, famous for many a daring deed. Now Laufoli held the same high place in the hearts of Niueans, and it was but natural that two such braves should meet. In friendly rivalry they tested one another in many a feat of strength and hardihood, and Tongans present as well as Niueans gave loud applause to their respective champions. Though Laufoli afterwards made such good record as well may wipe out from our memories an act unworthy of the man, yet in his keenness to get the best of the visitor it must needs be told that he resorted to a trick.



Unbeknown to any he selected a tall *fa* tree, bent down its top and broke it off, then let the limb fly back. Now did he call the Tongan and the crowd to see his mighty handiwork, how with his cutting stick he had swung and slung it upwards and with unerring aim had severed off the top. He challenged the visitor to do the same, but such a feat was quite beyond his ken : he did but marvel as did all the rest. And Laufoli took the praise.

Soon after, the whole party returned to Tonga, inviting Laufoli to surely visit them where he would have warmest welcome, for was he not a strong and mighty man? He went, like many another in those brave days of old, alone across the great deep, with naught but the stars to guide him where his haven lay; but with that unerring instinct of our race he feared not to overshoot the mark, and after many days drew up his canoe on the shore of Vavau Isle.

Meanwhile the Tongans had held council concerning this visit of the Niuean. Friendly indeed they would be but they would put him to four tests. If these he passed then surely was no honour too great for so wonderful a man. These then they agreed upon and prepared for:

1. The Strengthened Banana Trunk.
2. The Stony Mountain.
3. The Chasm of Leaves.
4. The Cannibal of the Cave.

Laufoli, like all in those wild times, never travelled without his weapons, his spears, his clubs, his cutting sticks. These he had carefully covered with many leaves, laying them in the bottom of his canoe. Arriving he stepped out upon the beach and went forward to where many were hastening to give him welcome. Soon he was informed of what had been arranged and right gladly did he consent thereto. He was ready for the first that day and hour.

Now did they lead Laufoli to a stout-stemmed banana with succulent but sturdy trunk and called upon him to lay it, at one blow, low. The crafty Tongans had previously driven down from the top through its very heart, the hard young sapling called Toa. Thus would Laufoli strike something unexpected and be foiled. He smiled, so easy thought he such a test. Forthwith he sent for his belongings but they could not be seen so well he bestowed them, and he himself had to fetch them to the testing ground. Tonga was there to watch and laugh. Selecting that stick with which he slashed best at home he shaped himself but found that the tree had been selected so that the usual swing there was no room for. It had to be a reverse stroke or none. Yet was not Laufoli disturbed in mind. All strokes were the same to him. He raised his stick, he struck with mightiest power, there was a sucking sound, a crack, a swish and the trunk fell, clean severed by the blow. Tonga's laugh was turned to wonder : gave they Laufoli praise : for their hearts were good towards him, and was not he their guest?

The next day came to second test. Tongatabu is flat but Vavau is mountainous, and climbing is not what Niueans have to do, for our isle is even as is Tongatabu. Laufoli however thought little of such a test of strength. Were not his legs, his thighs as rocks for hardness? But he was not prepared for the strange action of that mountain. For lo! as he made his way upward, mighty stones came rolling down upon him, stones that would crush and kill, and lesser stones as well, a torrent of stones and no refuge therefrom. Then did Laufoli's anger rise in his heart. He saw no test, but treachery therein, and he burned to reach those hurlers at the summit and lay upon them

his good club. With nimble steps he jumped aside as the great rocks came tearing towards him, the smaller ones he utterly disdained, standing with legs apart he smiled as they went hurtling through. None struck him and he gained the top : then struck he and in his fierce wrath slew those men, all save one who craved for mercy and Laufoli's anger now appeased was granted it. Thus again did Laufoli triumph. Great praise was his : the Tongans' hearts were good towards him, and was he not their guest?

A rest and the third test came. To what appeared as a deep sloping trench the Niuean was led. He was told to make his way along it to a point selected far ahead. Its real depth was hidden for it was filled with leaves laid on trestles. To tread thereon was to fall, to disappear, to drown in the waters far below, and if Laufoli escaped this test and trap, then would they have seen a wonder done before their eyes. And they saw it, for looking ere he leaped, he thought the path of wisdom lay along the sides, and with an agility ne'er seen surpassed, he sprang from side to side, back, forth, back, forth, till his goal was reached, nor had one leaf been touched : a great shout went up : gave they again Laufoli praise : for their hearts were good towards him, and was he not their guest?

This final test was left : accomplished they could ask no more of him. Toloa, the Wild Man of the Cave, was the terror of all. He was a giant Tongan whose wits had left him : his food was man when he could lay his hands on him : all sought to slay him, but all feared. It was for Laufoli to end the terror or himself to die. War club in hand he sought and found the Cave, went boldly in to find the giant absent. The way led down, so down he went and saw bones everywhere, bones of his fellow men. Not wishing to avoid the meeting Laufoli waited long : then towards sunset heard the Terror coming as he crunched the trail above. At the top of the Cave, the wild cannibal stood, and thus he spake aloud "Whence comes this smell of Man?" Then looking down he spied the Niuean. The giant smiled at the thought of getting food so easy and so nigh, then started to descend. As he put his great foot down one blow from Laufoli's club smashed it to pulp : he thrust the other down and again that club descended. Then the maddened wild man put forth his hand to grasp that which assailed him and again that club struck true : then came the other reaching out and it too fell helpless. Now came the great body full upon Laufoli but he stepped aside, and soon the cannibal was a lifeless corpse. The terror was no more a thing to fear on Vavau. Taking the teeth out from the massive jaws Laufoli thrust them in his loincloth, then ascended and went back to those who had sent him on his mission. Cried he "Your terror has departed. I have slain Toloa in his cave." With one voice they cried "You surely lie, O Laufoli, it could not be." Then showed he them the teeth which he drew from his loincloth, and they believed.

Thus had Laufoli passed every test : they could ask no more of him. Then did the Tongans pour gifts upon the noble Niuean : none were too good for him : many a Tooga those most beautiful of all mats made, hair oil in plenty, Hiapos too to wrap himself therein when cold, coconuts and all manner of foods. Loaded down, and full of honour and renown Laufoli left the friendly isle, and once more stood on Niue.

The years passed, and for Laufoli life held nothing more of interest. He wished to die. He feared that if he grew old and his strength departed, then in some island quarrel he might fall a victim unable to defend himself : and that to Laufoli's mind was no worthy end to a man of high renown. Therefore he determined that he would make an end of himself, and it should be done

openly, bravely and in the sight of all. He was a great man, therefore dared none to gainsay him. He dwelt at Veli on the East Coast, nigh to Liku, and calling his relations to him, he gave orders “Make you a great oven for a human baking.” And they made it. Now did they make huge fires therein, and when all was ready they break it open. Great was the furnace and the heat.

Thus did Laufoli draw nigh and spake his last words — “Behold! I die. Cast much earth and covering upon this oven when I do leap therein. Make large the grave of Laufoli this day, I charge you.” Then he leapt and the great heat wrapped him close. Yet went he not alone to his death, for the people obeying him, piled up the mound all too quickly, and with a mighty roar the huge oven exploded and slew many of those standing by, the workers also. Therefore is it to this day when a big oven of native make shall explode, men say “This is Laufoli’s work” and lay the fault on him, nor try to find the cause within themselves.

WWB then recites the Death Song of Laufoli, which is not mentioned by Loeb. The content of these two long stories is remarkably similar. The main differences are that Loeb mentions that (i) Laufoli was given the king’s daughter as wife, with whom he had a daughter, *Malama*; (ii) he went back to Niue because his wife told him to shut up; (iii) he gave himself several names when back on Niue; and (iv) he called out to several *toa* before dying in the oven.

#### 14. THE WARS OF MOHELAGI AND PALALAGI

Loeb on pages 151 to 156 tells of the wars of *Mohelagi* and *Palalagi*:

The stories of the wars between Mohelagi and Palalagi rest in part on historical occurrences, as these two men lived about a hundred and fifty years ago. Mohelagi was a chief of Liku, while Palalagi ruled in Motu at Tamahavea. The parentage of Mohelagi is unknown. Palalagi is noted for being a deserter from his own country, for he was born from Taiti parents but upon marrying Tialenifo, a Motu girl, he deserted his own people and went over to the Motu side.

At the present day many of the people of Liku are descendants of Mohelagi, while many of North Alofi are descendants of Palalagi through his son, Pineki II. It is interesting to note that the ill feeling occasioned by the ancient wars has not as yet subsided. Both the Motu and Taiti people were eager to furnish me with manuscript in support of their respective views.

Loeb then recounts the story of how the original cause of the wars was the death of two of *Mohelagi*’s sons and how *Palalagi* was defeated at *Fetiki*. He states that “*There are several stories concerning the troops of Palalagi, who were put to flight that day,*” and then recounts one of those stories, which ends with the death of *Mohelagi* at *Mougakelekele* from a large spear made by *Palalagi* and thrown by *Helagi*. Loeb mentions subsequent battles fought by *Palalagi* at *Tafagu*, *Talikifea*, *Mamalava*, *Tukuofe*, *Fetuna* and finally *Fugahehake*, where *Palalagi* was later killed by *Naea*.

Several of the elements of pages 151–156 are found in WWB’s composite story in Tale of Romance #30, *Unworthy of the Name He Bore*, which he attributes to *Toafofia*:

*Palalagi* was in olden time a name to swear by upon Niue. The mighty *Palalagi* whose strength was as the strength of ten had fallen at length at *Fugahehake*; but others bore the famous name

down the long years, and one of that name of renown, the last ere The Period of Darkness passed away forever, I would now tell of.

Alas! he was not full worthy of the name he bore. Great he was and a powerful Chief among his fellows, but today he is not a man whose memory all Niue delights to honour, for he turned his hand against his own, and his end was at the hand of friend turned foe nor in a worthy quarrel.

*Palalagi* was the son of *Laufuti*, and the mother who bore him was named *Nau*. Born in the south he was Tafiian and there long he dwelt, growing up among his own kindred, taking part in their councils and fighting in their fights. But his choice for wife fell upon a northern woman, a Motuan, and her he married : nor took her to his home but went to hers : and by much talking and persuasion was prevailed upon to side with Motu not Tafiiti, and to go forth in their fights, and ere long to lead his former foes therein. Tafiiti therefore both despised and hated him. They cast his very memory out from amongst them and sought earnestly to put their hands upon the turncoat.

Now was this strange thing. Before *Palalagi* changed sides he ever had led to victory, but after he joined the northerners he was continuously beaten. Seven fights he had and in not one victorious; there were *Talikifea* and *Fetiki*, *Tukuofe* and *Mamalava*, *Fetuna* and *Mougakelekele*, *Fugahehake* too : he lost all and many were slain, yet was not he. *Mohelagi* was the closest of all *Palalagi*'s friends : long had they counselled together, worked together, fought together. They were as brothers of the same mother, born at one and the same time.

There came a day when *Mohelagi* sought of his longtime friend a simple thing. "Bring me, good friend, I pray you, a piece of shark's fin with which to cut my hair, now over long." And lo! *Palalagi* made rough answer "I have none : cut it off with land crab shell, 'twill do as well." *Mohelagi* grew angry and made no effort to smooth the matter over, the rather did he cast cutting words, words true enough, but words best not uttered between friends. "Remember you not, O *Palalagi*, the day your enemies tied you hand and foot, fast to the tree at *Fafagu*? Would that I had not troubled to set you free who will not do a simple thing for a friend." "I have paid you back a hundredfold for that," said *Palalagi*. But *Mohelagi* denied. Then hot words, then hotter still, then in hot blood they fought. Fierce was that struggle, hand to hand, friendship changed to fiercest hate and *Palalagi* fell.

Men point out his grave today. Not even dead would Tafiiti have him, his son lies near, that son who slew *Uea*, from whose dying lips Niue first heard of the One and only God in Heaven. Father and son were ruthless men but they lived in ruthless times ere The Period of Prayer had dawned and knew not better.

Note that while WWB distinguishes between a *Palalagi* who died at *Fugahehake* and a descendant named *Palalagi* who fought with *Mohelagi*, Loeb treats both elements as referring to the same *Palalagi*. In Loeb's account (page 152), *Mohelagi* asks for a shark's tooth to shave his head to mourn the death of two of his sons, whereas in WWB's, he asks for a shark fin because his hair is long.

## 15. THE BIRTH OF MAN

Both Loeb and WWB remark the similarity between a Niuean tradition of the birth of man and the Biblical tradition, "There were giants in those days."

Loeb, page 164:

*The words say that a long time ago on the island of Niue there grew up generations of Lukilo, then there grew up generations of Lomea, then there grew up generations of Ikatea, then there grew up generations that crawled. This is the meaning of these generations, that there grew up the small people of the island following those first generations.*

It will be noted how closely this tradition resembles the Biblical tradition, “There were giants in those days.”

WWB in Tale of Romance #1, *There Were Giants in Those Days*, related by Toafofia:

This is a saying of the old men, such as I, who in childhood spoke to and learned of those of the Long Ago. Niue had first a race of *Lukiloans* : then came a race of *Lomeaans* : their place was taken by a race of *Tegameaans*, who were followed by a race of *Ikateaans*. This is the day of yet another race, even the *Tolotoloans*. And what, what will the next be? Will they be children always, without a trace of manhood?

For here is the meaning of this seeming riddle. The Niueans, according to us old men whose standard reaches to the far, far past, have deteriorated, they are not as their forefathers. The earliest Niueans were as big as the big Black Ants, whose place was taken by the smaller Ant of Brown; these were followed by the Hermit Crabs, to be succeeded in turn by the small White Sprat. This day sees Niueans as Crawling Things! And what will be the end thereof?

WWB refers to the *Tegameaans* and the *Tolotoloans*, whereas Loeb does not. WWB, being an Anglican priest, would have immediately noticed the connection with the Biblical tradition; one has to wonder whether Loeb would have made the same connection independently.

## 16. BRINGING A *TOKAMOTU* FROM *FATUANA* TO *VEVE*

Both Loeb and WWB tell the story about the bringing of a *tokamotu* — a rainmaking fetish according to Loeb — from *Fatuana* to *Veve* by the sons of *Hafonua*.

Loeb, page 168:

A man named Hafonua was made *patuiki* by his relatives. All his relatives then paid him great respect and laid the finely woven *tegitegi* mats in his house and on the road which he travelled. His glory did not last long, however, for presently he stole the girl Puleloto, the wife of his brother Tifonua. Because of this, his relatives cast him aside and would no longer supply him with food. Finally Hafonua fled with his wives and children to Veve. A famine developed on the island because the *tokamotu* had been left behind and had been neglected. This condition induced Hafonua to send two of his sons, Fualave and Fakahuikula, back to Fatuana in order that they might steal the *tokamotu* and bring it to Veve. This famous mission was performed, and the *tokamotu* was once more carefully guarded. As soon as the *tokamotu* was given the proper treatment the rain fell on the island and the famine was at an end. Then Puleloto, the stolen bride, gave a great feast, for the time of plenty was at hand. This is the song that Puleloto composed at the feast. [It will be noted that she assumed the credit for having stolen the *tokamotu*.]

*The daybreak is brightening the skies,  
I begin my song,  
Blessed and true is the song.*

*It was the core of the island, the tokamotu  
That I brought in the leaf of the coconut tree from Tefua  
To the place in the island at Veve,  
Blessed and true is the song.  
At the cross road to Lalopeau  
The feast of thanksgiving is approaching  
To bless the island at Kavatonu,  
Blessed and true is the song.*

WWB in Tale of Romance #10, *The Removing of the Mace*, related by *Toafolia*:

Well back from *Uhomotu* — the royal village now known as Tuapa — in the forest, many of the great Chiefs with the King of the island at their head, builded a great Council Home at *Fautuaqua*. With care they selected the wood for the posts and rafters, and had it thatched close so that even the fiercest rain might find no way therein. Here they should meet and settle the laws of the land; and as a sign of their authority they decided that a mighty club should be made, and suspended from a rafter in the centre of the building. For this mace the choicest wood of all Niuean trees was brought into use, and with their rough tools they shaped and polished it. Great was the pleasure of the King and his chief men when all was finished, and the fame thereof spread throughout the land, making good men rejoice at the authority that ruled over them, but the wicked to tremble lest it should reach them with its might.

On the eastern side of the island where the breakers never cease to roar and life was hard, there dwelt at *Veve* the Chief *Hafonua* who had had no part in this work of his King and was envious of the powers of his brethren. Many and wild sons had he, *Tafaia* and *Fualeva* amongst them and his village feared him for he spared neither young nor old in his wrath. Now did he summon his headmen before him and disclosed his plan. They too should have a great Council House and if laws were to be made, they should be made in his village alike with *Uhomotu*. Therefore was it necessary to secure that mace and he would do it even if it meant a fight. The Council House was raised. Taking only his two sons with him, he now crossed the island along the beaten trail, then hid close to the great Council House till nightfall. Suspecting no danger all the royal village were within their *falés* a full mile away. Nor locks, nor bolts were known then, therefore those wild men walked in, and one climbing the rafters, let down the mace into his father's hands, and home they went forthwith.

Great was the consternation in *Uhomotu* when it was found that the sign of the King's authority had vanished. The wizards were called in and long and deeply did they consider, yet found no solution of the matter. But of this they were sure, that it was the devil's work and all that they could do was to pronounce their curses on the thief, invoking torment and pains upon him; and let it go at that.

Home the fierce Chief had borne it, and amid feast and rejoicing that mace hung suspended from the main rafter of *Veve*'s Council House. Then something happened. Sickness befell that village



and many died. The groans of the stricken ones touched even that hard heart and the old chieftain sought counsel from his wizards. To them the mace was the rock of offence, and it must leave the village. To return it whence it came was out of the question, therefore did that Chief commit it for the nonce to the care of the neighbouring village. In their simplicity they received it with joy, but here too even in *Kavatonu* sickness quickly followed its arrival. Seared at deaths so inexplicable they too suspected that polished mace, and forwarded it promptly on to the next village with word that if they refused to receive it there would be war and they be forced to welcome it. Yet again death kept close to it. It was a hopeless case.

Therefore did the Chief of *Veve* order it to be returned to him and sent back whence it came : and back it was borne through the bush by his stalwart sons, nor was his order fulfilled till once more they had caused it to hang whence they had removed it. Then did the plague cease in the East : *Uhomotu* rejoiced : and peace reigned in the land.

As in the story about the two divers in the section on *Games and Sports*, Loeb again has *Fatuana*, whereas WWB has *Fautuaua*. Loeb gives the sons' names as *Fualave* and *Fakahuikula*, whereas WWB has *Tafaia* and *Fualeva*. Regarding the *tokamotu*, Loeb (page 94) states:

The treasure of the island was the *tokamotu*, described to Smith by King Fata-a-iki as "The Alito, i.e. the precious thing, or Toka-motu, of this island in ancient times was a parroquet feather, which was bound up with a hair girdle, and then wrapped in the inside leaf of the banana, and also a fan palm leaf." However, the chief old men of the island described the *tokamotu* to me as follows: "They made from the core of the kafika tree a sharp pointed wooden knob [in form like the end of the *tika*, or dart]. They covered this with tapa cloth, and fastened the whole with dried banana skin." I am at a loss to understand this discrepancy in the two accounts. I believe, however, that the account given to me is the true one, because the two best informed men on the island, Uea and Falani, agree in all essentials of the description. Also it was the custom on the island to store up treasures, such as parroquet feathers, and the precious tail feathers of the *manufolau* (a small black bird that appeared only in stormy weather) in dried banana skins and the folded leaf of the fan palm. It is possible, therefore, that Fata-a-iki<sup>6</sup> confused the *alito*, or treasure of the common people with the *tokamotu*. The *tokamotu* was kept suspended on the inner part of the roof of a sacred wooden meshed house at *Fatuana*. The house was very tapu, only chiefs being permitted to enter, and they only with permission.

WWB describes the *tokamotu* as a mace made of wood — "*a mighty club*" — which is quite different from the dart in the description above. WWB makes no mention of the stolen wife, *Puleloto*. And WWB describes how the *tokamotu* was returned to *Fautuaua*, whereas Loeb states (page 168) that "Hafonua rests at present in a cave at *Veve*, and with him is buried the *tokamotu*."

## 17. THE ADULTEROUS WIFE AND THE HAIRY LIZARD

Loeb, page 170:

The hairy lizard was, and still is, regarded with horror by the natives. I often heard of a story related on the island about this animal. A man was angry with his wife, because she was

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<sup>6</sup> A mis-spelling of *Fata-a-iki*.

committing adultery. One day he brought her home a dish which he pretended to be fish that he had caught on the reef. The wife ate the dish in the dark. Then the husband informed his wife that she had just consumed a hairy lizard. Immediately the wife commenced to vomit, and soon afterwards died. A variation of the story reads that the husband fed his wife the tapu portion of her lover's body.

WWB in Tale of Romance #37, *A Wife's Chastening*, related by *Toapuho*:

Fatiau's Chief had a wife who vexed him sore. She would not keep to her own hut but was forever gadding about, careless of her home and duties and finding her pleasures apart from her husband. Things reached a climax, they could go on no longer thus.

Deep thought the Chief of Fatiau, and had in mind making an end of her. In his hands were Life and Death. There was the cliff so high, the sea or the chasm. Yet he decided against these, and chose the rather to chasten her in the body that she might still live and work for him. Thus spake he to himself, "Now will I give her pain, even as she hath given me," yet saw he not the inequality of the thing, to mete out grievous pains of body to pay for pain of mind.

Said Fatiau's Chief, "I go down to the reef, even to the cave *Hikihoe* and there will I catch crabs for both you and me to eat." Forthwith he went, but on another hunt. The lizard — no food for man — haunts the Pandanus tree. To tree after tree he went till at length he spied a hairy lizard in the waving leaves. He set fire to the trunk and soon brought the reptile down to earth. Placing it in a basket he proceeded to the cave where he lit a fire and roasted it.

When darkness fell he journeyed home and found his wife asleep. "Awake! Arise! and eat of this that I have brought thee," cried he; and she was glad for her hunger was great as she had lain awaiting her lord and master. Dark was it, so that she knew not what she took from the man's hand. "But why so tough? Were you not after crabs?" said she. "I found no crabs but caught this herring instead. Eat and be glad I have brought you anything." She ate but liked it not, and fear came upon her for the Chief's voice was fierce. Secretly she kept a portion and already in great pain, she stole later from the mat as he slept and making light saw that it was a lizard! This was her climax, even as her conduct had been his.

Long was she sick, grievous were her pains, anger was in her heart, yet dared not she speak her thoughts. He had cause for anger, that she knew. He had not cast her over the cliff, nor into the sea or the bottomless chasm, therefore had he forgiven. He would warn her. She was wise. She took the warning. She was faithful unto death.

Loeb's mention that he "*often heard of a story related on the island about this animal*" again indicates that he had obtained this story from several informants. In Loeb's version, the wife dies; in WWB's, she lives.

## DISCUSSION

Table 1 at the end of this study presents a summary of the differences between Loeb's and WWB's versions of the 17 stories compared above. Loeb states that five of the stories — concerning kingship, the exploits of *Laufoli* in Tonga, the wars of *Mohelagi* and *Palalagi*, the bringing of a *tokamotu* from

*Fatuana* to *Veve* by the sons of *Hafonua*, and the eating of a hairy lizard by the adulterous wife — were obtained from several informants; hence the possible use by Loeb of information obtained from WWB is less relevant. Of the 12 remaining stories, the differences between Loeb's and WWB's versions are discussed below.

There are several instances of differences in spelling. As noted elsewhere<sup>7</sup> in regard to the handwriting of the time, the handwritten lowercase “u” and “n” were often identical, which suggests that at least one of the differences in spelling — the second to last letter in *Fatuana* and *Fautuaua* in the stories of the two divers and the bringing of a *tokamotu* to *Veve* — could be attributed to a mis-reading of the handwriting. The dots on “i” were sometimes placed far from the letter and so the difference between *Palafoumiku* and *Palafounuku* in the story about a visit to Niue by the Tongan chief *Teiloa* could simply be a mis-reading of “mi” as “nu”. In the story about *Tafaki* and famine, Loeb has *Mataaho* for the old name of Tuapa, whereas WWB has *Matahao*; the difference is simply the transposition of the “ah” or “ha”.

Unfortunately, as mentioned at the beginning of this study, WWB's working documents on which the *Tales of Romance* are based are not available to check whether his writing could have been mis-read. However, this can be done with the finished work, the *Tales of Romance*, and WWB's writing of the words mentioned above are clear and not susceptible to mis-reading. In fact, in the *Tales of Romance* and elsewhere in *The Chronicles*, he often recorded Niuean words by printing them letter by letter, perhaps to ensure that they could not be mis-read. Whether the same can be said of any of the written materials that may have been provided to WWB and Loeb is unknown.

In several stories, Loeb is missing references to persons or places that are found in WWB's version of the story. It is quite possible that WWB added some of these to embellish his *Tales of Romance*, as he often did to his writings, and this would explain why some do not appear in Loeb's versions of the stories. This could be the case for WWB's references to the old capital of *Uhomotu* and the old name of Lakepa, *Tamalagau*, and to the missionary *Paulo*.

On the other hand, this would not explain the missing reference to *Gutukiu* in Loeb's version of the story about *Ligatoa* and *Fakapuna*'s quarrel, nor to the races of *Tegameaans* and *Tolotoloans* in the story of the birth of man, nor to the person *Paku* in the story about the whale.

WWB's tendency to embellish might also explain why *Hiligutu* dies as a warrior in his version of the story, rather than living to a ripe old age, and why the adulterous wife remains faithful for the rest of her days after eating the hairy lizard, rather than dying, as in Loeb's version.

In three stories, WWB is missing a reference made by Loeb. In the story about *Mulia*'s conversion, Loeb refers to a long worm, a *kelimutu*, whereas WWB does not. In the story about ceremonies of childhood, Loeb refers to the bathing of the child by the light of *tuitui* and the naming of the child. In the story about the premature burial at sea of *Hiligutu*, WWB does not refer to the night dance, *tafeauhi*, nor to the black ghost, *mena lalauli*, although the title of his story, *The Black Devil*, suggests that there may have been a reference to a black ghost in the story obtained by WWB from his informant. WWB wrote his stories such that they were, in his view, “faithful to the spirit and setting of the original”; perhaps the missing references were not considered by him to be important elements of the stories.

<sup>7</sup> See the footnote to Tale #8, *Of Niue's Call*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

Some of the differences in the content of the stories are not substantial. For example, in the story about the origin of taro, Loeb refers to a chief and WWB to a king, and in the story about the vengeance of *Lefutogia*, there are minor differences regarding the domiciles of the brother, sister and brother-in-law.

Given the differences listed in Table 1 and discussed above, we can conclude that of the 17 stories compared herein, there are eight stories for which the differences are sufficiently minor that they could have come from the same source. These include the stories about (i) the visit to Niue by the Tongan chief *Teiloa*; (ii) the vengeance of *Lefutogia*; (iii) ceremonies of childhood; (iv) the premature burial at sea of *Hiligutu*; (v) the introduction of taro; (vi) *Tafaki* and famine; (vii) the two divers; and (viii) the adulterous wife and the hairy lizard.

WWB's informant for five of these eight stories was *Toafofia*; the informants for the other three stories were *Lagiholo* and *Toapuho*. We know that one of Loeb's informants was *Toafofia*; in his Introduction (page 3) he lists *Uea* of Like and his adopted son *Maka*, *Falani* of Lakepa, *Manamana* of Tamakautoga, *Toafofia* of Tuapa and *Leotuki* of Alofi. In fact, we know that Loeb met with *Toafofia* because he mentions (page 40) in regard to an historical incident <sup>8</sup> that “*In the course of this encounter three ancestors of my informant, Toafofia, lost their lives.*” It is unlikely that Loeb would have known this without hearing it directly from *Toafofia*.

Note also that WWB's informant for five of the stories listed in Table 1 for which there are differences in spelling was *Toafofia*. This would suggest that both WWB and Loeb worked from *Toafofia*'s written material and that either one or the other, or their translators, mis-read the spelling.

There is also the question of the relationship between *Toafofia*, the informant, and *Toa Folia*, the magazine; it is quite possible that WWB or Loeb, or both, obtained *Toafofia*'s written material from the magazine. We will never know whether Loeb obtained *Toafofia*'s written material from WWB or from *Toafofia* directly, or from somebody else, but given that Loeb almost certainly knew *Toafofia*, we should give him the benefit of the doubt and assume that he did not get it directly from WWB.

Regarding the three stories for which the informants were *Lagiholo* and *Toapuho*, which Loeb does not list as his informants, all that can be said is that it is possible that Loeb obtained their written material from WWB, but it is also possible that they were among Loeb's less important informants and so were not mentioned by name in his Introduction.

Not having WWB's working documents, which would have included the direct translations of the stories from the Niuean that could have been compared to the texts in *History and Traditions*, we can only speculate. It could simply have been that WWB gave Loeb the *Tales of Romance*, without his working documents, and, if so, it is understandable that Loeb did not acknowledge WWB since they would have been of little anthropological value. [Margaret Mead](#), in her review of *History and Traditions*, <sup>9</sup> questions “*the adequacy of his [Loeb's] method of presenting the bulk of the material in translated texts from a selected group of informants as a means of giving a complete picture of the native culture.*” WWB's stories based on the translated texts, sometimes embellished, would have been even more questionable.

<sup>8</sup> Concerning the reaction of the crew of a British man-of-war in 1852 to the theft of articles on the vessel by a Niuean.

<sup>9</sup> [Margaret Mead, 1928, review of \*History and Traditions of Niue\* by E.M. Loeb, \*American Anthropologist\*, New Series 30\(1\): 151–155.](#)

So, did Loeb use information obtained from WWB in *History and Traditions*? From the evidence presented above, we have to conclude “probably not.” And yet, we know from the note that WWB wrote in the Bibliography to *The Chronicles* that “*at his request I gave him freely of my information.*” The word *freely* suggests that WWB did indeed give Loeb his working documents. And there is also that curious reference by Loeb to the biblical tradition, “*There were giants in those days,*” in the story about the birth of man, which was the title given by WWB to his version of the story. Perhaps we should conclude “probably not very much.”

Another systematic study of Niue that should be mentioned here is the work of S. Percy Smith (1902, 1903).<sup>10</sup> [Smith \(1840–1922\)](#), who founded the Polynesian Society in 1892 and was on Niue as Government Resident for nearly four months from September to December 1901.<sup>11</sup> Loeb often refers to Smith in *History and Traditions*. In Part II of this document, the several topics in *The Chronicles* that were also addressed by Smith are noted in the footnotes. It can therefore be asked whether WWB used information obtained from Smith in *The Chronicles of Savage Island*. The answer is almost certainly affirmative. But then WWB lists Smith’s work in the *Bibliography* of *The Chronicles*, thereby acknowledging him, and so we should not be surprised.

Regardless of the extent to which Loeb may have used information that he obtained from WWB, *History and Traditions of Niue* is obviously a book of huge value. The 17 stories that appear in both *History and Traditions* and *The Chronicles* represent only a small part of each; hence, both Loeb and WWB clearly made important contributions to their subjects of interest, regardless of the overlap. We are fortunate to have the works of all three authors writing in the early 1900s.

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<sup>10</sup> See the references and links to all five parts of Smith’s work in the Preface to Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*.

<sup>11</sup> See pages 80 and 105 in [S. Percy Smith. 1902. Niue Island and Its People. Part I. Journal of the Polynesian Society, Volume 11\(2\): 80–106.](#)

**Table 1. Differences in stories which appear in both *Histories and Traditions of Niue* by E.M. Loeb and *The Chronicles of Savage Island* by W.W. Bolton**

#	Subject	Informants		Differences in Content		Differences in Spelling	
		WWB	Loeb	WWB	Loeb	WWB	Loeb
1	The visit to Niue by the Tongan chief Teiloa	Toafofia	Not stated	Leader of the party	—	Palafoumiku	Palafounuku
				The King	—	Tavahihi	Tavahili
				Uhomotu	—		
2	Mulia's conversion to Christianity	Kilimamapule	Not stated	Tamalagau	—	Tukumulia	Mulia
				Paulo	—		
				—	Long worm		
3	Kingship	Toafofia	Multiple	—	Fakahinaiki	Hetalaga	Hetalagi
				Tihimau	—	Galiagaiki	Galiaga
				—	Ihuga	Fakahemanava	Kakahemanava
4	The vengeance of Lefutogia	Lagiholo	Not stated	Fatiau	Tafiti		
				Hakupu	Tumuakifonua		
5	Ceremonies of childhood	Toafofia	Not stated	—	Tuitui		
6	The premature burial at sea of Hiligutu	Toafofia	Not stated	—	The night dance		
				The black devil	The black ghost		
				Dies as a warrior	Lives to old age		
7	The introduction of taro	Toapuho	Not stated	A king	A chief	Tehalaga, Fehalaga	Fehalaga
8	Tafaki and famine	Toafofia	Not stated			Matahao	Mataaho
9	Talamahina and the sharing of fish	Toafofia	Not stated	Mana, a person	Mana, a place		
				Tumailagi	—		
				Takiula	—		
				Talamahina's demise	—		
10	Greediness over a whale	Lagiholo	Not stated	Paku	—		
				The song by Kulukaki	—		
11	The two divers	Toafofia	Not stated	Uhomotu	—	Fautuaua	Fatuana
				Chief Foufou	—		
12	The quarrel between Ligatua and Fakapuna	Toafofia	Not stated	Uhomotu	—		
				Gutukiu	—		
13	The exploits of Laufoli	Toafofia	Multiple	—	Wife and daughter		
				—	Gave himself names		
				—	Names of toa		
				Death song	—		
14	The wars of Mohelagi and Palalagi	Toafofia	Multiple	Two Palalagis	Same Palagi		
				Shark's fin	Shark's tooth		
				Long hair	Mourning		
				A northern woman	Tialenifo		
				Parents, Laufuti and Nau	—		
				—	Death of Mohelagi		
				Palalagi fell	Palalagi killed by Naea		



**Table 1 (continued)**

#	Subject	Informants		Differences in Content		Differences in Spelling	
		WWB	Loeb	WWB	Loeb	WWB	Loeb
15	The birth of man	Toafofia	Not stated	Tegameaans	—		
				Tolotoloans	Generations that crawled		
16	Bringing of a tokamotu to Veve	Toafofia	Multiple, including Uea and Falani	Son Tafaia	Son Fakahuikula	Fautuaua	Fatuana
				Mace	Dart	Fualeva	Fualave
				—	Stolen wife		
				Tokamotu was returned	Tokamotu was buried		
17	The adulterous wife and the hairy lizard	Toapuho	Multiple	Wife lives	Wife dies		

## PART IV

### TALES OF A ROAMING GRANDFATHER

BY

REV. WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON, M.A.

#### Preface

*Tales of a Roaming Grandfather* were transcribed from the handwritten stories that WWB sent from Tahiti to his grandchildren in Victoria, British Columbia, from 1939 to 1941. See the Preface to Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, for the guidelines used during the transcription. Each story was written on two sides of a single sheet of paper, with few paragraph breaks.

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<sup>1</sup> WWB drafted this table for the first 75 Tales and sent it to his grandchildren. Tales 76–93 were added to the table at a later date, perhaps by Joan Finch, secretary to Percy Ritchie Sandwell in Vancouver, who completed a [typewritten](#) version of the Tales in November 1979.

## 1. His Highness

I am the proud owner of a pig. No ordinary “Captain Cooker” of the Great South Sea with its elongated snout, its lankness and its ever hunted look, but of purest Berkshire breed.<sup>2</sup> Just where that breed stands in the hierarchy of swinehood I know not (for a swineherd is a wholly new vocation) but defying all Laws of Heraldry he is to me a Prince whatever experts in other breeds may say. He came to me a baby and none but I should raise his dwelling. The site the choicest in the orchard : a lofty wide spreading *purau* tree<sup>3</sup> (never without full leafage and its yellow tulip shape flowering to ward off sun and tropic heat) covers his home. To call it a Sty would be an insult to His Lordship. Pomare of old named his abode “Aorai” (The Clouds of Heaven),<sup>4</sup> my Prince dwells in S<sup>t</sup> James’ Palace<sup>5</sup> with its Courtyard for exercise. To one side below a steep bank runs the Hamutu brook,<sup>6</sup> a trellis work gives him a view (as he rests) of the tumbling waters. I could wish that he would not uproot the surface of his play yard but then swine have their own special habits and who am I to correct this one with a concrete surface. He must have his way, only he has to keep the Palace tidy. He has his meals of course outside and what meals! A fortunate fellow indeed and served with unbroken regularity. Breakfast at 7.30, a light Lunch at 12.30 with supper at half past Five. No kitchen swill for him! His menu varied and extensive : manioc (boiled arrowroot) and baked breadfruit, bananas and sliced mangoes, cabbage and carrot, tomatoes<sup>7</sup> as an extra, varied with coconut in the shell too immature for copra making with its tasty milk. Maybe I am feeding him on altogether wrong lines but anyway he grows apace and his corpulence already is unbefitting for his tender age. He is doomed to die of Old Age for never will I allow his execution and the serving him up hot from the nearby native oven : ’twould be to me akin to a cannibal feast for we are closest friends. Maybe it is but cupboard love with him but his joy at my approach touches this swineherd’s heart. As I work in the orchard with spade and hoe he never ceases word of welcome — a ‘grunt’ would be to insult him — I refuse to think it may mean “more food, more food” for have I ever failed him at his meal hours? Once in the hours of night he broke bounds, found a weak spot in a corner of his courtyard. I heard him calling me beneath my window. Was he off to the mountains at the back? Was the Call of the Wild already urging him to leave comfort and affluence for the uncertainties of life, doomed to be hunted by dog packs and finished off with a rifle? I was ashamed of him, if he deserted me I would wipe him from memory. But NO! When I rose he was busy with that everlasting rooting and came to me at my call. We walked together to S<sup>t</sup> James’, I courteously showed him the entrance and with a grunt (was it of Thanks) he resumed his residence. For awhile I allowed him a companion, some months older, but he was a native fellow and a bully, wanting the Palace to himself and consuming two thirds of the meals, so I gave him his ticket-of-leave without compunction, there was to be a square deal or none. In keeping with his high rank he has never been given a low down ‘trough’ such is for common swine who love to put their trotters in along with their snouts. He has his spacious tins, kept scrubbed and sweet and has been already trained to good manners. But hark! I hear him calling! He sounds his gong, ’tis supper time, I must away!

<sup>2</sup> See [The History of the Berkshire Breed](#).

<sup>3</sup> [Hibiscus tiliceus](#) or [Hibiscus hastatus](#).

<sup>4</sup> The site of the palace of the Pomare family, which reigned on Tahiti from 1743 to 1880, is Arué, 5 km east of Papeete; Mount Aorai is the second highest mountain on Tahiti and visible from Arué. Perhaps Arué and Aorai are different spellings of the same name.

<sup>5</sup> [S<sup>t</sup> James’ Palace](#).

<sup>6</sup> Probably the Hamutu River, which runs through the Lycée Polyvaent de Ta’aone in Pirae.

<sup>7</sup> WWB has *tomatos*.



## 2. The Minah Bird

He and she are alike as two pins, the size of starlings, yellow beaked, brown of hue with white feathers appearing when in flight or angry. For alas! they are very hot tempered and being very pugnacious have succeeded since their first arrival from far off India in driving away into hidden recesses of the mountains well nigh every bird of their size. Who brought them hither I cannot tell you but I have learned a lot about them since living on a Plantation. It may interest you. Three pairs own my property, three pairs only and each pair has its own portion, its reservation, where trespassers are not allowed under any circumstances. What a to do! when interlopers dare to venture. I do not have to go out to see what all the trouble is about. The jabbering and angry shrieks tell me that a fight is on, nor does it stop till the owners have put the trespassers to flight. The reservations are as follows : one pair has the front garden with its lawns, another has half the orchard at the back, the third has the rest including His Lordship's sty<sup>e</sup>.<sup>8</sup> I have never seen them intrude upon their neighbours. Of course that means 3 breakfasts from me instead of one but it must be done. They know the hour and are waiting on near by tree or hedge for their choice meal. Should I be lazy and late they let me know it : "Get a move on you lazy fellow," they shriek. So you see the Minah bird is impatient as well as bad tempered and I have to bear with it. They are also the strangest parents I have ever heard of. Each pair have their home in a coconut palm near by and their nest where the huge frond (leaf) joins the palm trunk. I know when they are nesting for then only one is seen on his ground — perhaps it is he or perhaps it is she. They are very devoted for it is ceaseless coming and going till one day they spring a surprise on me. Along with both of them appear two more, full winged but helpless as to feeding themselves. They follow their parents about relentlessly, fluttering their wings and bodies about and uttering plaintive squeaks without cessation. Those parents have a terrible time but they — like all loving parents — seem not to mind at all. So weeks pass till the parting comes suddenly and tragically. 'Tis morning and both parents and children are acting as usual when to the children's utter surprise, their fond parents bitterly attack them. At first the youngsters are astounded, they cannot grasp the situation, but there is no doubt about its meaning, "Get out and look after yourselves." "We have done our duty and have had enough of you." So we must write down the Minah bird as having little Heart. The poor youngsters take refuge from assault and battery in near by tree, those heartless parents stay awhile then rising high in the air as if for a good look round take flight to some far off Plantation. I see them no more, they have turned their backs on me as well as their offspring but I am not wholly bereft for the left-behind-ones take their place and the round begins again. If they marry, I suppose they must toss up who to see who is to own the reservation for two only are my visitors. A native told me of one which became so tame that it flew to him whenever he left his home, eat<sup>9</sup> out of his hand and used his shoulder as an auto. Once some cruel person had broken its leg, it flew to hospital and his friend made a splinter. All was well again and then one day it ceased its visits. Perhaps he fell in love with a Miss Minah and heartlessly turned his back on his friend, better that than a stone, a cat or a hawk, enemies too strong for him to fight. Well! Well! the Minah is a dear little fellow though he cannot sing, is hot tempered, impatient and can forget his own, and I love to have them around. I hope I am in their "good books" not chattered about as 'easy money and a silly old man.' That I shall never know.

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<sup>8</sup> WWB used both *sty* and *stye*.

<sup>9</sup> WWB use of *eat* here might be as the archaic form of the past tense.

### 3. Native Cookery

I can well recall the astonishment throughout the Homeland when the Stove you are so familiar with was first introduced from the United States.<sup>10</sup> As a boy I stood and watched with wonder at this iron firebox, where no fire could be seen and food atop did not burn to a cinder nor when hidden away in what was called the Oven. Cooks had always dealt with the open fireplace and meat was roasted on a spit which was wound up like a clock and turned the joint slowly round and round, the gravy in a basin below poured and repoured over it by the wearied cook's ladle. Things had changed indeed to have a stove in the sitting room warming the place without smoke or soot blowing back from the chimney. The chimney-sweep's day was well nigh over. No longer was his cry of service heard on the streets and his broom with its long handle in sections called into action. All children loved his sooty face and to taunt him and his little boy companion with being niggers! But housekeepers had a terrible time covering every article of furniture to protect it from his soot. Things you see have changed with us in cooking but the native however civilized clings to his old-time fire. And it has its advantages, the health giving juices of meats or vegetables are not lost as with us. Things in reality are steamed not roasted. Let us see how this is accomplished. The ground is the fireplace to begin with. A round space, a couple of feet across is scooped out, leaving a fairly low basin bare. A fire is lighted, small twigs and branches the fuel. When all is going well, stones the size of a man's fist are heaped upon the flame. Now the fire has died down and the stones are hot. They are spread out for a base. The food to be cooked is wrapped up in separate leaves, the banana leaf a favourite it seems to me. Vegetables are served the same way as fish or meat. Carefully arrayed on the stones, leaves are piled upon them till a goodly mound is raised. That done, matting today takes the place of still larger leaves and this is kept in place by good sized stones all round the basin. Everything now is done. The time for uplifting is known to a nicety by these native cooks. The oven is carefully dismantled, the food unwrapped, its juices preserved intact and all is ready to be served. To taste, is to pronounce all far surpassing our Stove productions. But these native cooks have a dish that requires no cooking, a dish that I have never yet ventured to tackle, its very name repelling. That dish is "Raw Fish"!! Yes, absolutely raw and many white folk call it a delicacy and are insistent on its production on their tables. It is not every native man or woman who knows the secret of perfection. Lemons are used in just the right quantity and condiments added which are quite beyond me to name. There is no disguise about that dish. The fish are there in all their rawness. That dish is never on my table nor is a sauce compounded in a gourd of scraped coconut and unboiled shrimps! Its very odour is enough for me. You have heard of the Breadfruit tree. The fruit the size of a cannon ball is roasted not steamed. When black as a cinder, the outside shell is peeled off and the fruit pounded with a stick till it looks like a suet pudding. It is devoured in chunks, and however it is digested is beyond me but I have yet to hear a native complaining of indigestion. On the whole I have always preferred in my various homes to use my Blue flame stove<sup>11</sup> and to cook for myself, amateur though I be.

### 4. Of Fire Walking

I must tell you at once that I never walked along that long, broad, terrifying trench of red-hot stones : not from lack of courage to face danger but from lack of Faith in the *Tohunga* or priest of the ceremony whose incantations seemingly spell success to those who step down and tread from end to end. A "doubting Thomas" might break the spell and bring disaster to him. Who can tell? But I have seen the thing and my white friends have had the faith and passed safely through. It is a great

<sup>10</sup> See Howell J. Harris, "Inventing the U.S. Stove Industry, c. 1815–1875: Making and Selling the First Universal Consumer Durable," *Business History Review*, 82 (Winter 2008), 701–33.

<sup>11</sup> See, for example, the [1897 Sears Roebuck & Co. Catalogue](#).

mystery which none can solve. Great scientists have tried to discover the secret but have utterly failed. There are 2 islands in Polynesia where the cult centres, one close to Fiji and one close to Tahiti viz Raiatea.<sup>12</sup> I have watched the digging of the trench, some 60 feet long and 9 ft broad, the piling up of the huge logs, the fierce blazing, then the dying embers lying on those red hot stones. Now the folk gather together, those who would only watch and wonder and those who would walk therein. Soon comes that Leader with his special followers who gravely, slowly tread the fiery path. Now he stands at one end of the trench to sanction those who would emulate him and his. But NO, not to all. May I pass thro' says one. You may : and barefooted he steps down and also gravely, slowly walks along to the far end. Has he suffered pain or even discomfort? None at all. Look at his feet, they are not even red with the heat. He says his face and neck felt very warm but from his neck down he was perfectly cool. Such is the reward of Faith. But woe to him who defying the refusal of the Leader dares to step into the sizzling path. One I knew who dared and paid the price. It was here — not Raiatea — that it happened where for the satisfaction of Tourists the ceremony had been arranged. The site was but a few yards from my home. This tourist had been to Raiatea and had wantonly dug up and carried off a skull from the old-time sacred Marae<sup>13</sup> or Altar of *Opoa*, now a huge ruin. This was known to the natives though he thought he had successfully evaded their watch. Natives think — and I think rightly so — that the Dead should be left alone forever. That man standing by the trench was eager to test the mystery. Asking leave, the *Tohunga* sternly forbade him. Why not? said he. You do not go was the answer. But I will despite you, and casting off his sandals he stepped down. With a cry of pain he would have fallen flat to his deathbed but was snatched by natives standing on the brink of the pit, drawn up and out. He was a cripple for weeks ere a Liner bore him away on crutches. He paid dearly for his theft and brazen flouting of the Leader.<sup>14</sup>

Fire walking is indeed the supreme mystery of the South Sea, greater even than those wonderful ruins to be met with from Easter Island to the Carolines<sup>15</sup> (for which look at your map). Who raised those mighty pillars, laid those stone roads on islands, today with but a handful of folk, which must have required the labour of thousands? Maybe a vast continent has countless years ago sunk into the Great Ocean — low lying at its best — and the islands of today are remnants left, not the tops of mountains as some would hold. To have seen these mysterious things is a great privilege : to speak of them I trust may be of interest.

Some day I must tell you of other strange things to be met with in the Great South Sea — real Curios oft little known.

## 5. Of Marbles and Kites

Till white men came to Polynesia and brought with them balls hard and soft, and bats, and footballs, native boys and men had their own weird games. Girls and women could do without, their place was at home, cooking and cleaning up which was shameful of the men, their pastime only to be found in weaving fans and mats. But these “superior” beings, both men and boys, had two games in common with us from time beyond count and of these I write. What think you they used for marbles? Nuts and not perfectly round! nor were they small as ours. When I was a boy we called our largest marble a “Tor” (maybe you do still) and small hands could never handle it properly. It was so with native children. I have watched them trying hard to fire their nut, but no good. Oh!

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<sup>12</sup> [Raiatea](#).

<sup>13</sup> [Marae](#).

<sup>14</sup> See also *Raiatea* in Part XIII, *Roaming In the Great South Sea*.

<sup>15</sup> Palau and the Federated States of Micronesia of today.

what joy when this white man put his hand in his pocket and brought out a handful of real marbles to give them. It was always well to carry some when dropping in on some of the more lonely islands. I did my best but some had to go without, probably they won them for themselves later on. I hope so. Of course they quarreled <sup>16</sup> as all boys will over their games, such a noise! and jumping around! but they really were very happy and I left them always with regret. To see their marbles do a “wobble” on its course was very funny. A friend of mine was so engrossed watching a game on a very lonely island that his ship went off without him and it was months before another came to pick him up! They have a season for marbles just as you do, to play “out of season” seems (strangely enough) to be no fun. So also with their kite flying — it is when the strong “Trade Wind” blows. Then up go kites of all sizes and shapes, men as keen as boys. What would you think — and the police too — to see kite flying carried on in Victoria’s streets? But here it is done despite the autos and the horse carts, and chauffeurs <sup>17</sup> will leave their “stands” (awaiting hire) to join in the exciting flights. The poor kites get all tangled up with the electric wires, to hang down helpless and dejected, the string breaks by the fierceness of the breeze and away goes the kite to sea, up, up it soars till lost in the sky and may be travelling yet. Who the champion kite flier of Tahiti is I cannot tell you but he is safe which was not always so and this short story will show. It is a true one. Long years back there was a championship for kite flying being held in one of the Districts on Moorea. <sup>18</sup> Four boys (brothers) of the neighbouring District thought it would be great fun to get into the game. So when the contestants had sent up and off their kites these young rascals set off theirs which soon left the first lot far behind. Their owners were wild and savage, so followed secretly the flight of the conquerors till they should drop, hid themselves knowing that the owners would also follow to recover them, then sprang out upon the poor boys and speared and clubbed them to death! <sup>19</sup> That meant a savage war when hundreds were killed and it was carried over to Tahiti where hundreds more were slain. And all this terrible result for 4 boys “out for a lark”!! Kite flying is quite safe here now but on Tahiti also (as on Moorea) it lead to a sad tragedy. It was heathen days when they worshipped their gods in a walled enclosure called a MARAE. It was forbidden under pain of Death for anyone to enter the enclosure except the priests as certain acts were being carried through therein — all open to the sky. A Great Chief’s son, a young lad of whom much was expected when he became a man, was enjoying himself, alone, by flying his kite. It was going beautifully. Over hill and dale he sped following its course, he splashed through streams, jumped obstacles, nor looked where he was going; into the sacred enclosure he sped! and fell a corpse, a priest’s spear in the heart.

## 6. Of Bungled French <sup>20</sup>

You are of course “learning French” but I am sure not the way I had to when at school. It was grammar, grammar all the time but to speak it no attempt was made. It is a nice language and a very useful one in Life. Our own language must of course be to us the greatest and grandest of all and has carried me everywhere, but that is no reason why we shouldn’t learn to speak in the tongue of others. There is one difference between French and English which many do not notice and I will write of, and which also calls to my memory two funny stories which may amuse you as they have others and alas! though I did not want it have even got into the Papers. We English speak “flatfooted”, the French lightly as if they were afraid of stamping down hard. One of the chief

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<sup>16</sup> WWB has *quarrled*.

<sup>17</sup> WWB has *chauffers*.

<sup>18</sup> [Moorea](#).

<sup>19</sup> For a detailed account of this incident, see [Chapter XVI of Tahiti, Memoirs of Arii Taimai, by Marau Taaroa and Henry Adams \(Paris, 1901\)](#).

<sup>20</sup> See also *Nouns, Names and Negatives* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

difficulties for us is to do that with their language. To hear French nicely spoken is as if the words floated on air, they trip along like a fine dancer does on the boards. Take any French word and pronounce it as we would and see the result, it has lost all its beauty and that is what I mean by “bungled French.” Not only does it lose its beautiful smoothness but it loses all its meaning too as these tales will show. An American lady tourist called upon me when I was living in town, not outside Papeete (Par-pay-tay). She sought knowledge of the island’s history and had been directed to me. She asked me many questions which I was right glad to answer, and before leaving she said, “There are yet two things, these about the little town itself which I would so like to know. Who is that evidently wealthy Frenchman — her surely cannot be a native whose name appears so frequently on properties the whole town over?” I asked her the name of this rich owner. She said, “M<sup>r</sup> A. LOUER.” It would have been very very rude of me to laugh. I said, “Madam, I perceive that you have no knowledge of the French language. What you have noticed is the sign we as well as Frenchmen use, to say to the passerby — This House, this Property is ‘TO LET.’” She smiled and thanked me and then gave me her last. “I am surprised that in so small a place there should be the necessity for an Infants’ Home. It is a fine place in fine grounds and a large sign gives one its name RAR-LON-TEER.” Ah Madam, I replied, again your error is excusable. That is no Infant’s Home. It is a school for day scholars nor has it any name. That large board reads “Ralentir aux enfants” and is placed there to warn wild autoists that children are about and not to run them over, to have a thought for thoughtless boys and girls and “go slow.” She thanked me warmly and departed.

Now you see what comes of “stamped down hard” on the French language! The lady did not quote the “aux” but she would surely have pronounced it “orks.” Never mind the trouble your lessons in French give you, keep at it and specially struggle to gain “the light touch” which pleases the French so greatly when they hear it from our lips. They don’t at all like “bungled French.” We English are more tolerant and rather like “broken English” which is often very charming to hear. My rule in all my travelling has been to speak my own tongue to those who do not know it well, slowly, very clearly, not gabble it. You should hear Tahitians talk, it is a perfect torrent, no stops and they never seem to tire. Beware of becoming “a great talker” : Silence is often golden.

## 7. Of Nomenclature (1) <sup>21</sup>

If you do not know the meaning of that word, look it up in your dictionary. I am going to talk to you about it in connection with some islands in the Great South Sea which is the real name of the South Pacific Ocean, not South Seas for there is only one Great Sea. I wonder if you know where God the Holy Ghost island is? That is a very strange name to give an island. It was the Spaniard Quiros <sup>22</sup> who named it so in 1606. Look in your map for the New Hebrides <sup>23</sup> Group and the most northerly is “Espiritu Santo.” It seemed to me to be all wrong to be dwelling for many weeks at a lovely spot on it called “Hog Harbour”! The early navigators often gave the name of the Saint’s Day or a Christian Festival to an island they met with on that day. There is Christmas Island and Easter Island and many another. Even the days of the week have been used. If you look at the top of Australia you will see a Strait called Torres, another Spaniard the first to sail through that dangerous passage way from the Pacific to the Indian Ocean. When I went that way I saw Tuesday island, Wednesday island, Thursday island, and Friday also, all within a day’s sail of one another, named from the day when first seen by white folk. Thursday appealed most to me being a famous pearling station, a cosmopolitan place with a hospital, a garrison, a fine Cathedral, even electric light! Now look south and you will see Sunday island, one of the Kermadec Group. It did not look at all

<sup>21</sup> See also *Of Nomenclature* in the chapter on *South Sea Curios* in Part XIII, *Roamings in the Great South Sea*.

<sup>22</sup> [Pedro Fernandes de Queirós \(1565–1614\)](#)

<sup>23</sup> [Vanuatu](#) since 1980.



inviting to me to take up my residence there, though some have tried but given it up. There is Pentecost island and a Holy Cross (Santa Cruz) one and these I will let you find yourself. I must not forget to tell you of 2 very strange islands which though they have quite ordinary names I call “One Man Island” as in each case everybody on them has the same name. They are not Robinson Crusoe islands at all. One is called Palmerston in the Cook Group, the other Yorke in the Torres Straits. Palmerston is an Atoll, its coral ring and lagoon not more than a square mile in size. No natives lived there but years ago (1862) a seaman named Marsters<sup>24</sup> landed with no less than 3 wives and a score of bairns! These bairns growing up sought wives or husbands on other nearby islands and as natives have no surname they all came under the one name of Marsters. There are now about 100 of them and not another name can be met with. Their language is a very weird English which the old Marsters ordered to be used.<sup>25</sup>

“Yankee Ned,”<sup>26</sup> an American negro seaman, deserted from his ship and settled down on Yorke island, made a large fortune in pearling, had no less than 8 wives! and had an immense number of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren for he lived till almost 90 years old. He had no surname, nor have they. They are called “Yankee Neds.” This weird old man loved the gramophone and a new one arriving when he was near his end, he insisted that it should be played over and over again until he passed away. That was not at all what should have been but there have been many strange, terrible and bad characters in the South Sea, men think that they can do what they like and it makes no difference to anybody but it does, for natives despise them really and tell quiet white folk that they would be right glad to be rid of them. And I agree with them also that their native names of islands are far prettier than those we give them.<sup>27</sup>

## 8. Of Niue’s Call<sup>28</sup>

### New-ay

Of all the many islands in the world that I have known, naturally England is dearest to me, for there I was born long years ago and roamed among its lovely villages and hills and dales. But after that dear island I know none more full of beauty than these 3, Java, Tasmania and New Zealand. Yet I left them one and all and went to live on one of the loneliest islands in the world. There is no nearer land than Tonga, 300 miles away in one direction, Samoa is 350 miles and Rarotonga 580!! in other directions. I think you may like to know Why and How I went there now long years ago. The Niueans had appealed to New Zealand — which Protects them from all possible enemies — for education for their children. Hakupu (Har-koo-poo) begged hard. They said they had 100 children longing to be taught and they raised a large building as the schoolroom. Please send a Teacher. The Government told them that they should have what they wanted, but when they asked for a volunteer they could find no one at all willing to go. It was too lonely. I was then roaming amid the lovely

<sup>24</sup> [William Marsters \(1831–1899\)](#), born Richard Masters.

<sup>25</sup> Regarding this and the subsequent paragraph, see also *One-Man Island* in the chapter on *South Seas Curios* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.

<sup>26</sup> Edward Mosby (1840–1911); see [here](#).

<sup>27</sup> For more information about the islands mentioned in this Tale, see [Espiritu Santo](#), [Christmas Island \(Australia\)](#), [Christmas Island \(Kiribati\)](#), [Easter Island](#), [Thursday Island](#), [Sunday \(Raoul\) Island](#), [Pentecost Island](#), [Santa Cruz Islands](#), [Palmerston Island](#) and [Yorke \(Masig\) Island](#).

<sup>28</sup> Niueans traditionally spell *Niue* as *Nine*. WWB’s handwritten lowercase “u” and “n” are often, but not always, identical, so it is possible that he intended to write *Nine* in this Tale. However, this is considered doubtful given that the Tale was intended for his grandchildren and there is no explanation here (or in the other five Tales concerning Niue) regarding the distinction between *Niue* and *Nine*, which he almost certainly would have mentioned if he had intended to use the latter. One wonders if the custom of writing *Niue* as *Nine* is due in part to the handwriting taught by WWB and other expatriate teachers to the scholars of Hakupu.



scenery of New Zealand and read of the difficulty, so hastened to the Capital and asked the Ministers if they would let me answer Niue's Call. They were very much surprised at my request but very kind. They said that they feared the life there would be too hard and unpleasant for me but I told them that I was strong and hardy and would love to teach native children though I had never done so before. So all was settled and I said that I would give 2 years of my life to them — perhaps more if the children were not by then ready for someone else who would find a house prepared by me for a Teacher with wife and children, so as not to be really lonely. That was Why I went to Niue.

But how to get there was a problem. In those days only 6 boats in a whole year visited the island for it is a very dangerous place to approach and the last schooner had “foundered” with all on board. They were trying to get another vessel to take its place and asked me to go to Samoa and wait there perhaps for months till they sent a boat to take me to Niue. I went to Samoa and waited long. What happened there I must tell you some other time. Then a strange solving of that difficulty happened. News came to Samoa by canoe! that a terrible murder had taken place on Niue and would the Government please send a man-of-war quickly. There was one — the Veronica — there at the time. So off it went — and I on board. That was How I went to Niue, on a warship of His Majesty's.<sup>29</sup>

Of that wonderful school I hope to tell you someday — I seem to be always saying “Some day” as if I was going to live to be 100! — It was a great privilege and a continuous joy. I found a great barn with a thatched roof, rough flooring, but plenty of windows — for it is a very, very hot island — a cupboard, but like Mother Hubbard's nothing inside except some chalk they had got hold of, no forms, no desks but wonder of wonders — a Blackboard!! They all sat on the floor for lessons! but they found a chair for me. There were 100 scholars as they had said running from 5 years of age to 15 and 16, boys and girls, they did not know a word of my language, nor I of theirs. The Chief turned out of his dwelling insisting that I — a White Chief — must live there poor as he said it was, whilst he and his lived in an even humbler one close by. Did you ever hear of such a beginning for a school? I am sure not, nor your Teachers either. But where there's a will there's a way and Oh! how wonderful were the results. They love and write to me still, such beautiful hand writing. Today most of them are married and have children of their own who go to school where their fathers and mothers did, but though they have had many another Teacher, they say they can never, never forget the first of them who was always gentle with them though they were such “dunder heads”, who taught them games as well as “the 3 R's”, and to sing the “beautiful” songs of the far away land from which he had come to live amongst and help them. I had and still have rich reward for answering Niue's Call.

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<sup>29</sup> For a discussion regarding the date of WWB's arrival on Niue in 1921, see *From Victoria to Niue*, in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

**Plate 1. My Town House at Alofi : Niué island.**

The other party is my Assistant Native Teacher. April 1924.



**9. Of Nature**

I wrote you once that she — let us call her like we do a ship a “she” not “he” (the reason for which I cannot tell you) — was my constant dear companion and my friend. But I must confess that sometimes she is very contrariwise, she has her whims and is not at all nice as she ought to be. At times indeed she goes right off the handle and gets very very angry and the reason for that I also cannot tell you for she has secrets which she will never let on to, and it is so vast a Space from whence she comes that it is impossible for me to go up high to make enquiry. It is best to get out of her way when she is mad, and so I do. She refuses to let me see the lovely warm sun, hiding it with dark clouds which she calls to her aid, then she flashes lightning around as if to terrify me, then roars out — which is not what a lady should ever do — with thunder as if to deafen me. But sure enough, after anger comes tears for relief, and Oh! such flood of tears. It is well to get under shelter till her eyes are dry, then away go those clouds of hers and the sun shines down again and she is once again the dear gentle thing I love and we work together once again in happy company. But I cannot hide from you another fault of hers which tries me very badly. She is very Untidy and when I politely tell her so she says quite indifferently that she is deaf. From time to time she lets the winds have a run from the caves in the sky where she keeps them, and then look at the lawns and the paths!! leaves everywhere. Out come the rake and the broom and then — I suppose for fun — she tells the Sun to get extra busy and I am sweltering. I feel sure that sometimes those winds of hers get out of hand, they are no longer breezes, but race madly over us till they become hurricanes and bring disaster with them in their wild career, roofs blown off, trees down, not to speak of the awful seas which hurtle ashore carrying alas! ships and sailors to their death.

It seems as if I were telling you only her bad side and nothing of her good one, so to make amends I will tell you how she gets back at me who thinks so much of her really. She tells me how she makes

everything grow for me, the grass and the hedges, the bushes and the flowers, the fruit trees and the palms, and then I dare to grumble at the long grass to be everlastingly mown and scythed, the hedges to be trim'd, the flowers to be freed from her useless weeds — (Useless indeed!! when everything she owns has a value and place in her program) — the fruit trees pruned and sprayed to drive away her insect pests — we nearly quarrel over that which she calls an insult, since all life is hers — and the palms watched for like a cat a mouse lest a weighty nut fall on my head and there is an end both to our friendship and to me. She says that I am an ungrateful fellow and deserve a flood and an extra special tornado to wipe me out from her world and her memory. And what can I say in answer? Nothing. I apologize. She is very forgiving.

But after all, though she is so masterful — and rightly so — it is a pleasure to feel that I am able to help her in some small degree. She lavishes so much love on some things that they grow lanky, weedy, without strength to carry through. Then is my chance. The hand of man comes in and the weakling becomes strong, her lovely work is perfected. I am sure that she is pleased.

So when you reach riper years and should the urge be yours to tend a garden, remember who is your best friend in that career, lean hard upon her, take counsel with her, heed her warnings, be gentle with her in her moods and you will have rich reward.

## 10. Of Boats and Canoes

By boats I do not mean those great beautiful ones which steam in proudly to your harbour, nor canoes of a kind which you may have paddled in but boats often only fit for the bone yard and canoes which have a funny side piece to prevent them from overturning. It is strange how nearly I have come to disaster in both whilst voyaging in the Great South Sea but somehow or other I have never been shipwrecked which I ought to have been so as to round out Life's experiences. I try to be content when I ought really to be very grateful to Providence. We call such boats "Schooners," they have no engine to help them along. They are small and fat, smell horribly, leak abominably, they are the playground of rats and cockroaches who run all over and around you of nights, there are no nice awnings to shield you from sun or tropic rain, you sit with the rough crew at meals, the cook utterly unworthy of being a member of so noble a profession, the nights oft so hot that you lie upon deck on a mattress past redemption, and "beat about" when the winds are contrary till you wonder if you will ever reach port. Yet again and again I have essayed them and their memory all in all is one of happy travel. So when you go aboard those lovely, well appointed steamers to cross the Gulf or run down Puget Sound bethink you how fortunate you are and be very grateful.

The Polynesian uses what he calls an "outrigger" to keep his canoe balanced. It is a long, strong piece of wood the length of the canoe held fast by 2 half circles of another kind of wood selected for its curving shape which are bound tightly by sinnet (coconut fibre made into the strongest of string) to both the canoe and the pole which is some 4 feet away. Waves have something to do to master that contrivance but sometimes when a sail is set, the wind catches you suddenly unawares and over you go, the outrigger high in the air. Loosen the sail cord, heave down the outrigger, rock the canoe backwards and forwards to clear out the water, then into it again and off you go paddling, none the worse for the ducking. In old days they used Double canoes, 2 canoes with a deck between them. They were huge things carrying as many as 100 aboard. That is how they went vast distances, or as warriors to attack their enemies. They are not built now, but you see on every isle men with adze and axe shapeing a canoe out of a fallen tree just as I had seen them do on your island long years ago.

I think the strangest looking schooner ever seen must have been the one built over 100 years ago on Rarotonga in the Cook islands by John Williams,<sup>30</sup> the missionary who was killed and eaten by the Erromanga natives in the New Hebrides.<sup>31</sup> I have stood on the beach where he was clubbed to death. There were no tall enough trees on the island for masts so he used coconut palm trunks tho' they never stand straight up, and for sails he used the mats natives made to sleep on, sewing them together with sinnet. No wonder it came to grief soon after its builder on an island with the strange name of Puka Puka (Danger Island).<sup>32</sup>

Now let my advice to you be : when you travel keep away from the “schooner” : and be a fine swimmer before venturing in a sailing “outrigger canoe.”

## 11. Of Shells and Pearls

The Tua-Motus (i.e. Distant Islands) in French Oceania are famous for both, not seashells which perhaps you collect but those large oyster holding ones where at times precious and sometimes very costly pearls are found. This Group is not the only place in the world for those lovely things. I recall Thursday Island in the Torres Straits and Broome on Australia's western coast but I know the Tuamotus best so I will tell something about what is called “pearling” there and hope that it will interest you. The islands of that long, scattered group are one and all Atolls which your geography books tell you are rings of sand with a lagoon into which you pass by a break in the ring. But that is very far from a true description. They are rings of coral which grows up to sea level where the busy insects die. The winds bring sand and a little soil on which grow coconuts, pandanus (from which the natives make a scent) and other bushes. Some of these 80 atolls running for over 800 miles are enormous rings : Rangiroa is 126 miles around and its lagoon 20 miles across and only a few of them have a Pass. They lie so low in the sea that when approaching them you think there must be coconuts growing in the water. The Group is a very risky place for ships not only because of the strong currents but because you cannot possibly see them o' nights and they pop up in all directions. So the first white men called them the “Labyrinth” and the “Dangerous Archipelago.”<sup>33</sup> We had to be ever on the watch and wrecks were to be seen too numerous to mention but those lagoons hold precious stones and men will dare much to get them. Now see how “pearling” is done, different places have however somewhat different ways but I will tell what I know. The water is so clear that you can see away down to the sand bed where the shells lie. It is forbidden to take small shell but where large ones appear, the boat is brought over the area and over go the divers with a basket or bag attached by a line to the boat and remain down till you think that their poor lungs will burst. Now the shells are drawn up and the diver rises very slowly as otherwise he would gravely injure his lungs, gets into the boat and rests whilst others are busy opening the shells, cutting out the oyster — which is cast back into the sea — the while on the lookout for pearls. If one is seen that shell is put aside. Divers do not live long, their lungs play out. Since my coming, some white men brought a Diving dress and outfit but the natives made such a storm about it as being unfair to them (and to the oyster?) that the Governor forbade its use. Those men wanted to get rich quickly, but Time is nothing to natives. There are 2 kinds of pearls, proper pearls and Pi-pi (peepee) pearls. The oyster is a lazy fellow till he has to bestir himself. He has an enemy, a borer who likes — perhaps for fun —

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<sup>30</sup> [John Williams \(1796–1839\)](#)

<sup>31</sup> An illustration of Williams' schooner, *The Messenger of Peace*, from his book, *A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands*, showing the coconut trees for masts and the mats sown together for sails, can be found [here](#).

<sup>32</sup> It was the [John Williams I](#) that was wrecked at [Puka Puka](#), as WWB noted correctly in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, Chapter V, *The John Williams IV*, and not *The Messenger of Peace*.

<sup>33</sup> The Tuamotus were named “Labyrinth” by Jacob Roggeveen in 1722 and “Dangerous Archipelago” by Louis Antoine de Bougainville in 1768.



to bore a small whole in the shell. This of course must be stopped up, so the oyster makes a wonderful mucus, covers up the hole and piles up more to make all quite safe. A large pearl means a large whole, a small pearl a smaller one. But some oysters are much too lazy to do more than cover the hole and a bit over and do not care to make all smooth and comfy. These are Pipi pearls and worth little or nothing. A black pearl is the most rare of all. He is a lucky man who finds one. So much for pearls. The shells are a different matter and pass through many hands before they reach their useful ends. When the power schooners reach Papeete the sacks full are carried off to the yards of the merchants where the rough surface is scraped off. It is an awful clatter and din as women scrape away. They go then into barrels which are borne off by steamers to the markets of the world. natives often burnish up a half shell till its back is as beautiful as the inner side, the rich dark brown under colour glistens with all the colours of the Rainbow as you hold it and move it for the sunlight to play with. The oyster is only an oyster but he gives men and women (and children too) 2 lovely things which nothing else can offer, pearls and his burnished home.

## 12. Of Nomenclature (2)

We English with our harsh vowels and diphthongs spoil the lovely, soft, and smooth sounding names of Polynesian places, islands and people. I think that you will be glad to know how to say them as they should be said so I will give this time a little lesson in pronunciation. The vowels are not sounded as we do but strangely enough everywhere as they are in French R. A. E. O. OO. There are only 13 letters in Tahiti's alphabet but they have our vowels anyway and they must always end a word with one. So your surname would be *Polotoni*.<sup>34</sup> You would never recognize Jane or Pat, they would be quite different persons when they had done with you. When you see an elipsis in a name it means that a letter has dropped out of use, especially that terrible "ng" which the Maoris are so fond of and I for one have never mastered properly : and the letter "K" which some groups still use, especially Niueans who seem to love that letter above every other. Now try these names. And first of a few Places. *Papeete* should be *Par-payay-tay* spoken very lightly : *Hitiaa* should be Hee-tee-r-r drawn out very slowly : *Papeari* Par-pay-are-re, *Tautira* Tow- (as NOW) teer-r : *Hakupu* Har-koo-poo and so with all places you may meet with in my talks with you. As to Islands *Tahiti* should be Tar-hee-tee and sounds prettily, *Niue* New-ay not Nee-oo-ay because it has one of their diphthongs — not ours of course : *Makatea* Mar-ka-tay-r : *Aitutaki* Eye- (another diphthong) too-tar-key : *Efate* Ay-far-tay : *Haapai* Har-ar-peye : *Niuafoou* Knee-oo-r-foooo : *Savaii* Sar-var-e-e, *Vavau* Var-vow and so on. But I am sure that Personal names will interest you most. In addition to their birth name, they have secondary names — not nicknames — which they<sup>35</sup> take from anything that "tickles their fancy." For instance; when Captain Cook<sup>36</sup> was here a great Chief had the terrifying name of *Tu-nui-e-a'a-i-te-atua*. He took the name *Pomare* (i.e. Night-Cough) because one of his children kept waking him up at nights with the noise : and the Pomares are the Royal Family of Tahiti today but of course there is now no Sovereign. But Niue goes one better. They have their birth name but when the first lock of hair is cut off — a great ceremony I oft went to by invitation,<sup>37</sup> they change to quite another : when they enter school they change again, when they marry they change again and when they are dead and buried their relations bestow another name for the tombstone.<sup>38</sup> Now what do you think of that, it nearly drove me crazy trying to keep Tab!! But the strangest change of all was surely *Te-a-ra-maa's* (who was Private Secretary to Queen Pomare) who became "Sir Robert

<sup>34</sup> WWB also mentions that *Bolton* was pronounced as *Po-lo-to-nee* on Niue in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, Chapter XII, *That Union Jack*.

<sup>35</sup> WWB has *thy*.

<sup>36</sup> [James Cook \(1728–1779\)](#)

<sup>37</sup> See Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, Chapter X, *Shearing the Lock*.

<sup>38</sup> Multiple names on Niue are also mentioned in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, Chapter XVIII, *The Maota and Other Things*.

Peel”<sup>39</sup> a great Englishman of his day and signed all letters so. It would be like Pat suddenly changing his name to “Neville Chamberlain.”<sup>40</sup> I used to think that the Welsh had the longest words in any language and most people will tell you so but NO! we are all wrong for I will give the names of some natives here which will surprise you. They have no surnames but make up for that deficiency in full. I will divide the name for you to give you a helping hand. *Terii-mateata-ite-rai-anua-anua* — that is a good one. *Haa-mana-hia-amahe-anuu-a-mai* — that is better : *Ai-roro-atua-terii-ru-ruma-ona-iterai-te-poma-teao* (better still) but I come now to the Champion. I know her : she is a young girl, gentle and unassuming though she is a real Princess (a Pomare), a real little lady in every sense of the word. I cannot divide it for you; I fear I have not the space to do so but you can try to do it for fun — *Hinaariitetuanuiiteraiipoiaitearataiafaanuievau* 48!!! letters.<sup>41</sup> She surely wins the prize.

**Plate 2. Granddaughters of Prince *Hinoi*, Daughters of Prince *Ariipaea***

The Princesses : *Aimata* (Standing), *Hin'arii* (at her feet),  
*Tetua* (on her left), *Maeva* (on her right)

Great-Great-Granddaughters of Queen Pomare IV



<sup>39</sup> [Robert Peel \(1788–1850\)](#)

<sup>40</sup> [Arthur Neville Chamberlain \(1869–1940\)](#)

<sup>41</sup> There are ‘only’ 47 letters. The name of the princess in Plate 2 is *Hin'arii*, rather than *Hinaarii*, so perhaps WWB included an extra “a” here. This name (but not the other three), is also discussed, with the same spelling as in the text, in WWB’s article, *Pot-pourri of Tahitian History*, in the 16 April 1940 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 34–36, in Part VII.



### 13. The Boy King (1) <sup>42</sup>

Your Teachers will tell you of the Boy Kings of today but this a tale of one over 100 years ago, the Boy King of Tahiti. When his father died <sup>43</sup> he was an infant in arms. He had an older sister <sup>44</sup> but she had to step aside but not for long as you will see. I will write of his Crowning, his School, his Letter, his Portrait and his Passing and I think all will interest you. The Tahitians could tell me nothing, some said he was a full grown man so I had a long search which extended to Australia and to England. Now all is clear and the natives are very glad to know so much about the little lad. I must squeeze into a few words what would require many pages to tell fully.

He was born on June 25, 1820 and his name till he became a king was *Teriitaria*, <sup>45</sup> named after his Aunt who loved him dearly and took care of the baby, building a special house for herself and him at Arue only a mile and a little over from my rustic home. <sup>46</sup> When he was 3 years and 10 months old it was decided that he should be Crowned, a thing which never before had been done either on Tahiti or anywhere in Polynesia. What a To Do that was! I have before me as I write to you a full account written by one of the missionaries who took the whole arrangements in hand. <sup>47</sup> The Coronation took place <sup>48</sup> in a large (then open) space of ground now a coconut plantation called *Outuaiai*. I often go there and picture the scene. Two stone platforms were built, one higher than the other and “*occupied by the little king seated on his chair in the middle with a canopy over his head, a table before him upon which the Crown was placed in the centre, the Bible on the right side, the Laws of Tahiti on its left, with a small vial* <sup>49</sup> *holding the Anointing Oil.*” His mother (the Queen), his sister (then 10½ years old) and his Aunt sat close to him. On either side of them were the Judges of the island and missionaries, their wives and children at each end. On the lower platform sat the visiting Kings and Chiefs from all the neighbouring islands with their attendants, as also the magistrates of the Districts of Tahiti. On both sides of each platform were the Singers. The people stood around, a vast crowd far as the eye could see, 8 thousand of them!! And what about the little King himself? He was dressed at his home in a special robe and carried to the scene close by “*seated on his chair which was borne by 4 stout boys, sons of Chiefs, 4 others supporting the canopy over his head.*” Poor little fellow in a “robe” on a broiling hot day. His Crown was happily not of gold with jewels studding it but was made by M<sup>rs</sup> Nott, a wreath of sweet smelling blooms held fast by the ribs of the coconut leaf — though I rather fancy that she secretly used some whalebone from her STAYS!! <sup>50</sup> It was Nott who took the Crown from the table and put it on the little fellow’s head saying, “*Pomare I crown thee King of Tahiti. Here upon the people gave 3 shouts saying “Long live the King”.*” The anointing went through all well though it is written “*it was with difficulty that throughout the ceremony he was kept still*”!! Can you wonder at that? There

<sup>42</sup> See also the article “*The Boy King of Tahiti and His Crowning*” by WWB in the 23 June 1937 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 45–46, in Part VII. The boy reigned as [Pomare III](#).

<sup>43</sup> [Pomare II](#) died on 7 December 1821.

<sup>44</sup> *Aimata* (28 February 1813 – 17 September 1877) was seven years old when her father died. She became [Queen Pomare IV](#) on the death of Pomare III on 11 January 1827.

<sup>45</sup> WWB wrote the name as *Terii Taria* in the PIM article.

<sup>46</sup> The house was raised at Papaoa, close adjoining Pomare’s tomb, and was known as the Queen’s House.

<sup>47</sup> The quotes in this Tale appear to be from *The Report of the Windward Division of the Tahitian Mission for 1824*, which has been transcribed and scanned [here](#). Accounts of the coronation are also found on pages 218–222 in Volume II of “*Voyages and Travels Round the World*” by the Rev. Daniel Tyerman and George Bennet (J. Leavitt, 1832) and on pages 107–113 in Volume III of *Polynesian Researches by William Ellis* (Fisher, Son & Jackson, London, 1831). Both Tyerman and Bennet attended the coronation.

<sup>48</sup> On 21 April 1824

<sup>49</sup> WWB has *viol*.

<sup>50</sup> Stays in [corsets](#) were often made of whalebone. Tyerman and Bennet (1841) note that “*The crown was somewhat in the form of the English royal crown, very neatly made of purple velvet; the fillet and wings covered with broad gold lace enriched with some very fine pearls and valuable stones.*”

was much Singing and Praying and then they bore the newly crowned King to Church (as if he had not had already as much as he could stand), a vast building raised by his father to “Jehovah” called the Royal Mission Chapel standing close by (now rotted and gone) 712 feet long, 54 feet wide, with 133 windows and 29 doors. Crossing the floor obliquely was a stream, its sides and bottom paved. There were 3 pulpits all going at the same time 200 feet apart and it could hold 2000 people.

You will surely by now be quite exhausted by this account of the Crowning of the Boy King. The rest must wait for you to recover.<sup>51</sup>

## 14. Of Penmanship

Fine writing is something that every boy and girl at school should aim at and take great pains to attain but Oh! how few succeed. They always regret it in after years but then it is too late! Now methinks I can hear you saying “Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones” for some of my Tales are shockingly written. But that is not my fault, it is my pen’s. My nib often goes “on strike” he is a strange fellow, sometimes very very good, at other time very very bad. He has a bad temper when he is tired and I can do nothing with him though I clean him like a mother does her baby and (for he is a Fountain nib) never allow him to have too much to drink. He knows he distresses me but the rascal knows also that I cannot get another here anything like as good as when he is nice to me. And so I am often quite ashamed of my penmanship which you see and sometimes wonder if you can read it. There is always danger when you write to someone to whom you feel you have loads to say; you get into a hurry which is fatal — and M<sup>r</sup> Nib gets mad — away you go, faster and faster lest you forget something you want to say. Your Holy Book says “out of the abundance of the Heart the mouth speaketh” which makes it a joy to hear a great Speaker, he is full of his subject, he knows it perfectly like you knowing your Lessons and so pours it out like a flood. That’s what that says. And I say — with regret and many apologies to you and all my correspondents — “Out of the abundance of the Mind, the pen scribbleth.” Yes! scribbles, shame on it! I always think and have told all my classes that scribbling is horrible. Yet M<sup>r</sup> Nib compels me at times to do it. Blame therefore him, not me. The Type-Writer has been no good friend to penmanship. Boys and girls now say “I don’t mind how badly I write because when I am grown up I shall always use a type writer.” Fancy getting something else to do what you should do yourself! I have never used a type writer and I never shall. Newspaper Editors always demand all handed to them to be “typed” because of the waste of their time trying to read bad penmanship — and I can hardly wonder. But they never ask it of me, they say “Your writing is clear as print.” So you see I have my reward for taking pains when at school to write well. Many cannot even sign their own names so that you can tell what it is. They type a letter to you and at the end comes some mysterious Scribble — it is their name. Do be sure to have a clear, bold, good Signature. You have no need to be ashamed of it! There is another thing that I do not like about that Type-writer, it largely kills “the Spirit” of any letter, just as to translate a letter in English into French or any other language slaughters the “niceties” of the original. Ours is a beautiful flowing language with pretty turns and phrases that can never be reproduced; translate it and all is drab and harsh. How ever near and dear the writer of a typed letter is to me — and however much I love to read and reread it, I always feel that that Type-writer has no business to come in between us, the pen (M<sup>r</sup> Nib be he ever so nasty) has had to give away to a lifeless machine, and it has no business to do so. Do then try now to write beautifully and clearly and find a M<sup>r</sup> (or M<sup>rs</sup>) Nib that promises to be (I hope he (or she) will keep the promise) a good companion and hold him (or her) in with “a tight rein” when your Mind would scribble and M<sup>r</sup> Nib only too glad to help you. This time he has behaved himself fairly well but he could do far

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<sup>51</sup> See also WWB’s article, “The Boy King of Tahiti and His Crowning,” published in the Pacific Islands Monthly on 23 June 1937, in Part VII.

better. Someday, Oh that Someday, I must tell you of my teaching Penmanship to native children and what they thought of and did with the Ink which they had never heard of before.<sup>52</sup>

## 15. Of Troubles

You have your troubles, I have mine and I am sure you would like to cheer me up to bear them even as I would you. Yours are of a different kind from mine, perhaps it is that awful Arithmetic or Toothache, French or Measles, mine are from four-footed beasts. The other side of the Hamutu rushing mountain rivulet is a Dairy farm where cows and horses graze and also mules. All but the latter are born Trespassers, Invaders, Burglars, Robbers. There is a constant War on between those Huns and me, one against scores. I have my troubles but I have my victories.

Before however I tell you of Battles, Engagements with the enemy, I must tell you of the harmless mules, one in<sup>53</sup> particular. He is unique I am quite sure among his kind, I never saw or heard of such a mule. There can be no doubt that he has a Broken Heart. All the rest are dumb, no sound ever comes from them but he! poor fellow gives full voice to his great Grief. Night as well as Day it goes on. It rends my heart to hear him. He is calling to his Beloved who doubtless far away in some distant village has cruelly forgotten him. His first sound is a long drawn out deep throated one, so exactly the sound of a steamer's siren that one thinks a vessel is giving notice of departure from the harbour. But No! for it is succeeded by a series of moans and groans and wails till one thinks his lungs will burst, yet he has still a little wind left for a heart rending sob or two. It is the weirdest voice of any animal I have ever come across and unforgettable once heard. He too clearly has his Troubles and I deeply sympathize with him. Not so however with the rest. War is War and we wage it relentlessly. The horses are elusive fellows, they can unfortunately Jump which a cow cannot and they clear my beautiful hedges so well and ably — with me not in the saddle but hotfoot after them — that I am almost ready to applaud. It is like a Grand National Steeplechase (ask your Teacher)<sup>54</sup> with an attendance of One not thousands. Of the cows I have 3 chief enemies, a black one with only 1 horn, a brown one with none, and a black and white demon, possessed I am sure by a Devil. I have chastened them however. The one-horned had crossed the stream one day and was looking at my rich pasturage thro' the fence when I suddenly appeared. She was so scared (she hates me) that in her hurry down the steep bank she stumbled and fell head over heels full into the stream! I cheered. She is a wiser cow now. The no-horner likes dessert, so after meals in her plantation breaks in and eats my young papaya (leaves and all) then has a sweetmeat or two off my bananas. I caught her at it, she looked around for some way of escape : the shortest way the best, through my hedge. She fled but in her mad hurry she did not see or had forgotten the long, deep trench I have dug with my own hands against flood and trespassers. Again I cheered as she went down, her forefeet in it, her nose hitting the bank with a thud! She gathered herself up and disappeared through the palm trees a sadder and another wiser cow. The Demon and I have had many a battle : she was an adept with my gate which was a stout bar dependent on 2 pegs. She would put her horns under it, send it flying high and walk in. Was I beaten? I made 2 half circles of iron, stapled them one to each post and waited. Along she came, put her horns under and — Hello! what's that white man been up to now! She tried, she worked furiously, she squirmed in her fierce efforts but my faithful bar held fast. At last she turned right about face defeated and (I am sure with a cow's naughty word which I failed to catch) departed. I have seen her no more.

<sup>52</sup> See Chapter XVIII, *Kuenaiia*, in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*.

<sup>53</sup> WWB has *is*.

<sup>54</sup> The [Grand National](#) is a National Hunt horse race held annually at Aintree Racecourse in Liverpool, England.

## 16. Of Oro and Others

You have One God to worship, the natives of Polynesia had many. You “love” God, they only “feared.” Your God is a “Spirit” not like us, flesh and bones, and so were theirs. You do not make an Image of your God, for He has no form we can imagine and carve, nor had theirs but they made Idols, that is they made or carved things out of wood and out of stone, in which they believed their spirit gods came and dwelt. When you read that heathens “worshipped” their Idols, you should not think that they gave worship to what they themselves had made — though many have done and do — but to the God who dwelt in them and who they thought was well represented in those weird things. They dressed them too, not in clothes for they themselves had only mats to cover them, but in fine feathers.

One of their chief gods was *Oro* the god of War and what do you think the Tahitians used, to have him with them? A long fair-sized log. Wrapped in a mat with feathers of very special birds stuck in it, they fought for its possession fiercely, for they thought — and correctly enough since their gods unlike your God could not be everywhere at the same time — that to have it was a mighty honour and would bring them victory in their constant wars. Poor *Oro* came to a sad end, at least his log “House” did. When Tahitians became Christians, their king took hold of *Oro* and used him as one of the posts he wanted for a wash house. Then later the same king thought *Oro* a fine target and practiced on him with his gun.<sup>55</sup> He bored so many holes in him that he could no longer stand up, so he was knocked down and chopped into fire wood and kindling. I am sure *Oro* if he had been a reality instead of a myth must have long ago got out of his Idol in hot haste. Besides their ordinary canoes they made “Sacred Canoes” to carry their gods about in from island to island. They were double canoes with a platform holding them together and beyond the stern they had what sailors would call a “forecastle” which carried the “House of God,” a sort of chamber corresponding in size and height with the Idol — the Image — the god which ever you like to say — to be conveyed. The prow rose gracefully up some 12 to 15 feet high ending in a carved figure of either a man, a bird or an animal. Fancy a pig as an adornment!!

They had endless gods, even a god of Thieves from whom they sought counsel as to how best to steal! Every idol had priests to look after it, no others could handle it. Those priests were cunning fellows, they made a good living out of the people frightening them into to doing all sorts of evil acts, even murder. But their power came to an end when Tahitians changed from many gods to One Only and though terribly frightened lest after all, their new teachers might be wrong, made big fires and threw their Idols into them, others threw them into the depths of the sea so as to be quite safe. In the grounds of the museum here there are 2 huge Idols,<sup>56</sup> each weighing over a Ton for they are carved out of stone, one a hideous man, the other a still more hideous woman. They were gods in one of the Austral islands (see your map) and no native knows the names of the gods who dwelt inside.<sup>57</sup> King Pomare sent his “family idols” Home “for the people of Europe to see and know Tahiti’s foolish gods,” his own words. They are in London : but I have a photo of them before me as I write to you.<sup>58</sup>

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<sup>55</sup> WWB has written *gun* above ~~rifle~~.

<sup>56</sup> The three (rather than two) *tikis* were transported from Raivavae in the Austral Islands to Papeete in 1933, when WWB was living on Tahiti, where they were exhibited until they were moved to the Gauguin Museum at Papeari in 1965. See Tale #80, *Of a False Scare*, regarding the islanders’ reaction to the move of the idols from Raivavae, and *A False Scare* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*, where photographs of the *tikis* taken in November 2014 can be seen. The history of the *tikis* (in French), including five other deaths attributed to their removal from Raivavae, can be found on the Tahiti Heritage website [here](#) and [here](#).

<sup>57</sup> They are named *Moana et Heiata*, after the name of a sacred site on Raivavae, *Moana Heiata*.

<sup>58</sup> WWB quotes further from a letter written by Pomare in *Pomare II’s Correspondence* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*. For an account of the Pomare’s rejection of the idols and an illustration of the idols given to the London



**Plate 3. Tahiti Museum. Idols from *Rai-va-vae* on right and left. <sup>59</sup>**

## 17. Of Highways and Trails

Tahiti is shaped like those fish who have a tail quite distinct from their body and head which are sunk into one, not separate so as to be clearly seen. The tail is Lesser Tahiti, the rest is Greater Tahiti. Round all the latter is a Highway — over 100 miles in length — skirting the mountains and running close to the sea, it divides for the tail, going each side but not meeting at the end for there are high jagged cliffs and no one lives there save some wild “nature men” of whom I may tell you some day. This Highway is called “The Broom Road” though there is no lovely broom bush here as you have and no one could tell me why but I had to know. Years passed and at last I came across a very old letter written from here to folk in Australia and all became clear. When Queen Pomare 100 years ago said it was time there was a decent road, not Trails, the Order was given and those who had to be punished, instead of being kept in jail were made to do road work; and another Order was made that every owner of property before which the road ran was to keep it clear of leaves and weeds. In those days they had no nice brooms such as we use now, but natives made their brooms from the rib of the coconut leaf. Everybody had to get busy and white men saw brooms at work hard and fast everywhere and every day for no one wanted to be fined or jail’d, so they named the nameless Highway “The Broom Road” and that name has never been changed. The natives pronounced the word “*Pu-ru-mu*,” the nearest they could get to “*B-roo-m*” and that is the word they use today when they speak of any road, they are all *Purumus*. Fancy your taking a walk on a Broom!! and inviting your chum to go with you. <sup>60</sup> As to Trails I came across another letter written Home in 1798!! in which the poor fellow tells of the difficulty he and his companions find in getting from one village to another. Their then Road was the sea beach whenever possible “and

Missionary Society on 19 February 1816, see [Tyerman and Bennet \(1841\), pages 23–25](#). The engraving of the idols, which is found on page 24 of Tyerman and Bennett (1841), is reproduced in a footnote to *Pomare II's Correspondence*, together with links to information on the idols on the website of the British Museum, which bought the idols in 1911.

<sup>59</sup> The tiki in the centre is also from Raivavae; see [Suite des tribulations des tikis de Raivavae au musée Gauguin](#) at the Tahiti Heritage website.

<sup>60</sup> Pictures of the old Broom Road can be found [here](#) and [here](#).

narrow foot paths inland seldom wide enough to allow 2 persons to walk side by side.” There are naturally many such trails still in use leading up into the mountains. When on Canadian plains <sup>61</sup> there were trails for me not made by man but by buffalos. They were easy going and always lead to water I was glad to get. Animals like trails; they have no wish to fight their way aimlessly in their wild haunts. On Niue you have to very careful once you leave the Highway round that island but that one is only 40 miles round and I often tramped it. There it is dangerous to leave the trails which run crisscross inland for it is a coral island and full of deep chasms and holes and jagged pieces. One day I was lost for I followed a false trail and men had a long hunt for me far into the night before they found me sitting quietly waiting for daylight for I dared not move once night fell. The women and the children were out too, crying and sobbing and praying to God to save the teacher they all loved so much. Someday you may read in one of my manuscripts the full story of “Lose-ing the Trail.” <sup>62</sup> Many a War Trail I have tramped on other islands, trails which once ran red with blood but today delightful rambles for stout, sturdy limbs such as I trust may be — like mine — your fortunate lot to have through all your Life.

## 18. The Boy King (2)

The same year 1824 that he was Crowned the missionaries had opened a school, for the sons of Chiefs, on the neighbouring island of Moorea at the village of *Afareaitu* to which they gave the high sounding name of “The South Sea Academy” (notice South Sea, not South Seas). Orsmund was the Headmaster. <sup>63</sup> Till he was 5 Nott took him in hand ar Arue and made a beginning with his education then he went off to school where altho’ he was a Crowned King he was a thorough boy, keen for play but diligent at lessons and his Headmaster loved him dearly and sought to bring him up like he did his own sons with English manners, English dress and English as fluent as his own mother tongue, nor did he seek in vain. And now comes his Letter. An American man-of-war came to these waters, its Captain <sup>64</sup> aiming to arrange a Business Treaty with these islands. The Leeward islands turned him down so he tried his hand with Tahiti but not openly as he ought to have done. He heard that the little king was on Moorea at school so dropped anchor there and having won over the Headmaster and that island’s Chiefs to his side, it was not at all difficult to get the little boy’s signature to a Treaty <sup>65</sup> which of course he could not understand but did as he was told by the man he loved. When the Treaty was borne over to Tahiti for the great Chiefs to sign they were horrified. Tahiti looked to England for everything and they owed everything they had to that land. There was not a single Frenchman then on these islands. They came on the scene years later. The Chiefs said what will England say to this and the British Consul thought the same. They refused the Treaty and it ceased to be. Those Chiefs wrote to their little King and to his master in strong words and the latter must have told the boy that it would be best if he wrote a Letter <sup>66</sup> to the British Consul making excuse for what he had (all innocently) done. I knew that he had done so but where O! where could I find it. Nobody knew but I was determined to persevere and get it. One day I was visiting the British Consul in his office (the kindly man is now dead) and told him of my want. He said to me, “You are welcome to search thro’ this huge hoard of old stuff which I have never

<sup>61</sup> WWB was a missionary at Moosomin, Northwest Territories (now southeast Saskatchewan), from 1884 to 1886.

<sup>62</sup> See Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, Chapter XV, *Hue and Cry*.

<sup>63</sup> WWB has *Orsmund* here and elsewhere. The South Sea Academy was established in March 1824. Mr John Muggridge Orsmund had previously served in Huahine, Raiatea and Bora Bora; he was headmaster for seven years. See [Ellis, Polynesian Researches, Vol 3, page 269](#).

<sup>64</sup> [Thomas ap Catesby Jones \(1790–1858\)](#), on the sloop of war U.S.S. Peacock, was, at the time, commander of the Pacific Squadron.

<sup>65</sup> The Treaty is archived at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, and is reproduced in the [Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser of 14 July 1832](#).

<sup>66</sup> No reference to this letter was found online.



troubled to look at,” and threw open a steel cupboard higher than I am crammed full to the top with papers. So I went to work day after day till lo! here was the Letter!! and tho’ it takes up my limited space I will give it to you in Tahitian as the little King wrote it and translate it for you. It is quite a treasure, very quaint and of course his master must have helped him compose it. You will be able to “swagger” to your companions and say, “I know Tahitian and you don’t.” But first its English. “*Dear Sir, I have not abandoned King George IV. I still look to him, I still regard what he says, he is my refuge. But it was a custom of my Father to be kind to all men, therefore I wrote that paper for captain Jones. Pomare iii.*”

Now for the poser — every vowel sounded please — and as the French do.

*Griffin Town. Afareaitu  
Moorea. October 13. 1826*

*E hoa ino e*

*Aore au i faarue Arii George iii. E hio â vau iana, e faaroo â vau tina, o oia tau haapu raa. E peu râ na tau Metua e e ite maitai atu te taata atoa i papai, ae au tana parau râ ia Cap<sup>n</sup>. Jones.*

*Pomare iii*

Hang on to that word *Maitai* (my-tie) for it means Good as well as Kind. It will be a swell word to use when asked to do something.

Now here I am and no Portrait! Well, well, have Patience.

## 19. The Swallows’ Cave<sup>67</sup>

This is the tale of Vavau, the northernmost island of the Tonga Group, of what I saw and learned there which I think will be of interest to you. As my ship near’d that lovely mountainous island we passed and saw many tiny ones one after another which you will not find on your maps. How could any map show them all when Polynesia contains no less than 2650 and hence its name. There was *Fatu-manga* the home of myriads of birds, the sky around almost darkened as they flew around, there was *Nua-papu* with its “Mariner’s Cave” and at the entrance to Vavau’s harbour there was *Kapa* on which is *Ana-beka-beka* which is Tongan for “The Swallows’ Cave.” And what a harbour! You could put 6 Esquimalts<sup>68</sup> in it and there would still be room, for it is 4 miles long and 2 miles wide, one of the 3 largest and finest in the world. Rio (Brazil) and Sydney (Australia) are the other 2. Both caves are famous the world over but very few have ever entered *Nua-papu*, not even Mariner himself I trow, for to reach it one has to dive deep and long to gain the Entrance beneath the waves (a coral barrier) then up from the depths to find Fairy Land, fit place for mermaids to make their Home. Yet some have dared, the first a Tongan youth who finding out the secret of the Water Maidens brought thither a dusky maiden who loved him well but whose parents forbade a marriage. All Tongans are expert swimmers and divers. There she dwelt whilst he sallied out, and in their hidden canoe brought to her daily “the fat of the land.” But some, wondering at his long absences and the disappearance of the Maid, followed him by stealth and saw him leave canoe and take the plunge. They followed and his little game was up. Not so many years back a white man, the Captain of a ship, essayed to invade the mermaid’s Sanctuary. Despite warning he said that what

<sup>67</sup> See also *The Swallows’ Cave, A Tragedy* and *A Send Off* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>68</sup> [Esquimalt, British Columbia](#).

natives could do a white man could. What foolish boastful talk! He took his crew with him in their boats to see him do it. He plunged, saw clearly enough the Entrance but misjudged the moment to rise, tore his naked body with the poisonous coral spikes and rose to the surface a wreck soon to die through over confidence. Since then but one has dared and succeeded, and he Prince *Tugi* Prince Consort to stately Queen *Salote*,<sup>69</sup> all honour to his grit. That Cave was not for me. It was at *Neiafu*, a bright lively little town, no mere native village, which lies at the head of the harbour where is the most enormous Acacia tree I have ever seen or heard of. Its branches with their leaves give a shady resting place, covering a square beyond all conception, a full Eighty yards! The time to enter the Swallows' Cave is as the sun is sinking in the western sky, for then its rays reach within the portal and play upon the sides producing colours and shades of the most lovely hues. It is within rowing distance of *Neiafu* so I went that way. The Entrance is quite easy for boats and has an arch above as if cut by masons, a lovely dome with an opening at the very top through which one sees the sky through branches of trees growing up there. A huge round chamber awaited me with great stalactites hanging down from the roof, a few deep recesses in its walls. It is in the dome that the Sea Swallows build their nests and who at my coming came sweeping down and round as if protesting at this invasion of their home. On one side as I sat in the boat was a wall of sapphire shading off gently to a tender green, on another a soft red shading off to cream, the Dome a Prussian blue reflected in the water transparent to the bottom, fathoms below. When struck by my oar the walls produced a bell-like note which rang out echoing within that lovely vaulted chamber and sent the winged inhabitants once more hurtling from their nests till I retired from the scene.<sup>70</sup>

There are 2 kinds of oranges here, a vivid green one, juicy and sweet like the yellow ones you buy but woe betide you if your lips touch the rind, they will smart and sting for an hour (I know to my cost) and a yellow one nearly as large as a soccer football for which these Tongan youngsters use it. It is all pulp with a good stiff rind and lasts till the boys' toes go through it. Fancy playing football with an orange and without boots! But it's good fun to them.

What a send off and a surprise was given as the time to weight anchor drew nigh. There came marching along the wharf a native Band, khaki clad, two and two they marched, 18 pieces in all, piccolos and trumpets, trombones and drums. They had stands for their music as forming a circle they played us off and far away down that lovely harbour their melodies came floating to us over the sea. So now you have visited Vavau and I hope you also love it.

## 20. Of Strange Customs<sup>71</sup>

We English have many, some strange, others natural, which have been passed on from generation to generation and which we would find it very hard to give up. I will not take up my space by naming any of them, your Teachers can tell you those you cannot think of. So also throughout the whole South Sea the natives had and still have the same and of some strange ones I now write. It is a good thing that some have been given up for they were either nonsensical or cruel. Here then of Tahitians.

<sup>69</sup> [Sālote Mafile'ō Pilolevu Tupou III \(1900–1965\)](#)

<sup>70</sup> William James Diaper (1820–1891), who visited [Fonualei](#) after its eruption on 11 June 1846, states in *Cannibal Jack* (1928), page 199, that “This Tonualei is the real island, whence originated that beautiful, romantic, traditionary story of the two lovers and their cave home, entered by diving under water from the sea, and mentioned by Mariner in his *Account of the Tonga Islands...*”

<sup>71</sup> See also the article “*Some Old-Time Tahitian Customs*” by WWB in the May 1942 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 32–33, in Part VII, in which the sub-headings are *Marriage*, *Making Peace*, *The Use of Liquor*, *Personal Decoration* and *Disposal of Dead*.

Fancy having to bare yourself down to the waist, women as well as men and children when you were in the presence of a Great Chief. It was fortunate that Tahiti is in the Tropics! and the same had to be done as they passed where the Great (not a Lesser one) was residing. What a ridiculous custom. When a funeral had to take place instead of its being very solemn and quiet, Custom demanded something entirely different. They called it a *Haeva* or Ceremony over the dead. About 20 men and boys daubed all over with smut and clay both reddened and white, armed with sticks, ran around the dead body and the neighbouring houses beating the house walls (but happily not the corpse). There was a Master of Ceremonies clad in a clown's habit who was attended by other men and boys painted on their bare skin as if they had on black coats turned up with white edging, their thighs red, their legs white, their faces made as hideous as possible to represent Demons and Devils. At last the rushing about and the wild shouting ceased, then the body was borne to its grave.<sup>72</sup> That for a funeral and now for a marriage. Instead of the bride receiving presents the mother and uncles of the bride gave out *tapa* cloth to all those gathered for the occasion. That done in the home all repaired to the Family *Marae* or Altar wherever it was where a large piece of white *tapa* cloth was spread on the pavement before the *Ahu* or Altar. Next thing was for the bride and bridegroom to change their dress — in public! — then the mother took a sugarcane, broke it into small pieces and placed them on a large leaf; this done she and special other women cut their heads with the teeth of sharks and let the blood drop upon the leaves. Close friends of the bride and groom presented this mixture to them seated on the ground close to the Altar some few yards from each other. This strange mother then produced the skulls of the last dead of the family! pouring coconut oil upon them, then laid them with the mixture. This was the climax of the marriage ceremony, the gathering dispersed, neither bride or groom had uttered a word, but the company were chatty and laughing all the time. Such was the Custom.<sup>73</sup>

You have your meals together but on Tahiti the women had distinct houses from the men for meal time nor did either sit at a common table. Each man, each woman and each child had their “food basket” of coconut leaves and sat apart. How would you like that? but it was the Custom.

A very painful Custom was Tattooing. It was considered a most graceful adornment for both men and women. But unlike the Maori they did not mark their faces.

On cruel Customs I will not dwell, they are best ignored, but I feel sure that you are glad that English Customs have always been so very different.

## 21. Of Perseverance

I trust that you have it and in plenty : not fussiness which worries you and everyone around you but the quiet determination to “never say die.” It would ill become me to write to you about it if it was not my habit also so I have thought it might help you if I gave you some examples to show you what can be done when things look hard and even hopeless. They are on a very strange subject which may surprise you for it is “Lost Graves”!<sup>74</sup> They were lost to all knowledge, none knew where they were but after years of quiet persevering quest they were found. There were 9 of them, 6

<sup>72</sup> See also [Ellis, Polynesian Researches, Vol 1, pages 412–414](#)

<sup>73</sup> See also [Ellis, Polynesian Researches, Vol 1, pages 271–273](#)

<sup>74</sup> See also the following articles in Part VII, the Pacific Islands Monthly: (i) *English Missionaries' Graves in French Oceania* in the July 1936 edition, page 28; (ii) *Graves Restored / Early L.M.S. Missionaries in Tahiti* in the 19 August 1936 edition, pages 21 and 23; (iii) *Work of Mr. Bolton* by Captain J.D. McComish, in the 19 August 1936 edition, pages 23–24; (iv) *Presents Mission Tablet, Moorea* in the December 1936 edition, page 8; (v) *L.M.S. Pioneers / Their Work at the Octagonal Church at Tahiti* in the 22 January 1937 edition, page 6; and (vi) *Gift of an engraving of the “Cession of Matavai” from LMS to W.W. Bolton* in the 23 April 1936 edition, page 14.

men and 3 women — missionaries and their wives — the earliest to Pass Away as far back as 1799. All that was known was that 4 lay on Tahiti and 5 on the neighbouring island of Moorea.<sup>75</sup> But before I tell you as shortly as possible their story I will give you another which was the other way round i.e. the grave was there but who was he that was buried there? That mystery was also solved. One day as I walked alone along the seashore some 3 miles from Papeete I passed a Point where palms and trees and undergrowth were thick but I saw a tombstone almost hidden in their midst. Going up to it I saw only these words cut deeply in “Jim the Pilot. 1844.” Now who was he? Why he was laid there was easy for the land was in all probability his. Natives in those days buried their dead close to their homes, you see them only a few yards away. I asked the natives around. None knew. I asked old residents in town. None knew and they said I would also never know. My answer was, “Wait, you shall know some day.” Nigh 3 years passed and I was still quietly ever on the watch for Jim when one day I sought some information in the library of our Museum here from a book I knew was there written by Commodore Wilkes of the American Navy telling of his exploring tour of the world. Finding the book, I sat down, opened it casually, and the first heading to the contents of the chapter before my eyes was “Jim the Pilot”!! I had found my Quest. His story was there.<sup>76</sup> Those 9 graves also took years also took years to solve. I had received a request from the London Missionary Society to whom I had written for some information asking me to find them. They said that they feared it was hopeless but would I kindly try. Once again I said, “Wait and you shall know.” In this case I called to my aid 2 devoted friends now no longer on Tahiti, an active little Frenchman (someday I may tell you of the terrible tragedy which befell him) and a fine American. Both these men spoke Tahitian fluently which I knew would be needed. We set to work determined to succeed. All the aid London could give us was that 2 died at Matavai some 8 miles from Papeete and 2 at Papara 30 miles away but the other 5 “*lay somewhere on Moorea*” which is 38 miles round, its villages all close to the seashore. At last we got a clue for Matavai from an aged native and following it up found the 2 boulders of a special stone in those days used as headstones where the 2 men — one murdered by a savage — were laid. At Papara we learned of a native woman who had lived for over 100 years in the village, had known both men and had told her cronies where she had seen them laid. We traced those cronies still alive and were lead to a coconut plantation where hidden from view by the wild grasses lay the sought for graves. Moorea was the hardest Quest. Which village? We found some letters written by King Pomare to “my friends at *Uaeava* (way-var) Moorea.” Now where was *Uaeava* for there is no village on Moorea today so called. At last we learned that it was the old-time name of Papetoai. So off to Papetoai. None knew the site but at a later visit a woman came forward and told us that when she was a little girl, she and all other children had been forbidden to play on a certain spot “*as white folk were buried there.*” Where was that spot? Close to where we are standing. It was a fairly large area covered with dense *lantana* — worse than blackberry bush — “Bring axes.” They were brought and we hacked and slashed and cut away. Soon we could see an open space in the centre. We got there and again had found our Quest. So that they shall never again be “lost” concrete slabs engraved with name and date now lie on the graves at Matavai and Papara, but at *Uaeava* this could not be done as though we were sure of the 2 men, for one we knew had been laid at his own request by the side of a beloved boy of his — and the little grave is there — we could not tell which grave belonged to which

<sup>75</sup> WWB found the graves of John Jefferson (died in 1807) and Thomas Lewis (murdered in 1799) at Matavai; Samuel Tessier (1820) and John Davies (1855) at Papara; and Henry Bicknell (1820), William Scott (1815), Sarah Henry (1812), Mary Davies (1812) and Sarah Hayward (1812) on Moorea.

<sup>76</sup> See [Charles Wilkes, Voyage Round the World \(Geo. W. Gorton, Philadelphia, 1849\)](#). “Jim the Pilot” was a Tahitian who was employed by Wilkes onboard the *Vincennes* to guide the vessel while at Tahiti in September 1839. Chapter XI, page 143: *Jim is quite a respectable-looking man, dresses in the European fashion, and speaks English, which he has acquired on board of whale-ships, tolerably well. Although a good pilot, so far as a knowledge of the shoals go, he does not understand what to do with a vessel in case of difficulty.* Chapter XII has the heading *Application From “Jim” the Pilot*, which must have been the heading that WWB found. See also Chapter XXVI, *We Enter the Harbour — Jim the Pilot*, in [Omoo](#) by Melville, which refers to events at Tahiti in 1842.



woman, so there hangs today in the little Church close by a very large Tablet with a black background bearing the names and dates of one and all in letters of gold. The placing of that Tablet was the final scene in the long drawn out Search. London was very grateful but we had our richest reward in that what was thought to be hopeless had been a test of Quest Perseverance and when the Test was called upon it had not failed.<sup>77</sup>

May these examples be ever an incentive to you to likewise persevere in all that comes to your hand to do throughout your lives.

**Plate 4. The Missionary Graves at Papetoai, Island of Moorea. Just as we found them.**



## 22. The Boy King (3)

His Portrait. London wrote, “Never heard of such a thing. Have all the rest but not his.” Tahiti said the same, there was none in existence. It was of course before the days of photography and would be an Engraving. I felt sure that it must be somewhere and waited for years, still on the watch. One day I was passing a shop in Papeete which I must have passed hundreds of times when I noticed a large frame holding a number of photos faded so that it was hard to make any portrait out. But at the very top I could just make out a boy’s head. I asked the owner — an Englishman — what he knew about the photos and where he had got it. He said that long years ago he had bought it “for a song” at the auction of a dead Chief’s belongings but who they were had not interested him and he had carelessly let the sun play havoc with it. That boy I was convinced was the little Boy King, for at the base there was a scroll on which I could faintly make out “La Famille royale.” So I was on track at last. That framed lot was useless, it could not possibly be reproduced. Did nobody have another? No! said everybody. Yet there were still members of that Royal Family on Tahiti, perhaps they had a like frame. I knew one Prince, a charming, simple fellow. Ask him. O! yes! there’s a frame at my

<sup>77</sup> See also WWB’s article, *The Lost Graves of the Pioneers on Tahiti and Moorea*, in Part VIII, the Bulletin de la Société des Études Océaniques N° 59 (1937), pages 685–688.

place with a lot of people dead and gone whom I don't know from Adam and Eve. Have a look at it. That frame and every one of the 25 portraits was as fresh and clear as the day when it and they were made. There at the top was my long sought Boy King, his father and mother each side of him. Who sketched him none can say but I feel convinced that it was the Headmaster who loved him so, and who of all the white men then on Tahiti was the best educated, and might well have had the gift of Drawing among his many wonderful gifts and accomplishments. That framed group of Royalty has been reproduced and copies have gone to all parts of the world.<sup>78</sup> London was astonished even as were the unbelievers here. The Editor of an Australian paper wrote asking if I would let him have an enlarged copy for his magazine, he would return it. He did and I think it could find no better or more fitting resting place than with like young boys (and girls) at school who are my own flesh and blood. In the miniature<sup>79</sup> you can plainly see his Eton collar, his master saw to it that his hair should be short and combed and parted. I think you will like to possess and show it to your friends with these Tales of him that I have dug up after my long years of search. No portrait!! indeed! when all the time they had it under their noses. Of course they sought of me the names of all the rest — their own relatives — so again I set off and traced each one. They were delighted.

So all was going well with the little lad. Much was hoped and expected of him but his course was nearly run. He was taken ill at school, high temperature, pneumonia so common a sickness here. Orsmond carried him over to his mother at his own Palace in Papeete. Men walked softly in its paths, for their little King was dangerously ill. He grew worse, not better, his strength was sapped, he was dying and in his beloved and loving master's arms he Passed Away. The date January 8, 1827, his age 6¾ years. They laid the little Boy King's body to rest in the Pomare Graveyard but a stone's throw from where he had been Crowned.

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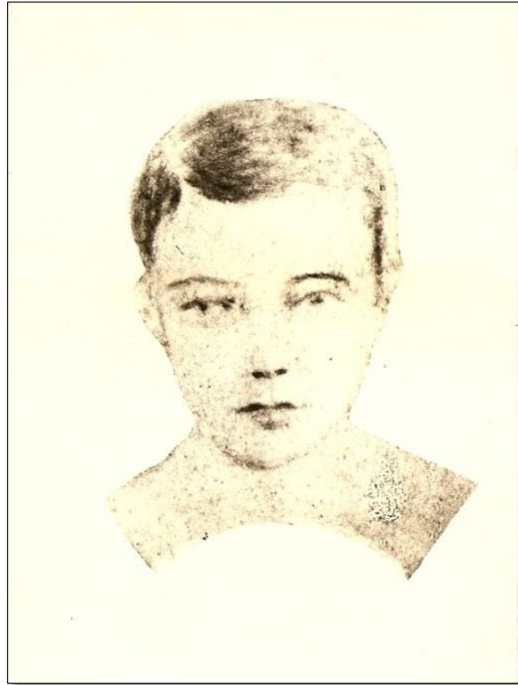
<sup>78</sup> The frame with the 25 portraits, with the names of the family members, can be found in *The Pomare Family of the Past* under *Inter Alia : Jottings and Details Various* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*. It was prepared by Mrs. S. Hoare, a Papeete photographer, about 1886–1887.

<sup>79</sup> WWB has *minature*.



**Plate 5. Pomare III, the Boy King of Tahiti.** <sup>80</sup>

Born June 25, 1820. Crowned April 21, 1824. Died January 8, 1827  
Schooled at The South Sea Academy, Afareaitu, Moorea, J.M. Orsmond, Headmaster.  
From an Etching : Artist unknown



**23. A Cricket Match** <sup>81</sup>

It was Saturday afternoon in Apia (Samoa), <sup>82</sup> all shops closed and everybody was off to picnics or to games. There was to be a Native Cricket match in the “compound” behind my residence and Feeling was running high as to the outcome of the game. Of course I was there, the lone white man amid a wildly noisy crowd and to add to the din there was a Band which never, ever ceased. All round the pitch there ranged the picturesque Samoan homes, oval in shape, the thatched roof supported by poles, no walls, mats for blinds to ward off sun or rain, and flooring of cream white pebbles. These were the Stands, all the mats were up, and every seat was occupied, but a kindly native whom I knew not, found a place for me on the edge of a floor that faced the Green just as Time was called. As to the game itself as played by natives — white men holding fast to England’s Rules — there are 2 wickets set very close together, no bail atop, the should-be 3<sup>rd</sup> stands apart on a line with the others, some 2 yards away. These are for those who make the Runs for the batsmen only bat. The runners carry wands, the batsmen use an implement which is a cross between a huge baseball bat and a club, its end foursquared. The game was certainly 20 a side and may have been more for the fielders were all over the place, some hiding from the sun till need arose. There were Umpires at each end, distinguished by an umbrella to ward off the sun or a walking stick for those who did not mind it. The Overs consisted of one ball each and the batter’s idea was not to save his wicket — which is the true foundation of the Game — but to lift the ball to the sky, the Runs he left to the others. The Bowling was all overhead and the Catching distinctly good. At times the ball

<sup>80</sup> The portrait was published for the first time in WWB’s article, *The Pomares of Tahiti*, in the 22 April 1938 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, page 17, in Part VII. WWB has *J.H. Orsmond*.

<sup>81</sup> See also *A Game of Cricket* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>82</sup> In early 1921.

landed on a roof, stuck there or slowly careened down, which counted for nothing, the runners making no move, but when they did move they got on such a pace that they failed to stop till 10 yards past the Stump. I looked in vain for the Scorer, I fancy the Umpires carry the totals in their heads. No one kept to his position in the field and when the ball went up towards the heavens, several would collide in catching it. The order in the Stands seemed to be to clap when you felt like it. I failed oft to see the reason but joined in heartily for good companionship.

Despite the excitement of the crowd and the antics of the players 'twas that Band that really held me. I counted 60 in it and not an instrument amongst them. They were squatted in row behind row on the sward and had 4 Conductors who all worked overtime despite the fearsome heat. They sang what seemed to me to be Samoan “shanties” (loved of sailor men) never ceasing the clapping of their hands. Their selections varied. At one time they all moved in perfect time as if rowing, at another they lay flat on their backs, at another half a dozen stepped out and danced wildly, weirdly, the while the 4 Conductors hesitate to use their stout batons, stepping among the tiers and belabouring the bare backs of any who grew slack. For hours they sang, yet the voices never grew hoarse. Of a truth they were supplied, like the cricketers at play, with much *Kava*; for women oblivious of their danger from the fielders, kept bearing across the field and pitch, galvanized buckets slung on poles, passing in and out among the Band, handing out the fluid in coconut shells.

The sun was fast setting when Time was at long last called, stumps drawn, the cricketers retiring and that Band had rest. I never learned who won.

## 24. Of Coined Words (1) <sup>83</sup>

Native races have been hard put to find words for things not seen before. Some of them are very strange, even amusing compounds. We ourselves have not been without the same need. Think for a moment. When 2 wheels were joined together in a line and a seat above for us to sit on what should it be called? So bi-cycle came into our language. When a third wheel was added? Why not tri-cycle. When a carriage was made to move itself, needing no horse, what now? So auto-mobile came into our dictionary. You can readily find scores of others.

When the Christians' Holy Book — our Bible — all of the other great religions have also their Bibles — has been translated for native peoples the missionaries have had as hard work as natives to find native words for countless things. They often could find none so made words out of Latin and Greek and Hebrew, “coined words” which have become part of their language today. It was very arduous work. The Tahitian Bible took 22 years to write and the chief translator was a bricklayer! when he left England. He was the first white man to speak Tahitian, then he added those other languages I have mentioned to his fine brain and gave his native peoples what he believed to be the greatest gift in his power to give them, the “Word of God.” His body was laid to rest at Arue, quite close to me and I often visit the grave to see that all is right. His name was NOTT. <sup>84</sup> Here are some Tahitian “coined words” I have come across. The words in brackets are merely understood to be there by Tahitians, they do not need to say them, but without them we English could not understand what we were saying to one another. But both languages have words that can only be understood by what goes before or after them. Try BOW — a ship's bow — an arrow's bow — a lady's bow!! You must sound each vowel separately (as in French).

<sup>83</sup> See also *Nouns, Names and Negatives* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

<sup>84</sup> [Henry Nott \(1774–1844\)](#)

Horse	<i>Puaa hora fanua</i> (The) animal (which) gallops (on) land
Trousers	<i>Piripou</i> Coverings (for the) pillars (i.e. our legs)
Measles	<i>Ma'i farehau</i> (The) sickness (of) soldiers (first brought here by them)
Cannon	<i>Pupuhifanua</i> Blowing from the mouth (upon) the land (i.e. from ships)
Stonemason	<i>Taata patu afai</i> (The) man (who) builds up stones
Accordion	<i>Upa upa ume ume</i> (A) musical instrument repeatedly pulled
When I first saw <i>Hooraa Uaina</i> as a shop sign I thought of course that it was “Hurrah!! here is Wine.” I learned to my sorrow that it meant with <i>Fare</i> before those delightful words merely (A) shop (for) wine	
Steamer	<i>Pahi auahi</i> (A) ship (of) fire
Vest	<i>Piri ero</i> (Thing) close (to) chest
Now they have had to add (among many other new things)	
Aeroplane	<i>Pahi reva</i> (The) ship (of the) heavens
Automobile	<i>Pereoo uira</i> (A) carriage (of) lightning

But Niue is even more amusing which I will tell of someday.<sup>85</sup> They had lived very lonely lives.

## 25. Of Malifa (1)<sup>86</sup>

Mar-lee-far

I was in Apia (Ar-pee-ar) the picturesque little capital of Samoa when I was suddenly “shanghaied” — if you do not know what that means ask your Teachers. I was waiting there for some vessel to take me to Niue and learning all I could of Upolu and Savaii which together form the British Protectorate. I had noticed 2 schools at the back of the Town set amid coconut groves, one for white and half caste children called *Ifi-Ifi* (Ee-fee-Ee-fee) and one for natives boys and girls called *Malifa*. One day the Administrator<sup>87</sup> (Governor) who had been very kind to me said, “Will you help us?” I

<sup>85</sup> See Tale #29, *Of Coined Words* (2), and Chapter X, *Word Building*, in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*.

<sup>86</sup> See also *Teaching School* and *A Tribute* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>87</sup> Colonel Robert W. Tate was [Administrator of Samoa](#) from 1920 to 1923.

said of course I would. He said that Malifa had no Headmaster. The last one had gone to New Zealand and they were waiting for another, would I fill the gap? So there I went daily for many, many weeks and had a delightful time, of which I think you will like to hear being at school yourselves. I had 2 native masters to help me, both fine fellows *Taūa'a* some 40 years old, *Maiūū* in his 20s. They did all the hard work, drilling the scholars daily and marching at their head in and out of the large airy building at every session, drum and fife <sup>88</sup> band going gaily, nor was it boys alone who played those fifes. The older children had a very fair knowledge of English and when they and I got all tangled up my Assistants flew to my aid, so all went well. I hope you are not thinking that they were “niggers” and dirty. That would be very wrong for they have a lovely and soft rich brown skin and were always cleanliness itself. With their clean hands and their spotless white dresses and coats you would think they were attending a Party not a School. The boys wore a *Pareu* round their loins, a long wide piece of cotton stuff (white with lovely patterns on it, sometimes red, sometimes blue) wound round and round. Their Arithmetic ability surprised me, they loved it, their writing would put most boys (I cannot speak for girls) to shame, their Reading I always found a joy to hear, all touched as it was by the soft and melodious Samoan tongue. I found that it was the custom at Malifa at the opening of school each day for the Headmaster to take some object and tell them about it. They know so little about Factories that they thrill over what goes on in such a place. So I would talk to them about whatever came into my head : a watch, an umbrella! a piece of money. They were always very attentive and pleased but when I gave them Talks on their Own insides they were in ecstasies. Of their beautiful Singing I must tell you in another Tale for it would overflow my space and I want room to tell you of something that I can never, never forget.

One afternoon shortly before the steamer was expected to arrive with the new Teacher when I should resign my happy post, one of the boys in his early 'teens — I think 13 — slipped into my hand as I was leaving the schoolroom a note which I shall never tear up. Here is what he wrote in his own halting words, not a word misspelt save mine he had never seen.

Malifa School — Dear M<sup>r</sup> Boleton, Just a few lines I let you know how I please for your teaching me some new way for finding the British language. Please M<sup>r</sup> Boleton will you leave your work in Niue because we are very much pleased for your help in Samoan children, now we wanted you to stay in Samoa for a long time and teach me in every way in English language. When you came here we know many things from you that's why we wanted you because you are a wise man and you are true teacher, that's all I want to let you know. I hope this letter is not say “Goodbye” but merely “Au revoir.” *Fa tu esi*.

What Teacher the whole world over could want higher praise or richer Reward than that. I had won their love and am content. Will you someday act like *Fa-tu-esi*?

## 26. Of South Sea Curios (1) <sup>89</sup>

I hope that you are Observant but never inquisitive in matters which do not concern you — a very bad habit with some, that you are quick to note what is out of the ordinary, and are not going through Life half blind missing much that is pleasing and often wonderful. I will give you here some out of the many curious things I have come across during my long wanderings in Polynesia and I hope that to hear of them will interest you.

<sup>88</sup> A small, high-pitched, transverse flute that is similar to the piccolo, but louder and shriller due to its narrower bore.

<sup>89</sup> See also *South Sea Curios* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.

And first of An Erratic Isle.<sup>90</sup> It would never do to homestead on Falcon island in the Tongan Group where Queen Charlotte<sup>91</sup> reigns. It has a very nasty habit of disappearing. When first seen by white navigators both Spanish and French in the 17 hundreds<sup>92</sup> they noted it down as a mere coral reef. In 1865 H.M.S. Falcon saw it still a reef and the Commander named it after his ship. That same year the Tongans noted smoke issuing from it. Twenty years later it was an island over a mile long and 150 feet high. It gradually subsided and by 1894 it was but a reef again. But in 1896 up it came again. Four years later it disappeared once more. In 1927 up it came again, longer than before and 350 feet high. It was there when I sailed by but I am told that one end is sinking whilst the other end had added to itself as many as 4 miles. There must be a submarine volcano at work and a huge one for as we sailed on we passed through acres of pumice stone floating on the sea of glass and one of the crew dropping a bucket overboard brought me up water for a delightful warm bath. There is a similar erratic island (I forget its name) off Alaska.<sup>93</sup> It was there when I passed by<sup>94</sup> but may be it had disappeared since then. Ask your teachers, they should know about such a Curio of the deep.

2. The Curfew Bell. Late hours are *Tapu* (forbidden) on many an island. The warning note is usually the native drum, a hollowed half trunk of a large tree, the sound from which carries an extraordinary distance but a conch shell serves as well. Starting the curfew in the main village, the next village miles away picks up the sound and passes it on to its neighbour. In an astonishingly short time the word rings round the island, "Lights out and everyone to his mat." Then quiet reigns till sunrise. I found myself ever ready to obey.

3. Marriage "Settlements." The Trobriand group, off Papua, boasts of gardens second to none. Girls there are in luck from birth, their early death not sought as in other wild spots. Their luck lies in the (vegetable) Yam. Every girl has a garden space from her birth, tended carefully by her father and brothers. On reaching marriageable age she finds herself endowed with valuable garden land. Her people upon her marriage continue to work the land for her : her Food House ever full to overflowing, the husband looking upon this as a fair arrangement for taking her as wife since he has no time himself to look after the garden. He has sisters of his own and must needs attend to their acres. Poor fellows! every man is kept incessantly busy whilst the ladies of the land have Time to play and chatter to their hearts' content.

4. The *Malau* bird. On Niuafoou<sup>95</sup> which lies between Samoa and Fiji there dwells a pigeon<sup>96</sup> surely unique amongst its kind. It is remarkable for 2 things — its enormous egg and its total indifference to motherhood. The hen burrows a hole in the side of the cliff where it lays an egg each day for an octave, scratching away the covering it made the previous day. Having well covered the lot it departs, leaving the sun to do her work. The Incubator having done its part, the squabs have to fend for themselves with the aid of their father, the mother off on her own pleasure, her chicks no concern at all of hers. It is well that our own dear mothers have entirely different ideas or where should we be today!

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<sup>90</sup> WWB has *Erractic*.

<sup>91</sup> WWB has *Charlotte*.

<sup>92</sup> According to Wikipedia, the first Europeans to see the islands were those with the Dutch explorers Willem Schouten and Jacob Le Maire in 1616.

<sup>93</sup> Possibly [Bogoslof or Agasagook Island](#), which emerged in 1796, or [New Bogoslof or Fire Island](#), which emerged in 1883.

<sup>94</sup> See *Alaska and the Yukon* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*, a shorter version of which is Tale #72, *The Klondike*.

<sup>95</sup> [Niuafo'ou](#) was also known as Tin Can Island. See Tale #31, *Of South Sea Curios (2)*, and *Tin-Can Island* in the chapter on *South Sea Curios* in Part XIII, *Roamings in the Great South Sea*.

<sup>96</sup> [Tongan Megapode \(Megapodius pritchardii\)](#).



## 27. Saint Patrick's Day (1) <sup>97</sup>

When I was teaching in Apia — Samoa — I was frequently at the residence of the Governor, a warmly welcomed guest both by him and his Private Secretary, a big New Zealander with a big heart. We became great friends and still are so. He was a Captain in the Great War and was an ardent lover of England, its homes, its old-time manners, its customs and its countryside. Government House was built by the author R. L. Stevenson <sup>98</sup> whose books you may have read or will do so (such e.g. a wonderful story for boys and girls as “Treasure Island”). It is a large airy residence, two storied, upstairs was his Writing Room, downstairs a very large Dining Room, for he loved to have guests, and next to it a little room with an open fireplace in it for a log fire! Everybody laughed at such a thing in so hot a place as Apia but he said tho’ it would never be used it was “a touch” of his loved Homeland. From the front there is a lovely view of Apia and the sea looking down the 2 miles : all the way a gentle slope. On the left is a quickly rising hill, a little mountain. Whether he, a weak and sickly man, ever climbed it I cannot say but anyway he always said “My grave is to be on its summit.” And so it was. Of course I had made my pilgrimage there despite its difficulty. Today I am told a path has been cut, steps made and ascent and descent is easy. But not so in my day. However the Great Chiefs bore the coffin of their beloved friend up that height is a marvel : but they did. One day shortly after I had made the ascent on S<sup>t</sup> Patrick's Day <sup>99</sup> my Captain friend asked me if I would help him out of a difficulty. Indeed I would if I could. Then he told me that all the time he had lived in Apia his relatives in New Zealand had asked and asked him to give them an account of Stevenson's Tomb, but he was no writer except on official matters. Would I write it for him? Of course I would and getting pen and paper wrote what he wanted right off hand. It began, “It was S<sup>t</sup> Patrick's Day...” He thanked me in his warm-hearted way, said it was just the thing and posted it off to his relatives.

Years passed and I was in a hospital in Auckland with a very bad knee. Some insect — maybe a cockroach — had had a nice meal off my right knee as I lay asleep in a schooner heading for that port. One day my dear Nurse came to my bedside with a magazine in her hand and said, “We nurses have just received our copy of the “Nurses Magazine” and in it we have read a story that we are sure, though there is no signature, that you wrote. <sup>100</sup> Now don't deny it for we all say that it is just as you talk to us and tell us so much that we love to hear as we nurse you back to health.” So I asked her to let me see the article and I would tell her the truth. She handed to me and it began “It was S<sup>t</sup> Patrick's Day”!! What could I say but own up, but how it came into the pages of a government nurses' magazine years after I had written it quickly off for my friend is still a mystery to me. I think that you might like it — or at least some excerpts from it for I fear to tire you with these Tales of mine — so you shall have it yourselves as those kind nurses had, and may it give you the same pleasure it gave them. They deserved it and much more. My special night nurse had always longed to work in Apia's beautiful hospital and I told her that she should have her wish so I wrote to my dear Captain friend who was still there <sup>101</sup> and quickly came the Order for her to report herself for the Staff. So you see the happy results to one and all, my Friend, his relatives, the magazine readers and my kind nurse, that came from “It was S<sup>t</sup> Patrick's Day.” What rich reward was mine!

<sup>97</sup> Regarding this Tale and the next, see also *Stevenson's Grave* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>98</sup> [Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson \(1850–1894\)](#)

<sup>99</sup> 17 March 1921.

<sup>100</sup> While references to various nurses' magazines were found online, there were no references to the story about Stevenson's grave.

<sup>101</sup> But, if so, he was no longer [Administrator of Samoa](#) in 1924.



## 28. Saint Patrick's Day (2)

It was S<sup>t</sup> Patrick's Day and a Public Holiday. That Day I made my way, my Pilgrimage, to the grave of Stevenson — *Tusitala*, the Teller of Tales. Before the full heat of the sun should beat down upon me, I sallied forth, climbed the steep ascent and stood beside it. The way was pleasant and the going fairly good. Many white folk' bungalows on the road, set well back and oft times hidden among the groves of palms, cocoa leaves and breadfruit trees, past a Village with its Native Church, all too garish in its white daubing and formal style amid the grass-roofed native homes, past Plantations, some well kept, others all uncared for, and so to Vailima 2 miles and a half from Apia, all up a gentle grade... The new way in is not the old way. You turn down a shady lane and soon come to an unpretentious ironpipe gate which leads into a grass-covered road bordered on either side with shaded trees. Those were planted by Man and not Nature, and the way winds round and up, till you are at the home in which Stevenson took so keen an interest in building... At the old-time gate there is a Notice Board which lettered in Samoan reads as follows: "The Road of the Loving Heart. Mindful of the great kindness of Chief *Tusitala* during the time of our trouble while were prisoners, we have made this Road as a remembrance which shall not fade away, even forever." Then follow the names of a dozen Chiefs, Mataafa <sup>102</sup> the would-be King among them. On past that gate one goes along a bridle path, where mauve-coloured butterflies abound, to a rushing brook coming down from the mountain — at the base of which one stands — winding its way to the sea after having first circled the house behind you. A rustic bridge takes you over the little stream which is but one of Five meeting around here before they run down to the harbour : and Stevenson accordingly named his property *Vai-lima*, the first syllable Samoan for Water, the last for Five. <sup>103</sup> Now the ascent started and so does the undergrowth. Little wonder that the Bearers had to struggle hard and fight their way Up with axe and rope to carry out the wish of their dead friend to rest upon the summit. Deep shade shielded me from a blazing sun as I made my way slowly up the steep slope, a heavy rain overnight making foothold on roots and rocks most slippery. The way itself was clear — though but a narrow trail — for Pilgrims to the Shrine above are never lacking. That trail twists and turns, at times is almost perpendicular, the density of undergrowth hides all behind you and all before save for the next few steps. Higher and higher you climb till at last 1,300 feet up you suddenly step out of dimness into light, a cloudless sky overhead, where exactly on the summit — surrounded with tall hibiscus bushes and many a feathery drooping fern — lies the Grave. The Tomb of concrete 15 feet by 9 with a massive concrete slab atop is plain, no columns, fluted work or statuary, impressive in its very strength and simplicity : bronze Inscriptions so well known let in on 2 sides... that to Her whose ashes were laid here along with his in 1915 at one end. At one point on the knoll nigh the head of the grave there is a cleared break in the trees and shrubbery, and you look down upon Apia and far out to sea, whilst a similar break to one side discloses Vailima and a vista of rugged mountains far as the eye can see. The thought of those glorious views would seem to have settled his last Resting Place for *Tusitala*. Forty years and more have passed since the day <sup>104</sup> when his worn out frame was carried up and laid there, and few of those who took part are now alive, yet in the villages below even the children know of him, and so it is throughout Samoa. As I stood by that grave far from his Homeland and from mine I felt right glad to be there, and to be privileged to lay my tribute of appreciation — a blood red bloom — upon his Tomb.

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<sup>102</sup> [Mata'afa Iosefo \(1832–1912\)](#)

<sup>103</sup> According to Wikipedia, which cites the reference [here](#), the name [Vailima](#) means "water in the hand" and not "five waters".

<sup>104</sup> [R.L. Stevenson](#) died on 3 December 1894. WWB visited the grave on 17 March 1921, so 26 years had passed when he originally wrote this text; he copied the text for this Tale in January 1940, when 45 years had passed.

That was what I wrote which gave pleasure to my Friend and kindly nurses and now will add but this for yourselves. If you turn to Holy Writ and look in the book called “Ruth” you will read in the first Chapter (verses 16 and 17) what the faithful, loving wife inscribed to her ever ailing husband. As you may not have at hand what that ailing husband inscribed to his dear mate, ever his firm support and strength, I have added it here as I copied it down standing on that summit years ago:

Teacher : tender comrade : wife :  
A fellow farer true through Life :  
Heart whole and Soul free :  
The August Father gave to me.

He had travelled far and wide. He was known to millions, both young and old. He was famous. His grave site might well have been claimed by his Homeland for this fine Son of Hers, but he loved Samoa and its people, he loved Vailima : and with his own hand he wrote and had had inscribed upon his tomb so that none could cavil or find fault

Here he lies where he longed to be

and his wish was carried out.

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When you read his books, now and in years to come, I trust you will recall this little Tale of mine.

## 29. Of Coined Words (2) <sup>105</sup>

Poor Niueans! What a time they did have finding words for what the white man brought in amongst them. I could fill many pages with their brave attempts but will keep to those which I think will interest you most, and give you chiefly the English meaning rather than the Niuean Words themselves, for some are very long and would take up too much space. They had never seen “A Shirt”, they had worn nothing more than a wrapper round their loins: they dubbed it “The garment to be inside of” and to this day most of them refuse to hide the tail end, no! no! none of it must be lost to view. Half a coconut served them well as a Cup but whatever is this? A Jug. We use only one word, they use 5 which means “A long Cup with a mouth”! They tried hard at “A Frying Pan” gave it up and made a dash at English, it is a “*Pani falai*” which is pretty good, isn’t it. When these newcomers opened a school for them as well as their children they had a great time coining words. The Alphabet is “The Eyes of Writing”. Ink was fairly easy, just “Writing Water” (even as medicine was “Plant Water”). In early days everybody used a quill pen only; so they called it easily a *Penefulu* “A Feather Pen”. They seemed to think much more highly of a Pencil for it is “The Talking Pen” but a Slate Pencil had to take a humbler place, it is only “A Stone Pen”. When Nibs came into use they worried much over the strange thing. They would not give up the Quill idea altogether so call them “The Eye of the Feather”. A Button is “A Moon” because round and white; a Blanket is “A Sheep”; Mustard is “The thing to eat which stings”. To jump is “*Hop-o*” that is finely correct, but what think you is to Kick, it is “*Holi*”!! Deaf is to have “A Frozen Ear” and other words (in use of course before the white man came) are Toes “The eyes of the feet”, just as Fingers are “The eyes of the hands” and Nails are also “Moons”. They have no word for Dad or Mum yet have “Papa” and “Mama” in their language but Alas! “Papa” means “A Wooden Club” and “Mama” means “A Mouthful”. I wonder what your Parents would say if you called them thus! Some of our

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<sup>105</sup> Niuean words are also the subject of Chapter X, *Word Building*, in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, and *Quaint Speech of Niue*, in Part VII, *The Pacific Islands Monthly*, July 1942, pages 45–46.

words they have adopted in full because they seemed easy to pronounce. Their Alphabet like all other Polynesian peoples is short of many of our letters and these they found and still find very hard to get at. J is hard whilst P is easy, as is T; Z quite impossible. One day my roof was leaking and I wanted the homely Washing Tub in my Wash House. I called for help and eager helpers came. My Niuean was very weak, I got out what was a Bowl, it was rushed in, then I got out what was a Saucepan and in a moment it was mine, then came a Basin, then old Tins. It was time I did something myself, I went forth and laid my hand upon The Thing I really wanted. Those dear eager folk answered with a joyous shout “The Tub! The Tub! Why did you not tell us from the very first.” They laughed and so did I.

I have told you that they have long words — and phrases too — but they have short ones also. We are like them but sometimes the two languages do not agree. We are short winded, they are long, and vice versa. In “I cannot say” we beat them hollow for theirs is “*Kua nakai ma eke au ke pihe atu*” but in “What do you want it for” they win out for they cover it all in “*Moha*” just one word. They are in love with one letter “K”, they seem unable to keep away from it and as I have given you a sample of Tahitian in the Boy King’s Letter I think you may like to see a sample of Niuean in a Notice I received to attend a Nigger Minstrel Show at Alofi. You will see “K” bobbing up all the time. The English is “Be sure and come to see the Black men of Africa who were once slaves in America and hear their Songs of Sorrow and Joy”. That’s short and to the point but now see it as the Notice reads:

*O mai oti ke kitia e tau Tagata Uli Aferika he vaha nefaka  
tupa ai he tan Meleke i Amerika, moe logona ai e tan Lologo  
nefa uhn e lantolu, kna hagao ke he mate matekelea ha  
lautolu, katoa moe, Tan Lologo atu motu mo efalu a  
mena fulufuluola Kehekehe.*

That’s long winded enough surely! Try it as an exercise and don’t strain your vocal chords with those Ks. Every vowel separately sounded — like the French — and roll out those last two lovely words — *fulufuluola Kehekehe* — the meaning of which you can guess at. What I specially like about the Niuean language is the Humility of its Pronouns — there’s no I, I, I about it as if I was the most important person of all, they are never vain, they always follow the verb. And now with “*Toka e mena ai*” I close which, being interpreted, means “Enough”.

### 30. Of Malifa (2) <sup>106</sup>

The natives’ school attends the whites’ school for Singing which when I was with them the Headmaster, a New Zealander, took in his care a wonderful Teacher of Song. I have never heard the like in any School and I am sure that like me you would have been thrilled. It was all Part Singing. The elder boys had a rich bass voice, the Tenors sweet and clear, the Altos deep and full throated, the Sopranos clear as silver bells. They sang without accompaniment by any instrument or score in their hands. I looked forward eagerly to those weekly lessons. He had taught them by the Tonic Sol Fa method <sup>107</sup> — ask someone to explain this to you — and among their repertoire were such old favorites as “Hail! Smiling Morn,” “Sweet and Low,” “Little Boy Blue” and that soft Samoan “Song of Farewell” which once heard can never be forgotten. These were light work compared to the supreme test he had given them. When they burst forth into Handel’s “Hallelujah Chorus” the climax was reached. Up, up they soared, nor ever faltered. Back and forth went that wondrous Song

<sup>106</sup> See also *Teaching School, A Tribute, Tit for Tat and Love’s Offering* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>107</sup> [Tonic Sol Fa Method](#).

to the very end, then dismissed they would scamper off to play all unmindful of their gift of voice trained to perfection by the White man. I could not have enough of such sweet melody so laid a plot, offering to talk to them of the great world outside but the gathering must be under the open sky and at the end they must sing for me. It was a great success. Amid the gently waving palms the dark skinned and the white skinned sat upon the sward, their teachers too and many a visitor or friend, as I took them on a magic carpet to Canada or Australia, to Japan or Alaska, or my own Homeland. When I ceased, the Head boy would rise and thank me on behalf of the large crowd — Samoans have courtly and perfect manners so unlike others — then came my reward full to overflowing. But No! they had not done with this stranger in their midst. When they learned that I was off to Niue, they would not let me go without still more thanks. Both *Ifi Ifi* and *Malifa* said that as I so loved to hear them sing they would give a Farewell Concert all to myself. A Concert for One! Who ever heard of such a thing? Nevertheless it was so and that lone man will never, can never forget it. It was held in the former's large schoolroom and their Headmaster sat beside me, leaving everything to the scholars. "Malifa" opened the programme with a Samoan Chorus "How can I bear to leave thee," then came various Part Songs, English and Samoan, by the combined schools, and "Rule! Britannia!" clos'd Part i. There was an interlude and that same Head boy stepped forward and begged me to accept from them as a token of Ifi-Ifi's love a Samoan paddle. He was forthwith followed by native boys and girls who in Malifa's name made further offering, the girls flung over my neck *Ulas* (necklaces) of seeds and shells, the boys laid in my hands tortoise shell rings, embossed in silver, and embossed in gold. Then a strapping young fellow made the gift of a lovely grass made fan from my two faithful Assistants at Malifa, anxious to show their love but shy to do so.

Now follow'd more Samoan Choruses, the last 2 those they knew I loved best of all — the words in their melodious language but I knew well their equivalents in my own tongue, "Over the deep blue sea, we speed you" and "Goodbye dear Friend we never will forget you" and with "God! Save the King!" that unique and wonderful Concert for just one lone wanderer came to an end.

Malifa is not all that I hope to tell you of that proud Nation, the Samoan, but other Tales must wait their turn.

### 31. Of South Sea Curios (2)

You may have been told of "Tin Can Island" but in case you have not I will write to you of it. That is the island where the careless mother pigeon dwells.<sup>108</sup> It is a very dangerous island for ships to approach and very difficult to land on. Everybody no matter where they are loves to receive letters and to write to friends or on business so what could be done here? A brave white man solved the difficulty and it is still carried on. Brave because there are those horrible sharks hovering around every island, hungry for a meal. It was very interesting to watch that postman. Here he comes breasting the waves carrying in one hand a long stick to the top of which is attached a tin can well wrapped in waterproof material. He reaches us, a sailor draws up the wand, opens the tin and places therein the mail for ashore, lowers the stick to the fine strong fellow in the sea and with a cheery word from one and all off he goes, a postman to be proud of. Now 2 natives do his work.<sup>109</sup>

To make gardens and farmers' fields fertile in their produce white folks the world over sprinkle on the surface what is called phosphate. It is wondrous stuff, very valuable since it is found in only a few spots and those are islands. There are 3 islands in Polynesia where it is found, one only 100

<sup>108</sup> See Tale #26, *Of South Sea Curios (1)*.

<sup>109</sup> See also *Tin-Can Island* in the chapter on *South Seas Curios* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.

miles from Tahiti — its name Makatea — and 2 fairly close together 1000 and more miles away — their names Nauru and Ocean Island. It is of the latter 2 I want to tell you and a very curious tale it is; How a doorstopper lead to Fortune, just a lump of something or other which we use to keep a door from slamming. <sup>110</sup>

About 40 years ago <sup>111</sup> the Supercargo (the man on board a ship who attends to the trading of the goods carried) of a Sydney (N.S.W.) Trading Company brought back a strange looking piece of rock which he saw on Nauru. His employers thought it was a lump of petrified wood, of no value so used it as a door stopper. One of the officers of the Company kept looking at it and wondering. At last he decided to test it, so he knocked off a chip, ground it up and lo! he found it was the highest grade of phosphate. That door stopper has brought millions of pounds to the Company and finding more on the neighbouring island the millions of tons still left are no longer owned by the Company but by the Governments of England, Australia and New Zealand who watch over them with a careful eye and sell the wonderful plant food to the world. Makatea is to me not a pleasant place to visit as everything — and you — is covered with a fine greyish dust which you cannot escape from as the winds seem ever blowing.

I have told you of the Minah bird and the *Malau*, I must not forget that highway robber the Frigate bird. He is a lovely looking fellow with his two long tail feathers trailing out behind him as he flies aloft looking for plunder. He is abominably lazy. Catch fish? Not he but waits till he sees some other bird successful who mounting up with a fish in his beak heading for his nest, the robber swoops down like a flash of lightning upon the other fellow who drops the fish in his fright and the meal is caught ere it reaches the sea below. Some islands keep the beautiful fellow as pets and it sits on his perch, perfectly free to fly away. But No! not he. Sometimes he takes a little exercise but back again he comes. Yes indeed there are many curious things in Polynesia.

### 32. Spaniards Ahoy! (1)

The last of a sailor's term of welcome or warning. But whatever have Spaniards to do with these little Tales of the Great South Sea and especially with Tahiti? Read on and you will see. Neither the British nor the French were the first white residents — I do not say the first visitors — on Tahiti. They were Spaniards and of these I will tell. When the first white men saw the waters of the great Ocean (of which they had never heard) from the Darien hilltop in the Panama Isthmus (see your map) none of them not even their leader essayed to venture on it. But Magellan <sup>112</sup> did, finding his vessels' way in through the strait far to the south that bears his name to this day. Then West, West, ever West he sailed wondering wherever he was going until he had actually crossed it and reached the Philippines. He saw nothing on his way, Polynesia, with its thousands of islands was still unknown. When the news of the vast new Ocean reached his Homeland the Pope (papa, Italian for Father) of Rome did what you will think a very strange thing but he did not think so for he and all the peoples and nations who looked up to him thought himself to be the greatest and the supreme Sovereign in the World. Alexander the 6<sup>th</sup> was his name and in 1493 he gave the whole Ocean (which had been named the Pacific since it seemed to be always so calm, which as you know who live by it, is very far from the fact) to His Majesty the King of Spain with all the lands or islands it

<sup>110</sup> See also *How a doorstopper lead to a Fortune* in the chapter on *South Seas Curios* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.

<sup>111</sup> A detailed account of this story can be found [here](#). The rock was brought back from Nauru in 1896 and tested for phosphate in Sydney in 1899. WWB wrote this Tale in January 1940.

<sup>112</sup> [Ferdinand Magellan \(c. 1480 –1521\)](#)



might contain!!<sup>113</sup> Of course those countries and nations which did not look up to him as their Leader took no notice whatever of such a Gift and sent their ships to find out what the great Ocean held, and we English were the keenest seekers. Your Teachers can tell you the names of those daring sailor men. I must keep to Tahiti, which Wallis first saw and called it “King George III Island.”<sup>114</sup> Soon after him the French Captain (de Bougainville) saw it and not knowing of his predecessor he called it “New Cytherea.” When they reached their Homelands the news spread over Europe and the King of Spain was furious. But Cook was on his way by then, had landed and gone away. He of course gave it no name since his fellow country man had done so tho’ you will be told in books that he called it with those nearby “The Society Islands” the name he gave to a group 100 miles away but which is now used for one and all. The King of Spain sent strict Orders to his Viceroy in Peru to send out his ships and try to find out just where and what those “intruders” were up to. He seemed especially keen about Tahiti — he did not know that name of course, nor exactly where it was, but His Orders were Find it and report at once. So Captain Boenechea<sup>115</sup> set out in 1772 and reached the island to which he gave the name “Amat” after his Viceroy.<sup>116</sup> Poor Tahiti with 3 other names to carry!!! He dropped anchor at the southern end — not as the others had done at the northern — on the tail of the Fish as Tahitians describe their island — as if you were to see a good snap of it you would say at once “Yes! it is just like a flat fish.” He set up a huge wooden Cross which read (of course in Latin) *Christus Vincit. Carlos iii Imperator 1772* and went back at once to report that Cook had been staying on the island and making friends. His Majesty thought that the best thing to do was to settle Spaniards on it but first to send some missionaries to prepare the way. So back came Boenechea bringing 2 priests and 2 what are called “lay brothers” one of whom was by far the best and the brightest of the 4. The Captain had taken back with him 4 natives and this young man, then a warrant officer, had been their best friend and had learned much of their language by the time he and they returned in 1774 — but only 2 for the other 2 had died, one in Peru, the other in Chile. The priests had furniture with them and everything looked very rosy for Spain but (now please have PATIENCE).

### 33. The “Enquirer” (1)

Come! let’s have a sail in my fine yacht “The Enquirer” and see what we can learn en route. I hope that you are a good sailor for it is quite a long voyage I propose to make, all round the coast line of both New Zealand and Australia. Bring an Atlas and a Note Book for I feel sure you will need them; I have my Charts and Sailing Directions. I carry my Guide Book in my head!! We must only touch certain points otherwise we should have to sail “till the cows come home” and I should have to cover reams of paper. We “up anchor” at The Bay of Islands N.Z. very picturesque and where rich folk keep their powerful launches to go after “Big Fish” (monsters of the Deep) their only superior in size the Whale. Hello! Where are we now? Mercury Bay. What a strange name. Did men find mercury there? Not at all. Capt Cook having observed the Transit of Venus (ask your Teacher) at Tahiti, here took in a transit of another Star called Mercury. Note that down please. And now what? Poverty Bay! What a name! Cook sent a boat ashore to get water and wood and food but the

<sup>113</sup> [Inter caetera](#) was a papal bull issued by Pope Alexander VI on 4 May 1493, which granted to Spain all lands to the “west and south” of a pole-to-pole line 100 leagues west and south of any of the islands of the Azores or the Cape Verde Islands.

<sup>114</sup> Samuel Wallis, an English sea captain, sighted [Tahiti](#) on 18 June 1767. Wallis was followed in April 1768 by the French explorer Louis-Antoine de Bougainville. Captain James Cook visited the island in April 1769 to view the Transit of Venus on 2 June; he set up camp at Matavai Bay and stayed on until 9 August 1769. See WWB’s articles “Discovery & Discoverers of French Oceania” and “Some Common Errors in Tahitian History” in the 15 February 1939 edition, pages 32–33, and the 16 May 1932 edition, pages 52–53, respectively, of the Pacific Islands Monthly.

<sup>115</sup> [Domingo de Bonechea Andonaegui \(1713–1775\)](#)

<sup>116</sup> Viceroy of Peru Manuel de Amat y Juniet



Maoris were unfriendly, said they had nothing to spare; of course untrue. Close by we run into the Bay of Plenty. Here Cook got all he wanted : those Maoris were very friendly. What's that Point we are just rounding? Kidnappers. That's a funny name. Why? The Maoris there brought supplies to Cook in their big canoes and his men stepped into them to help hoist the goods aboard, when off paddled the Maoris with the poor sailors for a cannibal feast. Cook had to fire his cannons over their heads which so scared them that they turned back and the men — a Tahitian among them — got safely aboard. You have made a note of course of all gone before and this? O! Yes. Well! here's something more for your book, here's Turn again Point. I must tell you that we English were the first white men to see the East coast of New Zealand whilst the Dutch were the first white men to see the West coast and Tasman (1642) was years ahead of Cook. It was just the same with Australia. Cook had by now thought he had sailed quite long enough South for this time so he turned north at this Point but we won't : we'll keep on. What about that Note Book of yours? No! No! I'm not forgetting Captain dear. But New Zealand is coming to an end, there's no land ahead! Right and wrong. Here we are at Cook Strait which he found later and so learned that there were 2 islands where Tasman reported only one. We had better go thro' it or we shall never get Home. But look over there to your left. There's Massacre Bay where Tasman sent a boat ashore for food and water but they never returned, they went into the Maoris Cooking Oven and were eaten themselves!! What a lovely mountain that is with its white nightcap on. Yes that is Mount Egmont called after a nobleman at Home and it is always snow capped. Now for the top of the island. See that long straight Sandy Beach. It is 90 miles long and a fine place for Auto Speeding, so smooth and hard. What's the name of the Cape that ends it? Tasman was a very courteous man. His Chief the Governor of Java (Dutch East Indies) had sent him out on a voyage of discovery. He had found Tasmania — but that was not its original name — and he called it after his Governor's name that horrible one of Van Dieman which as a little boy I thought meant that the island was inhabited by devils! So now he courteously gave the name of the Governor's wife to the Cape you see yonder. Soon after he ran into the 3 small islands we are heading for and being a very religious man he gave them the name of the Feast Day on which he discovered them — the Feast Day of the Visit of the Magi — the 3 Kings — to the infant Christ lying at Bethlehem. <sup>117</sup> Be sure and make a note of that, you can give it as a poser to your classmates at school. Tasman went east from there and discovered Tonga but we must steer west and cross the Tasman Sea, a very turbulent sheet of water, well nigh as bad as the Bay of Biscay, its storms are terrific but we must take our chances if we want to see Australia's coast. I think perhaps a little rest ashore first may be welcome to you, so back we'll go to the Bay of Islands, cast anchor and visit the north island with its wonderful caves and their underground rivers, the hot springs of Roturua where the Maoris need no stoves and you can have a hot bath, or a cold bath, a sulphur bath or a mud bath! which sounds horrible but really is far from unpleasant. I hope you have enjoyed the sail and like my yacht "The Enquirer." Were you sea sick? I hope not.

### 34. A Native Feast <sup>118</sup>

Many a one I have attended but none to surpass for size, for food, for merriment that held at *Matafanga-tele* a village 3 miles from Apia (Samoa) given to his Honor the Governor. Not that village alone but others close adjoining combined to greet him and I was one of his party. A Feast is not Eating only, there is Dancing, formal Speechifying, ceremonial *Kava* drinking and oft Musical Drill. But I must here confine my tale to the first named only, which is quite enough to go on with. I

<sup>117</sup> Cape Maria van Diemen, named by Tasman in 1643, is at the northern end of Ninety Mile Beach on the northwest coast of the North Island of New Zealand. The Three Kings Islands are a group of 13 islands about 55 kilometres northwest of the northernmost point of the North Island. WWB circumnavigates the North Island clockwise in this Tale.

<sup>118</sup> See also *A Malang-a to A Wild Finale* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

was fortunately early on the scene, walking under a blazing sun to reach the pretty village just as busy hands were Laying the Table which was Mother Earth. Coconut leaves were the table cloths, mats on either side for seats! From all quarters there came pouring on the scene men and women carrying food in baskets of (the Jack of all trades) palm. Out poured taro, fish baked in leaves, breadfruit, legs, wings and breasts of chicken, and shrimp salad too! One lone thing still wanting — Pork. It came, not piecemeal but a monster pig, roasted whole, born on a long, stout stake carried by 4 men. Those huge knives that cut grass yet hew trees down, which are axe, saw and a whole carpenter's tool chest in one to the Samoan got to work. The meat was cut into thick strips 6 inches long and let fall upon that lengthy table, it did not seem to matter where. Of course there were no plates, nor knives nor forks. Half a coconut shell were the cups, what they were to hold was left to conjecture. All was ready, soon everybody was present. His Honor was lead to the head of the Table and we all squatted down. Opposite me were 2 *Taupous* (Tor-pows) which was an honor in itself. I must tell you why. Every village has a *Taupou*, the Village Maiden who acts as a Village Hostess. She is a most important person, almost a sacred person, has her own especial Home where she is tended by an elder woman guardian (or Duenna) and many servants at her beck and call. On marriage she loses her post. For all their high position they are only young girls after all. My vis-a-vis quickly showed their bright side. They were buxom lassies and for dress they wore a very light corsage of tissue paper and the same for a skirt, the colour deep blue and maroon. There was no Grace pronounced so all fell to. My *Taupous* seemed half starved whilst my appetite was poor but when — with a gracious smile — one of those Exalted Maidens broke a taro in her comely hand and offered me one square inch, adding thereto one small shrimp I could not well refuse. I saw His Honor bravely tackling a chicken's wing with hands and teeth as if to the manner born so took courage with my Shrimp. The company ate hard and fast, yet if all the seated ones had eaten steadily till night fall they would surely have failed to clear that immense Table groaning under the weight of the delicacies upon it. And yet it vanished before my eyes. My *Taupous* in fact behaved abominably, they seized article after article before them or within their grasping reach, fat pork, fish, taro, slipping them behind their backs whence boys with long narrow leaf baskets seized them, stuffed them in and made haste for "the tall timbers." I confess that those shameless Eves tempted me beyond resistance and I assisted readily, giving all my share and more that was not my share to those brazen thieves opposite. One does not have *Taupous* to please everyday. His Honor had served himself well so had All. Bowls of water now were passed around and there was Washing Day — but Alas! no Towels. Our drink had happily been coconut milk. I fear'd 'twould be that obnoxious *Kava* which tastes like gingered soap suds, but Samoans delight in. Too much and your legs give in, but strangely enough your head never. All was over. I rose, bowed to my Tissue paper Maids of Honor, took in all that followed and walked home ere darkness fell.

### 35. Spaniards Ahoy! (2)

Alas! misfortune after misfortune befell those new arrivals. First one of the sailors of the *Aguila*, the same ship as before, was killed by a falling tree as the crew assisted the natives in felling timber for the Dwelling House, he the first white man to die upon Tahiti. Next, a worse thing for them, for their Captain died aboard and was laid alongside one of his men. Those graves are irretrievably lost though many and I amongst them have sought to place them. Then to crown all : those 2 priests proved to be Cowards, rankest cowards, the only missionaries I have ever heard of who were Afraid and Scared. You will read of those in Canada who braved the Iroquois <sup>119</sup> and died heroically; of Livingston in Africa; of John Williams in the South Sea and countless others, all brave men (and women too) but these 2 disgraced themselves, their high Calling and their Country. They were afraid, once the *Aguila* had sailed away, to leave their compound, afraid to let the natives in, afraid

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<sup>119</sup> WWB has *Iriquois*.

to attempt to learn the language of the “idolators” they had come to convert to the True God. But their rank cowardice was more than made up for by that lay brother of theirs who was left behind to act as Interpreter. He must have been a young charmer, went everywhere, met everybody, saw everything, walked and canoed completely around the island, welcomed by one and all. His name was a pretty one, a truly Spanish one, Maximo Rodriguez and fortunately he kept a Diary,<sup>120</sup> a copy of which lies before me as I write. I am sure you would love to read his Tale, it is full of adventure and wonderful things, and best of all he is no Boaster. Of course those cowards were jealous of him, as he was disgusted with them, so Tautira — the village where they lived — was not at all a happy place. This lasted for a full year. At last (and Oh! how glad those cowards were to see the sails of the *Aguila* again as she drew near to whence they spied her through their barred windows) they might escape from the Terror which filled them. The new Captain had come to see how things were going, and was surprised to have these priests appeal to him to rescue them and bear them off Home. He could but comply, the slacker lay brother was no less glad to leave but not so that charmer Maximo. But Orders were Orders so aboard went the 4 and that was the end of Spaniards as residents of Tahiti. Others came and went but no more priests<sup>121</sup> came till long years after when the French had Tahiti under their control. And Captain Cook came too. He had missed Boenechea and Langara<sup>122</sup> who had succeeded him — I often wonder what would have happened had he met them — but in 1777 (on his last visit before he was killed by the Hawaiians through a foolish mistake of theirs — thinking he was giving orders to Fire when he was really giving orders to cease it) he went to Tautira and saw the Cross Boenechea had set up. That was much too much for him. He ordered the ship’s painter to come ashore and paint on the reverse side in large letters (he kept to Latin also) this: *Georgius Tertius. Rex. Annis 1767, 1769, 1773, 1774 et 1777*. He must have smiled to see it as we do to read of it. The Cross alas! was of wood, not stone or coral, so has long ago rotted and gone. But Carlos heard of what the impudent Captain Cook had done to his Cross and sent orders to Peru to send a vessel to remove it and destroy it but that mission was never carried out, Spain in Peru was too busy with other troubles to bother about it and at Home his Country went tumbling to pieces and with it went its ridiculous claim to owning the whole Pacific Ocean. So Tahiti was left to itself once more till Eleven years had passed when the “Bounty” appeared<sup>123</sup> —

<sup>120</sup> An account of Maximo Rodriguez’s Diary can be found in [The Literary Gazette and Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c \(W.A. Scripps, 1837\)](#) and is reproduced here: *Among the donations presented to the [Hakluyt] Society, was one by Captain Fitzroy, R.N. namely, a very curious Spanish MS., being the Diary of an expedition to, and residence upon, the Island of Tahiti, by Maximo Rodriguez, in 1774. This Maximo Rodriguez was a Spanish soldier and interpreter, who accompanied an expedition from Lima to the island of Tahiti; and he, with three other persons, were left upon the island for about thirteen months. Cook, in his voyage, mentions the fact of the Spaniards having visited the island, and heard much from the natives of one “Mateema,” the Tahitian pronunciation of the Spanish Maximo : and, in a subsequent passage, he says, “Will any thing ever become known to the world of the proceedings of the Spaniards at this island?” By a very singular coincidence, after a lapse of sixty years, the original diary kept by the said “Mateema” was placed in the hands of a captain in the British navy, at Lima, by Don José Manuel Tirado, presented to him by the daughter of the before-mentioned Rodriguez, who, having heard that Captain Fitzroy, in H.M.S. Beagle, had been employed in surveying the coasts of Chile and Peru, and that he was making inquiry for all MSS. that could be obtained, sent it to him, begging his acceptance of the diary, saying, “that she felt sure it would be better placed in the hands of an Englishman, and more valued in England, than it ever could be as concealed from the world, and uncared for, in her library at Lima.” The Diary was subsequently translated by Bolton Glanville Corney and published in Volume 3 of [The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti by Emissaries of Spain During the Years 1772–1776, Told in Dispatches and Other Contemporary Documents](#). WWB includes a condensed version of the Diary in *The Spanish Marine’s Story*, an Addendum to *Old Time Tahiti*.*

<sup>121</sup> Catholic priests, that is. Four of the Anglican missionaries that arrived on the *Duff* in 1797 were ordained ministers — James Cover, John Eyre, John Jefferson and Thomas Lewis — and others — such as George Platt and Alexander Simpson — arrived at a later date. See [Tahiti, Island of Love by Robert Langdon \(London, 1959\)](#) and *L.M.S. Pioneers, Their Work at the Octagonal Church at Tahiti* in the 22 January 1937 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, page 6, in Part VII.

<sup>122</sup> The article on [Langara](#) in the English version of Wikipedia does not mention his voyage to Tahiti in 1775; see instead the article on [Langara](#) in the Spanish version of Wikipedia.

<sup>123</sup> On 26 October 1788.

you probably have seen the Film of its story as told by 2 of my warm friends here — the Americans Hall <sup>124</sup> and Nordhoff. Then another Eleven years and the English missionaries came <sup>125</sup> — not visiting but as residents. They lasted : we are their successors, the Spaniards didn't. Now you know.

### 36. The “Enquirer” (2)

Well! and what do you think of the Tasman Sea now you've crossed it? Pretty rough and stormy wasn't it. But you've proved yourself a good sailor, good as I am who once was a bad one but long travel has cured that. So here's Australia and let's get busy. Got that Atlas and Note Book handy? Very good. We'll begin here where you now see the land of the great Continent, and where Cook first saw it in 1778 Cape Howe, then turned North. If he had gone a little further West he would have gone through Bass Strait. Who was he? A naval medical officer who loved to explore and he with his officer chum named Flinders got a little boat and sailed away from Botany Bay to find out what they could. They found Van Dieman's Land was an island, not part of the great Island Tasman thought it was : We'll meet Flinders again. Poor Bass came to a tragic end in South America. <sup>126</sup> Here's Botany Bay. What of it? Far too much to tell you all. The lovely flowers captivated Cook's botanical friend aboard so he called it by that name. It is quite close to Sydney of today with its wonderful harbour but Cook missed it altogether, a remarkable thing with such keen eyes as his. Now up we sail and take of course the inside passage along the Great Barrier Reef. When I went that way years ago I thought it would never end. Ask your Teacher for its length <sup>127</sup> for you might think I had added a 0 too many! Why a “Barrier” Reef? Because there are 2 kinds of reefs, one often miles away from the shore, that is a Barrier Reef, one hugging the shore, in fact it is the shore, that is a Fringing Reef. Make a note of that in your book please. Here is Cape Tribulation and well might he call it so for opposite it his ship nearly came to grief. A spike of coral pierced the side of his vessel. By a miracle it broke there, and remained in the puncture and the ship was thus kept afloat till he reached the shore. Here we are at the entrance to the Torres Straits and will say goodbye to Cook (who headed away for the Hawaiian Islands and alas! his death) and must meet Lieutenant Flinders again. The Dutch had made their way into the Gulf of Carpentaria <sup>128</sup> and it was so long that they believed it reached down to the Antarctic Ocean. Now Flinders of course knew better, he had been halfway along the South Coast. His friend had gone but he tried and tried to get leave to get another boat “a cutter” and see really what was what. At last he was free and sailed up to the Gulf then kept going West, then turned South, then turned East then North again and reached Botany Bay from whence he had started. He had found what Tasman and Cook had thought 2 huge islands and called each by a separate name was one huge island — a Continent. Going Home he wrote a book <sup>129</sup> about his marvellous, lonely journey and called the continent “Australia” — the first to use the name. He died before the book was off the press but the British government read it and said, “That shall be its name.” Are you putting that down in your note book? Yes of course I am. I must tell others about that for sure. And yet this hero seemed quite unknown to many Australians I met. They said to me, “And pray who was he?” We have seen the Gulf haven't we, and now we are on the Dutch side. Here we are at Dampier archipelago. Was he a Dutchman? No, a daring Englishman, and a bit of a pirate, who in 1699 got that far south, but found nothing worth taking. If only he had known about the pearls beneath his ship! We shall pass Broome where

<sup>124</sup> See *The Late Mr. Bolton of Tahiti* by James Normal Hall, reprinted from the February 1945 edition of The Strand Magazine in the June 1947 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, page 43, in Part VII.

<sup>125</sup> Protestant missionaries arrived on the *Duff* on 5 March 1797, so eight years had passed, rather than eleven.

<sup>126</sup> Speculation on Bass' fate in or on his way to South America can be found [here](#).

<sup>127</sup> The [Great Barrier Reef](#) stretches for over 2,600 km.

<sup>128</sup> WWB has *Gulf of Carpentaria*.

<sup>129</sup> See “A voyage to Terra Australis: undertaken for the purpose of completing the discovery of that vast country, and prosecuted in the years 1801, 1802 and 1803,” [Volume I](#) and [Volume II](#), by Matthew Flinders (G. & W. Nichol, 1814)



fortunes have been made. Here we are at Dirk Hartog Island. He really was the first to see the Continent. He had rounded the Cape of Good Hope on his way from Holland to Java and thought “If I use the Trade Wind as far as I can going East and then turn North I may reach Java all the quicker.” To his astonishment he ran into a land those on Java had then never heard of. That was in 1616. So Tasman went to find out more. We have to be very careful now for we are near the Houtman Rocks. I will warrant that Dutchman will turn in his grave at the very thought of them tho’ he had his experience as long ago as 1698. Now Ho! for the Great Australian Bight — please note not Bite — the sea rages and fumes but never bites — ask your Teacher what a Bight is — then thro’ the Strait we first saw and we like the gallant Flinders have circled Australia. Now ashore we go, hope you have enjoyed the sail. Take good care of that Note Book. “Au revoir” for of course we shall meet again.

### 37. Of Streets

You may well say What a strange subject for a Tale, a street is a street and that’s all that there is about it. But wait a moment. Streets have names haven’t they and these names are not like putting a lot of names in a hat and using the first one drawn out. Every Street has its name for some reason or other and there often is real History in it, and generally they are interesting, often quaint. I do hope you are Observant, not going through Life “with your eyes on the ground.” People who do that miss a great deal. You should keep your eyes about you, not to be inquisitive but to Learn. There is always something to be learned of whether you are very young or very old. I wonder if you could tell me why any street in Victoria is named as it is. If not, get busy and learn why. That is what I did when years ago I came here to live. I wanted to know all the names — there are 45 to be exact in the little town of Papeete — and why those names? Some were easy, others nobody seemed to be able to tell me but slowly I hunted them out and of these I will write. The most difficult of all was “Rue de la petite Pologne.” Whatever had Poland to do with Papeete? Nobody even the officials knew. When the French laid out the Town and put what was then a big native village into shape, there was a “Rum Shop” (saloon) at one corner of a lane which ran up from the waterfront and its owner, genial and very popular was a little Pole an exile from his Motherland. He called his shop “Little Poland” like Victoria has its names for hotels and restaurants and saloons and everyone knew it by that name. So when a street was made running up from that shop, the Authorities gave his Name to the whole street. He must have been very pleased for he loved his dear Land far away over the Seas. It took me long to find the Reason why. Rue des Remparts was another poser. It runs alongside a broad deep ditch dug all along the back of the town. I was told that the French dug the ditch as a Rampart against the Patriots (natives) when they were fighting one against the other in the 1840s. Nonsense. It was dug as a Bulwark or Defense against the streams from the mountains at the back of Papeete which formerly ran wherever they liked all over the place and lead them one and all to the sea. The enemy was Water not Men. You see the public thought Rampart must mean soldiers.

Another curious name is “Cours de l’Union sacré.” Whatever kind of Sacred Union could that be? That is a comparatively late name, given to keep in mind forever that when the Great War broke out in 1914 all little differences were forgotten and men whether French or Polynesian stood shoulder to shoulder in a holy fellowship.

The strangest name of all is a street with a Date for its title. I have never seen or heard of such a thing anywhere else. The Road Sign reads “Rue 22 Septembre 1914”!! It is to recall to all who pass along it of the cruel, brutal bombardment of the little defenceless town by a German Fleet which set the town afire and destroyed all the stores where now the Street runs in the very heart of Papeete.

I must tell you also of a “lost” street. Whatever can that mean? They have a Cook Street named after the famous Captain but no “Wallis” Street, the first white man to learn of and see Tahiti. I thought very strange so asked the Mayor why he was ignored. He said, “But we have a street so called.” I said NO, he said YES. He was sure that I was wrong but would look it up in the Town Hall. We were both right. When the town was laid out, the very first street opposite the Pass was drawn and given Wallis’ name, Cook’s the second. It so appears on the map made by the French but whilst Cook Street was made, Wallis was not and came to be entirely forgotten. There are residences today on it, not along it. It is “lost.” But the Mayor and his Council told me that that fine sailorman should not be ignored and they soon after made a new road — but alas! at the other end of Town and the sign reads “Rue Wallis.” I was glad.

Try now your hand on Victoria’s streets, it would be a fine game and you would learn about many Things and many Persons.

### 38. The Taupou’s Grave<sup>130</sup>

(Tor-pow)

Thus Chief *Iiga* (E-en-ga) of Savaii talked as we walked together to visit it : a fine, tall fellow, my “good companion” in long ramblings.

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She was the pride of the village of Saleaūla which lies along the northern coast of this island of Savaii. Was she not the High Chief’s daughter, and herself most beautiful? Gentle and kind was she and pure of heart. When (arrayed in all her finery) she stepped forth from her falé to lead in the social round of feast and gaiety, then all men acclaimed her, and the women folk were of one mind that she did great honor to her sex. But sickness came and she drew nigh to death, and all made earnest prayer, day in, day out, that she might live; yet it was not to be. Then was there great grief in that village, for their *Taupou* lay dead. The young men mourned for her whom they had loved to serve and her maids of Honor refused to be comforted.

The grave was dug not close to, but within sight of the House of God, for the High Chief would fain have his daughter lie against his falé, that he and his might tend it readily as long as life should last. Great was the sorrow that day in Saleaūla as the Village Virgin was laid in her last sleeping place, and the earth put back which hid from sight that form which all loved so well. In due time they raised a tomb above it, the flat slab of coral rock all plastered over with lime; then upon that what you white men call a sarcophagus as if *TULUA* lay there robed in her winding sheet. That was in 1895 and she slept in peace as the years went on.

The seasons had come round ten times, and all was peace in Saleaūla : yet all unknown a great and fearsome thing was close impending. Nature was at war with herself behind the village, up in the mountains and valleys of this island of Savaii. No surface war when fierce winds blow and the mighty sea rolls shoreward in tidal wave. Below and hidden from the sight of men went on that titanic struggle. How long it had been fighting against itself no man could tell but at last the muffled roar thereof reached the ears of the village in tremblings and rumblings which made all hearts quail. They greatly feared, yet went their daily round. Then came the blow, so awful, so appalling which the villagers still speak of with bated breath.

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<sup>130</sup> See also *The Taupou’s Grave*, in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.



Two miles back lay a deep ravine which cut off the mountains beyond from Saleaūla : a broad ravine too : a labour to get down and up. Suddenly as that memorable afternoon wore on, there was an unearthly noise, indescribable — for nature’s voice is not as man’s though men try to give it name — and the ravine came up! mounting toward the sky. It was no longer a ravine but a towering hill, and from its summit there poured forth flames and smoke, and over its awesome lip poured rivers of molten lava seawards : and Saleaūla lay directly in its path. Slowly it came, not faster than half a mile a day but it was relentless. Ample was the time given to get human life away : but their homes? and which way would it take? Men drew near and tho’ the fierce heat hurt them, they stood and — fascinated — watched. Eight miles of land it spread across and took down all that was in its path; the coconut trees fell one by one, sizzled in the flood, then lay still till utterly consumed : streams hissed and fought till they could fight no more, then they too died. Saleaūla was now in real danger : slowly the living, creeping thing came on and gripped the back of it, the falés fell one by one, toppling over as if loath to surrender; graves so precious were wiped out, the taro patches disappeared : Saleaūla was doomed : but No! the lava turned and the Western half was safe. But the Eastern! where *Tulua* lay and the Church raised its roof and where there was thickest settlement, there was seemingly no hope for these. The molten flood came slowly on, trees and falés falling, creeping towards the *Taupou*’s grave. Men and women stood afar off and held their breath as that hallowed spot was about to be wiped out and buried six feet below.

When lo! some Hand Invisible stayed its direct course, some word seemed given forth to Nature in its madness : Halt! it cried, and the flood stayed as it reached the spot and swept around instead, then went forward wiping all out till it reached the sea. There today lies the *Taupou*’s grave — a miracle of nature — a thing unconceivable <sup>131</sup> were it not true and to be seen by all — let him explain who can. The natives in their simple faith affirm that God, All Mighty, knew her Purity and Gentleness and saved her Resting Place that men might learn what He thinks of such. And there it is, and you stand on the black forbidding lava and look down six feet into the circle, and there, exactly in the centre is the Grave, a clear space all around where flowers grew and still do grow : so peaceful when all else you see cries War.

And that House of God nearby? It too was saved. The lava flowed directly towards its East end and where the Table of Communion stood. Fifty yards back stood the Pastor’s falé and between House and Church was a garden plot. The red hot flood brought down the falé and swallowed up both it and the garden but again the Command went forth “No further” and no further did it go. But it swept around each side of the House of God, yet left a space between the walls and itself : and then — as if it had obeyed its master but resented the command — the two waves met and forcing in the front door poured in to fill the Nave, filled it up to the window sills and stopped short before the Table! Who can account for such wonders?

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As I stood on that lava field of eight square miles and saw the utter desolation wrought, it was Awe that gripped : but above Awe rose a feeling of supreme Content at the saving of God’s earthy House, and the *Taupou*’s lonely grave. <sup>132</sup>

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<sup>131</sup> *Unconceivable* is an archaic form of *inconceivable*.

<sup>132</sup> [Mt Matavanu](#) erupted from 1905 to 1911.

### 39. Of Japan's Weird Ways (1)

When roaming in Japan long years ago <sup>133</sup> I saw and learned much that was new and strange to me, some of which I think will be of interest to you. Fancy the whole of Canada giving every year an entire week to Dolls' Shows men and women just as happy and interested in Dolls as the children. But that is the custom in Japan. Rich and poor put on their best clothes, keep open home and bring out from their hiding place their own childhood's dolls and dolls of past generations. These last are "heirlooms" very precious, some are "Emperors" and "Empresses" others are "Nobles" and "Great Ladies" and all are exquisitely appraised. Placed on shelves in the home, small tables are placed before them, laden with choicest food. There is a glorious time and the doll shops, a blaze of colour (and the meeting place of one and all) do a roaring trade. Then all is out away for another year, the rag doll alone being left for the toddler to cuddle and learn to carry on its back in preparation for the real baby brother or sister later on. I fortunately came in also for the Festival of the Boys — the Girls have theirs in the month of June. From countless poles in a town or village huge paper fish (the carp) fly in the breeze. That fish stands for Sturdiness. Each family hangs out as many fish as there are boys. For that week all boys "boss" their parents, they have their innings : every wish so far as possible has to be gratified. Poor parents! what a time they must have with the girls' innings ahead!

I was invited to a Tea Party. Yours are bright and happy ones full of laughter with heaps of good things to eat. This was Japanese style, a very serious and solemn affair. There were many guests. In a large room a low table was placed as a front and two others as sides; where there should have been a fourth side was some distance back a very low bench for seats. With long legs it was a very cramped "sit down." Soon the "Mistress of the Tea" appeared, a very formal lady so stiff of dress that I thought she would break in two as she bent low to make her bow. Then little girls appeared, a dozen of them all attired in their very best kimonos with heavily greased hair, all terribly serious. First they handed round some kind of "cookies" each on a tiny separate plate, one cookie for each guest, laying them on the floor before each of us, then bowed till their heads nigh touched the ground. Not a word spoken by anyone. The cakes distributed the Solemn Lady standing at the front table poured tea into tiny cups which the diminutive maidens bore around going through the bowing again. I put the thimble of a cup to my lips but passed the cookie to my neighbour whom I did not know but he looked stout enough to eat anything. Then with an awesome bow the Grand Lady with her painted and powdered face worked her presence away with bow after bow, followed by the little girls all walking backwards. The Tea Party was over. It was quite a strain. But such is the custom. I had to refuse politely the next invitation.

One had heard of Sacred Birds and even Sacred Monkeys but I had never heard of a Sacred Horse till I saw him on a lonely island in the far famed Inland Sea (see your map). No other horse is allowed there and he is fed and attended to not by stable boys but by priests. He was pure white and his open air residence all that could be desired. Of course he is never used as a beast of burden, he is far too holy for that. I wish that all Japanese horses were sacred, then they would not be such scrawny, unkempt looking things. The Japanese best like to be horses themselves.

Every Public Garden seems to have its Nursery. Of course I wanted to see the children, those wonderful dwarf trees and plants : a perfect chrysanthemum growing in a thimble, and cherry trees no higher than your hand. The secret of those wonders is known only to a few, so usually twice a year their owners, rich or poor send their tiny well beloved midgets to hospital for doctoring and nursing. Japan is full of beauty : for its people are passionately fond of flowers.

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<sup>133</sup> WWB visited Japan in May 1913 on his way from Victoria, British Columbia, to England. See Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB, Trip to England in 1913*. See also *Letters from Japan* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*.

## 40. Of Japan's Weird Ways (2)

"It went against the grain" to see a human horse between the shafts of my light single seated carriage of two wheels which you may know is called a Rikisha. And what horses they are both in looks and in action. My first 'horse' trotted along holding a sunshade over himself with one hand, so huge that all I could see from my armchair were a pair of bare legs and straw sandled feet. A tall 'horse' (and there are some) tilts you at an uncomfortable angle, the more diminutive he is, so much easier for you. When it rained my 'horse' put on a cape of straw which made him look like a porcupine, he spread oiled paper over my knees and clear over the front of the hood. I felt as if I was in a Palanquin<sup>134</sup> on wheels. When your Runner — the proper name of the 'horse' — comes to a hill another man suddenly appears who goes behind and shoves. They seem always to sing a sort of sailormen's "shanty." It is not the etiquette of the road for a Runner to stop but for people to get out of the way. A loud "Hi" and the party afront gives a jump to one side. At night a paper lantern is hung on one of the shafts of the carriage and streets seem all alive with glow worms. Your Runner is very considerate, he will call out to you when you are going into a rut or a hole or crossing rails for the springs are strong and you might easily take a 'header' if you are not set firm. And the universal Japanese carriage was after all an American missionary's invention.<sup>135</sup>

Courtesy is an excellent thing but it can be overdone. Heading for a hotel in the countryside, my intent seemed somehow already known; for all the porters, the lackeys and the dainty maids of the house lined the steps, the manager on the top step, ready to greet me, bowing thrice to the ground as I mounted those steps. Fancy that at our hotels! It was amusing to watch a lady and a gentleman meeting in a street. They would spy one another 30, 40 yards away. Stopping short each bowed low. Then a few yards, another halt, another bow; this repeated again and again till the final bow brought them face to face. A weird way indeed.

A bald Japanese I never came across. The women's coiffures are oft enormous and you can tell the married, the unmarried and the widow at a glance as you pass them by : look at their hair for they were always hatless. The married have a large, broad curl on the top of their heads. They have in fact 2 curls, the back one is the highest, they lie crosswise. The unmarried puffs her hair out entirely round her head and in the centre of the circle has a neat little coil with glass pins stuck through. The widow either wears it down her back tied at the end with a little bow, or cuts it short. Hairdressers are visited once a week and as a pillow would be fatal, the women sleep with the necks resting on a wooden block cut to fit the neck. At 15 a girl has her hair up and takes to the block.

There seemed to be no escape from weird ways : here was a man sawing wood with a backward not a forward stroke, here were horses stabled their heads where their tails should be, here were house roofs all ready to be placed before the building was commenced, and scaffolding without a nail, long bamboo poles tied together with rope reaching up to a 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup> storey. I saw no lifts but everything being carried up a long slanting walk either in baskets or on shoulders. The climax came when I entered a huge Department Store : no stairs leading from one floor to another; but a gentle slope of stone between the counters, either hand, leads you up as you go round and round till you reach the top where is a garden with its pond and goldfish and you take your sip of tea<sup>136</sup> beneath a full sized cherry tree its great branches loaded with blossoms, every blossom in their thousands made by hand! They are a strange people — the Japanese; their ways not our ways nor their thoughts ours.

<sup>134</sup> A type of litter, a vehicle of human-powered transport without wheels

<sup>135</sup> Reverend Jonathan Scobie (1827-1897) is said to have built the first rickshaw in about 1869 to transport his invalid wife around Yokohama; however, there are numerous other theories about the origin of the rickshaw, as explained here.

<sup>136</sup> WWB has *tree*.

## 41. Of a Castle in Nippon

In the dear Homeland there are many Castles, stoutly built and picturesque, many in ruins battered to pieces in warfare but still beautiful, clothed in ivy, whilst many are today inhabited. Great Lords and Ladies made their homes within those massive walls and they are redolent with history for those who want to know.

Though Nippon (Japan) traces back to as many — if not more — centuries as we do, I had not thought of such a building ever having been raised there, but so it was though they knew nothing of those in then unknown Europe. There were many of them, for each Great Lord must needs have one for defense but all have passed, like their owners, save one and to that one I made my way and we will gaze on it together. It stands in majesty and perfect condition at *Nagoya* not in the town itself but a short distance out on rising ground. Low, flat country surrounds it which throws the Castle out all the more strongly in relief. A moat broad and deep surrounds it, then comes a lofty wall faced with rough hewn blocks of stone, and within that moat and wall there are 400 acres of land, room for all the Great Lord's retainers if need arose to shelter them. He had his residence at one corner of the enclosure and close by was his Citadel or Keep, his last defense, which rises storey after storey each getting less in size till at its 5<sup>th</sup> and last you stand in a room only 12 yards square. The gateway leading in, after crossing the moat, is nearby and doubled, an outer and an inner, each with doors of tremendous size both in height and weight and thickness. That "Daimio"<sup>137</sup> was taking no chances at his gate. A soldier threw them open — for there are large barracks now on those broad acres, and a soldier also acted as my kindly cicerone. We entered where once the family gathered, the rooms not separated like ours by walls but by screens of lovely workmanship and colouring; and sparse of furnishings as are all Japanese homes, thence to the Keep. A huge key was produced and the old lock was slow to move but at last the little wicket opened and we stepped into utter darkness, then mounted by narrow, winding stairway those many storeys. Small window slits are frequent and the mounting view was beautiful. Here archers could ply their shafts and there are trap openings in the floors for hurling stones or boiling water on any foe who had forced an entrance beneath. All the way up there is a chain and windlass for there is a well at the base known as "The Golden Well" which has never as yet run dry. If all the acreage had been taken, the Lord could still hold out for none could cut off his water. Two Golden Dolphins, each 8 feet high are seen resting on pedestals, one at each end of the building's roof. My cicerone said there was \$80,000 worth of gold upon them (he gave it in Japanese coinage). I knew of their tragedy. In 1873 they were taken down and sent to the Vienna Exhibition, the Nagoyans greatly fearing both the fate of their treasure and their own fate against the demons of Nippon without their protection. On the return journey the ship was wrecked and the Dolphins lay long at the bottom of the deep hard by their home coast. They had to be and were recovered, borne in triumph to the castle, lifted once again to their commanding site the countryside over and the demons were "laid" for aye.<sup>138</sup>

With assiduous care, moat, vast wall, residence, Citadel and grounds look as if they were waiting, all prepared, for the Daimio, and his women, servants and his warriors to walk in through the Gate.

## 42. Of Temples Quiet and Noisy

How would you like to climb 2,150 broad stone steps at the same time? I became a Pilgrim and did it up and down for I wanted to see the Temple and the Perpetual Fire on the summit. It was on the Sacred island of *Miyajima* (where rikishaws and dogs and deaths are not permitted — if the last

<sup>137</sup> A feudal lord of Japan who was a large landowner.

<sup>138</sup> A history of the *kinshachi*, or Golden Dolphins, can be found [here](#), but there is no mention of the shipwreck.

named can be foreseen, where deer roam free and fearless, where crows and pigeons are held sacred too) which lies among The Thousand Islands of the lovely Inland Sea of Nippon, the Queen and loveliest of them all. Those steps lead from the village far below to the highest peak of the island and wind round and round the mountainside, while tiny shrines where Buddhas sit and piles of Lucky Stones are met with on the way. Just below the summit is the Fire which has not been suffered to go out for over One Thousand years. It is a wood fire housed in a rough shed begrimed with smoke. Great logs keep it glowing and no more. A very old priest was in attendance. Think of all the wood brought up there and consumed in 1000 years! and yet the island is close akin to a forest. Going up, there is the Temple's bell hung in a beautiful little tower. Another pilgrim — for I was a foreigner and an Unbeliever, kindly pulled the rope for me, just once, that I might hear its tone. A deep rich sound wafted itself off, it seemed to fill the air, echoing and re-echoing by hill and vale till it died out across the Sea. Entering the Temple which was barely furnished I saw a book kept there for visitors' names. Here is the Heading written in a very fair hand : — "M' Man and Woman : this Book is a Read at Miyajima, take it name." I took it. Then descended. By the countless pilgrims old and young I met upon the way I thought of boys and girls at Home oft grumbling at "having to go to Church." They might well with 2000 steps to climb!

This for a Quiet Temple, now for the reverse. There is Tokyo's great Temple in *Asakusa* Park its entrance guarded on either side by gigantic Protecting Deities standing in wire work cages, fiends with screwy limbs and hideous faces, the gratings spotted with paper prayers chewed into tiny balls and thrown at them. If his prayer will only stick the worshipper may go ahead and turn the Prayer Wheel and turning it once completely round become possessor within himself of all the Buddhist Holy Books without reading a line of them! And all around him is a very pandemonium of noise, dense crowds from morn till midnight, for here is "Coney Island"<sup>139</sup> of Japan (ask your teacher for that). There is no getting away from that noise though you pass those hideous guardians and enter the great hall where devout folk (from little toddlers upward) are busy bowing and scraping before the Altars, on which sit Buddha's images cut off from view by curtains. In front of the main Altar is a huge trough with stout bars atop into which you throw your money offering.

But Kyoto's Temple — the *Kiomidzu* — is even worse. Here before a grated goddess of hideous mien were men and women chatting and laughing as they tied their Lovers' Knots, threw a coin into the cage, rang a bell by a long rope, clapped their hands and tied the charmed knot to the grating, calling out aloud the name of the caged Deity. Standing beneath the broad porch roof and looking up I saw a beautifully striped snake of hugest size. Though it was doubtless sacred and might be harmless I thought it wisest to depart whilst the going was good. I left that noisy Temple and found quiet in the countryside. Please now, ever "go to Church" with readiness and be thankful that you are a Christian, not a Buddhist.

### 43. Of Cooks – Good Eats – and Coal

Old people have 'poor appetite', young people despite their meals are always ready for an extra 'snack'. Something to eat is a matter of great interest to growing boys and girls so I will whet (sharpen) your appetite, already keen enough, by telling you of some extra good things to eat if only you will go to Japan. But first of the Cooks who cook them. They are the most independent servants I have ever come across and at the same time will never "let you down." They do all the ordering and marketing for you. It is nothing to them to serve up wonderful meals three times a day and seem to rejoice if the last one is a large Dinner Party. They are also always ready to help one another out

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<sup>139</sup> [Coney Island](#) is a peninsula and beach on the Atlantic Ocean in southern Brooklyn, New York City, New York, United States. Coney Island is possibly best known as the site of amusement parks and a major resort.



of a difficulty — never bothering to ask your leave — lending your fish or your Entrée, your pudding and your tableware. No one seems surprised to see someone else's silverware on his table. Yours is often a mile away, but a return is as certain as daylight.

Your cook is indeed a wonder. You may think Seaweed a horrible thing to eat but not after tasting his Seaweed Sauce. You may think it impossible to eat flowers but not after a dish of Chrysanthemum Salad. On a long platter he serves up a white concoction strung on a stick like you do chestnuts one after the other, he calls it *Midzu Am-e* and is Butter Scotch made from the sugar extracted from the homely rice. It is the Candy of the country from Princes to peasants and if you want more of it than he thinks fit to lay before you, you can buy it on the street where'er you may be. I dare not tell you of more good things to eat or you will become ravenous and want to leave Home and those who love you to sail away to Japan and I shall be blamed.

But the word 'Street' reminds me of the "Sewing Lady." There, sure enough, along she goes on her clattering wooden clogs, carrying needle, thread and multicoloured material in her basket together with a 3 legged wooden stool. Have I torn my sleeve? Down she sits where you meet her, right in the middle of the pavement and repairs you on the spot. I have often seen her busy with a client's pants, stitching away as he stands by her talking to some friend the while. That of course is woman's work but what I did not like to see was women doing work which men alone should do. It was women coaling ship at *Nagasaki* (see your map) the main coaling station of the Empire and a great and important port. The mines are on an island close by (*Takashima*) and the coal is brought from there in 'lighters'. From my steamer perch high above them I watched for hours the busy scene. The lighters hugged close to the side of my great Liner. They swarmed with women very scantily clad and soon black with coal dust. They stood on lines and passed baskets full from hand to hand up and up and up an inclined plane, the last 6 standing on crazy looking ladders leading to the opening in the side of the Liner where was the Coal Shute to the hold. A deft twist to the basket by the last woman, the coal disappeared, the basket was thrown to a woman who caught it, hurled it to the shovellers and soon it was on the grand circle once more. Everything done with rhythmic (ask your teacher) regularity and astonishing speed. Each lighter held 30 tonnes, and each had 20 women to unload it. My Liner took aboard 3,000 tons. It did not seem at all right to me, nor will it to you.

From Nippon I learned many things which I have but touched upon in these Tales lest I should weary you. We have roamed together hither and thither as the spirit moved me till we rest at *Nagasaki* — and from there I left Japan.

#### 44. Of the Kalahimu <sup>140</sup>

(Kale-he-mu)

He is of diminutive size this Niuean crab but what he lacks in size he makes up for in cheek and inquisitiveness. He's a public nuisance like the flies and war is waged against him night as well as day. He is a land crab whose home is the Bush if only he would keep to it but he seems much to prefer the habitations of Man. He enters your home without any invitation, he crawls up your walls in the most astonishing way and gets into places where least expected. It is always wise "to sound" your slippers and your boots or you may get at any time of day a really exciting surprise. He has heaps of fight in him like all his kind: the crayfish of the sea, the *Uga* of the rocks and caves, and all are freely eaten by the natives.

<sup>140</sup> See also Chapter XI, *Hunting the Kalahimu* and *A Matter of Taste*, in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*.



My little enemy is particularly fond of an evening stroll and elects for his chief promenade the broad grass-covered way that circles the island. I was invited to take part in a hunt one dark night for the crusty little fellow with nippers, half the village was out. There being no moon flares were used — bundles of cane tied loosely together — some brought a kerosene lamp, others bike lamps, I attended with a candle lantern. Out of the village we trooped into the dense forest, the great trees and the coconut palms shutting us in, tho' peering upwards I could see a lovely starry canopy above us. Along the sides of the road was the place to look where the coral touches the grass. There were those who carried and worked the flares, others a coconut basket like a carpenter's tool bag but sewn up save for a tiny space into which to drop the captured. Yet even at that the little nippers got often out and the bearer would cry out of a crab grabbing his or her arm or their neck or in their hair and I was quite useful in that direction for tho' very very old I still have excellent eyesight yet utterly failed throughout, to spot the little brown shelled fellows. Men women and children were all on the jump, every now and then swooping down and grabbing the unwary stroller and into the basket it went. It was a pretty sight those flares in the dark of the forest and a cheery one too for all were chatting and laughing and the sight of their White Chief out to hunt the *Kalahimu* seemed to amuse them greatly, though he was useless save at the call of distress. We walked many miles and half way were all refreshed by the youngest who climbed like cats up those palms in the dark and dropped huge nuts for us to have a most welcome and needed drink. They were a generous crowd, giving of their plenty to those who were less successful, and no little one's bag went empty. The road edge was indeed the best hunting ground but we nailed them climbing the trees and oft upon the road itself at the cost of a nip to naked feet thus made aware of their prey. If every bunch had our bag there must have been well over a thousand caught for we reached home with a bag of 50. The flares were exhausted, so was the oil, my candle lantern the only glimmer.

A buxom young lady who helped me with the infant class was very partial to that lantern of mine. She always preferred it to my kerosene one. Never once had she brought it back with any candle left therein. All the grease had likewise disappeared. I was not mean. I started it out on its way with a full measure of candle every time. One day I was spreading bread and butter for some expected white visitors and my candle lady was helping to prepare the table. Knowing young folks' love of a snack at any time I offered her a slice. "Thank you very much," said she, "but I do not care for white men's butter. I do like your candles though: they taste so good!" So that was where they went. Tastes differ largely at times. Again I could not be mean. She must have eaten several packages of candles, for I never refused her the use of my lantern. N.B. They were not tallow candles but of composite make such as you use in your home.

#### 45. Of Drunken Fish and Flying <sup>141</sup>

The *Aukara* on the broad "Fringing" reef of Alofi is a serious business to the Niuean native. It is the catching of fish in the cracks, the pools and the chasms of the reef by means of a special soporific (ask your Teacher). It must be done during two months only of the twelve and all according to strict custom and tradition. One thing special is insisted on, There must be none peering down from the cliff above, neither white nor native for that would cast a spell over the business and ruin all chance of success. Therefore I was on the reef and in the very thick of the crowd. Men were busy pounding in coconut leaf baskets the seed of the local Ebony tree, seed the size and shape of a small crab apple, a hard exterior green in colour, a soft pulp inside. They are ripe during June and July. The mash was ready. As the tide ebbed over the large area selected for operations, the natives beat the sea with sticks driving the fish back from the sea towards the cliff; then some of them kept guard where the reef edge is, so that no fish should pass out again. Now the word is given and standing in

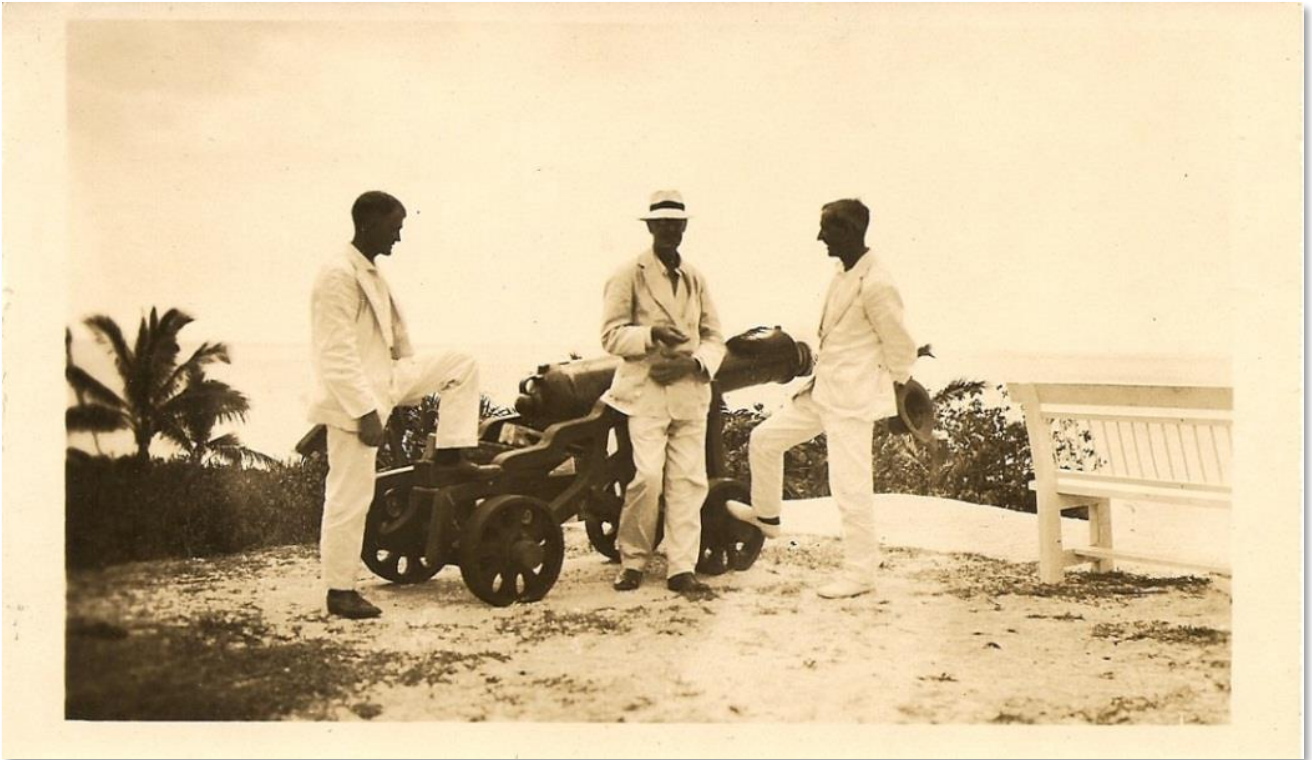
<sup>141</sup> See also Chapter IV, *Drunken Fish and Flying Fish and Others*, in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*.

the shallow water round the cracks and pools and chasms — which latter often run far under the coral — the mash was drawn in the baskets through one and all. At once the whole space even where I stood in the wet turned a bright magenta, from a little distance it look'd like blood! This has the effect not of poisoning the finny ones below but of blinding them and confusing their poor wits so that they swim aimlessly about and are too drunk to care what happens. Now over 100 men, women and children, some with nets but most with long 20 foot sticks bearing 3 and sometimes 4 points bound to the head, got very busy. I saw many sink beneath those horrid looking waters, some with small glass bottomed boxes the better to see, so making things still more lively for the fish. I saw one old dame sink in a great pool at my side and counted slowly 4 and 20 ere she returned to the surface. She had been richly rewarded. The men strip save for a loincloth, the women went in "Mother Hubbard and all" and looked like drowned rats, the naked boys and girls were in Paradise for the time. Here a man had speared a splendid "Blue" fish with a parrot's beak; another brought one up with all the colours of the rainbow on it. Strange things appeared I had never before seen, eels many and many an octopus too. I saw a young woman take a dive into a great chasm, reappearing she made a clear space close beside me, an octopus not only on her arms but held tightly to her chest. She was not a pleasant sight for the horrid thing had cast its fluid of ink all over her. With a knife she cleared herself then sought in vain a bath, so resumed her fishing for the drunkards a very sooty object. Everyone was desperately busy and the total catch must have been well over a thousand. Darkness drew a veil over the wild scene.

A very different sight it is to see the netting of the Flying Fish. The canoes assemble outside the reef and forming a line abreast, paddle slowly forward. As it is always on moonless nights, each canoe has a huge torch or flare high up on the prow. I often stood on the cliff edge, nothing of boats or men to be seen, only the steadily moving forward of the Flares. Behind the light there stands — not sits — a man with a kind of immense butterfly net who scoops in the fish as they rise from the sea and fly at or past the light. The two others sit behind. In the dark that strictly kept line is a wonderful sight. Perhaps 10 canoes will push off from a village, others to join in as they proceed along the coast, there are 20 now in perfect line, still others add themselves till twice that number may be seen moving along the sea which is like a pond for smoothness: and all abreast. As many as 180 sometimes gather for the capture of the dainty tasting (much like mackerel) flier, a mighty fleet abreast, known only by its flame. It is not easy work for often those winged fish miss the net and strike hard the men in face or naked body. They leave their mark do those scaly ones ere they fall into the canoe. Room for 3 but not for 4 so I had perforce to stay ashore. But did I want fish for my lone supper? It was ever easy, going on the reef as the tide ebbed I had my own *Aukara* without the mash. Peering into a pool there sure enough was my supper. The lure of my bait was irresistible. What his name or species were, was no concern of mine.

**Plate 6. At Look Out Point, Alofi Bay, Niué Island, April 1924.**

A sheer drop to the reef below : then the Pacific Ocean. The cannon was fired when a ship was seen heading for the island. Only 6 in a Year! The whole island thus learned the great news.

**46. Of Inspection and Roll Call** <sup>142</sup>

Malifa's scholars had long been under training, Hakūpu's had had none. Apia was well to do, Hakūpu was poor. There could be no rushing of things. For Beginnings have ever been my joy. Every day of School the first thing was Inspection. The 100 lined up in ordered ranks and I pass down. Clean hands and faces there have to be, the teeth are ever rows of pearls — sugar cane sees to that — and tidiness of clothing however poor and humble they know I'm strong on. Neatness of patching is evidently not a strong point with their mothers but all have done their best to look neat, especially and of course the girls! All stand at Attention: "Eyes to the front" but the little girls could never refrain from breaking the rule and giving me a beaming look as much as to say "We love you teacher dear". But the boys! They needed ever watching. Here is one with a big feather in his thick mop. Out it has to come and promptly disappeared inside his shirt. Here is another with a necklace of leaves to set off his bare chest. The chest may remain bare — for it is powerfully hot — but the leaves have to go. I sigh at the vanity of another who despite the heat wears a great coat far too big for him. If he likes to swelter, well let him, it covers his otherwise bare uppers. Half a bracer is though better than none by some or perhaps that other fellow has the other half. Everybody will — like his father — wear his shirt ends outside his pants, it seems to be thought a shame and waste to hide any portion. And the boots! Most are bare footed, others wear lint bandages (for coral ground is very cruel) but some boys think boots are the Real Thing so they borrow or beg the loan from their elders, with never a lace to hold them.

<sup>142</sup> See also Chapter VIII, *The Roll Call*, in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*.

Inspection is over. I give the word “Form Fours” and next comes the daily Drill and I turn into a Sergeant-Major. All goes with a swing and ’tis time for Lessons. Inside the great barn we troop, the boys on one side, the girls on the other. Now comes the Roll Call. 100 names in a new lingo to me. It needed courage but it had to be done. There the names faced me such delightfully ‘easy’ ones as *Ligitagoloo* and *Tiahifineone*, *Tapuakihau* and *Faranitama*. Try them yourselves. Some had English names but alas! So mutilated that they were well nigh as hard to call: *Alaita* (Alice) *Letuki* (Lucy) *Tiosefa* (Joseph) and *Lopeti* (Robert). It was easier going with *Lele* : *Fane* : *Elisa* : *Makeline*. Then the Blackboard and we got down to real work. There was no afternoon school for the boys and girls — for the heat was ever great and ’twas best for them to be out of doors : but there were sessions for Adults. Happily not all the Adults of Hakūpu for I should have been swamped but the younger of them, married or unmarried, picked for the privilege by the Chief of the Village. They too — at first — sat about me on mats, slates in hand till the Ink came and desks too. I found it easier to point the finger and say “You” than to call upon *Manogi Vetu* : *Tumitimea* : *Hakeagala* and *Liuvaie* to take their turn. I think both young and grown up loved their geography lesson, before a huge map of the World the Government had given me.

White folk write a letter of excuse for their children’s absence. Here is a Niuean letter which I cherish greatly. “*Please you don’t be angry for me. I’m sorry because I did not come to school last Friday. I hope to see you again by and by. That’s all my loving master. I’m Foli haké, lazyman.*” I must not forget to tell you about that Ink. I always filled the wells before morning school and was astonished at the way it disappeared. By next morning most of the wells were almost dry. I put it down for some time to the great heat and evaporation (ask your Teacher for this). One boy’s well however was drained dry so I tackled him for the cause. Without any hesitation he replied, “We like your ink, it is such a lovely drink!” So it was the scholars not the sun who drew so heavily on my supply. I warned them that if they changed too fully from coconut milk to Ink they might have to go back to their slates and slate pencils. The horror of such a thing soon worked wonders. They loved their copy books and some were sent by request to a great Exhibition <sup>143</sup> in Europe. They deserved it.

#### 47. A Devoted Brother <sup>144</sup>

*La(n)giholo* told this tale of the Years gone by.

*Lefutogia* was a youth of Tafiti, between whom and his sister *Nukai* there was deep affection. They felt it much when *Lupekovi*, a great man from the same south of the land, even from Hakūpu, sought her, claimed her in marriage, and bore her off to another home. Not long after, *Lefutogia* made journey thither and was warmly welcomed by his old-time play mate. But things were not as they should be. This did not take long to see. *Lupekovi* was treating her harshly, berating her with angry words and laying upon her heavy tasks. The soul of *Lefutogia* was moved to protest, yet was he but a youth and had not strength to fight. Therefore he returned to Tafiti, full of love for his poor sister and of hate for the man her husband. He should pay for it, even if it took years for the reckoning. Now did that youth of Fatiau which is in the Chieftainship of Tafiti start in to train himself for the fight to the death which was to come, strengthening his muscles in many ways, learning of his elders how to cast the spear and to wield the deadly club. All Fatiau wondered to see the youth so keen yet kept he his secret in his heart. One special test of strength he set himself, and when he should succeed in that, then settled he that *Lupekovi* should be taught his lesson and his

<sup>143</sup> Possibly the [National Colonial Exhibition](#) in Marseille in 1922

<sup>144</sup> This story is told, with slight changes, in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, Tales of Romance #34, *A Devoted Brother*.

dear sister should know peace. He had his private training quarters at *Tanu*, in a cave close to the sea and there he exercised most strenuously none interfering. Hither he brought a huge bowl of oval shape, so large that he could but just stretch his arms across to grasp and lift. Sinking this in a pool in the cave so that it was just covered, he made this bowl the test. When he should be able to lift it bodily out and raise it to his head water and all, then was he *Lupekovi*'s match : the day of days have come. Great was his devotion nor thought he of desisting even as the months passed by and still that bowl remained his master. But meantime he became a wonder in long range fighting and in close. Who in *Fatiau* could cast the spear now as this youth? Who could evade the blows of clubs as cleverly as he? And now the years passed on and the youth became a man. Behold! his beard grew and he felt within himself his strength was likewise growing. Now could he lift the bowl clear of the pool, now could he lift it to his knees, now could he lift it to his shoulders nor spill one drop. Then came that he had worked for all these years, when he passed the test completely, a wondrous day for him. Now stood he upon the cliff looking towards where his dear sister dwelt, he called upon both her and his god for triumph. Squaring his now broad shoulders and sparring with those great muscled arms, he thrust his beard in his mouth, true Niuean sign of fury, and dashed down to his task.

To *Hakupu* he made his way by stealth and had long interview with his weary sister. He would not slay his enemy in his sleep : it was to be a fair and open fight. *Lupekovi* should know nothing till the sister should hear her brother's voice calling out a challenge. "For you O Sister dear, deep in grief as you are, I shall come on a day when rain falls not ceaselessly as now but in passing showers. When I call, come forth, make answer : then tell *Lupekovi* to come forth with spear and club, for the avenger of your wrongs is nigh." So was it. Ere many days the lighter rains began and the woman sitting on her mat within the grass covered home heard a voice she knew and loved calling, "*Nukai*, Sister mine, Where art thou? Where can *Lupekovi* be found?" She rose, went forth and made answer so that all could hear. "O Brother of mine, *Lupekovi* hath wrung from me the secret. He is here and even now hasteneth to meet you in the death struggle." It was on the Village Green they met, the Challenged and the Challenger. That was a terrific fight, *Hakupu* never saw so terrible a battle : Old veteran against young manhood. But Love and Right were on *Lefutogia*'s side and *Lupekovi* fell at last to rise no more. Thus was *Nukai* avenged for her wrongs : and the devoted brother led her back through the forest and the well worn trail to *Fatiau* her first home, and there in peace and happiness she dwelt for long.

Note. It was on that same Village Green I once saw a fearsome battle, not of man to man, but a bunch of women! I'm glad that you were not there to see it.

#### 48. On Leaving School

I think that I can hear you saying, "Now just think of writing to us a Tale about leaving school when it seems like Xmas and our Birthdays with all their joys (and presents too) as if it will never come. What a day that will be when we say goodbye to our Teachers, thanking them for all their kindness and their help, and to our fellow boys (or girls), put our books in our satchels (or our trunk) and leave school for good. We shall feel like another person than ourselves, no more classes to attend whether we want to or not, no more Orders to do this and that, no more Drill or forced Practice at what (or on what) we have grown so tired. That will be a Great Day, a Red Letter Day <sup>145</sup> indeed when we "leave School."

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<sup>145</sup> A [red letter day](#) is any day of special significance. The term originates from Medieval church calendars.



True enough you will leave a certain school, a particular building with a particular name to it, but let me tell you very plainly and very clearly that you NEVER, NEVER do “leave school,” you leave only to enter another School with a name no other school can use. Schools have their Names of course to differentiate them one from another. At Home there is Eton School, Harrow School, Marlborough School and many hundreds of others, in Canada the same and so in Victoria and there is a reason for every name given. You are naturally very interested in University School <sup>146</sup> and so before I tell you more of the school you will one day enter I feel sure you may like to know how it got its Name. I do not think anyone in Victoria really knows, for the 2 who started its career with me are dead and have left no word as far as I can learn and I doubt if I have ever told it to others.

The first school in Victoria, long, long years ago, long before there were such places as Public Schools, was “The Collegiate.” It had its Ups and Downs. At one time it was like a candle blown out, it disappeared. Then all of a sudden Up it came again. That was a strange thing for a School to do — like a Jack-in-the Box. That old School was below the Cathedral near the large tide-swamp now filled up, and for games the boys had to go to Beacon Hill. It was alive when we thought it time that Victoria should have a really large school, with large buildings and large playing grounds, much larger all round than the Collegiate. Now what should be its Name? We thought of many but none seemed quite the thing. Then it came into my head, “What is larger than a College? Why of course a University,” and they agreed with me that that would be an excellent Name, so it was adopted. If the Collegiate has disappeared again, you know and I don’t. It had a fine record of which it ought to be proud, it taught and trained and turned out fine boys into fine men who served and maybe still are serving their City and their great Province well. I think our was a fine name and a grand one but the finest and grandest name of all is the name of the School you will enter when, as you say, you “leave school,” the School named **LIFE**, the School you will never leave as long as you live, the School I am still attending everyday, learning, learning something more. It has a Staff just like other Schools, the Headmaster (or Mistress) is Teacher Experience, a wonderful Teacher, unsurpassable in adding to one’s knowledge. Then there is Teacher Reading, always at books and magazines and papers full of useful information, who passes it on to you. I am very fond of that Teacher and hope you also will be. Then there is another very fine Teacher for those who have the time to spare and can pay the rather heavy fees, named Travel who is perfectly delightful and just pours out information till you feel quite dazed, whose Classes you never tire of attending. I could give you others but you will, I hope, live to begin to meet them one and all on that Red Letter Day when you “leave school” to enter the far greater one. Your name, like every other boy (or girl) is already down on the list of Candidates for Entrance, and in but a few years (though you may think them many) you will step into that vast building with other untold, countless millions, a man (a woman) your tender years behind you, with Life ahead of you to Make or Mar.

Foreswear to yourself now, ere you “leave school” for that other one, that it shall not be the latter. It is up to you. You must fight those things that would hinder you and drag you down, **Alone**, **Alone**, with your own Conscience your Counsellor.

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<sup>146</sup> In 1906, WWB co-founded the University School (now [St. Michaels University School](#)) in Victoria, British Columbia with Mr James Clark ‘Barney’ Barnacle. Then in 1908, Queen’s School in Vancouver moved to Victoria and amalgamated with University School. J.C. Barnacle was Headmaster from 1906 to 1923. WWB was Warden from 1906 to 1920 and Headmaster from 1925 to 1928. The Headmaster of Queen’s, Capt. Rupert Valentine Harvey, was Warden from 1908 to 1914. University School and St. Michael’s School amalgamated in 1971.



## 49. Of Travel

It is my earnest hope that someday you may be able to travel and see this wonderful globe in the sky which we call The World and on which we live. There are so many different lands and so much that each one holds for you that it is no easy matter where to begin. I think everybody should first travel in and over their own Land so Canada from end to end is your proper beginning. Then comes ●<sup>147</sup> Oh! horrors! here's a huge Blot in my Manuscript (Hand Written) and whose fault is it? Not M<sup>r</sup> Nib's but mine. I am sure that you feel ready to jump clear off your seat when you make a Blot in your Copy book. You say, "Now what will Teacher say?" and blame your pen. That is not fair. It is not his fault but yours. You did a shameful thing, you made him Drunk and drunken people often do really shameful and disgusting things. So always blame yourself. You may say, "Why don't you take a new sheet of paper and start again?" No! No! that would be to hide my faults and make it appear as if I never made mistakes. We should never hide our faults. Correct them Yes but never pretend that we have none. So I leave it here for you to see and be shocked at. Now what was I going to say when that horrible black spot appeared and has upset me and quite right too : I deserve it. Oh! Yes! After Canada there should come that loveliest of all Islands — England. When folk speak of England their thought centres round London which though the greatest and most wonderful City in the World is not the England I am thinking of any more than Paris is France. It is when you leave London and ramble in the countryside, the country towns and villages that you see how lovely England is. What a treat is in store for you! and the more you know of England's Past the more entrancing your visit will be. The very ruins are not ugly sores but add beauty to the landscape. Yes! England surely next.

Now there comes a matter which may help you to decide Where next? Your geography book has told you of the "Zones," there are the Frigid, the Temperate and the Torrid. Which do you prefer? If the first, Alaska calls you, if the Temperate keep to those lands within it and there are plenty for a lifetime's wandering, if the Torrid rank first therein the Great South Sea. It is hot but it is free from those deadly sicknesses that await you in Africa and India (ask your Teacher for their names) and you have the lovely sea breezes ever with you, no parched land or deserts. Keep South and not on the Line which means the Equator itself. You will be quite hot enough but if you want to be all sizzled up, done brown and well nigh fried alive, make for Singapore. You will have all you want and more. Perhaps when you are Grown Up you will have fallen in love with that terrible word Archaeology (get out your Dictionary) and want to wander among the remains of ancient cities. That never has appealed to me but it may to you, who knows? You will be off to see Nineveh and Babylon and many another place you have heard of in Holy Writ. One thing you should have with you, the most important of all your baggage, a Camera which now you should learn to handle perfectly. That is where I made a Great Mistake and it is too late now, so take warning. With its records you will not have to recall by your good memory when you are very very old what Travel has shown you but there before you lies the scene itself. If nowadays you love to study your Atlas book as I did when at school then sure I am that Someday you will wander o'er the World.

P.S. Please forgive that Blot!

## 50. Of the Lure of the Great South Sea

Do you ask What is a Lure? When you set a trap with a nice piece of toasted cheese, that is a Lure which that little rascal cannot resist. So also a lamp light is a Lure which the foolish moth must willy-nilly burn its gossamer wings upon. But we also have our Lures, some good, some bad. There

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<sup>147</sup> At this point in the text there is indeed a huge blot of about 0.5 cm in diameter.

are many persons who cannot resist a very bad Lure which is called “Drink.” I hope that you will never, never be drawn by that Lure. I can say that to you because I have never “Drank,” and that is why I am so strong and healthy though so very old. But when I have not been very well I have always taken a little dose of the horrid stuff like I used to have to do when given Castor Oil before chemists made it almost nice to take. I do not have to ask a Doctor for I know — like animals know different leaves and grasses — that it is medicine Nature has provided for us. But it is never a Lure to me.

Countries and Places have their Lure for us. They call and call and we cannot resist. Perhaps it is their loveliness or their memories which, try as we will, we cannot put away, so we return again and maybe yet again. I know that Lure : you may know it perhaps someday. It is a Feeling inside you hard to put into words. Examples best explain it, so mine will serve. I was roaming in the New Hebrides when word reached me that my helping hand was needed amongst you.<sup>148</sup> That was the Call of Duty, so I readily obeyed and cheerfully — though I left my heart behind. It would be like you if you had to go to far away England for education. You would go because it was your Duty and would be happy there and work hard, but all the time your heart would be Overseas where dear Mother and Daddy were. You would have the Lure of Return ever with you, and neither work nor play could silence its appeal. So when I returned to be again amongst my own dear flesh and blood and friends who overwhelmed me with their kindness there was ever ringing in my ears a Cry from the Great South Sea. It was those loveable natives of Polynesia calling, “Oh! Come back! Come back! You belong to us now and we want you.” Day and night that Cry could not be silenced. I knew that it would have so to be, that somehow, somewhere amongst them there was work for me to do : but it must not be till my helping hand was no longer needed which would have been to desert my Duty, and Duty comes First in your and my Life, even above Love. Having seen far stronger, abler hands than mine take the helm, that longing, lonesome Cry had right of place for the years that might still be mine. To serve others, especially those below our own grade and standing will I hope ever be your Joy too. So I took ship once more, and sailed away down South to those Isles of Perpetual Sunshine whose Lure had gripped me in its arms from which there was no escape. As with me, so has it been with countless others. If it be your lot in years to come, may it be to like perfect happiness. Though it may mean loss of Country and of Home, of lifelong friends and loved ones, all in measure is made up for, not in wasted years of idleness but in useful and unselfish work for others who need you in your Old Age.

## 51. Of Nan King

I carry with me wherever I go a little Safe, strongly built but not heavy. It is not to protect either money or jewels from thieves, but for quite another purpose. It has a stout lock and is full of little drawers all labelled. Everybody the whole world over carries that same Safe for it is Memory, but some people are careless, leaving the door open and the drawers too and away fly the notes lying there never to be regained. So today I went to the little drawer marked China and saw some notes there about *Nan-King* and thought that you might be interested in them, so have copied them out, not all of course but enough this time. Nan-King was once the Capital of South China just as Pe-King was the capital of North China. It was a large, interesting City when I stayed there,<sup>149</sup> enclosed in a huge and lofty mud wall so broad on the top that carriages could be driven along it round the town. What it looks like now after savage bombardment from Air and men of war on the

<sup>148</sup> WWB returned to Victoria in 1925, where he was Headmaster of University School until he departed for Tahiti in 1928.

<sup>149</sup> WWB visited [Nanking](#) in June 1913 during his trip from Victoria to England.

mighty Yangtze I cannot say.<sup>150</sup> I like to think of it only as I saw it. That wall was Twenty miles round its circumference and Seventy feet high! and it had thirteen great gates in it. Out of one I made my way to the Ming Tombs only a mile or so from the City which lie on a lonely mountainside with trees here and there and a Temple at the entrance reached by marble steps of great width. For (I think) the last mile along the plain leading to the Tombs huge stone animals line the way on either side. What I could not understand at first was the number of boys about those gigantic dromedaries and elephants. They were there ready to bet you a coin that they would lodge a pebble on the back of the animal. I was quite ready to bet that they couldn't. Lots slid off but I lost till those young brigands were quite assured that they had a fine tuck in of candies when they got home. I am sending you two snaps which I have carried with me for 20 years and will now entrust them to your safekeeping for long years to come. A nice American who was staying in Nan-King at the same hostel as I was, took them as we went about together. He would have me appear in each. Do take great care of them. One shows you the size of those stone figures : the other shows you the roof of a house with its scooped ending.<sup>151</sup> That scoop is to throw the "devils" off before they can climb down and get in through the doors to scare the inmates. As you must surely know the Chinese are terribly frightened of demons and devils which of course is absurd. None have ever been seen or ever will be. I hope you are sensible enough not to believe in "ghosts" either. I thought of going up the river from Shanghai to Nan-King but instead went by land along the banks of a canal which ran for miles. I was glad for I saw fishing done without rod or line or bait. Alongside a flat bottomed boat a row of cormorants sat on a long pole. One by one over they went diving, and sure enough up they came with a fine fish pierced through with their sharp beak. Each had a ring of metal round its neck so small that the bird could not possibly swallow its catch. I am sure you will not call that Sport. Those black feathered birds looked very disconsolate at working so well and getting nothing for it, but I hope those fishers are well fed before going to roost. Poor Nan-King! it had been laid in ruins again and again, but its motto seems to be "Never say die" so once more it may rise.

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<sup>150</sup> The [Battle of Nanking](#) began after the fall of Shanghai on October 9, 1937, and ended with the fall of the capital city of Nanking on December 13, 1937 to Japanese troops.

<sup>151</sup> The latter photograph is missing.

**Plate 7. Nanking, June 1913**



**52. Of the Monument of Tears**

It was a long, long journey to see it, but I made it, clear across the Continent of Asia. Here was I in Korea and that Monument was just as you step from Asia into Europe. It seemed strange how few had seen or even heard of it, and so that you at least may know of it I will lead you — of course only in imagination — to the spot; for you may perhaps never thither wend your way as was my good fortune many years ago.

When I was a boy at school lurid reports and tales reached us in England of the cruelties and horrors existing in far away Siberia where men and women, Russian prisoners, were exiled and dragging out a miserable existence. To me and I think to most, Siberia was nothing but a land of snow, its rivers ice bound, fit land only for wolves and Esquimaux. There we were wholly wrong. I have crossed it, so I know. True, like your own Canada, the great northern space is an Arctic region but south of that, in general, it is a lovely land. Where wild flowers grow and cattle graze, great rivers flow majestically in all directions, hordes of natives have their homes there, the only blot on the scene those still exiled heartbroken convicts.

To tell you of all that I saw and learned upon my way to that almost unknown Monument would well nigh make a book, but we must really halt at some spots which I think may be of interest to you and not be too impatient to reach the Monument and learn its story. Not far from Harbin there is the little insignificant hamlet but famous as the birthplace <sup>152</sup> of one of the World's Human Monsters, Genghis Khan the Tartar who with his legions swept over Asia and Europe carrying

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<sup>152</sup> In Chapter II of *Across Siberia* in *Tales of Roaming*, WWB refers to "a little hamlet, famous as the birth place of the Tartar Conqueror Genghis Khan" between Harbin and Qiqihar. However, [Genghis Khan](#) is thought to have been born in modern-day northern Mongolia, not far from the current capital, Ulaanbaatar.

death and destruction, till his dominion reached from the Arctic to the Himalayas, from the Pacific to the Danube. We have such Monsters with us today alas! (ask your Teacher) but their day like his is ever short. The deep blue waters of Lake Baikal tell of its almost fathomless depth, a sheet of fresh water 40 miles across where sturgeon abound and hair seals live. Today one skirts along its steep southern end, formerly steamers plied upon what looks far more like a Sea. Near *Taiga* is *Tomsk* (a university town) with the splendid Shrine of a Holy Man <sup>153</sup> who is believed to have been the Czar Alexander I who fled his capital and became a hermit.

And now the Ural Mountains hove in sight, no snow peaked range, neither rocky nor stupendous, the rather, round shouldered and abounding in red firs. Up, up one slowly climbs to reach the summit (nigh *Ourjounka*) where the old-time trail for men and caravans capped the top : and rising exactly on the summit stands the great white marble Monument, tapering upwards. <sup>154</sup> On one side facing East, clear cut in huge black lettering, reads ASIA, on the other side facing West reads EUROPE. It was here that the long trails of exiled men and women, chained together like beasts of burden, flung themselves down, as grief stricken they bade farewell to the Land of their birth and entered the dreaded and unknown Siberia. Rightly is it called the Monument of Tears. Their heartbroken Way can still be clearly seen as up and down the Ural Range they plodded along with brutal guards to urge them on. They have Passed but your and my sympathy for them can never die : 'twas high privilege for me to echo their lamentations as I passed with a lingering heart that Monument of Tears.

### 53. A Native Play <sup>155</sup>

I feel sure that you love going to the theatre and seeing charming actors and actresses play their parts, so I will give you the story of a truly wonderful theatre and Play which I attended at *Fagalo* on the island of Savaii (Samoa). The whole thing was arranged in honour of the Governor and his party of whom I was one. The theatre was a copra shed, the Stage, the Stalls (for us), the Pit and the Gallery were all on the same level. There was a policeman at the door to see that none but ourselves got in free tho' the charge was very small : yet even at that I saw one youngster shedding off his only garment in the hope thereby of being charged still less. The Band (for selections given at the intervals) consisted of guitars, ukeleles, a violin and an ear splitting trumpet, whilst an old lady nearly square both in face and figure, very light of garment but furnished with a perpetual smile and a necklace of ivory toothpicks introduced each Scene. But no mortal, even a native could have possibly untangled the knot the actors got into. The hour of commencement was 8 pm, kerosene lamps the lighting, and we should have been there all night had not the Square Faced Lady thought it best, at long last to draw (not drop) the curtain "for keeps," and leave the conclusion to each one's imagination. The Plot centred round King George V <sup>156</sup> and Queen Mary. Not a man however took part therein, tho' there were far more "males" upon that stage than there were "females." The apparel those women had devised to disguise their ample frames was beyond

<sup>153</sup> [Feodor Kuzmich](#) (or Kozmich) was a hermit who emerged in Siberia in 1836 and died in the vicinity of Tomsk in 1864. He was glorified as a saint of the Orthodox Church and was believed to have been [Alexander I \(1777–1825\)](#) under an assumed identity.

<sup>154</sup> The current monument on the [Trans-Siberian Railway](#) separating Europe and Asia is located near [Yekaterinburg](#). However, the earliest route of the Trans-Siberian Railway bypassed Yekaterinburg and went through [Chelyabinsk](#) to the south; this is the route on which WWB travelled in 1913. The Monument of Tears was located between [Zlatoust](#) and [Miass](#), near Chelyabinsk. *Ourjounka* is the spelling found in French texts; *Urzhumka* is found in English texts; the Cyrillic is *Уржумка*. For photos of the Urzhumka Station and the Monument of Tears, see Part X, *Tales of Roaming, Across Siberia*, Chapter IV.

<sup>155</sup> See also *Royalty and a Bad Mix Up*, in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>156</sup> [George V \(1865–1936\)](#)



description. They were “quick change” actors too, their robing room at the back fairly well walled off by huge banana and coconut leaves. I tried hard to keep tab on the number of Acts, am sure there were 5 whilst each Act had separate Scenes so bewilderingly quick in succession that I lost all count. My good friend Chief *Iiga* sat beside me and did his best to interpret but he too got lost and another Chief on my other side fared just as badly. It appeared that Queen Mary had become the mother of a baby son. The Rag Baby was wrought on the stage and hugged and kissed by all. But somehow or other Prince Edward got lost or was stolen. The Queen however now appears with another baby, but grown up, Princess Mary to whom she announced that she is about to die and gives her daughters a bracelet. We see her no more. Mary sleeps at a table. A thief comes up out of the floor and steals the bracelet. That was too much for us all. The House could scarcely restrain itself (and we too) from shouting, “Stop thief!” and rushing the stage which would surely have led to a free fight but the old lady sensed the danger and drew the curtain. In comes the King and tells his daughter that he is about to marry “President Wilson’s married daughter”! The girl and all of us cried “Shame” and in return she tells him that she has a Lover whom she proposes to marry. The Pit roared out, “Go to it.” The Maid and her Lover appear and as they dance a hornpipe in rush police who grab the Lover and carry him off to “Rome”! Mary prepares herself by a hearty meal — eaten before us — and a large drink (*Iiga* told me it was raspberry vinegar) to walk from Samoa to Rome to see her Beloved One but in the mountains she is seized by robbers, when lo! one of the gang is the Rag Baby her brother and there was going to be a real fight for his sister between him and the rest, when every one of us — save the Governor — rose in our seats eager and ready to join in but that old Square Face cried out, “Hold, hold, there’ll be real murder, we’ll best cut out the rest” and drew that curtain so deftly that none of us had yet gained the stage. It was for the best for Samoans are husky fellows and their women likewise and ukeles and a brass trumpet are ugly weapons in a “free for all.” That was a fine Play, my summary does it but the faintest justice. Each scene was brightened by pithy remarks and dancing; and of one thing I am confident that if that Play despite its crudeness was produced on Victoria’s Stage it would surely “bring down the house.”

## 54. Of Scenes Unforgettable

As you pass through Life you will meet with scenes which you can never forget. I do not mean sad ones such as Partings and Death but happy ones, full of picturesqueness, maybe of persons, maybe of places, happenings all unexpected, photographed on your mind and memory for all your days. Of some such vivid scenes keeping only to persons, I would like to tell you which have happened to me : too beautiful and striking to be lost when I pass on. They have sprung on me at all sorts of places and at all sorts of times.

I can never forget one early summer morning at *Chel-ia-binsk* in Siberia. A Russian military Governor had arrived by train from S<sup>t</sup> Petersburg. I was standing on the platform as he stepped down. A tall handsome old man with curled snow white moustaches, and a beard brushed fiercely apart. Resplendent with medals, robed in a lovely light blue cloak and a military cap with a perfect blend of light and dark blue, the latter on its crown. Awaiting for him was a Detail of mounted Cossacks all superbly horsed, and a *drovsky* <sup>157</sup> with 3 of the most lovely grey steeds one could ever hope to see. The middle one (under the Arch which was inlaid with ivory) stood pawing to be off, the others free of shafts mad to get going. When at last the great man stepped into the carriage, soldiers saluted, men doffed their caps, the Detail swept round to clear the way, the 3 Grey Beauties sprang into the air, their silver bells clashing in perfect harmony — and he was gone.

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<sup>157</sup> An open four-wheeled horse-drawn passenger carriage, formerly used in Russia.



I had reached Auckland New Zealand in my roamings and attended the ordinary morning service at S<sup>t</sup> Mary's (?) Cathedral. <sup>158</sup> My seat was close to a side door entrance, not the main one. Just as the City's clocks struck 11 a.m. there entered close to me a man slight of height but erect and of most pleasing features. He was clean shaven and dressed in ordinary Sunday garb. He did not look around but moved quietly forward, evidently quite at home in that Church. At once and simultaneously the whole large congregation rose and remained standing till the newcomer reached his pew and knelt him down. It was Admiral Jellicoe. <sup>159</sup> He had borne a mighty burden a few years back : his duty to keep the High Seas open for the Motherland and her daughters. He had fulfilled his task, and here in far off New Zealand his fellow <sup>160</sup> men, and women would show their <sup>161</sup> deep respect and gratitude. I cannot say if other saviours of their country are thus treated, but that spontaneous act of love gave me a thrill, quite unforgettable.

And now of one of late years, a joy to see tho' a tragedy for another. He was my dear friend but had got into serious trouble through his bad temper. He was to be tried in a Court of Justice. His spirit was crushed, his strength was sapped. I went alone with him, he would have no one else. To mount the many steps was quite beyond him, my strong arms supported him. He was granted a chair before the Judge and I stood by his side. To be sentenced he was obliged to stand. He gamely tried but sank back. So in my arms I held him so as to face the Judge; he held his head up bravely as I bid him do, but all his weight was on me. But what a privilege was mine and what a scene! He is dead now and I tend his grave in a native village near here. Poor fellow, what bad temper cost him! but it gave rise to that Court scene which I think must be well nigh unique and certainly unforgettable. Let these suffice. Mine are of the Past : Yours are yet to come : may they be as welcome to recall in your Old Age.

## 55. Of Oahu Island (O-r-hoo) (1) <sup>162</sup>

Poor Oahu! it is like many a mother with a famous daughter — actress or singer. Everybody knows of the daughter but the mother who gave her life no one knows or gives a thought to. All the civilized world knows of that amazing city of Honolulu but very few could tell you the name of the island on which it stands. Now I was not going to treat the mother like that, so during my many months stay, I paid it my respects, walking over one hundred miles round its coast and clear down its centre from north to south, and found it far more entrancing than the bustling city. I think you may like to know some of the happenings and scenes upon my lonely pilgrimage and should you, someday, travel thither you will have a little guide book at your hand to see and enjoy Oahu for yourself. Leaving Honolulu and heading south past towering Diamond Head bristling with its guns I came to an amazing Fish pond, amazing in its size and in its fish. Their colouring is quite beyond me to describe and it seemed shameful that they were there in their thousands, doomed for the cooking pots of the City. Now for the Lighthouse on a high rocky Point where I found one of its keepers was a Londoner like myself. They were very courteous and took me up to the gallery round the light for the glorious view of sea and other islands. The huge crater 20 miles round on Maui loomed in the distance and Damien's leper island (ask your teacher about him and it) could be clearly seen. No road now, so a long clamber over rough lava rock with a precipice on one side took me down into a valley where sugarcane thrived and the heat was terrific. I had noted that valley

<sup>158</sup> The church in Auckland was indeed [S<sup>t</sup> Mary's](#).

<sup>159</sup> Admiral of the Fleet [John Rushworth Jellicoe \(1859–1935\)](#) was a British Royal Navy admiral who commanded the Grand Fleet at the Battle of Jutland in World War I. He served as Governor-General of New Zealand from September 1920 to November 1924.

<sup>160</sup> WWB has *fellows*.

<sup>161</sup> WWB has *their their*.

<sup>162</sup> See also *Oahu's South* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

from the steamer as we approached Oahu. Here was a mill, a school, some cottages and a couple of Chinese stores and I thought a drink of lemonade was justified. Then more climbing as the mill road twisted and turned as it wound its way up to strike the main road, where you have your choice UP to the left and Honolulu, DOWN to the right and the East Coast. Let us take the latter and so reach *Kan e o he* where there are lovely underwater coral gardens with those same multi-colored fish enjoying themselves, and the countryside a maze of banana groves and pineapple, a flat land now. As I neared the next village *Wai-a-ho-le* I noticed what looked like a huge black snake crawling up the hillside to the central plateau. Really, it is a pipe 3 feet wide carrying water upwards to the thirsty land above. No visitor mounted or afoot should miss the stretch from here to *Ha a ūla*, it is the most picturesque part of Oahu : the mountain side clothed in green of many hues from trees and shrubs, the water side with its foaming breakers on the reef, fields where cattle graze, Churches along the way each with its little tower, many a pretty bungalow peeping out upon you, water buffaloes which seemingly count 10 between each step as they plough the muddy rice fields, children quaintly clad on their way to or from their school; then *Ka ha na* Bay round which you go passing thro' a park land at its head — like the deer park at Richmond or Windsor — and so to the Rest House in Haaula where mine Host — a Swiss and his good wife a Belgian — received me courteously, carried out his flaring advertisement “Good Eats here” and gave me bed of down embowered in mosquito net. There was yet full 30 miles to cover of the East Coast, so let us take a good rest here ere we pay a visit to the “Sacred Falls” and so forge northwards. <sup>163</sup>

## 56. Of Oahu Island (2) <sup>164</sup>

A visit to the “Sacred Falls” of Haaūla <sup>165</sup> is not easy going, either up or down, there is nothing for it but to wade the stream. There is a pool, and on the water's way to the sea there are 14 “Stations” or natural Stone Altars, on which native Hawaiians place leaves, with a stone atop to keep them from suddenly departing. The appeal is thus made for aid to some Old Time God who took refuge here from *Pélé*'s wrath who was hunting him over hill and dale with her volcanic fire and ashes. Old beliefs and customs oft die hard even among Christian People. So on to the Highway once again. Here was Blue Grass <sup>166</sup> as in Kentucky (U.S.A.) and of course many a horse ranch (ask your Teacher of this). Now came Laie the Mormon Settlement. Just as I saw long years ago in Salt Lake City, so here with the Mormon's usual energy and tidiness there are broad avenues, neat cottages, well cut lawns, ferns, flowers and welcome shade trees, and in the centre of all this pleasing site their Temple stands of weirdest architecture, but then they are a weird sect. I was told that when I reached the Wireless Station at *Kahuku* I should stand at the northeast corner of the island, and a few miles further on, clear on the north coast I should find *Pu'u o Mahuka* — if I could reach it — one of Oahu's Cities of Refuge of olden time. It lay upon the Headland of *Waimea* at the brow of the promontory, a sheer drop of 700 feet to the flat land below, the climb to reach the summit a stiff and winding one. There were other Cities of Refuge on Oahu but this one served for the north. The walls are in ruins but show 2 enclosures, why 2 none seem able to explain. All shelters have gone. It was very lonely up there as I roamed around. There was still a Temple (in ruins) to be found before I covered the last 5 miles to *Haleiwa* where another Rest Home awaited me the day's tramp done. I found *Kupopolo* none to guide me. At its back was a high bank, and its front and sides had a wall to keep out intruders. Those broken stones gave me the cue, but I had to break thro' some dense shrubbery to reach where the Altar of Sacrifice once stood. When heathenism was abolished, the

<sup>163</sup> [Father Damien \(1840–1889\)](#). [Kaneohe](#). [Haaūla](#). [Richmond](#). [Windsor](#).

<sup>164</sup> See also *Oahu's West and North* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>165</sup> [Sacred Falls State Park](#) was closed indefinitely after a fatal rock fall in May 1999 in the canyon where the waterfall is located.

<sup>166</sup> Possibly [Blue buffel grass \(Pennisetum polystachion\)](#).

natives made havoc with all connected with it. There is a fine beach at Haleiwa, a river of fair size running into the sea there, and on its bank a really up to date Hotel embowered in palms and shrubbery. The West coast which runs from *Kaena* Point (not far from the Hotel) to Diamond Head is not inviting to the wayfarer. True there is *Makūa* with its Barking Sands. At a distance these sands look no different from any other but they really are tiny shells which under a certain degree of dampness and a certain wind, explode and bark like a dog. They refused to bark when I was there. There is Pearl Harbour the great Naval Station and mills with their lofty stacks, everything modern and bustling. So back to Haleiwa and down the Centre, away from noise was what now remained with 30 miles to go. Ah! and what a road, no narrow, dusty one, but a broad and well oiled one, a joy to walk upon, not a loose stone, nor sign of dust. Sugarcane all the way and golden gadflies for companions. A gentle upgrade for 7 miles at first, till one reaches “the height of land” then sugar turns to pineapples. Far as my eyes could reach there were miles upon miles of pineapple, and the whole countryside alive with busy folk, weeding, ploughing, burning, loading for the mills. One had to watch out for speeding autos on that glorious Highway.

And in the very heart of Oahu I came upon the vast Schofield Barracks (ask your Teacher for particulars). The miles increased in number, the distance decreased to Zero as Honolulu’s lights brightened the night time skyline. And so the long, long tramp was over : but Mother Oahu I can ne’er forget for I fell in love with her upon the way, and still am so though Fate forbids our meeting.<sup>167</sup>

## 57. Of Mormons (1)

The World is full of strange and funny people, as you will see for yourself as you grow up. Amongst the strangest are the Mormons whom I have mentioned in a former tale. They are of our own white race, by far the most of them Americans, and they are the chief inhabitants of the large State of Utah with their beautiful city of Salt Lake its capital, lying by the shores of that vast sheet of water where, far away from the sea, you will see flocks of seagulls swooping overhead. Fifty years ago<sup>168</sup> I was a visitor there and stayed at a lovely and sumptuously furnished home known as the “Beehive House” but also the “Amelia Palace.”<sup>169</sup> You may wonder why and if she was a Queen. I must tell you that they have their own special Bible which their Founder,<sup>170</sup> the first Mormon said he found the plates of, being told where to find them by an Angel!! No other person ever saw them and other heavenly visitors translated them for him little by little. That Founder was killed by a maddened populace where he lived in quite another State;<sup>171</sup> but a greater and still stronger Leader<sup>172</sup> took charge, and he with those who believed such non-sense (for it does not make Sense as it should to be true) trekked by ox wagon across the prairies till they reached a new, and open land where they still abide. He added much to their Bible, some things were really wise, others what he or his people wanted. One foolish one was what their Founder had also claimed, that Mormon men should have not One but many wives. This was the cause of serious trouble with the United States Government, but he kept adding to his wives — for he was very rich and could give

<sup>167</sup> [Pélé, Laie, Pu’u o Mahuka](#). WWB has *Puu-o-mahuha*. [Makūa](#). [Schofield Barracks](#).

<sup>168</sup> WWB wrote this Tale in October 1940, so he visited Salt Lake City about 1890, when he was living in San Francisco. For the circumstances of his travel to Salt Lake, see *Playing the Sleuth* in Part XII, *Memoirs of the Church of St Mary the Virgin, San Francisco*.

<sup>169</sup> [Beehive House](#). [Ameila Palace](#).

<sup>170</sup> [Joseph Smith, Jr. \(1805–1844\)](#)

<sup>171</sup> Smith was killed by a mob while awaiting trial in Carthage, Illinois, for charges of treason.

<sup>172</sup> [Brigham Young \(1801–1877\)](#)

them everything they wanted — till he had 2 dozen and more!! <sup>173</sup> Amelia was an imperious young woman and said that she was not going to live amongst the other wives in the “Lion House” a fine residence for anybody but must have a home of her own. So a far more splendid house was built, across the broad avenue, and there she “Queened” it over all the rest. But now the Country’s laws are obeyed <sup>174</sup> and there is peace and perfect order in that beautiful City. The Bee was chosen by their Leader as the Symbol of their Sect for he would have all his followers ever “busy as a bee.” We have the Lion as ours, others have the Eagle, just as Nations have Flowers as their Emblem, the Rose for us, the Thistle for Scotland, the Chrysanthemum <sup>175</sup> for Japan, the Fleur-de-Leys for France. Mormons want to convert all the world to believe the same as they do and are great missionaries. A century ago — all but 2 years — they came to Tahiti, <sup>176</sup> and I have found pair after pair of young men living on other islands in Polynesia. But just like the Christians, they also have quarreled among themselves and work apart. Here in Papeete we have 2 Tabernacles. One has over its front door a large Notice Board giving the name Mormons claim for themselves. You call yourself a “Christian.” What would you think if you had to say you are one of “The Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ”!! Saintly persons are very, very few in these Latter Days. Their Founder’s name was plain Joseph Smith : “Joseph Smithites” would have been terrible, fortunately he said he found the name of a great Leader of olden time in those “golden plates.” He was called the far better name of “Mormon” and that “find” fixed the matter.

I am sure that you will be ready to agree with me that they are indeed a strange and funny people.

## 58. Of Mormons (2)

The Sea is salt water, not fresh. It has a salty flavour and if perchance you have to gulp a little down whilst bathing it is none too bad. You doubtless love to dive and float, and emerge with your skin all glowing and smooth. But you would have quite a different experience were you “to go in for a swim” in Salt Lake City’s waters. I found it delightful as everybody does, but you must beware and would find those waters very strange. It is close akin to brine (see your dictionary). If by ill luck you get a mouthful of it when plunging in, you will be sad and sorry for yourself. To get it into your eyes would be terribly painful. You cannot possibly keep your body under for a long dive, you bob up at once like a cork. Some find floating quite a difficulty but never there, you lie flat out willy-nilly when you have a mind to. But the strangest thing is when you leave the water. Unless you use your towel instantly you find yourself covered with salt! Those with long hair have a bad time unless they avoid diving. Rowboats have to be sturdily built or they would quickly ruin. They cannot remain overnight in the water and have to be scoured down upon withdrawal. In a Rowing Club’s quarters I saw all sizes of sculling boats — (shells) ruined, twisted like a ram’s horn. Many a mile I rowed alone on those glassy waters beneath a blazing sun. Boatmen told me that it was dangerous because of strange undercurrents in what is really more like a small sea, but nothing happened. Utah will never run short of salt. They pump low reservoirs full of the lake’s water, the sun gets busy and in a few days, fine salt is shovelled into buckets by the ton. A strange people those Mormons with a still stranger Lake. <sup>177</sup> I must not forget however to tell you of one custom

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<sup>173</sup> Brigham Young married 55 wives of which 21 had never been married before, 16 were widows, six were divorced, six had living husbands and the marital status of six others are unknown. He had 56 children by 16 of his wives; 46 of his children reached adulthood.

<sup>174</sup> During the 1870s and 1880s, laws were passed to punish polygamists, and in the [1890 Manifesto](#), the LDS Church banned polygamy.

<sup>175</sup> WWB has *Crysanthemum*.

<sup>176</sup> Mormon Elders Noah Rogers and Benjamin Grouard arrived on Tahiti on 14 May 1844. See [Unto the Islands of the Sea: a History of the Latter-day Saints in the Pacific by R. Lanier Britsch \(Deseret Book, 1986\).](#)

<sup>177</sup> [Great Salt Lake.](#)

they have which we could well imitate. Everybody, either man or woman has to pay into the Treasury one tenth part of whatever they make of money or produce. That is why there is no poverty there and none go hungry. There are huge Store houses in the land to which farmers take a tenth part of all their farms' produce, perhaps flour or potatoes or maize or other things. All this is distributed to those in need. And so with all cash. My young barber told me that every weekend he took a tenth of his pay to the Treasury and was glad to do it. Fancy what a difference there would be in great cities or in small if that was done everywhere.

Another custom requires that every young man if chosen must serve for 2 (or 3?) years as a missionary abroad. Those I have seen or met with here or on other islands or lands are all fine young men spotlessly dressed, never touch liquor and extremely courteous. I think I have told you already that they <sup>178</sup> are never seen alone, always in pairs. The years over they return home and others take their place.

In that beautiful City of theirs with its clean broad avenues and shade trees there are 2 outstanding buildings, their Temple with its six spires and their Tabernacle which can seat nine thousand people : the former no one but a Mormon is ever allowed to enter but the huge Tabernacle is free to all and very marvellous it is with its egg shaped Dome unsupported by any pillars! Its acoustic (ask your Teacher) properties are quite as wonderful. Standing as I did at one end I could distinctly hear a button dropped by a friend at the other where he looked a midget! I hope that you will want to know more about this strange but interesting people. If so, those around you can "put you wise."

## 59. On "The Hell of the Pacific"

Mischievous boys when they rob an orchard know very well that if they are caught they will get a hide-ing. That is right enough. But what would you say if for stealing just one apple you were sentenced by a Judge to imprisonment for life! and transported by ship to a far off land never to return. That was what happened in the Homeland in the days of your great grandparents. Boys and girls as well as men and women were all "Convicts" and were landed in North America. Those were hard, cruel days when our forefathers had little mercy for one another and scoffed at Gentleness as Weakness. When the English in North America started their own new country the "United States" they said "No more convicts sent here" so the Homeland had to send these wretched people to the land just then discovered, the East half of Australia, to a site where now is the great City of Sydney with over one million inhabitants. But food was scanty and the really criminal ones among the convicts gave so much trouble that it was decided to separate them from the rest and send them to a lonely island 900 miles away called Norfolk Island by Capt Cook who discovered it. It is only 5 miles long by 3 miles wide with a high cliff all round it, a tableland of rich farm soil and in its centre a little mountain its summit easy to reach — which I often did <sup>179</sup> and saw below me the farms and the homes of the islanders, a lovely little isle. But in its first days of man's residence the story is too terrible and horrible to tell you. Someday you must read "*For the Term of his natural Life*" by Marcus Clark <sup>180</sup> : then you will know. Things were so awful that something had to be done. Every soul was removed to another lonely island — Tasmania and Norfolk island was once again uninhabited. But not for long, <sup>181</sup> for just then the close on 200 descendants of the Bounty Mutineers complained that Pitcairn island was now too small for them and the Motherland said, "You can go and live on Norfolk island," 2,200 miles away. So they went and are there to this day,

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<sup>178</sup> WWB has *there*.

<sup>179</sup> WWB visited [Norfolk Island](#) in 1924; see Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>180</sup> See [For the Term of His Natural Life by Marcus Clarke \(Melbourne, 1874\)](#)

<sup>181</sup> The last convicts were removed to Tasmania in May 1855, while the Pitcairn islanders arrived in June 1856.



a quiet people, half British, half Tahitian. They retain many Tahitian customs and love singing in chorus and dancing far better than hard work. Happiness rules where once was Misery : peace reigns where once a constant merciless war was waged between convicts and their guards. No longer does it deserve that terrible Title which was once all too true and was upon all lips in that far away part of the world till it was borne to the Homeland and made even hardhearted men in Authority see that something had to be done. Relics of the dread Past are to be seen today upon that entrancing little spot in the vast pacific Ocean. Still there stand the towering walls of the main prison at Kingston — just fancy giving the name King’s Town to a convict settlement!! — the cells have gone but you can see the entrances to the underground dungeons and the wells from which many a leg iron, many a ball and chain, many a handcuff has been recovered — and one of the latter was found for me. You walk on roads and across bridges “convict made.” You see where the gallows stood and mounds long and narrow where those wild spirits were laid, a glad end to their misery. This is a sad Tale but it is right that you should know, so that you may realize how good it is for you to be born in these later days and realizing “make good” your life by gentleness towards all.

## 60. Of Mangareva

Man-gar-ray-var : it sounds to me like a pretty name and runs smoothly off one’s tongue. But white men when they came across new islands would insist upon giving them European names. So nearly 150 years ago Captain Wilson called them — for they are really a ring of islands — the “Gambiers” after his good friend at home and a fine sailor man Admiral Lord Gambier <sup>182</sup> (see your Atlas). Untold centuries ago there was a huge volcano <sup>183</sup> there which sank into the sea, leaving here and there around its lip small patches of land. There are 10 of these in a circle but only 4 of any extent, *Rikite-a* the largest on which I stayed in years gone by and noted things which I think may now be of interest to you. When first seen there were thousands of natives crowded on the Group, now there are only 1500 altogether and the reason is very plain — white man’s folly. They had lived their own native life, very scanty covering, their homes of wicker work and grass and leaves. But missionaries came who unfortunately were born tyrants and ruled the simple natives with a rod of iron. Their bodies must be covered, wet or dry, their islands must have road cost what exhausting labour it may, and homes of coral rock and stone must be their homes with doors and windows — cause of deadly draughts. Soon they had colds and fevers, before unknown, and thousands became hundreds, and the few left today are not the bright, happy, laughing and carefree people of other Polynesian islands, yet are they very kind and courteous to strangers, especially the English for it was not us but mad Frenchmen who did the damage. France at last stepped in and banished them but it was then too late. Christianity cost the Mangarevans dear.

Each of the main islands has its coral built Church, raised for hundreds but attended today by a handful, but *Rikitea*’s is an amazing structure, vast in size, its twin towers rising square and high, all of coral hewn by hand out of the reefs, and dazzling in its whiteness. <sup>184</sup> Within is even more amazing. Its Altars are a lovely sight with their pearl shell work on the *Reredos* (the shelf at the back), all the colours of the rainbow glisten in the sunlight as it plays amongst them. There is moreover priceless treasure to be seen above the main Altar, for in the front of the Tabernacle (ask your Teacher) there is embedded a lovely pearl, the size of a pigeon’s egg. I doubt if there is such

<sup>182</sup> WWB’s maternal grandmother, Sophia Rose Pym, née Gambier, was the sixth daughter of Admiral Samuel Gambier, brother of Lord James Gambier; thus Lord Gambier was WWB’s great-great-uncle. See Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB, Genealogy*. See [Gambier Islands](#).

<sup>183</sup> WWB has *volcan*.

<sup>184</sup> See images of the church [here](#).



another in the world. It was given by the then King of the Group whose treasure trove it was, and had been found long years before in the pearling grounds of the one time crater. And in the side Altar of the Mother of Jesus (the Blessed Virgin Mary), whose Image is above it, the Figure has for a Crown a gorgeous tiara of pearls, the central one a fit companion to that of the main Altar. The flowers in the great vases are permanent, all made out of pearl shell, rose and blue and gold. There is room in that great building for 2000 but Rikitea today numbers but 500, and across its front between the twin towers — above the entrance doors there is to be read in huge lettering no name of Patron Saint but only this — “Quis ut Deus” (That will puzzle you I warrant!).<sup>185</sup>

What a sight was our deck when we sailed way; those generous folk well nigh swamped us : oranges and bananas, breadfruit and mangos, peach and pear, coffee beans by the sackful, to say nothing of the chickens and the pigs. In desperation we had to cry Enough Enough : then with many a handshake they let us go.

## 61. Of the Sweet Potato

What a strange vegetable? You will say : Fancy a potato tasting of sugar! You will not find it in cold or even in most cool countries. It loves and thrives best only in the Tropics, just the reverse of your ordinary one. Long months back I tried to grow the latter and took the greatest care of the rows. Soon up came the stalks and leaves and kept on growing like the poor roses which are fool'd by the perpetual summer and get no rest as yours do. Then came the day to gather the crop. With bucket and spade I uprooted the ground to find nothing! From all the rows I gathered just two small marbles, which I boiled in a tea cup of water. Since then I have kept to the sweet potato, the native name of which is “*Ku-ma-ra*.” Now you would hardly think it possible that it could and does tell a wonderful tale and has solved a mystery which has baffled learned men for many, many years. Where did the Polynesians — the Maoris, the Samoans, the Tongans, the Tahitians originally come from? Was it from the East or from the West. That they found these Thousand Islands inhabited their records show, but those natives were no fighters and the newcomers took over their islands and made slaves of the people. Book after book has been written to show that they came from Asia (see your map) but always there have been weak links in the evidence and the Polynesians were as much in the dark as the white man. Then the *Kumara* spoke up tho' it is only a humble vegetable and said, “Perhaps you will listen to me, for I hold the secret.” The sweet potato has ever been to all Polynesia, like the baker's bread is to us. It is not a vegetable of Asia, but a native one of South America! of Peru and Chile. It came in the great double sea canoes with the natives of those countries who set up their mat sails to venture out into the Great Unknown where there might be more room for them than on the crowded mainland.<sup>186</sup> Perhaps they intended to return — at least some of them, but it was one thing to sail with the wind and quite another to sail against it over thousands of miles. They reached Easter Island, some stayed, others went forward, the reached the Gambiers, the Tuamotos, the Marquesas and the (present day) “Society Group.” Yet still forward they went to the north; not the south till far later when a huge exodus from the last named group set sail (with their beloved *Ku-ma-ra* along with them) to find New Zealand and become the Maoris of today whose pictures you likely know well in the illustrated papers, and the women are there busy cooking the vegetable that their forefathers brought with them over the Great South Sea. Up a valley a mile out of Papeete there lies on the bank of a mountain stream a heavy flat slab of stone

<sup>185</sup> [Quis ut Deus?](#) is a Latin sentence meaning *Who is like God?*

<sup>186</sup> According to Wikipedia: The [sweet potato](#) was grown before western exploration in Polynesia and has been radiocarbon-dated in the Cook Islands to 1000 AD. Current thinking is that it was brought to central Polynesia c. 700 AD, possibly by Polynesians who had traveled to South America and back, and spread across Polynesia to Hawaii and New Zealand from there. It is possible, however, that South Americans brought it to Polynesia.

the size of a kitchen table. Its face is covered with carving of figures, two heads with seeming only one body, and a great snake seems to twine-ing itself all over the place.<sup>187</sup> The Polynesians have never carved on the face of stones so it is older than their arrival hundreds of years ago, and must have been cut and set up by a race of natives whom they found here; and maybe it is a thousand years old. Those natives lived on coconuts and fish, they had no *Kumara* to enjoy with its sweetness. We of today are more fortunate, and whether it is baked or boiled, mashed or plain it is a welcome dish on every table.

## 62. Of Our Birthday

We stood at Milestone 82 on Life's long, eventful Highway. WE (I say) not I, for all should note and remember that one's Body and one's Self are 2 clearly distinct entities : Self the master, allowing no dictation. There have been protests, complaints of tyranny, of needless privations, of not giving my "In'ards" fair play, but my retort quickly puts a stop to that : "Pray, my fine Body, were I to leave you what would hap to you? Promptly you would be in the grave or ashes in cremation's urn. Better far leave things to me" : and so far they own that I have guided them aright. But it was Our Birthday and weeks previously I had promised them a birthday treat, one that would also be a test to show me if their condition was as fine and healthy as they were always boasting. It was to be a stroll of measured miles along the island's Highway, and I was willing to throw in an extra 5 as a special privilege, so make it 5 and 20 miles! They became wildly excited, the old Heart pumped till I feared too great blood pressure for its good health, the Lungs fairly gasped with joy, and those veteran old legs tingled with delight. "We'll show you," said they, "we'll show you." They knew that there was to be no nonsense, no playing on the way, nor hastening, and I would set the pace. We mapped the course, 40 kilometres, all marked like milestones on Tahiti's Highway, the starting point our rustic bungalow thence through the little town of Papeete to a warm friend's sumptuous bungalow, 12½ miles from the start : then turning (no undue rest allowed) retrace our steps. No company allowed, lest they should either unduly hasten us, or growing weary, cause us worry or delay. We all agreed.

To bed with the birds and up with them is Our fixed rule. 'Twas a glorious summer day, though winter here, a foolish title where perpetual summer reigns. Of course my Minah birds must needs join Our Birthday breakfast so they had an extra bountiful supply of fruits they love and bread crumbs. We had the same and were off, soon to reach the broad well rolled Highway, no cinder track or grass for us. Mile after mile we sauntered on, 'busses, buggies, bikes all hurrying by, the sea close by us all the way, a gentle breeze softening the sun's fierce rays when the giant trees by the roadside failed ever and anon to do so, the palm leaves gracefully bowing as if to give us welcome and best wishes for a long life. Four hours sharp and we had reached the Turning Point. Did my friends there welcome us? Indeed they did and urged lost rest and rich repast. But No! the In'ards fare I had brought with me, thick sandwiches of bread and honey, but I allowed — for was it not their Birthday? — a brew of tea. Then off again to meet still more of speeding autoists as if in a race of life or death when of a truth they have Time to burn on such an island as Tahiti. Doubting friends were met in Town : "How fare you," was the query : Our answer, "Not turned a hair."<sup>188</sup> Four hours to the minute again, and we were Home, so fresh that I called upon those lazy Arms to

<sup>187</sup> See *The "Mystery Stone" of Tahiti* by WWB in the 24 March 1938 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 44–45, in Part VII, and *The petroglyph bowllder at Tipaerui, Tahiti* by K.P. Emory in *Bulletins de la Soci  t   des Etudes Oc  aniennes* 11: 10–15, in Part VIII. The petroglyph is currently in the park of the *Mus  e de Tahiti et des   les* in Papeete.

<sup>188</sup> After vigorous activity, such as racing, the coat of a horse is likely to be ruffled and sweaty. It has 'turned a hair', a familiar stable term as far back as the 18<sup>th</sup> century. If a horse has not turned a hair, it can be regarded as cool and calm. Jane Austen took the term out of the stables and into wide readership in *Northanger Abbey* (1797).

join the picnic, and we worked till sundown with rake and hoe and mower in garden and in orchard. Then to the kitchenette for I tend them ever with a parent's care and they were really hungry. That duty done, the Brain made plaint, "Have you forgotten me?" "No! No! indeed, though I break the rule, for is it not your birthday?" We read of what men and women once had done — not might do — for or against their fellows — for the Present appeals to the Young, the Future to full Man and Womanhood, and the Past to the Agèd such as I : and all of Us now full content, we passed to well earned slumber.<sup>189</sup>

### 63. On the "Lazy" South Sea Native

One often hears people talk of the easy life these natives must lead with everything at their hand without the slightest effort. This is all nonsense so I want you to know the real facts which you can tell others when they slander as hard workers as any white folk. A great friend of mine (who has lived on Tahiti for over 30 years and who speaks the native language to perfection) and I were once talking of this subject and I will let him speak rather than I, though I agree with every word he said. I have seen it for myself. At twilight before the dawn our Tahitian is off to the mountains for *Fe'i* (the mountain banana). The plant thrives only on the sides of the mountains in distant branch valleys of the ranges. The sun is high in the heavens when he returns, bearing a load that would break the back of the white man. A dip in the river and it is time to prepare the native oven. When prepared and covered, it needs no looking after so his weary body is refreshed with a short nap. The repast over, off he goes to his coconut plantation and the back breaking task of making copra to be shipped overseas. Next his taro patch demands his attention, a heavy task as he stands in the deep mud under a blazing sun. Back home again he is occupied with the hundred and one small chores of the place. The sun gone down he snatches an hour or two of repose till the sound of the conch-shell trumpet summons him to the shore — the hour for fishing has come. He is well versed in the wisdom of the sea, from boyhood he has learned it. The nights of the moon, the ebb and flow of the sea, the run of the fish, each of its kind, the lurking place in coral pockets of one or other, the types and materials of hooks and lines, the varieties of bait and lures are things which are only acquired by long study and persevering practice. It is midnight before he returns to the shore laden with sufficient for his family and a string or two of fish to send to the morning market or give to less fortunate fishers or a fatherless home. And people call that native "lazy"! To us white folk he is invaluable, he plaits the pandanus and coconut leaves for our roofs, he can build marvellously without need of calling upon the white man's lumber yard. Off he goes with his great knife and returns with limbs exactly suited to the purpose and which need no paint for endurance, they last for years. He learned the art of stone foundations,<sup>190</sup> centuries before cement came to white man's aid, and what he can do with strips of bark in place of our nails is uncanny. Landscape gardening is beyond him but he is a wizard with his native blooms. This of the Men and occasionally one has seen a lazy one amongst them but of the native Woman ne'er a one. They seem born to work those dear brave mothers with their numerous offspring. Any mother will tell you that a woman's work is never done and it is true. Of children, you are the same the whole world over, the only time you are lazy is when you are ill and I trust that that will very seldom be. The native has the secret of Life in his heart, they go about their work with contentment in its call and a song upon their lips. Do that yourselves as I have ever aimed to do and you — like the South Sea native — will have a happy life, however limited, like theirs, your wealth.

<sup>189</sup> This hike took place on 3 July 1940. See Part I, *Notes of the Life of WWB, Birthday Hikes on Tahiti*, for references to articles in Part VII, the Pacific Islands Monthly regarding WWB's hikes in 1944 and 1945, on his 86<sup>th</sup> and 87<sup>th</sup> birthdays.

<sup>190</sup> WWB has *founditions*.

## 64. Of the Portent and the Thunder

(Found in an old Note-book of a Trader — once of Victoria B.C. — a resident of Moorea, whose grave is on the island of Tupuai.)<sup>191</sup>

Portent = A sign of something to come

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The clouds had been gathering into heavy masses of a dull leaden hue and slowly drifting up from the north since early morning. Now, the lowest of them swooped down upon *Rotui*<sup>192</sup> and obscured the summit with swirling, eddying wreaths of vapour, rising again and showing the sharp outline of the mountain with its lace-like fringe of trees, marvellously clear and distinct against the blackness beyond. The surf broke on the reef with an apparent sullen tone to its roar, rising in a line of inky blackness and curling over to break — not as usual in a mass of sparkling brightness which pained the eye with its brilliance but in foam to which the clouds had lent some of their blackness, till it too seemed sombre in hue. The ocean beyond, also gaining its colour from the clouds gradually became darker till it was difficult to distinguish the dividing line of the horizon. Occasionally faint flashes of lightning lit up momentarily the distant masses of cloud while the sullen rumble of thunder could now and then be heard. A thin white line on the ocean, behind which the clouds seemed to merge themselves in the sea, showed at last where the squall, the precursor of the storm was coming : and the long fronds of the coconuts began to ripple in the first light gusts. The squall reached the reef which suddenly was apparently obliterated, and it could then be seen that close upon the heels of the wind was a wall of rain, utterly impossible to see through. The lightning had by this time increased in brilliance while the thunder changed its rumble to a roar. Then the squall reached us and the ripple of the coconuts changed to a complaining sound as the leaves threshed around, while the long trunks bent to the fury of the wind and then to the rain. The rattle of it on the roof was almost louder than the thunder, which kept up, peal after peal with hardly an interval between. “Well, Tarie,” I said. “This seems to be quite a little thunder shower.” “Yes,” she said seriously, “someone of the family of the Kings (highest chiefs) is dead.” “Why,” said I, “does a prince die every time there is a thunderstorm?” “Now,” she said, “you want to laugh at me, but if you listen I will tell you. When it comes like this today then we know that a child of the Kings is dead. It has always been so. Long before the white man came it was so, and it will still be so while any of the Kings are left on Tahiti. When Pomare V<sup>193</sup> died I was on Huahine and a storm like this came there, only it was a worse storm than this; and a very old man there said : “This is a storm of the Kings. When the next ship comes from Tahiti they will tell you that Pomare is dead.” And he bought black cloth and made himself a black *pareu* (loincloth) and a black shirt, and he made his wife and daughter cut off their hair and make themselves black clothes, for he was a *Fetii* (relation) of the King. And, true, when a ship did come, they said that Pomare had died on that day the old man said he did.”

(Note by WWB) Pomare V died on June 12, 1891.

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You may think this is a Tale hard to believe but I know of a similar one from an eye witness. In January 1901 an earthquake and a tornado struck Papeete. Two women, both mothers of many

<sup>191</sup> A slightly different version of this tale appears in the 17 April 1939 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly in Part VII. In 1898, [George Archibald McTavish \(1856–1922\)](#) moved from Victoria to Moorea, where he lived under the name of MacFarlane. [Link to Ancestry.com](#) (registration required).

<sup>192</sup> A mountain on [Moorea](#)

<sup>193</sup> [Pōmare V \(1839–1891\)](#)

children sat together in one of their homes. One was a pure native, the other had British blood in her veins. They talked to my friend of the Portent of the Storm and from its great severity they were certain that some very great person in the world had died. The Half Caste was convinced that it must be the greatest Ruler of that day, Beretania's Queen. It was so.

Queen Victoria died on January 22, 1901.<sup>194</sup>

## 65. Of the Caves of the Great

Once, long centuries ago, men, women and children lived in caves, but when they bethought them of building homes for themselves in the open ground be they of mud or stones or branches with the leaves of trees for roofing, they left caves for the wild animals; but not wholly so. Throughout the Great South Sea I have seen on many islands another purpose to which caves were called into use. It was there where natives laid away their Chiefs when they died. Thus would they honour them above all other of their dead. But to make sure that they should never be disturbed those caves were selected in the most inaccessible places, high up in the mountains, oft in the face of a cliff where even a goat might find it difficult of approach. And today it is well they did for the white man has too often no regard for natives' feelings. His museums appeal to him far more urgently. Today you must win the fullest confidence in your word and promises before those caves are even pointed out to you. As to taking you there a fortunate person you are indeed despite the risk of breaking your neck in the going. Some are so well concealed moreover by nature that roaming the mountainsides alone you will pass them blindly by. The natives know my deep respect for the Dead be they High or Low, Rich or Poor, Known to all or Known to none, so let us toil and clamber, take desperate chances (though not for those sure footed ones with their nerves of steel) and enter one and note what is to be seen in the great gloomy place which Nature has made for itself but Man and Animal have ever claimed as Sanctuary. Some are wet, others dry, it is the latter mainly used and with reverence you move and gaze around.

A skull is never a pretty thing to see, nor are human bones : but once, what you look upon, they carried through a hectic life a real Man, a Warrior and a Leader. Here beside "him" lies his long sharp pointed spear, the symbol of his authority, its wood indestructible for it is from the Toroea tree : it is carved beautifully from end to end. Once it was decorated towards the top where that strong armed native grasped it, with the sacred red feathers tied firmly with plaited sinnet (coconut fibre — their string) and of a certainty had a name of its own. There was a day when skull, bones and weapon played a thrilling part, now all three rest in peace.

There are other things to be seen, many an implement for religious or domestic use beautifully wrought either in wood or stone. Here is a stove cut from a block of blackest stone, finely grained, its weight far beyond one man's strength to lift, clearly a very precious possession of one of these many who lie around, not carelessly but in tiers where the walls cave in. But the strangest sight are two large blocks of similar stone shaped like *Atus*,<sup>195</sup> a deep sea fish most highly prized for food, their eyes of shell let expertly into the stone. There was care taken of their placement for they are exactly parallel and between them is a fishing spear, once — as was the custom — bound as the one nearby but not alone with red feathers, it had green and yellow ones besides. As this Cave of the Dead, so others scattered over the many mountainous islands of this Great Southern Sea. We will leave them as we found them, all speaking of peace not war. When our time comes for lasting rest may others tend us with like jealous care.

<sup>194</sup> This tale was published in the 17 April 1939 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, page 17, in Part VII.

<sup>195</sup> [Skipjack tuna \(\*Katsuwonus pelamis\*\)](#) .



## 66. The Exile's Return <sup>196</sup>

I think you may like to have another Tale from the lips of my friend *Iiga* (E-en-ga) the Samoan Chief — Years later I came across a Guam (see your Atlas) newspaper recording that he arrived on June 18, 1915 after his wondrous voyage from Saipan in the Marianas <sup>197</sup> (see your map). He told me his story sitting in his picturesque Samoan home, his melodious voice charming to hear. Read it slowly like as he told it me.

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It was in 1909 when Germans ruled Samoa (D<sup>r</sup> Solf <sup>198</sup> the Governor) and I lived in my home here at *Fale-a-lupo* on Savaii. We felt that as we had to pay taxes we should have some knowledge as to where that money went, and though we had other grievances, this was the chief. We wanted and asked for a Balance Sheet and the Governor refused. We were angry. We are a proud Race and our hearts were sore. Chief after Chief went over the water to Apia and came back with no kind answer : so we determined to go in force and have it out, even if it meant a fight. We manned many large *faūtasīs*, stripped off even our lavalavas, putting leaves in place, painted and oiled ourselves, took spears and axes, and set out with shouts and songs of defiance for the seat of Government. When off *Mulinūū* Point at the turn into the harbour, the Governor came down to the beach and beckoned us to come ashore. We heard afterwards that we had been seen upon our way and men had ridden posthaste into Apia and told D<sup>r</sup> Solf : that his counsellors had begged him to give us our rights : that he had hastened to the top of the Observatory to see for himself : that his heart quailed before us, and so on landing he called us to him. He told us that we should not have come thus : that what we demanded should be given us, and that we should return to our homes with glad, not angry hearts. So we did not fight but instead went home. But we did not really know the Governor. What he did was to trick us. He sent a letter quickly to Suva on Fiji, and cabled from there for the German China Station Squadron, telling them to come at once to Samoa : and then he waited. As soon as he had his men-of-war he sent word to us to give ourselves up, but we would not till one of our old missionaries talked with us and showed us that as we had failed as Heroes for our people, we should now be willing to be Martyrs for their rights. When we saw that Light we surrendered, 10 of us, all Chiefs.

The Governor ordered us deported <sup>199</sup> and we were carried off to the Marianna Islands to the north which belongs to his nation. There our hearts were sad, as the years passed, far from our homes, and nothing could be done to help us. Then the Great War came, and the Japanese one day appeared and seized those islands. Now I saw my chance. I had my Samoan built canoe and I made up my mind that I would get away : for everybody said that Germany would surely win in the end and that those islands would be hers again. I knew that the nearest land for me was Guam which belonged to the Americans but it was 135 miles away. So I set out alone, taking some food and water. I paddled by the guide of the Sun and the Stars. There was much wind and sea, but I know how to handle a canoe, and there was a strong current which happily ran my way. I thanked God for that current. Three days and three nights I spent on the sea : it was very lonely for I saw no sail, and at night I dared not sleep. When I had paddled 90 miles I was very weary and I sighted land. It was a little island <sup>200</sup> and I rested only a short time for I was afraid that only at Guam would I be safe. So again

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<sup>196</sup> See also *Chief Iiga's Story*, in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>197</sup> WWB has *Mariannas*.

<sup>198</sup> The division of the Samoan Islands as a result of the Tripartite Convention of 1899 assigned the western islands to Germany (now Samoa) and the eastern islands to the United States (now American Samoa). [Wilhelm Solf](#), at age 38, became the first Governor of German Samoa on 1 March 1900. WWB has *Self* here and elsewhere.

<sup>199</sup> An account of these events can be found [here](#).

<sup>200</sup> [Rota](#)



I went in my canoe and as I got near I was at last quite exhausted and nigh death, but God saved me. If it had been only a little longer I should have died in my canoe. When I reached Guam I managed to make the shore where there is the Naval Station. The people came down to the beach and wondered much when they saw me. They did not know where I came from. I was different from the Guam natives and my canoe was strange to them. They helped me out of my canoe for I was near death, and gave me food, but no one understood my language though I spoke German as well as Samoan. Then the American Governor <sup>201</sup> came and when he heard me speak the German he said to his people that I must be a spy and had come to them like this on purpose. But I showed him my papers which said that I had been 5 years in a German school at my home and that I was a good man and not bad. So as he could not read, he sent for an officer who could : and when the officer read them the Governor was pleased and very good to me and wondered much at my long journey. There was a German man-of-war interned at Guam and the Governor saw the Captain and told him my story. The Captain said, “I knew *Iiga*, in Samoa, very well : he is a good man.” So I met him and he too was kind to me. They put me in the printing office for I wanted to learn English, and as I set the type I learned very much. Then news came of the Influenza <sup>202</sup> breaking out in Samoa and that my friends were dying, and I longed to get Home and see them, though I had been thinking that when the war was over I would visit America and learn of it, for the Americans were very kind to me. When they saw me sad, they said that they would send me to Honolulu to catch the mail boat for Samoa, and they paid my way. I was in the Hawaiian Islands for some months till money was sent me from Savaii to return. When I got back I was glad to be home again, but very sad for thousands had died and most of my friends; but God was good to me, and though I had been so far away and might have died in my canoe, He brought to my much loved land and here I have remained.

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The “Guam Recorder” states “that watching his opportunity, at 7 a.m. on June 15 he secretly left Saipan alone in a native *proa* <sup>203</sup> about 18 feet in length, provisioned only with a small quantity of Taro root and two bottles of water. The boat not being fitted with sails, he paddled and drifted, landing after having been 24 hours without food or water.” <sup>204</sup>

## 67. On Wolves <sup>205</sup>

I feel sure that you would not at all relish being chased by Timber Wolves those ferocious dogs of forest lands. Once in the Long Long Ago I had that experience and I think you may like to have the

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<sup>201</sup> [William John Maxwell](#)

<sup>202</sup> [The Influenza Pandemic of 1918](#)

<sup>203</sup> [A type of multihull sailing vessel or outrigger canoe](#)

<sup>204</sup> From [The Pacific Islands: an Encyclopedia](#), page 277: I’iga Pisa (1882–1965), a significant figure in Samoa prior to independence [in 1962], grew to fame as a composer of poetry and songs. Volatile and prone to enthusiasm, as a young *matai* [chief] in 1909 he acted as lieutenant to [Lauaki Namulau’ulu Mamoe](#), the orator chief from Safotulafai in Savai’i who challenged Germany’s rule under Governor SOLF. Lauaki sent him to American Samoa to garner support, for which he was imprisoned by Solf. When Lauaki was exiled to Saipan, I’iga Pisa went with him and settled down to learn German. Instead of returning with other exiles in 1914, Pisa made a dramatic lone canoe voyage to Guam where he worked for the American navy, learned English and travelled to Hawai’i. Back in Samoa he served under a series of New Zealand secretaries of Native Affairs as translator and bureaucrat, becoming a particular friend of C.G.A. McKay, later Secretary of Island Affairs in Wellington. I’iga Pisa served on the Constitutional Convention of 1954, was a *faipule* [Representative] in the parliament, a member of the Board of Agriculture and recorder of Samoan histories. Last of the exiled *matai* left alive at Samoa’s independence, he dictated a history of Lauaki’s opposition movement which has been translated into English.

<sup>205</sup> For a longer version of this story, see *A Brush With Wolves* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*.

story. When in the 80s of last century I first left the dear Homeland it was to go to the North West Territories (as they were then called) in Canada where I lived in a tiny settlement of prairie farmers called Moosomin.<sup>206</sup> There I had a small and very humble shack, and to roam about that vast land I owned a pair of Canadian Trotters, lovely animals, fast movers. It was winter time and deep, firm crusted snow covered the land. We were 100 miles to the north of our home, had left the level prairie land and were deep in the great timber belt. It was lovely travelling, gliding over the surface of the snow in my Bob Sleigh or Toboggan, a sleigh without runners, on which I lay at full length, a pillow at my head, wrapped in a beautiful buffalo robe, with a “Russian helmet” (of wool) covering my head so that nothing but my eyes were to be seen. Raccoon gauntlets covered my hands, moccasins my feet. My beauties seemed to love the keen bracing air as day after day we roamed from one sparse settlement to another. Now it was time to head for home and we left the last southern settlement in the forest lands — a few Crofters’<sup>207</sup> pit-made homes — in the afternoon, with many miles of timber ahead of us till we reached a broad sloping valley where once a mighty river ran but now ’tis but a small river, with deep banks on either side save where fords are found. Across on the summit of the further side I knew there lived a Settler where we would house for the night. There would be a full moon anyway, so everything was rosey. We were enjoying ourselves hugely and I talked to my lovely dumb companions telling them what beauties they were and lauding to the skies their swinging pace, when the forest’s deep silence was broken by a howling cry. The team pricked their ears and broke into a gallop. I steadied them. Soon there was more than one cry, the welkin<sup>208</sup> rang with many : and the pack was behind us, they had struck our trail. Never lose your head in a crisis has ever been my motto. We would see who won out. That fearsome cry was still far off but wolves travel fast when after prey. So did my Beauties. Drawing my revolver from my pocket (I always carried one when on long, lonely roamings) and laying it at my side within easy reach, the race was on. Those hunters let us know where they were sure enough. Daylight had gone but as we broke out of the timbers and reached the sloping side of the great valley the Moon made things as light well nigh as day : and right across, a light gleamed. My settler friend was housed for the night, his cattle housed in the large stockade he had built alongside his home. Could we make it — yes if only we struck the Ford : to miss it would be to crash down the steep bank. I left it to my scared companions who were galloping madly as the cries behind us grew clearer and clearer. By some hidden instinct those dear fellows felt a trail beneath their hoofs and held to it. Down we went at a mad pace, they struck the Ford and falling back on their haunches — who taught them that? — they slid across the ice. Now up they went, galloping hard. Then I spoke — a report went off, not once for my friend might think it was but a branch snapping — again it spoke and yet again. The door opened — then a figure dashed to the stockade and flung wide open the doors. He knew what was behind us for the pack was hurtling down the valley by now. In a trice we were up and had gained the level, with a rush we were within, the gates were rushed together and barred. We had won. Ere I had unwrapped and got to my panting, sweaty steeds those fierce wolves were close at hand, soon they were at the gate, a maddened pack frustrated of their prey. Back to the timbers they went; and the next day we were home. That was not the only time my dumb friends pulled me through difficulties, but enough at this time. I was only a young man then<sup>209</sup> and took chances. They never failed me. They faced blizzards when no one else stirred out of home, they covered immense distances, be it with sleigh or buckboard.<sup>210</sup> If they were my slaves, I was theirs, no other hands than mine tended, fed and groomed them. We were friends, it was not possible with them to “let me down” but the closest call of all was that moonlit night when we were hard put to it to escape the fangs of Timber Wolves.

<sup>206</sup> [Moosomin](#) is in southeast Saskatchewan, which was split from the Northwest Territories in 1905.

<sup>207</sup> One who has tenure and use of the land.

<sup>208</sup> Archaic: the sky, the upper air, the firmament, the heavens or the Celestial sphere.

<sup>209</sup> WWB was 26 years old during the winter of 1884–1885.

<sup>210</sup> A four-wheeled wagon of simple construction meant to be drawn by a horse or other large animal.

## 68. Of the Kremlin

For long years I had thought of it, standing in Russia's ancient Capital Moscow, as one huge building fitting residence of the all powerful Czars. There I was greatly mistaken, and I want you not to fall into the same error. It was my good fortune years ago to treat that great City's streets and squares and see for myself what the Kremlin really is. It is a City within a City, a maze of lofty stone buildings, not skyscrapers but imposing in their size, their beauty and their strength. It is a walled City within a vastly greater walled City. It has its gates with sentries posted, its own great Churches, its palaces of the nobles, its arsenal, its vast stone houses, its monasteries and its nunneries its own fascinating museum of relics of the Past. I walked within those towering walls before Bolshevism was known and the regime of past generations of Rulers and Ruled still held sway.<sup>211</sup> The czar of all the Russias<sup>212</sup> was not there at the time but at Saint Peter's Burg (or City) now changed to Lenin Grad by those to whom the Past is hateful and to be wiped from memory. But Moscow is still Moscow, a Capital still as it was when founded over 700 years ago, with the Moskva River<sup>213</sup> running through it, on which I looked down from the City's walls to see vessels and boats plying their trade. The pines still grew around and a hill in the centre of the one time forest was the first clearing made, on it the Kremlin rose a Citadel, a Fortress defiant of all. Its walls are not a circle but a triangle (isosceles<sup>214</sup> — ask your Teacher) the base running parallel with the river; the pale brick of its walls, once of oak, have battlements atop broken by 5 huge gateways. They have each their name, I can recall but one — the Gate of the Redeemer — which is the main entrance, and through which with a special Permit I passed; let past its armed sentries. It opens on to the famous Red Square. Above the gate were frescoes representing the Saviour, and every passer by — not only those entering were one and all compelled — and I too out of Courtesy — to uncover their head in reverence thereto. Above that gate there was a Tower<sup>215</sup> with a peal of lovely bells which rang out at midday and at sunset. I was glad to recall that an Englishman made them and did the work some 300 years gone by.<sup>216</sup> Not all the ancient wall was standing, part has been replaced with broad boulevards with lovely gardens on either side, a joy to traverse, the Tartar hordes no longer feared. The Kremlin Palace of the Czar was a noble sight, a long building of white stone with a cupola covered with gold. And its Churches!! The Greek Orthodox Church, not the Roman Catholic is the Church of the Russian people and their Fanés<sup>217</sup> were always beautiful to see — even as here — as I crossed their country, the roof a Cambridge blue topped with a golden Cross. They are as beautiful within, but never a one has an organ, the human voice fills their place. Here I heard them, the men's deep basses are wonderful, their rumble is as if a mighty organ was thundering out its tones. They must be heard to be believed. I learned that there were 350 Churches in the City counting those within the Kremlin walls. Opposite one huge Church therein — akin to a Cathedral there is a lofty bell Tower. Near it stands the largest bell in the world — called the Tzar *Kol-o-kol*.<sup>218</sup> Its weight must be enormous. During a fire it fell to the ground and cracked. I walked comfortably thro' that crack and stood within, it seemed a veritable room, the clapper in the middle. Another thing that caught my eye were the ancient cannons ranged outside the museum with their countless cannonballs. What ugly monsters they looked and the balls the size of a soccer football. They would certainly make a big hole where they struck — the folk of those days knew not of bursting shells. But the Tzar cannon was beautifully wrought and ornamented despite its murderous aim and some few others followed suit. There was the Church of the Assumption to be seen, the

<sup>211</sup> WWB visited Moscow in 1913 during his trip from Victoria to England.

<sup>212</sup> [Nicholas II \(1868–1918\)](#)

<sup>213</sup> WWB has *Muskra River*.

<sup>214</sup> In an isosceles triangle, two sides are equal in length.

<sup>215</sup> [Spasskaya Tower](#). The names of the other towers with gates can be found [here](#).

<sup>216</sup> The clock with bells was added by Christopher Galloway in 1625.

<sup>217</sup> Archaic: a temple or shrine.

<sup>218</sup> See the photo in the footnote in Chapter IV of *Across Siberia* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*.

Coronation Church of all the Czars for centuries. Near its south porch was the carved walnut Throne of Ivan the Terrible (ask your Teacher of him).<sup>219</sup> Now to the great Red Square, scene of joys and sorrows, triumphal crowds and sickening bloodshed. Here stands one great Church with towering pinnacles, used as a stable by the French Cavalry in 1812 when Napoleon made the supreme error of his life, forced to retreat with no enemy to meet after his long march from his homeland and to line the road on his return with thousands of his dead and dying troops. Now I had seen enough of memories of Russia's Capital and ancient Fort to carry one through life. Since that day, the whole atmosphere of both has vastly changed — there are Czars no longer, Christianity has been suppressed and so far as possible abolished, but not even the present Vandals nor Time can destroy the stupendous work of those great builders of a Day that is Passed, the lovely Kremlin must remain as ever, imposing in its grandeur, its bells still ringing out carillons<sup>220</sup> of Joy and Triumph that despite the madness and cruelty of men all down the ages of Russia's history, their handiwork of Ages past stands fast and firm.

## 69. Of Borobudur

But first of Buddha. There are as you know other great Religions than yours of Christianity, each also with its many millions of Believers : among them there is Mahomedism,<sup>221</sup> Hinduism and Buddhism. I trust that you will never become narrow minded i.e. intolerant of other people's opinions. They have as much right to theirs as you have to yours. And so with Religion. Jesus, Mahomet and Buddha each taught what was to them the Truth and to turn from either of them with contempt is the very opposite to being broad minded as all should be. So we will think of Buddha only as a great Teacher, and learn something of the man himself and what he left behind him. He was born some 500 years before Jesus, the son of a King who reigned over one of the Kingdoms nestling about the Himalayas on India's borderland. His parents had a dread from the first that he would leave them and become a hermit and this he did but not till he was in his 30's. For full six years he lived alone thinking, thinking all that time till one day he came full in view of the Light he was seeking as to Truth and starting out to spread his Light to others, he became no longer *Gautama* — his family name — but Buddha "The Enlightener." His religion is far too mysterious and involved to attempt to explain. It spread from hundreds to thousands and from the latter to millions and got split up and mixed up in the process. Christians gather for Worship in Churches, Mahomedans in Mosques, Buddhist in Temples : the latter's are a mixture of monuments and chapels in some countries where its teaching spread and *Borobudur* in Java is of that kind. It is a wonderful and beautiful creation in stone. Its name means "Many Buddhas" and there certainly are; I grew tired of counting the small images, the actual number<sup>222</sup> slips my memory, they lined tier after tier as I slowly mounted up the steps which only long legs could take with any comfort. It was well worth the climb to reach the summit. It was not raised on flat land but on an eminence : it is in fact a fair sized hill terraced and clothed in stone. It has platforms one after the other, each receding, so that the whole creation is a broad and flattened out pyramid. Round and round you walk — stone underfoot and at your side all the time, there are breaks in those sides like battlements with their corners giving opportunity for a Buddha to be seated — never a Buddha standing, that would be unthinkable. The architecture is wonderful, the workmanship from base to summit without a flaw. There are recesses too, maybe priests of the Cult once used them — not now for that lovely pile is left to itself; like Christians, so Buddhist have split and the Javanese ignored its very existence as time went on. The forest clothed it, hid it from view, the Dutch in the 1800s (the Lords of Java)

<sup>219</sup> [Ivan IV Vasilyevich \(1530–1584\)](#)

<sup>220</sup> A stationary set of chromatically tuned bells in a tower, usually played from a keyboard.

<sup>221</sup> *Mahomedism* and *Mahomet* are variant spellings of *Mohammedism* and *Muhammad*.

<sup>222</sup> There are 504 statues of Buddha at [Borobudur](#).

knew nothing of it, Sir Stamford Raffles <sup>223</sup> rediscovered it and made it famous. <sup>224</sup> It is probably 1200 years old but shows no sign of ruin. And what a view of the countryside it gives as you mount up amid this wealth of exquisite <sup>225</sup> stone masonry! You see over the head of the surrounding forest to mountains with rice fields climbing up their sides, and towering volcanoes, active not asleep : and over your head a blazing sun for the Equator itself is but little distant. There were no pilgrims to disturb the quiet, no guardians of that treasure store of chiselled stone. I thought of Buddha to whose memory it was raised and gave warm thanks to Raffles for his painstaking research. And if you say “Pray who was Raffles?” ask your Teacher. This only I will say : he was one of England’s heroes (though few know it), he was an Empire Builder for his Motherland. He did great things for us and was forgotten like his Borobudur, so that when in later years England realized his work and worth there was endless search to find his grave in his Homeland!! <sup>226</sup> If you ask, “How came he to be in Java?” “Was he a mere roamer and good luck rewarded his research?” It was 1810 and Napoleon had sent his soldiers and taken Java from the Dutch. Raffles lead the British force with its High Officers to Batavia <sup>227</sup> (see your map) and the French were defeated and surrendered. Then when we had caged Napoleon on S<sup>t</sup> Helena we of course returned it to the Dutch but till then (1811–1816) Raffles was Governor General of the lovely island. It was then he first learned of and looked upon that masterpiece of Buddhism that it was my privilege to visit and I trust your pleasure to here read of.

As I started this little Tale so would I close it with words for your remembrance. Intolerant people are very unpleasant persons to know. Everyone wishes to avoid them as far as possible. Be just the opposite yourself. A broad mind means fast friends and happiness through Life.

## 70. Atimaono

Just 30 miles from where I pen this little Tale there is a Sugar Plantation of many acres, formerly a Cotton Plantation. Of Cotton and Sugar production I know as little as you do but it is of Man I write, a big, masterful man of Irish and Scotch descent whose story is bound up with those same acres. He had lead an adventurous life in many parts of the world : the Iberian Peninsula (ask your Teacher) had seen him, so had India, so had Australia till he headed for this lovely isle with an eye to producing what the world just then much wanted — Cotton. He had many and great difficulties to contend with but triumphed over all, yet made bitter enemies; a very unwise thing for foreigners to do in lands under other Flags. The Governor, a French Count and his Countess, were however his warm friends and when he had gotten the huge estate in fine running order he determined to give them a big surprise. Nearly three miles back from the seafront, at the eastern boundary of his Plantation, there was a small plateau on the mountainside 1600 feet above sea level. Keeping his intention to himself he turned most of his 1200 labourers to work. He had a fine road made up the hill and a site cleared for a residence. He had them prepare, down on the flat, all the material for a 6 roomed home and outbuildings. All was cut and marked ready for erection. They laid out a lovely

<sup>223</sup> [Thomas Stamford Raffles \(1781–1826\)](#)

<sup>224</sup> On an inspection tour to Semarang in 1814, Raffles was informed about a big monument deep in a jungle near the village of Bumisegoro. He was not able to make the discovery himself and sent H.C. Cornelius, a Dutch engineer. In two months, Cornelius and his 200 men cut down trees, burned down vegetation and dug away the earth to reveal the monument.

<sup>225</sup> WWB has *exquisite*.

<sup>226</sup> Raffles died in London, England, a day before his forty-fifth birthday, on 5 July 1826, of apoplexy. Because of his anti-slavery stance, he was refused burial inside his local parish church (St. Mary's, Hendon) by the vicar, whose family had made its money in the slave trade. A brass tablet was finally placed in 1887 and the actual whereabouts of his body was not known until 1914 when it was found in a vault. When the church was extended in the 1920s his tomb was incorporated into the body of the building.

<sup>227</sup> Part of [Jakarta](#).



garden and transplanted bushes and small trees to be watered by the never failing supply from a neighbouring spring. He bought and transferred furniture and furnishings of every conceivable kind from Papeete which he stored ready for the Great Day. Folk wondered great but he silenced every query till he was full ready. Then he acted. His small army carried up the huge stacks of material and the house and outbuildings rose as if by magic. Men say that all was done “in just 3 days”! The paint was dry, the floors were polished, the shades were hung, beds made and kitchen furnished. And now the climax. With relays of horses he covered the 7 and 20 miles to Papeete and invited, nay begged and — brooking no delay — induced the Count and Countess to return that day with him for a surprise. They went. When Atimaono was reached the Count and his Lady were carried in sedan chairs up the winding road. Here grouped before the porch was a Staff of servants. With a bow to the Countess he presented to her, this “Maison de Campagne,” this for her country residence. It was hers, hers only. They entered : a banquet of finest viands <sup>228</sup> and choicest wines awaited them. She named it “Mount Calme.” Truly W<sup>m</sup> Stewart was a masterful man. All those of that Great Day have Passed. Seventy years have passed since then. The plateau is void but the site is still marked by some lofty Norfolk Island pines and some luxuriant mango trees. Those 17,000 acres he had from the outset named the “Terre Eugénie” estate in honour of the Empress, the wife of the then French Emperor Napoleon iii. “Mont Calme” and “Terre Eugénie” are still recalled at Atimaono : but Survey Maps — which have no souls or sentiment — record the latter only as “the Tahiti Cotton and Coffee Plantation Company of London with a capital of One hundred thousand Pounds” and Stewart’s magic house on the heights as a prosaic “White House,” which it was. <sup>229</sup>

## 71. The Squire

I met him, not where you might think in the Homeland where Squires — at least in my young days — studded the land, each with their Manor House, broad acres and dependents, but in the then wild North West Territories of Canada, his new Home, south of the just laid railway line, within a few miles of where the United States joins up to Canada. In physique he was big and in temperament somewhat masterful, but always the perfect gentleman. Why he had uprooted was never any concern of mine to know. He had a large brood of sons and daughters, the youngest in the 20s, and everyone of them was a worker. He allowed no drones. Of course his wife was petite, a charming little lady, her lord her Oracle, and her to him his All in All. He spurned hired help both inside his roomy Manor House and with his large acreage. True to type, he had of course to have his Church nearby. They had raised a lovely little Chapel, and awaited wandering clerics to officiate. The Great Hall with its huge table laden with plain but wholesome fare — oft touched off with tasty “game” — had touches on its walls of that one far across land and sea. The Squire’s chair at the head was a lordly affair, fit seat for his bulky presence. I was ever a welcome guest and saw the happiness that abounded : each had their task, the boys outside, the girls in the Home. Order and Cleanliness were the rules to be observed by all, and should a growl be emitted from the Big Arm Chair — for the Squire had many years to his Roll Call and was no longer over active on his “pins” <sup>230</sup> — whether of farm or of housekeeping — all would haste to put things right. He was no Tyrant, but brought up to Rule. His broad acres were no plaything, they had to be made to pay. It was not all work. When the lamp was lit in the Great Hall, the girls’ needles flew fast, others made music, there was an ample library, and the Squire had ever ready listeners as he talked of the Past, the Present and the

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<sup>228</sup> French: meats.

<sup>229</sup> See *Tragedy of Atimaono, Story of the Rise and Fall of a Tahitian Cotton Enterprise*, Section 1 and Section 2, by J.L. Young and edited by W.W. Bolton, in the 25 May 1938 (pages 33–39) and 22 June 1938 (pages 34–38) editions of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, in Part VII. See also *Atimaono’s Plight* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*; photographs, taken in October 2014, of the golf course that then occupied the site of the plantation are shown in a footnote.

<sup>230</sup> Slang: legs.

Future. Rarely did the boys fail to give me an afternoon's shooting over the "sloughs" (s-lew-s) for duck and the whirlwind snipe.<sup>231</sup> The Moose Mountains nearby were a misnomer; like the buffalo they once had been, now we could only hunt the deer. It was inevitable that as Time went on, there would be changes in that Manor House, the daughters fell in love with sturdy yeomen of other acres and married, their brothers followed suit. There was no sickness in that Manor House, its inmates were of healthy stock : but years later I learned that the Reaper had gathered in with his scythe my dear old friend The Squire, and they had laid his body to rest by the side of his much loved little Chapel, far from his forefathers who have rested generation after generation in God's Acre hard by the ivy mantled Church, hoary with the age of centuries, of which he oft had told me, but — for his Own's wider future — he had left, though his heart was there, must ever be. I understood him perfectly for he was an Englishman even as I.

You are Canadian — or American — born. No matter. You come of English stock, and I want you to know from an old, old Englishman what that high privilege of birth entails, and test yourselves that you may be true to type. We are endowed with an almost fanatical attachment and devotion to our Motherland. It is to you and me not Fatherland — but Motherland. Fathers are strong and can look after themselves but our Mothers!! Thinks of your own Mother when grey hairs shall appear, and you will understand. Our island Home is very, very old and our love for it is very, very great. We must be Broad-minded : always open to reasonableness of dealing : our Temper must not be "on the trigger" all the time but always under control : we must love Manliness : set highest store on the honour of our Word : love also Method and Orderliness : be dead against all hurry and bustle but possess tireless Perseverance : Courtesy to all our rule, be their grade what it may : have a Reverence for the Past however antiquated its Customs may now appear : be known to all for our plain Common Sense : and proud beyond all telling — but never boastful — of our great heritage.

Such an one was The Squire, make it your aim to be like him : so well you also go down with honour to the grave when the Reaper calls. May your years be as many as mine ere that day comes.<sup>232</sup>

## 72. The Klondyke<sup>233</sup>

When in 1897 that short mountain stream, one of the feeders of the mighty Yukon River, was discovered to be a river of gold, the whole white world went crazy. Men — and women too — poured in to gather of its spoils. They came from every quarter of the world. That stream was not an easy one to reach and Alaska was then but little known. The Yukon River was the Highway but to reach it there were towering mountain ranges to be crossed, lakes navigated, and what the higher portion of the Yukon held as to danger and difficulty few if any knew. It takes its rise in Atlin Lake, is fed by Bennet Lake, flows on placidly awhile then forces itself through darksome Miles Cañon,<sup>234</sup> with a whirlpool in the middle for a change, then charges through the Whitehorse rapids, thence to Lake LaBarge, then for<sup>235</sup> 1000 miles flows on, gathering size the while as it is fed by many a good sized stream, a lovely majestic river, twisting and turning ever and anon, reaches the Arctic Circle, then dips down to end its 2000 mile course in the Behring Sea. I know it for I have voyaged

<sup>231</sup> Possibly [Wilson's snipe \(Gallinago delicata\)](#).

<sup>232</sup> The Squire was Captain Edward Michell Pierce (d. 1888), who established [Cannington Manor](#), southwest of Moosomin in what is now Saskatchewan, in 1882. WWB is referred to in the section [The Settlement of Cannington Manor](#), by Capt Pierce's daughter, Lily (Mrs George Shaw Page), in the chapter *Life in Old Country Settlements* in the book [The Story of Saskatchewan and Its People, Volume II](#) (1924).

<sup>233</sup> See also *Alaska and the Yukon* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*. WWB travelled the Yukon in the summer of 1914.

<sup>234</sup> Spanish: canyon.

<sup>235</sup> WWB has *then* for a 1000 miles.

from source to end. That wild gold rush had fascinated me for years. I had seen that mad mob on their way, had later heard their tales. Someday I would see for myself, would journey as they did, meet their dangers and walk the banks of that far famed River of Gold whence fortunes had come and still were coming. There came the day when I stood at Whitehorse (see your map) with 500 miles to go to reach the Klondyke. I had crossed that dread mountain Pass from Skagway and faced and triumphed over both cañon and those madly surging Rapids. There was tied by the little town the luxurious stern-wheeled steamboat which with a sister one made regular runs to the haven I sought : but those were not for me. As the pioneers so I would voyage in a cockle shell, a flat bottomed boat, and like them take my chances. Whitehorse was one of the Stations of the North West Mounted Police and the Inspector, a most charming fellow wishing me all success was firm : I could not travel alone, the danger was not from the river but from bad men who were still along its banks. Lone voyagers had disappeared mysteriously. I must have company. For days I sought for one headed my way who preferred chances to comfort. Then I ran across him. No doubt he was a hard citizen, unkempt, out of funds, but eager to be off. The Inspector strongly demurred. "What! A Seattle "tough" for your lone companion? Oh no." But I said, "O! Yes! Never fear! that fellow has a good heart beneath his rough exterior." And so, but with much misgiving, that kind Inspector let me have my way. And I was right for from the start, all down those 500 miles he fairly spoiled me. Ashore each evening he would let me do nothing. "Smoke your pipe," said he, "I'll see to things." He raised the tent, made the campfire, cooked and washed up and was first up at daylight to repeat his kindly work. My return was poor : he loved a siesta in the long afternoons so I bade him sleep whilst I sat in the stern of our flat bottomed boat, paddle in hand to keep it on its course and avoid the eddies. He slept and I took in all the sights as we glided by. And how beautiful was the ever changing scenery. The twists and turns of the river as it wound its way without haste through the mountains gave no chance for monotony. The river was ours, we were the lone voyagers all along the way, save for those stern wheelers which passed us with a cheerful greeting, but animal life ashore was ever springing a surprise. Rounding a curve, the shoulder of a mountain, there stood a great Moose taking a drink. Poor fellow, it was a shame to disturb him. We meant him no harm but he took no chances, ambling off up the slope. Foxes aplenty and now and again a bear would be seen rolling along on the bare mountainside, for Alaska's hills by the riverside are rarely precipitous, more like huge mounds reaching to the horizon. A flat bottomed boat in rough waters is an unwieldy fellow, it requires strong and careful handling. Lake LaBarge was not in good temper, in fact it is ever very quick tempered as boxed in by hills, the wind comes suddenly hurtling through them and whitecaps soon abound. We made it. The Five Finger Rapids also tested us. To have shot through the wrong ones would have spelled disaster. I had been told 100 miles above them to shoot between the 4<sup>th</sup> Finger and the Thumb. My flat tub wanted to do otherwise, but I forced its tubby nose to do my bidding and we went through with a rush to meet an unexpected Curler — which none had told us of — and we had all we could do to keep on balance. I fear my chum did not appreciate the thrill. He spoke of his wife and children in Seattle and begged me not to leave them fatherless. I had to give him another shock. On the way down, at a Road House we called in at, I offered a lift to a man for the day for we should pass his objective. My chum clearly knew the breed : "Look at him with his neat clothing, those hands of his which have never seen toil, he lives by his wits and carries as you can see a six shooter in that pocket." But I bore him along and he was courtesy and gratitude itself. So the delightful days passed, the mileage still ahead steadily decreasing. Our record run was no less than 70 miles and nothing to do but to keep "Number 169" the official name — by the police — of our craft, in a straight course. As we neared our goal, the Yukon became very broad with countless islands, then rounding a spur of high land we entered a charming country, a punch bowl in shape, at the far end of it a stretch of level land on which stands Dawson, a city raised by Klondyke cause, the smaller stream pouring out quite close to the town. We made for the Yukon's bank, tied up to a pile in the stream alongside N<sup>o</sup> 169's companions, the craziest lot of crafts imaginable, relics of the past, our own immaculate beside them, and stepped

ashore. That same day I walked along the banks of the Klondyke, reaching it by a bridge which joins the Diggings to the Town. Man with pick and shovel first had his innings and reward, then Dredges got to work. There is a mighty pile of debris far up that golden stream and that pile grows steadily in its length. Far up, that wondrous stream still runs unscathed; though its beauty as a whole as a piece of Nature's handiwork has gone for aye. I stood beside the River of Gold as it gently flowed and was content.

### 73. Eagle Hawk Neck <sup>236</sup>

If you look at your map of Tasmania you will see at the far southeastern corner 2 peninsulas — Forestier's <sup>237</sup> and Tasman's — joined by a tiny isthmus, probably unnamed but you see it above. It is there I want to take you and passing it we will visit Port Arthur, <sup>238</sup> the latter now largely in ruins but once another "Hell of the Pacific" and The Neck its Gateway. You will see Hobart the lovely little Capital not far distant and it was from there that I made journey to see another of my dreams come true. I took the long way round by land not the shorter one by water for Tasmania is a very beautiful island and I would miss seeing nothing of it. My Mecca was 60 miles away. The Neck was 50. In one official Report of those terrible days I read that that year there were at Port Arthur : convicts — men, women, boys and girls all from the Homeland 7,105 : guards 835 : soldiers 317 : Total 8,257. There was no hope of escape by water, the one chance was by land, but that tiny, narrow isthmus had to be crossed and the thing was impossible. This was how the Gateway 10 miles from that huge prison was guarded. The Neck is a hummocky, <sup>239</sup> sandy stretch of land, at high tide only 100 yards across, at low tide 400 yards. A brick guard room stood in the middle of the Neck where were stationed 30 soldiers under their officers. Two sentries by day and 4 by night always on duty. On either side of the guard room was a line a savage dogs, bulldogs and mastiffs. Each dog could reach to within 6 inches of each other right or left. Two hundred yards off, nearer to Port Arthur was another line of small sharp tongued watchdogs who giving the alarm of anyone approaching would bring out the whole guard. At night a row of lamps was lit, lighting up the whole Neck. On its water sides guards were set at equal distances apart whilst a patrol moved along the lines both day and night. The name was appropriate enough, for only a man with wings could ever hope to pass that Neck. The Penal Settlement stood at the head of a lovely Bay. Man's inhuman cruelty to man was its only blur, now a thing of the Past. The first ruin met with is the spacious Church of stone, with tower and lofty spire, the roof has gone, the walls once encircling 2000 of the condemned now covered with a mantle of ivy. Next comes a row of well built houses "Quality Row" where the Doctor, the Chaplain and other high officials dwelt. Then as if refusing to be hidden by the lofty trees of oak and elm rise high the gaunt buildings of the main Penitentiary itself, massive in their strength. I stepped within. The cells were bad enough but the "dark" cells were appalling. I tested one for a space and soon seemed to "feel" the darkness. Here men and women too were sealed up not for days but weeks. Then to the Prison Chapel, a thing beyond belief as a House of God. The devilish arrangement made it impossible for anyone to see another, the Preacher alone was visible. Then to the Model Prison thought a masterpiece, a fiendish building. There was a Central Court in it from which rows of cells lead off like spokes in a wheel. It was here also impossible for one prisoner to see another. Each spoke lead off into a yard of its own and into this tiny yard one prisoner at a time was admitted for daily exercise. A short distance from the huge Penitentiary and down the Bay a promontory juts out on its western side. Upon that site once stood Point Puer, the boy convicts establishment. The bitter cry from there reached even to their

<sup>236</sup> See also *Eagle Hawk Neck* and *The Convict Settlement* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>237</sup> WWB has *Forrestier*.

<sup>238</sup> [Port Arthur, Tasmania, Australia](#).

<sup>239</sup> Any topographic surface characterized by rounded or conical mounds. WWB has *hummocky*.

Motherland and orders were given to raze the buildings to the ground. To complete the picture here but touched upon of Man's inhumanity to his fellows however criminal, there is in Hobart — or there was for many many years have passed since I roamed thither — a remarkable Museum — gathered together by a local resident — a collection of relics of the Pioneers and with these a veritable Chamber of Horrors — like Madame Tussaud's at Home — where relics not only of documents are to be seen but the very Implements of Torture employed. They seem to belong to the Dark Ages, yet they were being used in my own lifetime. No need to harrow happy minds of today with details save to say that I did not allow test on myself of the "Cat o' Nine Tails" but tested the "Leg Irons" a terrible drag but nothing to compare with the fearsome "Ball and Chain" which strong as I am I could scarcely lift. And now a change of scene ere I stop my pen or you will surely say, "Your lovely little island heart shaped has no heart at all and rightfully was it called Van Dieman's Land for demons held it in their grip." Quite true; but the first white settlers were of different mould. They too came from the Old Country but they were free and loved nature. They turned Tasmania into an orchard, save the western side which was rich in minerals and untold wealth underground. They made the isle a little piece of England transported to the other side of the world. Where they settled they gave the pretty villages which I met all down the heart of Tasmania to reach Hobart the names of homes from whence they came. I saw Epsom and Cambridge, westward lay Guildford, Derby and Ramsgate : and made my way through Epping Forest true to name, for it at Home was long the haunt of Highwaymen and so it was in their new home. There is Richmond Park and Bushy also. But what surprised me was to come to Lake Tiberias, and the River Jordan and soon after to Bagdad!! Some devote reader of the Holy Book will possibly account for the first two : I fancy another was a devotee of the far famed "Arabian Nights" Fairy Tales. You may never taste Tasmania's fruits though they are to be met with as jams the whole South Sea over, but one thing you may even now possess of which Tasmania holds more than anywhere else in the world : that metal more precious even than gold — Osmiridium — used the world over for the tips of fountain pens. I am penning this to you thanks to Tasmania's horde. One name, one only stands out pre-eminent in the island's history. In the very centre of Hobart there stands a lifesize statue of the famous Arctic Explorer Sir John Franklin.<sup>240</sup> He first saw the island as a Middy,<sup>241</sup> sailing with Flinders as Captain on that wonderful circumnavigation of Australia. He was Governor of Tasmania from 1837 to 1843 and won the love of all with his sailor's heart. His memory is dear to every Tasmanian. Try — yourself — to think kindly of Tasmania despite "Eaglehawk<sup>242</sup> Neck," and its dogs.

## 74. The Isle of Palms

In the lounges of famous hotels and the spacious Saloons of luxurious Liners, I could not help but notice the lovely Palms which hold first place there and add a touch of beauty to their surroundings. Oft I wondered where they came from originally, for doubtless many were the product of seed carefully tended in some expert nurseryman's hot house in various parts of the world. Then came a day when I stepped ashore on Lord Howe Island 400 odd miles from Australia, and all became clear. Those palms are known as "The Kentia Palm" and here is their Homeland. It is only a little island, some 7 miles long by 2 miles wide, but it is very beautiful, covered with a dense and luxuriant vegetation. The Palms the world sees are dwarfs compared with their giant parents which, countless in number, a very forest, tower up 50, 60 and 70 feet. They have a fit companion in the Banyan Tree which must be seen to be believed, for each one demands ample room, no crowding like those palms. A single Banyan covers acres of ground. The island is a shady forest. The Kentia

<sup>240</sup> [John Franklin \(1786–1847\)](#). WWB has *Sir James Franklin*.

<sup>241</sup> Midshipman.

<sup>242</sup> WWB had *Eaglehawk's Neck*.



is a strange fellow. No seeds from the ones you see are of any value. Perhaps since my days there, the difficulty has been mastered by science, I cannot say. So every year for long years passed, between 4,000 and 5,000 bushels of the Giants' seeds have been collected by the residents, few in number and all white — no natives — and exported to all parts of the world. There would be bushels more but for the greedy rats. They have a lovely and an easy time. The palms now grow so close together that their tops are well nigh a mat along which the rodent takes his walk and eats. No jumping from one feast to another or climbing from the ground for a meal. There were no rats on this palm island till a few years back. That was an unfortunate day when a steamer ran upon the rocks which encircle the little island, and the rats in its holds made for safety. At first they were content with the bird life which was abundant; then they attacked the nest, eggs were dainty food. It was not long before supplies ran short. Then they turned into vegetarians and attacked the long slender strings of the palm seed. The few score folk tried shooting but the enemy was countless. They dared not use poison, for the Lord Howe Island is a Dairy Farm. So they turned to Owls. But the rogue was by no means beaten, he was full of fight. He went for his new enemy's nests and robs parents of their broods. And so the war goes on. It would be useless the way as done with the coconut palm, to ring the trunk with a band of zinc, when there is that carpet above on which they dwell. The Kentia is not the only palm on that favoured isle. There is the graceful "Mountain Palm" both large and small varieties which with ferns and lichen cover the face of the island's towering hills, for Lord Howe is far from flat land : Mount Gower rises 2,800 feet and Mount Lidgbird runs it close. There is yet another, "The Curly Palm" which prefers lower ground and boasts huge waving leaves. And besides the palms there is what Man has given the island, fruit in plenty to be had for the picking : peaches and pomegranats, oranges and bananas, a favoured island indeed. It can boast of more than its palms. Till Lieutenant Ball <sup>243</sup> in 1788 ran across it on his way in H.M.S. Supply to Norfolk Island, neither native nor white man had ever seen it. When those great migrations of the Melanesians set out from the Asiatic coasts in their canoes for the Unknown Ocean, now called the Pacific, they missed it. Nature held it inviolate, only the birds knew of it and made it their home. And even today it remains unique. No other island that I know of is wholly Government property, not an acre has been or can be owned by individual white folk. It is a "Reserve" of the New South Wales Government. The residents are shareholders in a Company which collects and distributes those Palm Seeds, and that Company is controlled by the Government and can be dissolved at any time if so thought fit. It is a very close Corporation, outsiders stand no show at all. A boy born on the island acquires so many shares on attaining his majority, and girls are dowered on their marriage. But those charming Seed Gatherers have no fear of Eviction. They live in positive luxury and are Hospitality itself to every visitor. There is neither Doctor, Nurse nor Hospital, they seem to have no illnesses till Old Age claims them, then the grave is dug mid the ferns and palms. They have of course a School House and a Church, a Bowling Green and a grass Tennis Court, hard of surface but a veritable lawn. There are no shacks, but Bungalows with wide verandahs, each set in their own paddock with grassland all around where fat cattle and full rounded horses graze in the rich meadows. A happy and contented people. I found it hard to leave that delectable Isle of Palms, even as I am quite sure would you, should your Roaming in years to come lead that way.

## 75. The Gateway

Just as Gibraltar is the Gateway from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean so is Singapore from the Indian Ocean to the Pacific : and our Motherland, old but strong, holds the Keys of both. My far roaming took me to the latter Gate. and what I saw and learned I would fain pass on to you. It lies very, very close to the Equator and is exceeding hot but during my stay, at no time of day did I find it unbearable. I was out to learn and now pass on to you what I trust will be of interest. The island of

<sup>243</sup> [Henry Lidgbird Ball \(1756–1818\)](#)

Singapore lies at the southernmost tip of the Continent of Asia, and at the south of the isle lies Singapore Town with its nigh half million inhabitants. The island is flat, heavily timbered with excellent roads to walk on. It is separated from the Continent by the Straits of Johore (the neighbouring Sultanate) which are fairly wide — even a couple of miles in some stretches but so narrow at Singapore’s north that a rock causeway joins island to Malaya, as that part of Asia is called. No bridge but solid rock, one side of it given up to the railway, the rest for the use of traffic and pedestrians such as I. The Naval Base of which so much has been heard these many years past is a good ten miles from Singapore Town. It was in the making in my day <sup>244</sup> and a very busy stretch of land and sea it certainly was. The whole British Empire is proud of it today : it guards the Gateway and is a fitting resting place for our splendid men-of-war. We won possession of the island through that fine far seeing Englishman Sir Stamford Raffles of whom I have already spoken. It was the home of pirates who menaced all traffic coming from which way it would. Johore’s Sultan <sup>245</sup> could do nothing with them. It called for stronger hand to root out that nest and destroy it. It was a free gift to us and we quickly cleaned out the robbers : and the man who did it has had a magnificent life sized Statue <sup>246</sup> raised to him on the Town’s waterfront. He stands with one hand outstretched as if to point out to us the waters of the Gateway which he made safe for all. It was but a fishing village of 100 souls all told when he landed on the site : today it is a hive of industry, the harbour crowded with steamers and sailing craft, the streets alive all day with rickshaw runners, many magnificent buildings, splendid esplanades, cricket and football have fine grounds in the very forefront of the City and hotels deluxe, the leading one in my day appropriately named “Raffles.” I have told you of the Sacred Horse on the *Miyajima*, here on Singapore I had an interview with Sacred Monkeys. It was in this way : I was on the main road leading to Johore and some miles out of Town when in a clearing at the roadside there lay a grave around which were many Malays. It was the grave of a Holy Man and to it they were bringing their sick, together with offerings of food, of incense and of money, all of which its guardians were gathering in. They sought to gain the blessing of the Saint. I watched a mother and her little daughter. She stood at the end of the grave behind her child, and holding the arms of her little one, they bowed and bowed, raising and lowering their arms till I wondered they were not weary. Then lighting their joss sticks and finding a space for them nigh the head of the grave they moved off to give place to others. I was informed that if I made an offering for the well being of that Shrine I could see its Sacred Monkeys. Naturally I “shelled out.” What I saw made one wonder that the whole hosts of monkeys of Singapore did not live around that grave. Perhaps the Monarch whom I was soon to see makes it too warm for intruders. He certainly is a big one and has a nasty temper. He made it hot even for his particular subjects. He was slow in coming but once arrived he made things lively. The guardians gave forth weird calls, yet nothing stirred. Next they threw ripe bananas upon the large cleaned space of ground at the head of the Shrine and again they called. At once I saw a stirring in the trees around. Down from their tops I could see monkeys swinging from limb to limb. They came from every quarter and in a trice the quad was alive with them. They were not well mannered, they were in fact distinctly selfish. There were many mothers carrying their babes in their pouch, but the Bachelors or their Husbands, I know not which, had no thought or care for them. It was a wild scramble, very far from Holy. Then suddenly that Monarch came upon the scene. That straightened things up at once. he was four times the size of any other of those Sacred Monkeys. Though late in time, he was going to have his share of the good things provided. They knew it and let him dutifully. Then a wild rush for the trees. Up, up they swung themselves, and they were gone. I wondered if I should yet live to see Sacred Snakes which would be a fitting climax. Let us return to the Town and gaze again ere we leave at its creator Raffles. Three times in the last years of his duties on Sumatra, nearby, he visited it. He watched and counselled its growth with intensest interest and as ‘his own child’ (as he called

<sup>244</sup> WWB visited Singapore in about early 1925.

<sup>245</sup> [Hussein Mua’zzam Shah ibni Mahmud Shah Alam \(1776–1835\)](#)

<sup>246</sup> Photos of the statue can be found [here](#).

it) grew with astonishing rapidity, his joy was abounding. Singapore gave him a glorious Farewell,  
<sup>247</sup> they knew his worth, he well deserved it.

## 76. Of Buried Treasure

In various parts of the world there are spots, especially islands, where man believed and many still believe lies hidden Treasure. The most wonderful and alluring stories are told of pirates, filibusters and revolutionists getting with untold gold and silver, precious stones and even images, hiding them thinking to return when the hue and cry died down, marking the spot on rough map drawn, but the Grim Reaper with his scythe gathering the freebooters in ere that day came, some by quarrels among themselves, others by shipwreck, others by misadventure. But those maps refuse to die and turn up every now and then in most mysterious fashion. Some are said to be come across in well worn books in second hand stores, others handed over at the point of death to some crony with urge to follow up as he had failed to do. An unbelieving world has yet to hear of any such buried treasure having ever been unearthed. Success could not be kept secret for men acquiring sudden wealth cannot escape the eagle eye of their fellows. These tales must needs be written down as Myths by balanced minds but still the search goes on. It is of such search in the Tuamotus Group of Atolls that I write of, for you to smile at men's still foolish dreams. Pinaki is an uninhabited Atoll, a fairly broad ring of coral surrounding a lagoon, uninviting even for a landing as I sailed by some few years back, <sup>248</sup> its nearest neighbour whereon natives dwell is Nukutavaki, but a short distance off. But Pinaki has been held for nigh 2 centuries past to hold upon its reef or within its unruffled waters fabulous treasure and many a hunt has been made for it by white men for the natives had ever had their unbelief. The last attempt was but of Yesterday whilst I had my home in Papeete. We saw the ardent Treasure hunters off, they were certain this time of the Find. True enough others had failed though they had trenched that hard coral reef the whole ring round and sounded the bottom of the lagoon with drilling instruments. These men however had the correct map of the spot. They had gained it from the hands of an ancient mariner as he lay dying in Sydney. He had had it for long years but had not the means to follow it up, he knew the story. There had been a revolution in Peru, its leaders had despoiled the Churches of their wealth both in cash and lovely jewelled goods, their spoil handed to a confederate and his crew to carry it to Panama, their treason and their sailing not north but west, their fear of pursuit and determination on passing through the lonely Tuamotus to bury it. That done they sailed off for Sydney but for safety's sake had scuttled their ship off the Australian coast and were welcomed ashore as shipwrecked mariners. The chance of return appeared hopeless, they scattered and died, the Captain the last with the all important map who gave it to the now fast dying man. And these deluded fellows believed it all. They went. They delved and drilled, they pickaxed and dived. The map utterly failed to give aid. We saw them return, a sad and chastened lot, they had wakened from their dream. Pianki once more had rest as it lay in the sunshine of the Tropics.

A few years passed and lo! another expedition — with its map — this time for Hiti Atoll with the lamentable result. We are wondering, which atoll will be next? I trust that none of mine will ever suffer from this craze of Buried Treasure. <sup>249</sup>

<sup>247</sup> Raffles left Singapore for Batavia, Sumatra and England on 9 July 1823.

<sup>248</sup> WWB wrote this Tale in June 1941 and so probably visited the Tuamotus in about 1938.

<sup>249</sup> [Tepoto Sud](#), [Raraka](#) and [Makatea](#) have also been identified as being the site of buried treasure from South America. See *Killorain's Treasure Island* on pages 17–25 in [Ireland: Irish short stories and poems by Tony Crowley](#). See also [The Treasure of the Tuamotus by George Hamilton \(Stanley Paul, 1939\)](#). Reports in the press of 1934 regarding the expedition witnessed by WWB can be found [here](#) and [here](#).

## 77. Of the Bower

Our Home, my Body's and I. Once in the Long Ago the site on which it stands was part of a large Sugar Plantation, the hills and rows were very evident and no small task to level. Later the whole acreage was planted with coconut palms in ordered rows and I have many of these to grace the site, but other trees were added here and there around and Nature planted more, whilst on my corner plot of ground undergrowth had been let grow rampant and defiant. The latter went down before the handsickle blade but the trees are sacrosanct, giving shade and beauty to my dwelling place. There is the Frangipani, an ungainly looking tree of a truth, without definite shape but all made up by its lovely blossoms cream white and fragrant. There is the Breadfruit tree, massive of trunk and towering high, loaded at each season with its outcrop, very cannon balls for size and weight. Dropping when ripe they are to be avoided with care. There is the Mango, a full fledged tree requiring plenty of room. Some have been seen many years, others are still young, their fruit varying greatly, some altogether too redolent of turpentine, the "Mission" a tasty one and juicy. There is the Kapoc, a straight up and towering tree, stretching out its long spidery arms as if seeking company. I find it a useful tree for it bears large flat pods which fall when ripe and burst open. In these is a silky soft wool which comes in very handy for stuffing both pillows and mattresses, though it means a tedious job picking out the scores of seed entangled with the wool. The Palms about me are of course most graceful fellows but they are not altogether a blessing. The huge lengthy fronds (leaves) keep falling down and with their great length play havoc with all they reach. They crash through the carefully tended and close cropped hedge, they lay low the flower beds, they break off branches standing <sup>250</sup> in their way. The huge nuts themselves are a menace. If they struck humans they would crack a skull like a hammer an egg. The wonder is that there are so few accidents and very rarely a death thereby. I have had some close calls as I work beneath them but one grows indifferent to the danger. A long bamboo pole with a double crook of iron at its end is my weapon for those clusters of nuts when they look dangerous. From the very start I was rich in Nature's gift but there were others lacking and up to me to supply. Orange trees are growing nicely, so also citrous for lemonade, whilst there are bananas studding the site, their huge bunches of fruit quite beyond me to consume alone. There are rows of the slender papaya, a graceful tree with its crown of bright green leaves, the fruit hugging the trunk and to be carefully handled when ripe for to bruise it is to reduce it to a pulp. A ladder comes in handily here. I could not do without ground fruit, especially the luscious pineapple, so have 200 plants in ordered rows and weeds are arrested by laying between each row the rotting leaves of my palms. A charming outlay is all this, but in no sense unique. It has countless counterparts on this favoured isle. The only difference between this and other white men's is that hired native labour tends the grounds while it is my privilege having time and strength to be the labourer. No other hands than mine have formed or tend the spot. The Bungalow itself is simple in its construction and provisions, the frame of wood, its roof of thatch, its walls of plaited leaf or bamboo. Rich fernery on stands enshrouds its base. The Highway with its auto traffic night and day is half a mile away. Quiet reigns the day long and at night I can only hear the babbling brook (The Hamutu) by the side of my dwelling as it makes headlong for the sea or the roar of the breakers as they thunder against the reef. Here then is our Home, a veritable bower <sup>251</sup> shady and beautiful to look upon and dwell in, and to my mind rightly is it named. <sup>252</sup>

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<sup>250</sup> WWB has *stand*.

<sup>251</sup> A shelter (as in a garden) made with tree boughs or vines twined together; an arbor

<sup>252</sup> See also *A Garden in Tahiti : Introduction of Melons, Citrus and Pineapples* by WWB in the October 1943 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 30 and 32.



**Plate 8. “The Bower”**

W.W.B. in the orchard.



**78. Of Bird Money**

You will surely say, Whatever can that mean? I know of Bird seed and a Bird Cage but what have Dollars and cents, Pounds Shillings and Pence got to do with the feathered tribe? Yet that same money is constantly on the lips of Tahitian natives and the Chinese shopkeepers, who call it *Moni Manu* and you have to know what they mean as they name their prices or you are in for a difficult time settling your account with them. They will charge you a *Tara* or a *Toata* or a *Raera*, maybe all three together which being interpreted mean respectively a Dollar, a Quarter and a Real and none of them, as you might think at first, American coins. After a time you learn to remember that their “Dollar” means 5 francs, their “Quarter” means a quarter of their Dollar, in French money one franc twenty five centimes and the “Real” half a franc which is 50 centimes. It is Chilean coinage, the coins themselves no longer in use and to be met with only in the Museum or as Curios in private hands; but how it came into general use on Tahiti, and throughout the whole of French Oceania and became the money language, still clung to by the natives, is a mystery both to Tourist, many a white resident and even to the natives themselves to whom their Past is largely a blank.

From the time Tahiti became known to the outside world, the port from which both men-of-war and merchant ships set sail for it was Valparaiso, the chief port and City of Chile. Trade required money and Tahiti had none of its own though there was English money circulating from British ships, French money from those of France, Spanish coin from Mexico and other countries besides these, a perplexing mixture and confusing with no Bank to help straighten matters out. The coins of Chile were those chiefly in use surpassing all the rest in their quantity, and all business came to be conducted therewith. Those coins carried the effigy of an Eagle, its wings outspread and came to be called *Moni Manu* “Bird Money” to distinguish it by the natives from all other coinage that floated



in upon Tahiti. So things went along more or less in confusion till the French took command of the island when Bird money and Francs were settled at fixed value for each and for some years ran together in all businesses. When later on Tahiti became a French Colony the Home Government decreed the death of Bird Money, it vanished from circulation but not from the minds of the Tahitian people nor (as one sees from the language of the islanders) as they deal with one another or white folk for their goods. When the Chinese filtered in, they naturally mixed with the natives both socially and in trade and picked up the “lingo” commonly in use amongst them and “Bird money” seems yet out for a long, long life. Till Panama was cut in twain — and that was no so very long ago,<sup>253</sup> both the way Home to Europe and the cargoes loaded at Papeete for that Continent was via Valparaiso. That Town and Port loomed large to Tahiti’s eye, and its Bird Money on every hand pressed home its importance but of a truth it was but a halting place where cargoes changed ships before or after sailing round the tempestuous Horn. Its day is past so far as Tahiti is concerned, its coinage too.

## 79. Of Cannibals

What!! in this part of Oceania? Surely this Tale will be a Legend of the Past? Not so. It sounds impossible but ’tis true and in the days of the French Protectorate over the Georgian Islands<sup>254</sup> (Tahiti, Moorea, Tetiaroa and Mehetia) and also of the Atoll Group (The Tuamotus : “Distant Islands”). Christianity had triumphed over Paganism, but there were isles still wild and savage as this Tale will show. On my way far south from Papeete heading for the Gambiers we passed far off on the horizon the Atoll Tematangi (Bligh Island to the white folk — after Bligh of the Bounty<sup>255</sup> — who first laid eyes on it). It stands alone as you will notice if you look in your Atlas. The schooner “Sarah Ann” left Valparaiso in March 1856 for her home port Papeete to call in at the Gambiers for pearl shell. There were 17 aboard, the Captain, his wife and babe nigh 2 years old, the Supercargo (who tends to the trade of a vessel), 2 Papeete merchants, 9 of a crew, 2 boys the sons of a M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Stevens of this port, and a servant maid of the Captain’s wife. At the Gambiers they met with a French sloop of war which was on the point of sailing for Tahiti and left with the assurance that the Sarah Ann would be also there in 10 days time. She never arrived. The weeks, then months passed and it was accepted that it had foundered with all aboard. The mother of those 2 boys was heart broken. A full year passed when a schooner arriving reported that passing Tematangi at a distance a wreck was seen upon the reef. Sailing nearer with the intent to land and investigate, natives gathered brandishing spears and appeared so hostile that it was considered unwise to land. Upon their shoulders and upon branches of the pandanus tree and attached to bushes of the thick undergrowth there were seen clothing that could not possibly be theirs and no white folk appeared upon the scene. The Protectorate at once took action. Their steamship was despatched with marines (sea soldiers) aboard. Arriving, no natives were to be seen. Search was made for any hapless survivors without success but the natives’ huts though empty had freshly caught fish hanging on their posts and the mats were still warm. Many a gunshot was discharged into the thick bush and to show that white men meant real business huts and canoes were burned. The steamship returned to report; and of the wreck itself no vestige remained to lend a clue. Nothing could be done. But that heartbroken mother thought otherwise. She was going to learn, if learning was possible, the fate of her beloved 2 boys. She chartered a schooner, the “Julia,” and headed for Tematangi. Passing the Atoll Anaa she took aboard 25 natives and their Chief named *Teina* to speak to the Tematangians if

<sup>253</sup> The [Panama Canal](#) was completed in 1914.

<sup>254</sup> Now the [Windward Islands](#), the eastern group of the Society Islands

<sup>255</sup> WWB has ~~after~~ *Bligh* and, inserted with an arrow, *but not he...* WWB’s initial understanding was correct; the Bligh that first sighted Tematangi was indeed the [Bligh](#) of the Bounty. Bligh was Commanding Lieutenant on the Bounty when the mutiny took place in 1789 and Captain of the Providence when he sighted Tematangi in 1792.

found. Upon landing not a soul was to be seen. The Anaans set out to comb the underbrush, their Chief remained and stood alone. He heard a piece of coral rolling close beside him, turning he saw a hand protruding from a pile of coral. At his far reaching rallying cry his men returned on the run, tore away the pile and saw the entrance to a cavern. From it they brought out 12 adults and 4 children. They, hearing no sounds above them, thought the ship's folk had gone aboard and that all was safe again. They were led aboard the *Julia* and the search went on to come across human bones, a skull with long blonde hair still on it, parts of a child's body sundried attached to the top of a pole to act as a "fetish," a charm for their gods, and teeth and feet and finger bones. These relics were taken aboard as evidence. Tematangi was left behind but ere it reached Papeete 3 of its prisoners died presumably of fear of what awaited them. None however were put to death but they were confined to their end, they saw their island home no more. What must that devoted mother have thought within herself as she looked upon those cannibals who had killed and cooked and eaten her dear boys! Such is the Tale of Tematangi and 'tis true.<sup>256</sup>

## 80. Of a False Scare

In the Tale of "Oro and Others" I wrote of 2 huge stone idols now standing in our museum grounds but the names of the Gods no native knows. That was all, but they and their arrival which I witnessed call for fuller handling which I think will interest you. Those ancient and towering effigies had stood from time out of mind in the thick forest of the interior of the lovely little island of Rai-va-vae one of those islands of the Austral Group 100 miles and more south of Tahiti I had visited and thus stepped outside of the Tropics<sup>257</sup> for a nonce. Their removal had the consent of the Governor of the Colony without which it could not have been done but it was far from being welcomed by the natives of where they stood or by those of this island whence they were brought. Though Christian in name and profession the awe and terror of the old gods still grips these people. Raivavae was to them the special residence of the fierce old Sea God *Ruahatu*. Impressed upon their memory was the legend — but to them the truth — of how 2 fishermen casting their net into the deep where unknown to them the god was sleeping had entangled it in his long hair. The god aroused rushed to the surface and in the tempest of his anger caused the sea to rise above the mountain tops of the islanders' home. When these huge idols were safely landed at Papeete the whole native population were in a highly nervous state of mind. Some predicted a devastating tidal wave and even went so far as to have their moveables packed up in readiness to make for the mountains. When a few days later flashes of fire were seen issuing from and playing upon the waters of the harbour real terror prevailed the fiery old god was preparing a volcanic eruption. On top of this the man who above all others had counselled the removal of the idols and himself had conducted the removal and brought them safely to landing at this port fell desperately sick. The old Sea God had given him "what for" for daring to steal his images. Natives became desperate, scared so greatly that there was strong talk to petition the Governor *en masse* to have those huge effigies at once returned to the forest they came from. The days passed harmlessly, they mounted into weeks and neither hurricane nor volcano appeared to disturb our peace. The sick man became the centre of interest, a steady crowd kept close watch over his home. Would the fetchers and carriers for the great god *Ruahatu* do his work for him with this destroyer and plunderer? Despite their fears — perhaps their hopes — the sick man stood upon his feet again.<sup>258</sup> But those flashes of flame upon

<sup>256</sup> The source for the story of the "Sarah Ann" is probably *Rapport sur la tragédie de la goélette Sarah Ann* by X. Caillet in *Bulletins de la Société des Etudes Océaniques* 67: 222–233 (June 1857). This story was told by Robert Louis Stevenson in Part II, Chapter IV, *Traits and Sects in the Paumotu*, of [In the South Seas \(London, 1900\)](#), although in less detail than WWB and with an error — Stevenson states that the Sarah Ann left Papeete and not Valparaiso.

<sup>257</sup> Raivavae is located at 23° 52' S. The Tropic of Capricorn is 23° 26' 16" S.

<sup>258</sup> The man who conducted the removal of the idols in August 1933, Steven Higgins, died not long thereafter, in 1935. The history of the tikis (in French), including five other deaths attributed to their removal from Raivavae can be found

the water! what could they mean but some supernatural action. Then into the harbour a vessel came and the Captain when told of the wonder and the Scare blandly remarked that on leaving he had tossed overboard a pot of phosphorus and flour, the mixture he and others use on schooners to poison insect vermin all too prevalent aboard these vessels. The phosphorus coming in contact with the salt water had generated a gas which ignited as its bubbles burst on the surface of the lagoon! The natives collapsed as also did the scare, *Ruahatu* had failed to come through with his part of the business, Papeete held his images and meant to keep them, none now protesting. They are truly hideous but they still stand in the open as they had stood for centuries in the wild forest of Raivavae, but none pay them reverence today.<sup>259</sup>

## 81. Of Tahiti's Heart

You have had many a tale of Tahiti from my pen but one and all of them have had their setting round the coastline. The mountains run so close down to the sea that there is only a narrow strip of flat land between the two. At times it is not more than 100 yards, in some places there is none at all but happily there is room in others extending even nigh a half mile back. In the days when the natives numbered many, many thousands<sup>260</sup> they had to make their homes up the valleys and on the sides of the mountains, the Great Ones among them monopolized the seashore strips, the humbler ones were forced to find room elsewhere. But those valleys were often broad and beautiful, each one with its river hurtling to the sea and the mountainsides gave both welcome shade and room, so all were full content. It is to inland Tahiti that I want to take you, lonely now but well worth knowing, its Past an open book for those who have eyes to read it. I know that tangled mass of mountains and have tramped those valleys but to most white residents it is an unknown land. As I have roamed Inland Tahiti there has oft come to my mind Vancouver Island, there is so much alike and yet there are many striking differences. Long years back it was my happy lot to traverse that fair island from end to end clear and sheer down "its so called backbone" from Cape Commerell its northernmost tip to Victoria its most southern, taking everything in my stride.<sup>261</sup> When mountains barred the way they were climbed straight up and down, when lakes stopped "footing" it a raft of saplings with stout straight branches for sweeps bore me on their waters to their end. The islands are alike in that they have no real backbone. Nature has cast her mountains higgledy piggedly all over the land, the valleys one tires of counting each covered with lovely verdure and each with its cooling stream. Both are covered heavily with timber, there are few wide open spaces to be found. But there the woods are resonant with birds' songs, their chattering and their twitter : here all is silent, bird life is conspicuous by its absence. There a chain of lovely lakes dot the island from end to end, 10, 20, even 30 miles in length; here there is but one, a lovely sheet hidden away by precipitous mountains each contributing to its waters by waterfalls large and small — its length but a half mile but Oh! how icy cold as I plunged in and swam it. There wild Life is abundant, I met the lordly Wapiti not only singly but in bands, the black bear who treed himself for safety, the stealthy cougar and the wolf, whilst every sheet of water was the home of ducks and loons. Ahead of me the fleet footed Quail ran for safety but the ptarmigan (white of plumage as the snow they dwelt on)

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at Tahiti Heritage [here](#) and [here](#). They are named *Moana* et *Heiata*, after the name of a sacred site on Raivavae, *Moana Heiata*.

<sup>259</sup> The idols, or tikis, from Raivavae can be seen in a photograph of the Tahiti Museum in Tale #16, *Of Oro and Others*. See also *A False Scare* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*, where photographs of the *tikis* taken in November 2014 can be seen.

<sup>260</sup> The numbers are debated, but from the discovery by [Wallis](#) in 1767 to the arrival of the [Duff](#) in 1797, the population of Tahiti declined precipitously due primarily to introduced diseases.

<sup>261</sup> See Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB, Exploration of Vancouver Island*, and Chapter Two, *Early Explorations, 1894–1910*, in [Beyond Nootka by Lindsay Elms \(Misthorne Press, 1996\)](#). WWB explored Vancouver Island in 1894, 1896 and 1910.

greeted me unafraid on the snow capped mountain tops. Here how little! There no native had ever dared to wander for to them it was their ghost land and as those I tried to entice to join me said, their devils held sway. Here even to the fastnesses men, women and children had lived and their place was taken by the only animal life to be seen, wild cattle and wild pigs. They were to be seen but for a fleeting moment for their fear of slaughtering man with his dogs is great. Those former residents have left their mark behind them. You come across old-time house-platforms and the stone erections evidently once their *Maraes* (Temples). Like as I saw on Oahu Island (Honolulu its name to most) so surely would these wild hills and valleys have been veritable ‘Cities of Refuge’ when the avenger’s hand or a ruthless Chief was after them. The caves here and there would shelter them of nights as they have served me, though the wild pig finds them a welcome sty which is not always to man’s liking, but roaming inland over Tahiti one must expect to rough it. As here so if you would see the full beauty of Vancouver’s island you must leave auto, Roads and trails behind you, climb to its snow capped summits and look around : you, even as I did will get rich reward. <sup>262</sup>

## 82. Of Cinderella Island

There is no island the whole world over that bears that name but there is one that ought to be named so by white folk — letting the native name remain for their use — because of its perfect likeness to the Cinderella of the Story Books. For centuries it was thought little of even by the Polynesians who dwelt on it or the Groups of islands around it yet it turned out to be one of the richest — if not the very richest — of all the islands in Oceania and for its size unique in its vast wealth throughout the Seven Seas. Its native name is Ma-ka-te-a and it lies 100 miles north east of Tahiti : you will recall mention of it in “South Seas Curios.” <sup>263</sup> It is named by the French as one of the Tuamotus but why so I cannot tell you for those are Atolls, rings of coral with a lagoon in their centre as you know, whilst Makatea rises high out of the water and has no lagoon, just like Niué. It may once have been an Atoll a million years ago. Oeno is the highest of the Tuamotus but the reef is only 25 feet above sea level whilst Cinderella rises 230 feet and is flattish on the top, one little knoll sticking its head up. It has a “fringing” reef but no “barrier” one and is a dangerous island to stand by but huge steamers of many nations take their chances with anchors fore and aft, there is no possibility of a harbour and many a ship has left its bones there since the day when Cinderella came into wealth.

The Dutch sailorman Roggeveen <sup>264</sup> was the first of white men to see it and he gave it (for you and me) a terrible name “Van Verkwikking” but we English call it the translation from the Dutch “Refreshment Island” — the poor fellow and his crew had scurvy and he obtained there greatly needed green food. Then for over a century it was left to itself so far as white men were concerned. Trade to the Atolls passed it by, for they were rich in pearl shell, pearls and copra whilst Makatea was not worth a landing with its greyish white rock alone to greet you. Poor Cinderella had a very lean time, Papeete handed out but meagre goods to the few natives dwelling there in return for fish their main food. But there was one thing in their favour, they owed no man anything, their isle was theirs and absolutely free from those terrible mortgages and loans of cash which were piling up on their neighbours. When the new Century 1900 opened things were thus and looked likely to last so forever but in 1908 so the story goes (I hope correct) a retired French naval officer Captain Bonnet residing here made his way there. He must have known something more than about ships and guns, a knowledge of chemistry and of minerals must have been his, for landing and handling that greyish rock and that all prevailing dust he found that mass of seeming rock rising 230 feet in the air was phosphate, none finer the whole world over. Returning hot haste to Papeete he and his cronies

<sup>262</sup> See also *Tahiti’s Heart* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

<sup>263</sup> Tale #31, *Of South Sea Curios* (2).

<sup>264</sup> [Jacob Roggeveen \(1659–1729\)](#)

promptly formed a Company, acquired all necessary rights from the natives who from poverty reached affluence more than sufficient for their simple needs, Bonnet and his friends found a fortune and still that Company goes forward, nor can anyone foresee its end for the deposit is sufficient for a thousand years.<sup>265</sup> It is a busy spot to visit despite its dust, 1000 folk are resident. Cinderella smiles for Whilst the rest of the Tuamotus are hobbling along burdened with debt she forges ahead, with untold wealth at her command.

### 83. Of Bicycles and Tennis

In my early boyhood days bicycles as they now are known were but a dream. They might be invented someday by some genius, meantime we had to be content with the Velocipede — “Swift Walking,” for sitting on a hard wooden seat between 2 wheels the size of the Safeties<sup>266</sup> of today, we progressed by peddling with our toes! The was certainly faster than plain straightforward walking but very very hard on the toes! Then a genius invented the pedals but still that very hard seat and the wheels still had spokes of wood and the tyres were of iron such as vehicles used and still are shod with. Yet though still only a boy, many a long journey I made thereon. Then another genius invested the “Penny Farthing,” a 5 feet front wheel (for me) the “Penny” and a one foot wheel for the back one, the “Farthing.” It had to be mounted in 2 steps, little projections on the bar that held the 2 wheels together. It had a “break”<sup>267</sup> like its predecessor but it was a wicked thing, requiring the most careful and judicious handling. If put on quickly or too hard it “kicked like a mule,” the little back wheel to which it was attached rose up with a rush and sent you head over heels over the handle bar. I had that experience till I learned the gentle touch. The Penny Farthing held the day till I left my Homeland<sup>268</sup> and for a quarter of a century I rode no wheel. The last of that type I saw was one suspended above a Bicycle Shop as a Sign in Salt Lake City, Utah. That weird bike came to its end when another genius, reverting to the original idea of 2 low wheels of equal size, invented not only the Safety with its pneumatic tyres and spokes of steel but a seat with a spring! There came the day at long last when I purchased a Safety, and mounting it at the door of the shop rode off through the traffic; for balance once learned is never forgotten alike with swimming once acquired. Since then I must have biked 1000 miles and more but now in my Old Age I bike no more, for no other reason than that Walking is the foundation of lasting bodily Strength and Health and I would fain preserve those priceless gifts I have.

Alike with Safeties, Lawn Tennis was unknown as a game in my boyhood years. There was Tennis requiring a Wall<sup>269</sup> and Croquet was the rival to Cricket as a national game. Its headquarters — where the Annual Championships were held — were at Wimbledon, the lovely lawns not 400 yards from my home. Then (I cannot recall by whom<sup>270</sup>) Lawn Tennis was invented and where Croquet reigned as Queen for gentle folk is today the famous Court to which all players pay high reverence. As a youth I left mallet for the racket and gathered in still other trophies, the while the years increasing and the orbit of my athletic life expanding. Rugby called — with its “Cap” for England which I only missed through a damaged knee : the Running Track with England’s Half Mile Championship mine and a Cambridge “Blue” : the Sculling Oar enticed me : Lacrosse came across the Ocean and the lot fell to me to be one of the first English team to meet the fleet Canadians : Soccer also appealed and the Boxing Ring found me revelling in blows. Trophies steadily increased

<sup>265</sup> Phosphate mining on Makatea ceased in 1964.

<sup>266</sup> See [John Kemp Starley \(1854–1901\)](#).

<sup>267</sup> Possibly an archaic form of *brake*.

<sup>268</sup> In 1884 and again in 1887

<sup>269</sup> A [real tennis](#) court is a substantial building encompassing an area wider and longer than a lawn tennis court, with high walls and a ceiling.

<sup>270</sup> [Major Walter Clopton Wingfield \(1833–1912\)](#) invented lawn tennis in 1874.



but Alas! the majority were lost — “short landed” as the Shipping Company put it — in their padded box as it followed me across the Sea. There are still a few which are yours when I “Pass on.” <sup>271</sup>

But Life cannot be wholly Play and Games and Trophies of Victories gained. Early Manhood broke, and the Call came to serve no longer Self but others. That same Call came from afar, and bidding Farewell to my Homeland I stepped out into Life in perfect bodily condition which has never failed me.

Be you also wise in the days of your Youth, and you may be granted even longer years than my present 4 score years and 3.

## 84. Of a Great Navigator

These short tales written for both your amusement and instruction would be wholly incomplete did I not tell of that really wonderful sailorman Captain Cook. Just as Nelson <sup>272</sup> ranks as our greatest Naval Hero with his sea fights so does Cook as our greatest explorer of unknown waters. Throughout the Pacific Ocean, its Great South Sea and its North Eastern portion as far as Vancouver’s island you cannot escape from him. His name is on islands, on Strait and Bay and his memory is held in highest esteem even to this day wherever he made landing. How came it so? It was because of the man’s sterling Self. He was not ruthless as so many Captains of his day, nor held natives he came across in contempt, he was no bully or tyrant to those crews who sailed with him, those rough fellows fairly loved him, obedience he would have, but their health was ever his anxious care. He was the first to master that dread disease of sailors, the life eating Scurvy, brought on by endless diet of salt pork. Vegetables were his antidote and tirelessly he sought for and stored them upon his ships. He was fearless in taking chances but never foolhardy, courteous to all he met, savages though they were; to sum all up in just one word, that word which I have harped upon all life long, he was gentle i.e. Tolerant though it cost him his life. You have come across him many a time in these little tales : it could not be otherwise. How came he to be so famous and to leave a name behind him that will never die? Let us see. He was the child of poor parents in Yorkshire; like thousands of boys he wanted to be a sailor, his parents agreed. Before the mast <sup>273</sup> he sailed in rough merchantmen, <sup>274</sup> no Royal Navy for him. Quickly he rose step by step, rank by rank till of sheer merit and ability he was Captain. By some means — I cannot exactly tell — his ability came to the knowledge of the Admiralty. <sup>275</sup> A new Ocean had broken in upon men’s knowledge of the world. England would know of it and its possibilities for trade. Cook was called upon to sail into the Unknown and given His Majesty’s ships to do it in. Three voyages he made <sup>276</sup> and as he sailed he wrote. Nothing escaped his eye or pen. All went down in his “log.” It was more a Diary than a Log. The Government, charmed, published “Cook’s Voyages” which thrilled the nation. Those volumes illustrated by talented artists who sailed under him leave mere romance far behind. Other nations translated them. They are the tales of a sailor, simple and direct. The list of Gifts which he carried in his ships to be handed out to native peoples is astonishing, livestock of many kinds, clothing and women’s drapery, axes of course and knives both large and small, looking glasses of course and combs, a hundred other things. All these have long passed away but there was one thing which

<sup>271</sup> For additional information concerning WWB’s athletic career, see *Notes on the Life of WWB, Caius College*.

<sup>272</sup> [Horatio Nelson \(1758–1805\)](#)

<sup>273</sup> Nautical: as a common sailor, who bunk in the forecabin, forward of the foremast

<sup>274</sup> Any non-naval vessel, including tankers, freighters and cargo ships

<sup>275</sup> Cook volunteered for the Royal Navy in 1755. It was his [mastery of surveying](#), particularly of Newfoundland from 1763 to 1767, that brought him to the attention of the Admiralty and the Royal Society.

<sup>276</sup> The first from 1768 to 1771, the second from 1772 to 1775 and the third from 1776 until his death in 1779

Time could not destroy though carelessness has largely. In 1772 he took with him large store of Medals — King George III's bust on one side, his 2 ships on the other. Today the few that remain are worth more than their weight in gold. One found on the island of Pora Pora (Leeward Isles) in a native's possession was secured — O shame upon that buyer! — for 2 shirts and 2 handkerchiefs! Methinks Alas! that most of them were melted down for bullets! Never mind : Cook's name remains, unblemished and untarnished.

## 85. Of a Four-Footed Isle

I opened my mind's little Safe just now and out of it dropped a Note marked "New Caledonia." Now just to think of it! I have never taken you on a visit to that charming island. I will try to make amends. Explorers seem to have been very fond of that word "New." There is "New" Zealand, "New" Hebrides, "New" Guinea, "New" South Wales : and Land Settlers too with their "New" Brunswick, "New" Jersey, "New" Orleans, "New" York and one quite close to you "New" Westminster. And here we have yet another "New." Nothing on it appears to me to be like the old Caledonia, especially its shape which you can see is just like a sausage, fat, rotund and long. But it has what no sausage possesses, a back-bone, a ridge of mountains clear down it, unbroken. And there it is like Tasmania which I have told you is as different one side from the other as chalk from cheese. On its East side all is rocky, wild and a mass of rich minerals, on its west side is lovely grazing land, now dotted with farms. It lies in Melanesia, not Polynesia, its natives a very deep brown. There were savages and cannibals in those wild fastnesses till lately. It was because there had been a massacre of French sailors ashore that France hoisted its Flag and took possession.<sup>277</sup> They then used it as a Convict Settlement, like Norfolk Island and Tasmania. The Capital is Noumea at the head of a lovely Bay, a land locked harbour. In it but a short row from Noumea there is a goodly sized island on which huge prison buildings were raised. It is properly called *Ile Nou* a terrible place. When with a Permit I rowed over, there were convicts with their guards roaming around but there was one row of Cells, each happily a good sized room, with steel bars in their front reaching high, where Maniacs were confined. They had gone mad through long confinement. At my approach each hurried to the grating and glared at me like an imprisoned tiger, their hair and beard long and unkempt, a most unpleasant sight. That is the unhappy side of New Caledonia. The happy side would be far too long to enumerate. There is a fine hard road far up its western side which I took for 50 miles and more, farms on either hand and the ocean studded with islands all the way. Of course there are countless waterfalls and rivulets making from the mountain to the sea and being thirsty I stopped here and there to have a drink. Where the cool waters took their jump I did not need to get wet for the natives are ingenious. A number of little spouts of water were issuing from hollow sticks. A clay dam in a ledge above, stays the waterfall's course in full and diverts the water into the sticks from which it shoots out like a fountain. The one tree above all others which cover the island is the *Niaouli* which are like the eucalyptus and paint the scenery a soft grey blue. But if to the business man the huge store of valuable minerals predominates in his mind, to me it was the amazing herds of deer. Surely there is no other island of its size the world over that has 300,000 deer roaming its land. The first were brought from Sumatra and Java, they multiplied till they are a menace. They mingle with the 100,000 grazing cattle, huge "drives" make no impression on the vast, elusive swarm. Though sought, I could not find it in my heart to slay that beautiful, soft eyed four footed thing. When Man upsets Nature he has to pay for it.

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<sup>277</sup> In 1851 a French landing party at Balade was attacked by the natives and massacred, with the exception of a single member. France initiated a formal annexation and Auguste Febvrier Despointes led the expedition that raised the French flag at the spot of the massacre on 24 September 1853.

And now my space is filled and I seem to have but just begun. Some other day I must go to that Safe again and find out what else perchance it holds for you. Enough for now.

## 86. Of Erromanga

I have taken you with me for a little jaunt in New Caledonia and not far off lies another “New” but different in many ways from its neighbour. It is a group of islands lying almost parallel to one another, it has those unpleasant angry fits of nature we call Volcanoes and does not belong to one White Nation but to 2, we British and the French share it equally which fact is called a strange sounding name A “Condominium”, the only one (I think) now in the world. Everything when I was there which is now in the Long Ago,<sup>278</sup> was in doubles, there was English money and there was French, there were English laws and French laws, there were English Courts and French Courts, there was an English Administrator (Governor) and a French one and neither language was the “boss.” The poor native Melanesians had a bad time with such a mixture as far as I could gather and things in the group have always been in a muddle. Neither nation appears to be willing to give up its share, perhaps before you have grown old the difficulty will be solved. The mixture however did not concern or bother me, nor need it you as we have a look around and learn of things. Now those Volcanoes: I was on Tanna where there is one, a very decent fellow, it does not suddenly break forth, on the contrary it never ceases, it does not belch forth that destroying lava but keeps that to itself and shoots out instead a pillar of smoke by day and a pillar of Fire by night. You can easily climb up to the brink and have a look in but there is that steady column ever rising, and on a pitch dark night, whether you are on land or far out to sea that fiery column mounting up into the night sky like a mighty flare is a beautiful sight. But on other of those islands their volcanoes play havoc and huge portions of the land have been devoured by the molten lava, like where the Taupou’s lonely grave lies on Savaii.<sup>279</sup> Just when and where the next outburst will be none of course can tell but everyone, native and white goes about their work taking chances save on Malekula where you have to keep a sharp look-out for man eaters — not tigers but cannibals, whose numbers are happily steadily growing less.

But of all the group, Erromanga<sup>280</sup> was my Mecca. It is known far and wide as “The Martyrs’ Isle”. Here brave men — and women too — died for the Faith they held so dear that no danger could halt them. We should never reserve homage only to Christian martyrs, a Buddhist, a Sorcerer who dies at the hands of his fellows for the Faith that is his is fully worthy of the honour. So I wanted to tread where these brave ones had perished — and been eaten! and see the isle they gave their lives for and those who followed them won from savagery and paganism to civilization and the Worship of the Supreme. I knew that a Memorial Chapel had been raised to their Memory on the beach where those pioneers had landed. I found it despite the trees and undergrowth. Within I grieved to see its condition. Untidiness I have ever abhorred but am ever ready to forgive, but Neglect is quite another thing. Here forms where piled up “any old how,” the dust was thick, and leaves a-plenty. The great Tablet bearing those gallants’ names (like that I placed on Moorea to like gallant ones) I had to hunt for and found its face to the wall, part of other lumber. How different from that lovely shrine on Norfolk Island to another Martyr<sup>281</sup> — a Bishop that time. I have often wondered since if Shame has reached those responsible for its upkeep in Australia. I trust it has. I copied the list of the brave. “John Williams and James Harris killed November 30, 1839    George Gordon and Ellen

<sup>278</sup> WWB visited the New Hebrides, [Vanuatu](#) since 1980, in 1925.

<sup>279</sup> See Tale #38, *The Taupou’s Grave*

<sup>280</sup> WWB has *Erronanga*.

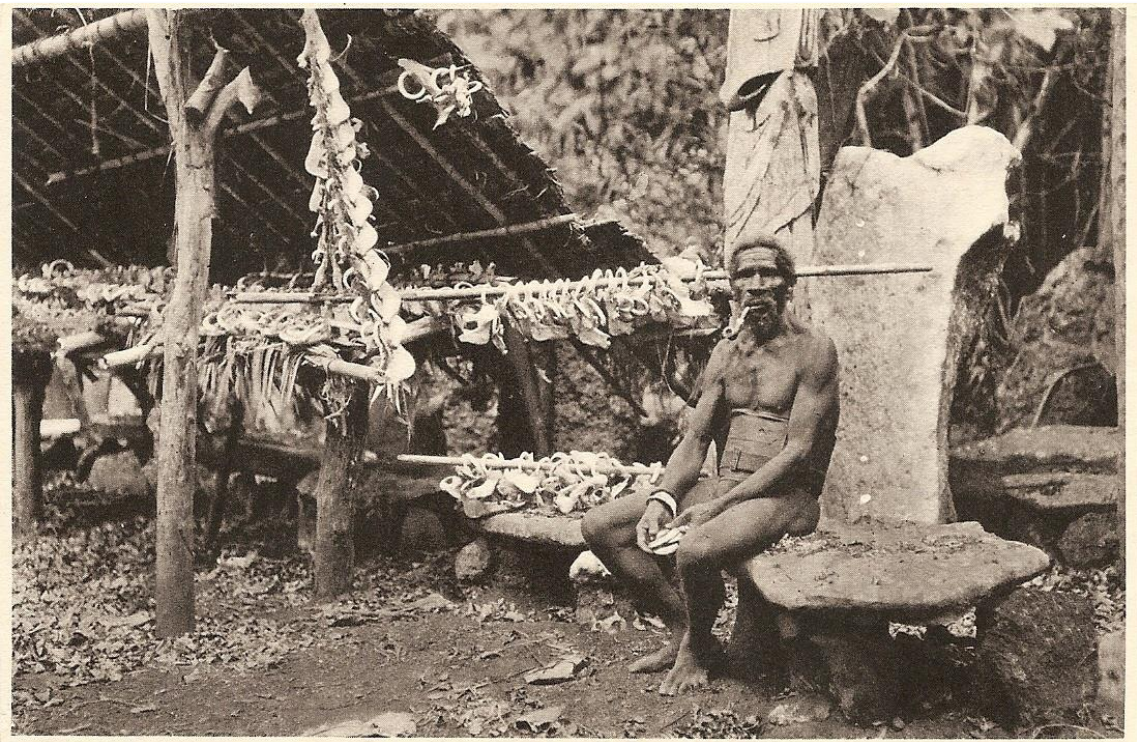
<sup>281</sup> [John Coleridge Patteson \(1827–1871\)](#) founded a college on Norfolk Island for native boys and was murdered on the island of Nukapu in the Solomon Islands. See Tale #91, *Of the Isle of Pines*.



Gordon killed May 20, 1861    James Gordon killed May 7, 1872.” It was at Dillon’s Bay <sup>282</sup> the 2 first named landed from a boat which sheared off a little from land with its seamen at the oars. The 2 with another man saw natives hurrying into the bush ahead along the beach. They followed with gifts in their hands, they turned a corner where a stream runs out and were lost to view. ’Twas but for a moment. The seamen saw 2 heading fast back at the run — not Harris, he died ere he could turn — the younger man ran ahead of Williams with a Savage hurtling after them, they reached nearly opposite the boat which rushed towards shore, the younger leaped into the sea and reached the boat, Williams looked safe ere that savage should reach him but Alas ! he stumbled, fell and the Savage was on him, his club descended not once but again and yet again. He was a corpse. The boat crew had no fire arms, they came from Williams’ ship “The Messenger of Peace,” they left the body to a horde of savages which seemed to spring from nowhere. I walked that beach and turned that corner, I saw where those cannibals had held their gruesome feast. Years later that Martyr’s bones and his friends’ were gathered and today lie safe, beneath the Native Church in Apia on Samoa. I had once more made my pilgrimage and was content.

### Plate 9. New Hebrides

A very wealthy man. Pigs’ tusks.



<sup>282</sup> In December 2009, descendants of John and Mary Williams travelled to Erromanga to accept the apologies of descendants of the cannibals in a ceremony of reconciliation. To mark the occasion, Dillons Bay was renamed Williams Bay.



**Plate 10. New Hebrides**

A sacred Grove of Idols



**87. Of Tahiti's Pioneers (Part I)**

It has ever taken Courage and Enthusiasm to pioneer into the Unknown portions of our World and even to this day the quest is not ended. In my youth there was "Darkest Africa" to be made known, still earlier there was the Arctic Circle, with the vast interior of Australia also to be explored and the same with what are now the Central States of the U.S.A. alive with folk and action today. The Antarctic lands were a mystery demanding answer, finding the solution but a few years back. Central Asia invited search. The main work is done but there are still dark spots on which light must be thrown before our World in its entirety<sup>283</sup> is an Open Book to be read and known of all. These brave enthusiasts were not only sailormen, there were scientists among them, merchants, pure adventurers, and not least those who would spread the Faith they held amid the pagan and the savage wherever they might be. And the Great South Sea called. Sailormen had discovered what it held of lands and peoples but they had but passed through. Theirs was but superficial knowledge, it was left to others to know thoroughly and to lift the savage from his degradation to a higher plane. These men and women we call Missionaries and of those who pioneered on the little spot of the Earth called Tahiti I would briefly tell of. If you turn to my little Tale of "Spaniards Ahoy!" you will read of the 2 earliest Pioneers who with 2 companions started out from Peru with Enthusiasm and seeming Courage to solve the problem, but who when they met the savage face to face lost both Courage and heart for the task, and fled.

Then stepped in Englishmen, and in 1797 they landed, leaving their dear Homeland to make a fresh home in surroundings be they what they might. And what a strange and motley lot those same 2 dozen were. There were 4 ministers, but all the rest were mechanics or labourers fired with

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<sup>283</sup> WWB has *entirety*.



Enthusiasm to both convert the savage and teach him Arts and Crafts. How little they knew of true conditions! There was a Hatter! when every native woman was an expert at weaving hats : there was a Tailor! when the only cloth they had was beaten out of the bark of trees : there were several carpenters! when the natives had neither saws nor nails, all was done with sharpened stones and sinnet fibre for rope : there was a Blacksmith! when there was no iron, or matches to light forge or fires, friction of wood with wood their <sup>284</sup> only method : there was a Bricklayer! <sup>285</sup> when everything built was of wood. But mark well that same Bricklayer, he was the finest, the hero of them all as you may recall in other Tale. <sup>286</sup> Five of them had wives and there were 3 children in this Band of Pioneers. They saw a long, low Barn standing on the Point where they landed. The Chief of the District — whose name was *Pom-a-re* <sup>287</sup> — told them through an interpreter — a runaway sailor who had learned the language <sup>288</sup> — that he had raised it in hopes of seeing Bligh again but they were welcome to it. They could not herd altogether so they divided it up with bamboo partitions into bedrooms, sitting and dining room. They were high with hope, but quickly they saw with horror what they were up against. The great idol *Oro*, so his priests said, demanded human sacrifices ceaselessly to keep him in good temper : there was a slaughter of innocent men (never women) all around them, the corpse put in a long basket (coconut) and laid on his altars before burial : still more horrible was the slaughter of babies when parents did not want them. Theft as you will have learned soon depleted their stores, nor stopped at that. The gardens that they toiled at were ravaged of all they planted not alone by pigs but human ones in chief. They were no born linguists, the new language was a fearsome task. They were laughed at, derided, insulted, they had no guns like the sailormen — which was true enough (at first) — the peoples were ever fighting, one District, one Chief with another, they loved War and gloated in the massacre of women and children and the aged. There came a day when 4 of the men, walking the trail to visit Pomare and crossing a stream — close to my “Bower” — were seized by natives, stripped, ducked and threatened alike with the rest of them with death. They reached Pomare who was furious at their treatment. They returned to the Barn and told their story. A vessel lay at anchor in the harbour. Now came the Test. With several of them Enthusiasm had waned, now Courage failed. They — like the Spaniards — fled. Not all, but the majority. Let us pay honour to those who stood Firm : there were but 6 and among them was the Bricklayer.

Enough for the present. <sup>289</sup>

### Plate 11. The Bricklayer’s Grave

On the right and the Inscription :

*Sacred to the memory of*

*The Rev. Henry Nott, Missionary, who departed from this life of sin and sorrow, and entered into his rest on the 2<sup>nd</sup> day of May 1844, after having endured a great fight of afflictions. He had been for 48 years the faithful servant of the London Missionary Society, having been sent out by them to*

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<sup>284</sup> WWB has *there*.

<sup>285</sup> [Henry Nott \(1774–1844\)](#)

<sup>286</sup> See Tale #24, *Of Coined Words (1)*

<sup>287</sup> [Pōmare I \(c. 1742 –1803\)](#)

<sup>288</sup> Peter Haggerstein or Hagersteine — Peter the Swede — who had deserted from the “Daedalus”, the storeship of Captain Vancouver, which arrived from Nootka on 15 February 1793. See Appendix XII, *The Cession of Matavai*, in Notes on the Life of WWB.

<sup>289</sup> For a detailed account of the early Anglican missionaries, see [Tahiti, Island of Love by Robert Langdon \(London, 1959\)](#). Langdon lists the Bolton Papers in the Mitchell Library as one of his sources.

*this island in the ship “Duff” commanded by Captain James Wilson, in the year 1796. He was translator of the Sacred Scriptures into the Tahitian language.*

*‘I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith.’*

The above being almost obliterated by age, mine was the pleasure to have the lettering recut a few years back by the hand of a Japanese.

M<sup>c</sup>Kean’s tragedy was that talking to the French soldiers’ Commander, a native sharpshooter aiming at the Frenchman missed his enemy and killed his friend.



## 88. Of Tahiti’s Pioneers (Part II)

It was 1802. Other pioneers had arrived from the Homeland to help fill the depleted Band. The older hands had learned much, suffered much but had held on and things looked brighter but the savages were savages still, slaughter and murder were on every side. Pomare had made an ever increasing number of enemies in his vain efforts to be supreme. At last friction broke out into warfare. The first fighting was far to the south but steadily the flames grew closer : and the Pioneers knew full well that they were looked upon as Pomare’s friends and were bound to suffer alike with him if mastery was not his. There was a vessel at anchor, H.M.S. Porpoise. The sailorman had to leave but he refused to leave his fellow English quite defenceless. He gave them muskets, flints, powder and bullets : a former friend had given them 4 small cannons. Their Courage held : if a fight it must be, they would be true to their Flag, and naught should harm their womenfolk. They worked hard to make themselves secure, they cut down all the breadfruit and coconut trees which they thought might be favourable for the enemy to annoy them with their muskets and slings. With the trees they formed a strong pallisade round the lower apartments of their new home to which they all retired, the verandah along the front was barricaded as also the upper apartments with chests and bedding so as to be musketball proof. The 4 small cannon were planted in 2 upper end rooms. They tore down every fence round houses, outbuildings and gardens and (what must have been the bitterest task of all) pulled down their Chapel to clear around them as much as possible in order to prevent an unseen approach and the firing of their dwelling from the flames of the too near Chapel

should it be burned. But Pomare won : their labour was all in vain : but they had stood the Test : their Courage had not failed them. Their ruined Chapel they rebuilt.

It was 1808. Pomare (the 1<sup>st</sup>) was dead. His end was sudden. He was paddling his canoe to a vessel opposite his dwelling when he collapsed and died. So Pomare II <sup>290</sup> came on the scene, still a pagan, still a savage, more ruthless even than his father. He loved battle and massacre and laughed to scorn the Pioneers' teaching and simple life. Determined to lay waste the District of *Atehuru* and massacre the people he picked a quarrel with them over the bones of a dead Chief, a relative of his, saying that they had made fish hooks out of them. He attacked and glutted himself with blood. That was the climax. The whole of Tahiti rose in fury and made for *Matavai* — where the white folk dwelt. Again there was a vessel in the harbour, and fearful of their fate, the majority fled, leaving only 4 with Pomare — the Bricklayer among them. He lost the fight and took them with him across the Strait to the little island of Moorea. Now the savages had their innings with his friends. They ravaged Matavai, destroyed every building, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Chapel went up in flames. They bore off every article they could lay their hands on, carried off the cattle, the sheep, the poultry and the pigs. The work of Eleven hard years lay in ruins. Again Pomare essayed victory and again he failed. Despairing of the future 3 more took ship and left him. The Bricklayer alone stood firm. Neither Courage nor Enthusiasm had waned in that brave soul. He would yet tame Pomare. And so it came about but not in the way that lone man sought.

It was 1815. The pagan Chief was going to master Tahiti. His crafty mind evolved a plan. There were now many Christians not only on Tahiti but on neighbouring islands. He would declare himself a Christian and proclaim a Holy War — Christianity against Paganism. It worked to perfection. All Christian warriors rallied to him, he crossed the Strait, his numbers grew. There came the clash of arms, half way down the western side, the pagan's famed Leader fell to a musket ball, many another fell, the rest fled, Pomare had won. From that day he was Chief of Chiefs — in our language King — and Paganism died on that field of battle. Across the Strait stood that courageous Bricklayer : when he heard the news, he rejoiced, not over the slaughter but at the Triumph of his Cause. The Savage sun had set without a chance of sunrise. True that Pomare was never more than a Christian in name but all followed his lead, idols were burned, altars thrown down, no longer were there those in human sacrifices nor babes destroyed. It was right that the courageous Bricklayer should have lived to see that Day. All the rest had fled : he had stood firm and Alone, the Pioneer of Pioneers of the island of Tahiti. All honour to his memory. <sup>291</sup>

## 89. Of New Caledonia

I have told you of picturesque Ile Nou which Man has spoiled with its Convict buildings but Man cannot deface another beauty spot nearby. Across Noumea's harbour is seen a high mountain, its soil is dark red in colour. If you walk to the top of one of the hills at the back of the town as the sun is setting, its rays play on the side of the mountain so that it glows as if it was on fire, a lovely sight, from which it gains its name, *Mont d'Or* or Mount of Gold. Nature can play tricks just as we do. As I roamed up the island I saw acres and acres of those *niaouli* trees looking sadly forlorn without a leaf upon them and getting among them I saw everyone had been ring barked, just as I had seen other trees in far away Alaska similarly served. There it was the rabbit when the snow was many feet deep and bark had to serve as food; but here greedy Man wanted more feeding ground for his

<sup>290</sup> [Pōmare II \(c. 1774–1821\)](#)

<sup>291</sup> WWB arranged the centenary memorial services for Henry Nott on 2 May 1944, while living on Tahiti. See *Centenary of Pioneer LMS Missionary* in the April 1944 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, page i; *Henry Nott Centenary* in the May 1944 edition of *PIM*, page 10; *Henry Nott, Homage Paid to Great Missionary by Men of All Races* in the June 1944 edition of *PIM*, page 11.

stock and was slaughtering graceful trees for pasture. Going on and looking out for an hotel for a meal upon my way I came across a little one where the French chef surpassed himself in effort to please the stranger. He gave me as an Entrée no less than 4 courses of fish and expected me to tackle Oysters, Prawns, Crab and Fish, then as if that was not enough I had to tackle Chicken followed by diverse fruit. And the charge was very, very small.

Walking was clearly not a strong point, at least not in and around the little capital. Just as one sees on Tahiti, bicycles seem countless, everybody rode and the sidewalks were cluttered up with machines leaned up any old how against the shops.

The hours of business in French Colonies are quite different from ours: work of every kind starts at 7 a.m. and stops sharp on 11 a.m. for lunch or dinner and a siesta (I have never been able to train myself for the latter) then work starts again at 1 p.m. and closes for the day at 5 p.m. The school hours run similarly. Early rising is universal. I am sure you would be greatly surprised if you went to the shop of a fish monger and found “live” fish for sale : but in Noumea’s daily market which opens at 5:30 a.m. you would see nothing but “live” and “dried” fish at your disposal. The reason is that the heat is too great. Fish deteriorate amazingly quickly, in the tropics. So in this market you see tanks on wheelbarrows, filled with salt water, and swimming about are fish very much alive. You walk along the rows of tanks on wheels and pick out your fish. The fish monger grabs the selected victim and runs a string through its gills, and off you go, with one or many struggling, wriggling fish, to home and dinner. “Water” reminds me of Noumea’s gutters. Down the sides of every street, I noticed a stream rippling along, and nice, clear water it appeared. Many miles to the north, a dam was built across a river and its water led to a reservoir at the back of the little town. It is always overflowing, the main water feeds the houses, the overflow runs down the streets to join the sea. The very sight of that clear sparkling stream makes one feel cooler under a blazing sun. Before we leave Noumea I must not forget to tell you of the interview of a friend to those wild eyed convicts in their cages on *Ile Nou*. One had made friends with the birds : for calling out, a couple flew in from the trees around and settled on his feet, another begged that a very loyal message be sent for him to his “brother Monarch” King George, another had tattooed on one arm “The Lord Preserve France but not Frenchmen”. He had evidently not forgotten or forgiven those who sentenced him for Life.

Your Atlas will show you many islands, grouped or single, lying about New Caledonia. Huon<sup>292</sup> was named after Captain Huon Kermadec<sup>293</sup> (I have spoken of the Kermadecs).<sup>294</sup> Surprise Island was named because of the astonishment of the first white man to see it. He thought it was part of the ocean, it lies so low. Well! Well! there are heaps of surprises for those who roam as you and I have done.

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<sup>292</sup> Huon and Surprise are part of the [Entrecasteaux reefs](#), the northwest part of the [New Caledonia barrier reef](#).

<sup>293</sup> [Jean-Michel Huon de Kermadec \(1748–1793\)](#)

<sup>294</sup> See Tale #7, *Of Nomenclature (I)*.



**Plate 12. New Caledonia. Ile Nou.**

Noumea is in the distance.



**Plate 13. New Caledonia. A forest of Niaouli trees.**





## 90. Of My Canary Bird

When I was a boy I kept birds of many kinds in cages : but when I grew to manhood and realized what a precious, priceless thing is Freedom, I ceased it for good and all. Have not animals and birds as much right as we to freedom from iron or steel bars? Of course they have. How then was it that in my Old Age I had a Canary Bird in my keeping? Read on and you will see. Papeete was overrun with tourists, accomodation was very scarce. I was living on the waterfront, from my verandah you could throw a stone into the placid lagoon. There called a big, burly fellow, courteous and pleasant looking, said that he had heard that I was living by myself, could I? would I? let him have an upper room. One cannot be selfish, however much one loves the hermit life, under such circumstances. I told him he was welcome as my guest. He then broke the news that retired from the U.S. Naval service he had for his pastime taken up the dealing in Canaries and had come to Tahiti thinking it likely that residents might be glad to secure the yellow birds. Could he bring his birds? They would give me no trouble, he would tend them. I could not well refuse. They came : two huge cages full of birds, such twittering and such a mess! He was an ardent bather, he fairly lived in the water across the road. Where he got his meals I know not. Weeks passed and now he kept indoors, looked sick and as if in pain. I asked him of his welfare, he told me he was in perfect health and had no pain, which seemed most strange to me. Then he took to his bed, and unable to stir, mine was the task of feeding, watering, cleaning; and the broom was ever busy on my always clean verandah. Then I had to fetch his meals to his bedside and still he insisted that he was well nor suffered pain. I began to fear I had an insane man on my hands. I asked if he would have a woman's hand about him, he refused. I suggested a physician : he flouted the very idea. And so the days and weeks passed and many a friend of mine was furious at the imposition of both a sick man and that gathering of Canaries.

Then in the middle of the night I heard my own Canary Bird piping up, true 'twas very feebly. He was calling me. I rose and he asked me to bring a Doctor to his side! Out I went into the pitchy darkness to a warm old friend, he was out — it was 2 a.m. — but would surely soon return : so went across the town to one I had heard of, and that unfeeling physician absolutely refused to leave his home. Back to my friend who was also in bed. Come? Would he? Of course. He stood by the bedside, looked, then began using his hands upon my poor Canary Bird — its Cage was the bed — who piped out like a squawking fledgling. He pronounced the trouble Acute Sciatica from over bathing. He injected some liquid in my bird's plump body then left, telling me that he would keep the patient filled till the next steamer came when he would be sent back to whence he came. I asked the solving of the mystery of my bird who was singing now so low, the secret was plain enough to my old friend — that weird Faith known as Christian Science.<sup>295</sup> And all those weeks those caged ones kept me busy, especially with the broom for I have ever loathed untidiness. But there is an end to all things. The steamer was well nigh due, he was eager to leave. I asked him of his birds, he told me of a local man who would take charge of them. Those Cages (not the birds) fairly flew to him, my verandah was my own again. The steamer was in, my guest arose, I clothed him, half carried him downstairs to the waiting auto, again half carried him up the gangplank, and down to his fine lone cabin, shook hands and left him, then stood guard on the wharf lest my Canary Bird should manage to escape at the very last moment. But No! I had seen the last of him.<sup>296</sup>

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<sup>295</sup> See [Christian Science](#).

<sup>296</sup> See *My Canary Bird* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*, for a somewhat longer version of this story.

## 91. Of the Isle of Pines

That is not its official title which is Norfolk Island of which I have already written <sup>297</sup> but I want you to visit it again with me for there are things there far more pleasant reading than that terrible tale of convict woes in the Past. Just as the Kentia palm of Lord Howe island (that Isle of Palms <sup>298</sup>) is unique in the world, so Norfolk Island possessed another gift of nature alike unique though now transported to all parts of the world, its tall shapely Pines — like those used in my childhood days — and maybe still used — in Noah’s ark, though Noah could himself never have known them. <sup>299</sup> There is one magnificent avenue of them, planted by man in strictest line on either side when you have climbed up from Kingston and make your way — the ocean on your left hand 400 feet below — to the Cable Station. A mile in length, they stand symmetrical some 30 yards apart like so many sentinels rising to a height of 150 feet, a beautiful sight which day after day held me spellbound as I sauntered along that broad and well laid avenue. At its far end there stands a perfect gem of a Church, dedicated to S<sup>t</sup> Barnabas, raised as a memorial to Bishop Patteson <sup>300</sup> murdered by the natives of the Santa Cruz Group. He suffered death for other men’s iniquity. There were “blackbirders” rampant in his day, fierce ruthless men who stole natives for the Queensland plantations at so much per head. At one of the northernmost islands of that Group (I think it was Nukapu <sup>301</sup>) he went ashore from his Mission ship to make friends with the natives. He did not know that the last ship calling there had carried off to slavery many of the men. They thought that he also was a Blackbirder. He entered their Council house, that was the last seen of him by his men who had rowed him ashore. A club had ended his life. His friends and admirers at Home raised funds and the result is as if the Chancel <sup>302</sup> of some exquisitely modeled Cathedral had been bodily transported to this lovely spot. Its floor is of black and white marble tiles, all the wood work is finely carved, beautiful mosaic work all inlaid, its huge eagle lectern is of brass and like all the rest of its abundant brass is kept glittering as if new. Its pews face one another. It has four stained glass windows designed by that great artist Burne-Jones. <sup>303</sup> It is indeed a gem and worth travelling far to see. The Memory of the martyred Bishop is secure for aye. And from there you take your choice of valleys running down from Mount Pitt. Here stand giant fern trees, their light green tops like huge umbrellas towering 100 ft in the air. Around these grow lemon and orange on a carpet of greenest grass. Ferns everywhere, on dead trees and on living ones. Soon you find yourself lost in a jungle, the liana grips the vegetation and long beards of moss hang nonchalantly from branches overhead. You tread on maidenhair and force your way through flowering shrubs. It is Dreamland. There are neither snakes nor poisonous insects; flies and mosquitos rare. Wild pigeons are plentiful and so are quail, a pheasant soars up overhead, snipe wing their zigzag course, whilst parroquets <sup>304</sup> dazzling in their colouring of purple, green and gold flit from tree to tree on either hand.

The Isle of Pines is a Beauty spot, hard to equal, impossible to surpass. Man’s Cruelty has passed, Nature once again is Mistress there. <sup>305</sup>

<sup>297</sup> See Tale #59, On “*The Hell of the Pacific*”

<sup>298</sup> See Tale #74, *The Isle of Palms*

<sup>299</sup> A discussion on the type of wood that was used to build Noah’s ark can be found [here](#).

<sup>300</sup> [John Coleridge Patteson \(1827–1871\)](#)

<sup>301</sup> WWB has *Nakupu*.

<sup>302</sup> The space around the altar in the sanctuary at the liturgical east end of a traditional Christian church building

<sup>303</sup> [Edward Coley Burne-Jones \(1833–1898\)](#) was a British artist and designer See *The South Coast* and *London* in *After Thirty Years, Two Months at Home*, in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*. WWB has *Burn Jones*.

<sup>304</sup> WWB has *parrquets*.

<sup>305</sup> The source of WWB’s account of the murder of Bishop Patteson and the reference to Burne-Jones is probably *John Coleridge Patteson : an account of his death at Nukapu, and description of S. Barnabas Chapel, Norfolk Island, dedicated to his memory* by H.N. Drummond (Ralph & Brown, 1930).

## 92. Of the Marquesas

We have roamed together through the various Groups of islands which form French Oceania with one exception, the Group named above. I have never stepped ashore there and I will tell you why. All my friends who have visited them have returned with the same tale. The islands themselves are very beautiful, mountainous and covered with verdure but the natives are a fast dying race despite all the care the French Authorities have expended for now nigh a century. There were many, many thousands when white men first lit upon them, today there are scarce as many hundreds. The spirit of the natives is broken, to roam among them is not heartening but depressing, regret cannot be escaped from by the visitor for it is our own fault and ours alone. We brought diseases among them unknown to them till then, and what you and I look upon as simple troubles are deadly things to Polynesians. You doubtless have had measles, unpleasant enough but not very serious : with them they are as a Plague, sweeping all ages off by the scores. So with other ailments. I have told you of the Sadness which struck me when on the Gambier Islands; <sup>306</sup> on the Marquesas it is pitiful. So I picture to myself the lovely Group and let it go at that. But what I know as Facts thereof I hope may interest you. Their name is a strange one and not native. When Mendana, <sup>307</sup> a Spaniard, was sent out on a voyage of discovery by the Viceroy of Peru in 1595 and came across them he gave them the Title of his Chief <sup>308</sup> who was a Spanish Marquis. He reported only the Southern Group. You will see that there is a northern one which was first come across by an American navigator named Ingraham <sup>309</sup> in 1791 nearly 2 centuries later. One name today covers them both and it had to take a plural form I trow. There is a book — not Romance but Fact and one of the “Classics” on the South Sea — which I hope you will read. Its title is “Typee.” It is a wonderful story written nearly a century ago by Herman Melville of his stay on one of the Marquesan islands named Nuku Hiva. It is still in print. You should also read R.L. Stevenson’s tale of his sojourn in the group in 1900 : its title “In the South Seas.” You will learn much from both and be charmed with them I am sure. *Atuona* on Hiva Oa is today the little Capital, *Tai-o-hae* on Nuku Hiva was so formerly, till it became unendurable through the introduction by some unknown means of a poisonous fly <sup>310</sup> : which recalls a tragedy of my own knowledge.

Years back I roamed the Tuamotus on a vessel which also carried a young San Franciscan. <sup>311</sup> He was suffering from a painful skin disease and refused all aid offered. He told me that since boyhood he had sworn that one day he would see with his own eye “Typee.” Awhile before we met he had landed in that lovely valley and despite all warning had ridden horseback and lightly covered clear up to its head. Those flies had got in their work. When we returned to Papeete I kept close watch over him, the poison was too deep seated however for any medical aid, his brain became affected, his courage failed and it was but a few weeks later when we laid his poor body to rest in Pauranie, Papeete’s picturesque God’s Acre. <sup>312</sup> I also long years back had hoped to tread where Melville trod but a kindly Providence had intervened as I have told above. Three years ago an Australian endeavoured to form a company of enthusiasts for a colony to make their residence in France’s

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<sup>306</sup> See Tale #60, *Of Mangareva*.

<sup>307</sup> [Álvaro de Mendaña y Neira \(1542–1595\)](#)

<sup>308</sup> [García Hurtado de Mendoza y Manrique](#), 5th Marquis of Cañete (1535 –1609) was a Spanish soldier, Governor of Chile and Viceroy of Peru (1590–1596). The island was actually named after the wife of the Viceroy.

<sup>309</sup> [Joseph Ingraham \(1762–1800\)](#) was on his way from Boston to the [Queen Charlotte Islands](#) to participate in the sea otter fur trade.

<sup>310</sup> The white nono ([Leptoconops albiventris](#)) was introduced into the Marquesas in 1914.

<sup>311</sup> See *The Tuamotu Islands* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*, particularly the text following the description of Fakahina. The man’s name is given as Gardiner in *Pauranie* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*; the name on his headstone is *Wesley S. Gardiner*.

<sup>312</sup> WWB’s grave is in the Pauranie Cemetery.

Marquesas.<sup>313</sup> No one can reside or purchase land in French Oceania without the consent of the Governor. He promptly squashed the wild scheme. The Marquesas are reserved for the natives and the natives alone. Time enough when the last has Passed On.<sup>314</sup> Then those lovely isles will doubtless be thrown open to settlement and happiness will return where once it reigned.

### 93. Of the Darling Trail

Long years ago, ere I started my far roaming I read a book entitled, “White Shadows of the South Seas,” written by an American named O’Brien<sup>315</sup> who dwelt and since has died at Sausalito<sup>316</sup> hard by San Francisco. One description of what he saw intrigued me greatly, it was the Darling Trail which wound its way up the mountainsides of the towering hills at the foot of which Papeete nestles. Little did I then think that one day I should treat that winding path and see for myself the glorious view of land and seascape to be seen when its end was reached. Having tested that Author in that and many another description I must needs confess — and those who knew him here cordially agree — that for effect he was given to exaggeration and oftentimes to romance. No matter. He need not have, anent this Trail, plain facts are rich enough in beauty : and I think you will be glad to tread that way along with me, but you must needs be strong of limbs and lungs — if not, best stay at home. Before we start, you may like to have a few words as to the man himself, so far as I have been able to gather them. Darling was an American, born in either Washington or Oregon State. Delicate in health as a boy, his father, a physician, turned him out among the woods and hills to live close to nature. He loved it and became in very deed “a nature man.” He grew up strong in body but somehow or other warped in Mind. He became an ardent Anarchist and whenever he met his fellows he preached that evil doctrine. His State disliked his company and ordered him away. He went to California, lived as before but spread his doctrine as before. Again he was ordered off. He sailed for Tahiti. With the private means at his disposal he secured a site for his dwelling place far up the mountainside, some 2 miles from the little Capital and with his own strong hands he carved out and made the Trail. But he could not control his tongue. Spreading dissension among the seamen of the waterfront, he was deport’d, sail’d for Suva in Fiji, fell a victim to the ’Flu then raging over the world : So came he to his end. Now we are off and having passed through the environs of the little town, level and entrancing in their shade and beauty, we step across a narrow tumbling stream, past the last residence and reach the Trail. Once well defined, marked on one side here and there by hoped for shade trees (stunted now and all forlorn) it is no longer clear. Ferns have claimed it and alas! thick set prickly bramble too. It needs a hatchet to make headway. Slowly we mount upwards till at last we reach an open glade, at the head of it the residence that once housed Darling. A ruin today, it was at its best but a shack, its frame of flimsy posts, its roofing of kerosene cans laid flat! But what a view! Far down, below, lies Papeete, its house tops alone to be seen pushing their way up through a forest of trees, beyond these the still lagoon, the quay side clear in view with schooners of all sizes moored or anchored just offshore, beyond these the Barrier Reef with its ever foaming waters, then the deep blue ocean, and across the Strait, the towering, rugged mountains of Moorea. A glorious scene : often have I made my way up to gaze once more upon it,

<sup>313</sup> Articles on page 5S of the 15 January 1938 edition of the Melbourne weekly magazine, *The Argus*, and on page 14 of the 2 June 1938 edition of the Hobart newspaper, *The Mercury*, about the project organised by Mr Fred Briggs to establish the International Goodwill Settlement on Nuku Hiva can be found [here](#) and [here](#).

<sup>314</sup> The population of the Marquesas increased from 4,838 in 1962 to 8,658 in 2007. The proportion of the population of the Marquesas in 2007 that was born in French Polynesia was 94.4%.

<sup>315</sup> *White Shadows in the South Seas* by Frederick O’Brien (1869–1932) is primarily about Hiva Oa in the Marquesas. The book was published in 1919, a year before WWB left for the South Pacific, and was made into a [movie of the same name](#) in 1928; it was the first movie to be released with a pre-recorded soundtrack and won an Academy Award for Best Cinematography. See also Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB, Departure for the Great South Sea*.

<sup>316</sup> WWB has *Sausalito*.

the going hard but rich indeed the reward. The Trail, the Shack, the man have had their day, Nature receives back her own but welcomes the able and the strong to see what she can show them at the end of the Darling Trail.<sup>317</sup>

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<sup>317</sup> Ernest Darling (1871–1917) is the subject of Chapter 11, *The Nature Man*, in *The Cruise of the Snark* by Jack London, which was published in the September, 1908 issue of *Woman's Home Companion* magazine. The article, with photos of Darling, can be found [here](#). Statements that Darling made about his life, which were published on page 7 of the 20 January 1911 edition of *Grey River Argus* of New Zealand, and page 3 of the 6 June 1911 edition *The Mercury* of Hobart, can be found [here](#) and [here](#). For an account of his life, see *Pambu* No. 14 (September, 1969); *Pambu* is the monthly newsletter of the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau, Research School of Pacific Studies, Australian National University, Canberra. Darling died of the same [Influenza Pandemic of 1918](#) that struck Samoa, as mentioned in Tale #66, *The Exile's Return*. See also *Darling, the Nature Man* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.



## PART V

### LETTERS

BY

**REV. WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON, M.A.**

**July, 1893**

Church of S Mary the Virgin  
San Francisco. Cal.  
July 1893.

My dear Bishop, <sup>1</sup>

I venture to add a word more to what I said in our interview relative to the question of “Compline” <sup>2</sup> which you have now under advisement. I know full well how earnest that consideration will be and with that dispassionateness with which you have steadily evidenced towards the Church of S Mary and its workings but I am sure you will not think I am attempting in any way to force your hand if I here make a few remarks which time would not permit when we met.

It appears to me that the question raised embraces a very large field and reaches out to well-nigh every priest in the Diocese. What other Diocesans may do or have done in the matter is neither here nor there for the priesthood — it may perchance come with your consideration of the question but we are bound to obey the godly admonitions of yourself and I am prepared to do so as I have tried to with those other Fathers in God under whom it has been my high privilege to minister to souls. I have not before raised the question with yourself — mainly because I have seen other priests in this city, older and more established in the ways of the American Church than I — use other offices than those in the Office Book of the Church without any notion that they were overstepping bounds.

I may refer to such an office as the “Three Hours Agony.” But when men are saying that at S Mary’s the priest and the people do what they please without reference to Authority I have thought it time to show, to yourself at least, that those of the advanced guard desire in accordance with those principles that they hold so dear to obey those who are set to rule over them.

If then we may not use any office within the walls of the Church of S Mary than those actually framed and printed in the Prayer Book — I find that we are once cut off from some of the most helpful offices that can be imagined for the development of the higher spiritual Life. We have been using an “Office of Intercession,” a copy of which I enclose (the collects themselves being taken

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<sup>1</sup> This and the following three letters were written by WWB when Rector of the [Episcopal Church](#) of Saint Mary the Virgin in San Francisco. William Ford Nichols (1849–1924) was [Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of California](#) from 1893 to 1924.

<sup>2</sup> [Compline](#) is the final church service (or office) of the day in the Christian tradition of canonical hours.

from very ancient sources) — “The Stations of the Cross” — “An Office for the Dead” besides others that I need not here mention.

Is the rule as to the use of the Prayer Book of such a character that it cannot permit such extra offices when the regular offices have been said? Does not this seem to restrict the worship and devotions of the Family? We, having said those formal offices, desire and love to continue on our knees before our God humbling ourselves and confessing. Must we go out of the Church building to do this?

Again “Compline” itself is as you well know almost wholly taken out of the Prayer Book — does it not seem to stand somewhat on the same ground as the “Agnus Dei”<sup>3</sup> which has been declared to be allowable since the words appear in the Gloria in Excelsis?

I have taken such ground (amongst other) in the past but I can readily see how much better it is that priests should have nothing said in the Churches without the Authority of the Diocesan and shall strictly follow this course in the future unless you give me such wide margin as that I need not trouble you for permission for Blessings and Ward Offices — Processions with Hymns. It will be with profound anxiety that we shall all await your decision and we shall be much in thought about it as we daily gather before the Altar. Whatever may be the outcome I trust that we shall show that our professions are more than mere talk. If you grant us (and so the Diocese) permission for “Compline” and desire to give special dispensation for every other office and Acts of Worship I will give you the particulars of such, at such time as may be convenient to yourself.

Believe me  
Faithfully yours  
W. W. Bolton

**September 15, 1893**

2311 Union Street  
San Francisco. Cal.  
Sep. 15. 93.

My dear Bishop Nichols,

Now that I am able once more to get to work — the interval of enforced rest and retirement being one of much thought and also brightened by countless acts of kindness of which yours has not been the least — I am anxious to arrive at so clear an understanding relative to the Extra Services — of which you dealt so thoroughly and helpfully in yours of August 8<sup>th</sup> — that both yourself and myself may feel that within the walls of St Mary’s obedience to authority is not contemned.

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<sup>3</sup> In the Mass of the Roman Rite, and also in the Eucharist of the Anglican Communion, the Lutheran Church, and the Western Rite of the Orthodox Church, the [Agnus Dei](#) is the invocation to the Lamb of God sung or recited during the fraction of the Host.

1. The strict wording of P. B <sup>4</sup> is that Morning & Evening Prayer shall have been said (or are to be said). I desire to know whether the greater does not enclose the less i.e. whether it was not because the authorities thought a Daily Eucharist an impossible standard that they set the lower standard of Matins & Evensong ere aught else could be introduced: and therefore whether I having a Daily Eucharist — supposing that I did not say the lesser offices — would be authorized to say Compline. Of course on Sundays all the offices great and less are said — but the question might come up on a weekday. If you rule against the Eucharist then I will add the lesser Offices on such day so as to come within the sight of the Special Office?
2. Your ruling affects only and can(?) only affect “the public Worship of the Church” i.e. at Guild meetings or special meetings of the Faithful in the Church building we can use our Guild Offices — Offices for the Dead — in fact anything with Catholic precedent?
3. The “Intercessions” I am now selecting directly from the Collects of the Prayer Book and will submit the same to you as a whole. I should be glad if you would advise me of where alterations should be made in “Compline” and unless you wish to take the initiative I will then select from the P. B and submit to you for satisfaction. I trust that we may be able to avoid reprinting of the office.

There are a great many Services that I shall have to lay before you but they are not now in season so can wait until the above are brought into line in accordance with your ruling.

Believe me  
Faithfully yours  
W. W. Bolton

**December 11, 1893**

2311 Union Street  
San Francisco.  
December 11. 93.

The Rt Rev W. F. Nichols

My dear Bishop,

I have been again laid by, and the fiat has gone forth against my going out at night (if possible to avoid). It has occurred to me that it might be possible for you to come to us on Sunday afternoon at our regular 4 pm Office, instead of at 8 pm. I should very much like to be present; but of course your regular appointments must claim first consideration. My candidates are agreeable to either hour. A few days' notice will be sufficient.

Believe me  
Yours obediently in the Faith  
W. W. Bolton

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<sup>4</sup> The Episcopal Church publishes its own [Book of Common Prayer](#), containing most of the worship services.

**January 15, 1894**

2311 Union Street  
San Francisco.  
15<sup>th</sup> January : 1894.

My dear Bishop,

As Lent is fast approaching and Lenten Cards have to be gotten out I desire to approach you again on the subject of Special Services – “extraordinary acts and exercises of Devotion suitable to the Season.”

The matter of “Intercessions” and of “Compline” you have directed upon at my request and I have followed your direction as regards the first — the second of course awaits your further direction as my last letter to you makes mention of — I have not dared to alter the ancient form but will of course do so upon your direction.

There now remain certain acts of Devotion suitable to the Season, Catholic in their nature and their use that I would ask your direction upon as regards the Form to be used thereat. They are as follows:

1. The Blessing and Imposition of Ashes on Ash Wednesday.
2. The Blessing of Palms on Palm Sunday.
3. The Blessing of the New Fire on Easter Even.
4. The Prophecies, the Passion and Solemn Collects on Good Friday.
5. The Tenebrae on Wed. Thurs. Friday in Holy Week. <sup>5</sup>
6. The Stations of the Cross.

Then there is the more modern act of Devotion – “The Three Hours of Agony” for which I presume most of your clergy are preparing; but at present do use very varying Forms at. I beg to enclose a Form that I have used (and of which I have considerable copies) at this last Act and would ask that if possible you could kindly authorize its use. If I understand aright the P. Bk “Concerning the Service” the Ordinary <sup>6</sup> can authorize more Forms than one which therefore by allowing the one for “The Agony” we here have, will not necessarily entail the non-use of others in other parishes.

It appears to me (I trust that you will correct me if I err) that a priest can use extra acts of Devotion (provided that the words are to be found in the Prayer Book) without consulting his Ordinary. If however he seeks the Bishop on the matter then he is subject to Direction. If the Bishop choses to approach the Priest and to direct in the matter then again the Priest is subject to direction. And again it would appear as if an act being Catholic, the Ordinary merely rules upon the Form to be used thereat but that any act contemplated for use that has not that Catholic stamp upon it has both as to the use thereof and the Form to be ruled thereon e.g. “The Agony.” I desire to clearly understand this very important matter and I have therefore elected (rather than to proceed and await to see

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<sup>5</sup> Tenebrae is a Christian religious service celebrated within Western Christianity on the evening before or early morning of Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday, which are the last three days of Holy Week.

<sup>6</sup> An ordinary is an officer of a church or civic authority who by reason of office has ordinary power to execute laws.

whether you would ignore the whole matter, choosing not to direct at all) to lay the matter before you even at the risk of being directed contrary to my own heartfelt desire.

It appears to me that such acts as above quoted are directly referred to in the statement in P. Bk as to “extra ordinary acts of Devotion.” The mere use (if more frequently) of Matins — the Eucharist — the Litany etc. can scarcely be said to be extra exercises. And as to the suitability of the acts I speak of above, the long use and the blessing that has come through them to souls does very strongly testify.

I would further be glad to know just what is the position of the Church building (consecrated and unconsecrated) as to the right to hold offices therein. My last had a similar query and it is not unimportant seeing that in the buildings the most varied gatherings are held. I specially refer however to offices at this time.

I desire to thank you for giving publicity to your former reply to me on this matter and to ask the same favour as regards the reply you may see fit to give this letter. I am very far from desiring to heckle my brethren but I feel strongly that the Law to one is the Law to all and that we should all be brought to fully realize this. From what I have heard your former pronouncement has not been looked upon as so far reaching or so important as it clearly is. As I understand it the use of both the Act and the Form of the modern “Three Hours Agony” is in this Diocese absolutely dependent upon your formal consent given. I shall be interested to know how many apply – if they do not, it will be because of what I have above stated, they have not realized you have made a very serious and strict pronouncement. I have followed with intense interest this whole question since the new Prayer Book appeared. A ritual student could foresee that it had to be met first as the celebrated “Ornaments Rubric”<sup>7</sup> at Home. The positions taken (as by the papers) in the various Dioceses and by various parties are exceedingly diverse. I have received letters from many parts on the subject of your reply to my queries and doubtless a large number will read with great eagerness what further pronouncements you may have to make. I ought maybe to have written earlier to you but sickness put me so back with many things that I set the opening of 1894 as the time to approach you on this matter.

Believe me

My dear Bishop

Very sincerely yours

W. W. Bolton

**March 7, 1939**

Very special!!!  
many happy returns  
of the Day

Taaroa :  
Pirae : Tahiti.  
March 7. 1939.

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<sup>7</sup> The Ornaments Rubric is found just before the beginning of Morning Prayer in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. The interpretation of its second paragraph was debated when it first appeared and became a major issue towards the end of the 19th century during the conflicts over what vestments and ceremonies were legal in the Church of England.



My dear Jane <sup>8</sup> and Pat, <sup>9</sup>

I am sending you with this a photo lately taken of your old Grand-dad's Home Sweet Home which I think you will like to have. I have numbered things and given the names on the back. The frangipani has flowers of a lovely scent — chemists sell at a high price — and natives make garlands of the flowers for their hair. The kapoc is not a pretty tree, it looks lonesome, stretching out its spindery <sup>10</sup> arms as if for company. It is very useful to man. It bears fruit like large fat pea pods which fall ripe and burst open. In these is beautiful silky soft wool which we use to stuff pillows and mattresses with, but not without a lot of work as the seeds — scores of them — have to be picked out of the wool by hand. The mango is of many kinds, the best is called the "mission" mango, it is a grafted kind and large as a melon. Behind the outhouse where I keep my tools and where at a table — with benches for seats — native callers — who love feasting — have from time to time a guzzling, there is another shed for the native oven. This is a round hole not deep, which is filled with fair sized stones. On top of these a wood fire is lit and when the stones are red hot, the food wrapped in banana leaves is placed and covered with more leaves and piles of old sacks. The result is wonderful, all the juices are retained. But it is all wasted on me, my fare is the plainest of plain food. Here also is the pump, for though I have electric light from the far off town I have the *Ha-mu-tu* river as my reservoir. It means heavy work pumping up to the lofty tank so as to give force in the bungalow but I am very strong and it is good exercise. Back of the pump comes the palace for His Highness. You will find all about him in the separate paper which I wrote sometime back for you, leaving it so that if your Grand dad Passed away, it would reach you as a little reminder that though so far, far away none of you are forgotten. Now we will go inside, up the half moon stone steps; and to the right I will show the kitchenette with its blue flame stove, its safe, its shelves, everything tidy and close at hand. Next to it comes the bathroom with its shower for hot days and garden toil. Then comes what I call the guest room, sometimes occupied but mostly empty. Then mine, such a cosy nest with its large ever open window, its mosquito net — though rarely used — and lofty ceiling which is the roof itself towering high above every room. And now my study where I sit writing to you. It is part of the verandah but shut off by screens. Here are my books and papers and a lounge for an oft tired body when I look out upon the great Plantation with its countless ever waving palms laden with their nuts. The highway is away off. All is quiet the day long and at night I can only hear the babbling river as it makes headlong for the sea, or the roar of the breakers as they thunder against the reef. Now if you do not think it 'Home Sweet Home' — I have given it no native name — I shall be surprised. Perhaps some day when you have grown up, and your Grand daddy is very, very old, you may take ship and journey hither. What a happy meeting that would be. But methinks that if you could speak French as beautifully as your Granny does you would have a happier time for then you could mix with the society of Tahiti which I have had no wish to being old, so old, yet not too old to find companionship in Nature which works side by side with me in orchard and in garden, the sweetest and gentlest of friends. So I am never lonely.

Your affectionate  
Grand dad.

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<sup>8</sup> Jane Elizabeth Bolton is WWB's granddaughter — the daughter of Arthur Gerard Bolton and Annie Jocelyn Byrd Innes — and March 7 is her birthday.

<sup>9</sup> Jane's younger brother, Gerard Patrick Bolton.

<sup>10</sup> Variant spelling of spidery; long and thin.

**August 12, 1939**

P.O. Box 259  
Papeete. Tahiti.  
August 12. 1939.

My dear Jane,

This is your Daddy's birthday <sup>11</sup> and of course I am writing to him as I do to his brother and sister <sup>12</sup> year by year and now add a line to you and Pat and Mother to make the thing complete. You will I am sure be familiar with that wonderful framed series of photos of Father and his sister and brother. Wonderful because it took me 25 years to collect! You will see your Daddy in one, in his football jersey of which he was very proud and the bad boy slipped off to town unbeknown to Granny and me to have the yearly photo taken not as we wanted but as he did. But I was very pleased really and am very proud of that likeness.

You will have seen our King <sup>13</sup> and Queen <sup>14</sup> and you must write and tell me if you had a good view of them and what they look like, the King so quiet and sedate for it must be a heavy burden to be King of his great Empire, and our dear smiling Queen who makes his life so happy by her gentle, thoughtful ways. <sup>15</sup> There used to be Kings and Queens in the Great South Sea, but now all have gone except one, the Queen of Tonga. Her name is *Salote* (i.e. Charlotte). She is a tall, big woman, every inch a Queen. The Prince Consort is her cousin and her eldest son (like our "Prince of Wales") has been educated like she was in New Zealand and after attending an Australian University is going (or has gone) to England to learn still more to fit him to be a King. The Queen is very retiring, so when I was at Nukualofa <sup>16</sup> tho' I might have met her through our Consul I did not, lest she might think I was only curious which would of course be rudeness. We have here only a Prince — his name is *Ariipaea* — we are such good friends — and he has 12 sons and daughters! The Princesses are such dear well mannered girls, not afraid to work. Someday you may see a photo of several of them which I had taken for my Manuscript on Tahiti, written and lent to enquirers of this lovely island's Past and Present.

As you liked my little story of "His Highness" I am enclosing another little story of my birds <sup>17</sup> which I hope you will also like. I have no dog, "Gyp" was my last, over 50 years ago, he was my dear faithful companion. We loved each other like Daddy and you loved Bessie the poor dear who suffered from rheumatism in her old age if I remember aright. I never liked cats.

I enclose some stamps, my friends are widely scattered as you will have noticed from what I send you from time to time. Will you let me know Pat's birthday for I fear I have it incorrect in my Book of Remembrance, he may be older than I think. I hope he will become a fine athlete and so carry on the tradition of his forebears.

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<sup>11</sup> Arthur Gerard Bolton was born on 12 August 1893 in San Francisco.

<sup>12</sup> Vyvyan Muriel Grant (née Bolton) was born on 2 December 1890 in Victoria and Eric Seymour Bolton was born on 1 February 1892 in San Francisco.

<sup>13</sup> George VI (1895–1952) was King of the United Kingdom and the Dominions of the British Commonwealth from 11 December 1936 until his death.

<sup>14</sup> Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon (1900–2002) was the Queen consort of King George VI from 1936 until her husband's death in 1952, after which she was known as Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, to avoid confusion with her daughter, Queen Elizabeth II.

<sup>15</sup> King George VI and Queen Elizabeth toured Canada in 1939; it was the first visit to Canada by a reigning sovereign. They visited Victoria, British Columbia in May 1939.

<sup>16</sup> WWB visited Tonga in early 1921, on his way from New Zealand to Niue via Tonga and Samoa.

<sup>17</sup> See Tale #2, *The Minah Bird*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

With love to you all, Your affectionate

Grand-dad.

**July 15, 1940**

P.O. Box 259  
Papeete. Tahiti.  
July 15. 1940.

Dear Jane and Pat,

I am very glad that you like the little Tales so much and since you do not think there is “Enough” of them I will send you further ones from time to time, numbering them as before so that you may see if any get lost on the way. I enclose a few to go on with. You need not think that their writing tires me, they are as easy to write as it would be to chat with you if we were together. You will note an additional word in their Title which I think they are entitled to as they are quite different from the Tales of the usual Grandfathers which are either Fairy Tales or Romance made up in imagination and not real Facts met with in far scattered parts of the world recorded to benefit not merely to amuse you. I am so glad that you pass them on to your friends and I hope that if your cousins — though all far older than you — my other grandchildren would like to read them you will loan them readily for they are for one and all of you. I could not have written them when they were your age for my Roamings were then but limited. Now those long roamings are over and what I learned is yours as a gift.

Fancy!! the other day I stood at Milestone 82 on Life’s long happy journey. I hope you do not think of me as an old, old gentleman, bent nearly double with a 3<sup>rd</sup> leg (his stick) to help him along. That would be a great error. For my Birthday present I gave myself a special treat, not of good things to eat but a lovely walk of 5 and 20 miles and finished the Day till sundown at work in the garden and orchard. So you will see that I am still very strong. Speaking of orchard I must tell you about my birds — it was a feather lost from one of them (I hope not in a fight!) you were sent. I told them some weeks ago that I thought them very unsociable with their 3 separate breakfasts and that they would have to breakfast together at one grassy table or go without. They must have held a meeting : “All right. If that is what you want we’ll not only eat together but we’ll invite all our friends to share in.” And sure enough they have : and instead of 6 there are now 60 by actual count this very morning! And what can I do? I cannot refuse to feed them so have to ration myself for those rascals’ benefit. I wish they behaved better at their meal, they simply have no manners at all : they grab, scramble over one another at the table, scream at one another and fight till I have to interfere : then away they go and quiet reigns once more.

I have not heard from or of your Daddy for an age, and wonder where he is and how he fares. I do hope those terrible war wounds are not hindering him doing what he aims to. <sup>18</sup>

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<sup>18</sup> WWB’s son, Arthur Gerard Bolton, fought at the [Battle of the Somme](#) in October 1916, and the Bourlon Wood operation in September 1918, during which was wounded in the leg. See [Arthur Gerard Bolton \(1893–1940\): His Service During The Great War](#).

I enclose along with some stamps — my correspondents are few these days — half of your previous envelope as a curiosity. Poor Xmas Card what a journey it had : clear across the Pacific to Indo China, then  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way back again! I have it safe.

Now I must close with love to Mum and yourselves from

Your affectionate  
Grand father

**December 1, 1940**

P.O. Box 259  
Papeete. Tahiti.  
December 1. 1940.

My dear Jane,

I want you to do something for me. Friends here appear to like my short Tales very much, which I think is very nice of them for they really have but little merit. As I think you know I have made copies of each in case of accident to yours on the long journey. But I did not make copies of the first 3 : and my friends grumble at not seeing them. So I want you to make a copy of each which I think I called “His Highness” : “The Minah Bird” and “Tables and Manners” and post them to me. My rule is — and I do hope it will always be yours — never to put off till “tomorrow” what should be done “today.” So get down to it right away — perhaps you are an expert typist — if so it will do just as well to have them that way. I have a few more yet to send you — if you are not quite weary of their arrival — making 75!! in all. With them to keep in years to come, your old Grand dad is not likely to be forgotten when he joins your dear father where partings are no more.<sup>19</sup> We are living through terrible and sad days but I do hope that you and Pat will have a really happy — if it cannot be a Merry Christmas, and that the New Year will be one of Health and Progress in every way to both of you.

Your affectionate  
Grand Dad

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<sup>19</sup> WWB is alluding to the death of his son, Arthur Gerard Bolton, who took his own life in 1940.

September 15, 1941

P.O. Box 259  
Papeete. Tahiti.  
September 15. 1941.

My dear Jane,

Your note of June reached me today. You see it took a very long time to journey hither. You should not trouble to write of safe arrival of the MSS, a p.c.<sup>20</sup> is sufficient to show me they have escaped mishap on their way. You need not think of them as wearying me, the rather I fear that they may begin to weary you and the rest of you. I do not have to sit down pen in hand and think and think and think whatever I can say. When an incident recurs to mind or some local incident occurs, then down it goes, rattling off with a ready pen. You speak of nearing N° 100! Yes! that is a terrible number of Talks for the listener. They may indeed as the years go on reach that goal but not if they have to be other than true Facts, and then we will close the book for good. It will be the end of a lovely service I have been privileged to render to you all in my old age.

You have asked me to tell you of the tragedy of my little French helper.<sup>21</sup> It is too sad to write into these Tales and it hurts to even think of it but the rough outline I will give you here. He had 2 children, a girl and a boy, little ones who were all in all to him. His wife had left him. He gave them into the care of another woman who treated them cruelly. When with tears and entreaties they appealed to him to succour them, in a frenzy of rage at the woman's treatment of his precious ones, he killed the woman!! He is (or was) imprisoned for Life in a Penitentiary in Northern France. So passed he, my ever ready and devoted servant, out of my life. It was terrible way, thus to revenge his bairns. As you have written of your Canary bird, I must tell you in my next bundle of my Canary bird which I feel sure will amuse you.<sup>22</sup> I am glad to know that your school friends find interest in what I write of but never thought of their getting into print. I would like to see how they read, if you can spare a copy. I hope no Editor's pen sets out to maul them. I recall the Bible you mention. I think it wisest for you to retain it. Books suffer badly in the Tropics, their covers have to be dosed with medicine. I have to keep my most valuable ones wrapped up all the time. Take care of it for me.

Tell your dear Mother that I have written to Miss Soames and await her reply and thank her for me, for the care she has taken of those things which were sent her which were in your dear Daddy's keeping. This is that dread month is which he received what was of a truth his death wound at German hands. I always observe September the 27<sup>th</sup> as a day of saddest memory when at Arras Cambrai in 1918 he won the Military Cross but at what a cost!!<sup>23</sup> May Pat prove as fine an athlete as was he in his early manhood. With love to you one and all,

Your affectionate  
Grand-Dad

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<sup>20</sup> Postcard

<sup>21</sup> The details of this story are given in *Revenge*, in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

<sup>22</sup> See Tale #90, *Of My Canary Bird*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, and *My Canary Bird*, in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

<sup>23</sup> From the [London Gazette](#), October 4, 1919, regarding his Military Cross: "Lt. Arthur Gerard Bolton, 7th Inf. Bn., B. Columbia R. For marked gallantry and initiative during the Bourlon Wood operations, 27th Sept. to 1st Oct., 1918. During the attack on 27<sup>th</sup> September, when his company was held up by heavy machine-gun fire and large belts of wire, he worked his way forward and, by putting up a smoke screen, enabled his platoon to advance by short rushes. In this way he captured two machine guns, with their crews, and enabled the advance to continue on his front. He then led his platoon through to the objective."



**June 6, 1946**

P.O. Box 259  
Papeete. Tahiti. S. Pacific  
June 6. 1946.

My dear Jock,

What a surprise! and how charming, useful and much needed a gift comes from your loving thought and kindness. Those deep thick rubber soles make my long strolls easy a-foot and they should outlast even gym boots. They reach me as a birthday gift for but a few weeks and on July 3<sup>rd</sup> I reach Milestone 88! still physically strong as ever. I warmly thank you, dear.

Unless my mental Calendar has gone awry this is Pat's birthday, and he 19! His career lies ahead of him and may he have the lasting health and ability to make it a success. Let me have one of your interesting letters telling me how you and your bairns are faring for my thoughts dwell oft on my own special triplet and their offspring, Vyvyan, Eric and you.

It will I feel sure interest Jane to hear of the steady progress of those Tales of mine to unthought of publicity. They have been prepared by the warm admirer who walked off with them to Australia for broadcasting and are being submitted to that end to the Radio Authorities in both Australia and New Zealand, as also to South Africa and London! And later they will be handed to England's publishers for issuing them in book form. They are said to be — by experts in the business — not only extremely interesting for both young and old folk but full of wonderful and useful information, so Jane will see that her favourite "The Swallows' Cave" may take wider flight than those swift winged beauties themselves could ever make.

I have not heard from Vyvyan or Eric for a long time but now that the mail service is becoming more normal we on these scattered islands will not be so cut off. Meanwhile we here enjoy perfect peace and plenty and are shocked at the madness of a quareling world and the fearsome rationing that seemingly has to be.

Believe me dear Jock ever to be

Sincerely Yours      Dad.

## PART VI

### REFERENCES TO WWB IN THE VICTORIA DAILY COLONIST

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**February 12, 1889, page 4 — *Married***

**MARRIED <sup>1</sup>**

BOLTON—BUSHBY. — On February 11th inst., at the Church of St. Paul, Esquimalt, Vancouver Island, by the Rev. Arthur Beanlands, assistant rector of Christ Church, Cathedral, Victoria, the Rev. William Washington Bolton, rector of the parish, to Agnes Jane Bushby, second daughter of the late Hon. A. T. Bushby.

**July 2, 1894, page 5 — *Exploring the Island***

**EXPLORING THE ISLAND. <sup>2</sup>**

**An Attempt to Be Made to Travel Inland From Cape Commerell to Victoria**

Five men will leave Victoria by the Danube to-morrow on a trip of exploration. Their objective point is Cape Commerell, at the extreme northern end of Vancouver island, and the intention is to traverse the island from one end to the other with the idea of exploring the unknown interior and afterwards publishing the results. The utmost reticence has been observed as to the details, and the members of the party are under promises of secrecy, so that of course it is impossible to say who is the promoter of the scheme. It has leaked out, however, that Rev. Mr. Bolton is to be the leader of the expedition, while J. A. McGee, of Snoqualmie, a well known timber cruiser, goes along as guide. A photographer and sketcher, Mr. T. B. Norgate, has been secured, and tidings of the progress made on the arduous journey will be sent to the outside world by means of carrier pigeons to be taken from Victoria. All the necessities for the trip, including a small tent, will be packed on the backs of the men who, in addition will each carry a rifle. A peculiar and apparently comical feature of the dress is that plug hats are to adorn the heads of the hardy adventurers, as it is asserted that the glossy silk hat slips through the brush much easier than any other form of headgear. Overalls will protect the lower extremities of the party. As nearly as possible a bee line will be followed between Cape Commerell and Victoria, and it is expected that two months will be required to complete the journey.

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<sup>1</sup> [Victoria Daily Colonist, 12 February 1889, page 4, near top of the first column](#)

<sup>2</sup> [Victoria Daily Colonist, 2 July 1894, page 5, second column](#)

**June 28, 1896, page 5 — *The City***

**THE CITY.**

Rev. W. W. Bolton and J. W. Laing, of San Francisco, who are shortly to start on a trip of exploration on Vancouver island, arrived in the city last evening and are quartered at the New England. Mr. Bolton was in charge of a party which previously but unsuccessfully attempted to make the same trip.

**July 3, 1896, page 8 — *Marine Notes***

**MARINE NOTES.**

On Wednesday evening, the steamship Danube sailed North, carrying among her passengers Rev. A. E. Price, Robt. Cunningham, H. Fry and party, who are going to Enjoyment cove, Kingscomb inlet, Rev. W. W. Boldon, J. W. Lang and party of surveyors, who left on a trip of exploration of Vancouver island, and four special constables. [sic]

**August 16, 1896, page 1 — *Exploring the Island***

**EXPLORING THE ISLAND.<sup>3</sup>**

**The Laing-Bolton Party Back From Their Journey Through the Interior**

Mr. J. W. Laing and Rev. W. W. Bolton of San Francisco, who started with a party six weeks ago to explore the central interior of Vancouver island, reached Victoria last night having successfully accomplished their object.

As he sat eating his supper at the New England, clad in a suit of overalls much the worse for wear and his face adorned with a scrubby growth of hair, Rev. Mr. Bolton had anything but a clerical look, nor did Mr. Laing appear to better advantage in a tough looking thunder and lightening blanket coat such as lumbermen wear in the woods. The pair looked more like a pair of longshoremen than a divine and a rich San Franciscan. However they explained that for the sake of lightness they had not burdened themselves with an extensive wardrobe during their excursion.

Rev. Mr. Bolton had in 1894 made a trip from the north end of the island to Woss lake, and from Alberni to Victoria, and their present trip was for the purpose of exploring the island's interior from Woss lake to Alberni, so as to complete the tramp through the whole length of the island. Woss lake it may be explained is 100 miles north of Alberni. The party consisted of Mr. Laing, Rev. Mr. Bolton, Mr. Fleming, the photographer; C. W. Jones, a timber cruiser; and J. Garver, cook. They went in by way of Alert Bay first and traversed the island to Nootka, on the west coast, taking many photographs of the scenery. Then they turned inland by way of Tlupana Arm to the interior and by tramping and

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<sup>3</sup> [Victoria Daily Colonist, 16 August 1896, page 1, fourth column](#)

rafting made their way south through the rough country of the central part of the island. Progress was naturally slow as Rev. Mr. Bolton describes the country traversed as a mass of mountains and a collection of snow peaks and glaciers. This accounts for the best day's travel being only eight miles.

The party declare that the country, as far south as Great Central lake, is absolutely worthless, being rocky, with no good timber, nor is any mineral to be found with the exception of masses of marble in inaccessible places. The centre of the island is between Great Central lake on the south and Buttle's lake on the north, and it is what might be called the hub of the island, for great broken points of rock tower up there, and were named "Central Craggs." It has hitherto been supposed that Victoria peak and Crown mountain are the highest points on the island, but one of the "Central Craggs" climbed by the party was 7,500 feet high — 100 feet higher than Victoria peak, and there were others found over 8,000 feet high. The whole country from the northern end to Great Central lake is described by Rev. Mr. Bolton as only of value to the sportsman, the artist and the mountaineer. When they arrived at Buttle's lake the party went down on the trail to the east to the head of Upper Campbell lake, where Mr. George Bushby and party had brought up fresh supplies for them from the Coast. Only provisions for ten days were carried at a time, offsets being taken to the Coast to secure a renewal, as it was considered impossible to pack enough at once to last the whole trip. There were 350 photographic views taken during the journey of typical varieties of the scenery. Buttle lake and Great Central lake were found to be only 15 miles apart, and instead of the present route that is taken to reach Buttle lake it can be reached easier by horseback from Alberni to the foot of Great Central lake, thence across the lake by boat or rafting and then by climbing the remainder of the way through a rough country. Arriving at Alberni Mr. Laing spent a short time examining the mines for the purpose of finding out for himself whether they were good enough for investment. He seemed very favorably impressed with them and the result may be that San Francisco capital will be interested for investment there. Mr. Laing and Rev. Mr. Bolton leave for home at the end of the month.

### January 17, 1897, page 8 — *A Land of Wonders*

#### A LAND OF WONDERS.<sup>4</sup>

— —  
Explorers of Vancouver's Unknown Wilderness Meet Under Interesting Circumstances.

— —  
Mysterious Messages From an Unknown Race Once Peopling Our Island Home.

— —  
British Columbia and British Columbians have much to thank Mr. J. W. Laing for — more perhaps than the majority have yet had time to realize. In the first place his recent expedition into the unknown wilds of this island has enabled him to place the provincial government in possession of a variety of valuable information, in maps and field notes that will be of the greatest possible value in correcting the existing maps of the little known island interior which he has so recently explored. Since his return to civilization he has, too, been active in disseminating information of the beauties and resources of the unknown Island interior — still terra incognita to almost everyone, although so close upon the boundaries of advanced civilization — even taking time during the course of a just completed visit to California, which was intended to be all holiday, to make the members of the Geographical Society of the Pacific acquaint[ed] with some of his interesting discoveries.

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<sup>4</sup> [Victoria Daily Colonist, 17 January 1897, page 8, fourth and fifth columns](#)



This San Francisco society is in affiliation with the Royal Geographical Society of London, of which Mr. Laing is a fellow, and it has as its president no less well-known a person than Professor George Davidson, whose good work as a geodetic surveyor is familiar to every student of Pacific Coast history. It was at Professor Davidson's request that Mr. Laing's lecture was given, before the largest audience that the Coast Geographical Society has assembled in years. First of all, Mr. Laing dealt with the earlier history of this interesting island; Vancouver's career, his bravery, his energy and his extreme accuracy in his surveys being especially emphasized, and Mr. Laing's remarks in this latter connection being afterwards heartily endorsed and supported by Professor Davidson.

Then the recent expedition through the Island was described in detail, Rev. Mr. Bolton assisting, and a large number of the views taken by Mr. Fleming being thrown upon the canvas. The trip carried the party from Alert Bay, on the east coast, to Nootka Sound on the west, 315 miles of wildly picturesque country being traversed, rough and inhospitable not infrequently, but deeply interesting to the travellers, and to all who, from them, have the opportunity of learning of its wonders.

The journey westward took Mr. Laing and his companions to and around Buttle's lake — as related in the Colonist on his return to Victoria — and he was able to correct the false impression given by existing maps as to its form and prominent characteristics, the two large islands said to be found being nothing more than large rocks and the lake itself terminating in two arms instead of maintaining an undivided surface to the end. The lake takes its name from the discoverer, Mr. John Buttle, one of the pioneer brigade of Sappers and Miners who played an important part in the early history of British Columbia, and who was the first white man to note its silvery whiteness breaking the dark green and grey of the widespreading panoramas.

This was 36 years ago, when Mr. Buttle was on an extensive prospecting tramp, entering the wilderness, as Mr. Laing and his companions did, from the East coast. He then viewed the prospect o'er from a lofty eminence 20 miles or more to the southwest of the lake to which he gave his name.

Last Tuesday he had the opportunity of being present at Union Square in San Francisco, when Mr. Laing told the story of a nearer inspection, occupying a seat on the platform and reviving memories of his younger days of activity and ambition as one by one the picturesque scenes were unfolded, familiar in all probability to him alone of the hundreds in the audience. He is now an old man, his hair being touched with the frosts of three score years and ten, but he retains all his mental faculties undimmed, and entered with zest and enthusiasm into the subject old with him, but fresh with Messrs. Laing and Bolton.

It was during the course of their interesting though hazardous journey which formed the topic of Mr. Laing's recent talk in the Bay City, that he and his companions made a remarkable discovery — a discovery which has excited the curiosity of scientists and students throughout all the civilized world. The explorers were at the time crossing Great Central lake, the largest body of fresh water on the island, with a length of thirty miles, when the curious markings upon the face of a giant rock attracted Mr. Laing's attention. The canoe was stopped, and investigation disclosed that a message had been left by some prehistoric dwellers of the lake deep traced in the imperishable rock.

The hieroglyphics forming the inscription were arranged in five parallel lines — somewhat similar to a musical staff — while above was what apparently had been intended for a log of wood and a growing tree — a third figure, placed at the right hand, resembling nothing so much as a seven-branched candlestick.

The impression, despite the fact that centuries must have passed since it was chiselled by someone whose race even is now a forgotten people, remains clear and distinct. Photographs were taken of the rock, and sketches made of the interesting inscription. They have been sent, among others, to Dr. Franz Boaz, the eminent investigator, of the Smithsonian Institute, who is now studying them with keen delight. He promises to bring all his ability to bear upon the interpretation of the meaning, and aided by what the Indians can tell of the great race now extinct, who once inhabited the country round about Great Central lake, discoveries may even now be close at hand in regard to Vancouver island's ancient people that will astound the world of sciences. Who knows?

**April 17, 1906, page 6 — *Rev. Bolton in Vancouver***

**Rev. Bolton in Vancouver <sup>5</sup>**

While in Vancouver Mr. Bolton was interviewed by a representative of the News-Advertiser, which quotes him as making the following statements:

“Victoria will make an effort to retain its franchise in the British Columbia Amateur Lacrosse association, although the Capital City club will have no team in the league series.” This statement was made last night by Rev. W. W. Bolton, president of the Victoria club, who is in the city on business in connection with the annual meeting of the provincial association, which will be held at New Westminster on Saturday, April 21st. According to Mr. Bolton, it has been decided to retain membership in the senior association, but no team will compete in this series.

“Lacrosse will boom in Victoria this summer,” said Mr. Bolton, “and we hope to put the game on a proper footing. We have three intermediate teams, three junior and several school teams, and valuable trophies have been offered for all of the competitions. Lionel Yorke has been secured as coach, and he will commence upon his new duties on Monday next. We have arranged with the school authorities to have Mr. Yorke visit the schools each week for the purpose of coaching the younger element, and in this way we hope to have some good material to draw from for the senior team in a couple of years. We propose arranging matches with all of the mainland teams and will arrange matters so that the senior, intermediate and junior teams on the mainland can visit Victoria during the summer at our expense. It will be a good outing for the teams and we intend to bear all of the expense in connection with these visits. The officials of our club [feel] that if the younger players are given encouragement that we will be in a position to place a strong twelve in the field in a year or so.

“Of course, we will retain our franchise in the provincial senior association, and I feel assured that when we again place a team in the field it will be a good one, and one that can be depended upon to make a good showing in the race for the championship. This season Victoria will apply for admission to the provincial intermediate association, which body will hold its annual meeting in this city on Saturday, April 28th. I will also endeavor to organize a junior association. We have some good teams in Victoria and I understand that there are some good junior teams in both Vancouver and New Westminster. We have the necessary financial backing in our city this year, and it should be one of the most successful seasons in the history of the game in the capital.

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<sup>5</sup> [Victoria Daily Colonist, 17 April 1906, page 6, third column](#)

“The junior and intermediate teams have already commenced practice in Victoria, and the season’s schedule will be drawn up shortly. Since my arrival [in] the city I have interviewed Mr. Larwill, secretary of the intermediate association, and have also visited New Westminster and talked over the situation with a number of lacrosse men in the Royal City, and the consensus of opinion is that a strong intermediate association can be formed, which will include the present members of the association, Vancouver and New Westminster, and a team from Victoria.

“The annual meeting of the senior association promises to be the most important meeting of the kind ever held in this province, and many important matters will come up for discussion. I would like to suggest that the meeting convene at 10 o’clock in the morning, and we can be able to get through with the business early in the evening. However, this is a matter which will have to be decided by the delegates from the various clubs.”

### August 12, 1906, page 12 — *Mr. Bolton’s School*

#### **Mr. Bolton’s School.** <sup>6</sup>

At the other end of the city from Corrigan College, close to the beautiful district of Oak Bay, is the school kept by the Rev. W. W. Bolton, who has been connected with scholastic life in the island for nearly twenty years. Mr. Bolton has been established in Belcher Avenue since 1898, where he has also been fortunate enough to be in a position to have to refuse boys, owing to want of room. This is a school where there are always more applicants for vacancies than there are vacancies. At present there are five boarders and fifteen day boys who are instructed by Mr. Bolton and one assistant. Boys are received between the ages of 7 and 14, and for the most part pass on into English public schools, though many go to High school. But apart from the ordinary school routine, Mr. Bolton has many private pupils whom he prepares for all other examinations. Perhaps in no place in Canada is more attention paid to the physical training of the boys. Mr. Bolton is an ardent athlete himself and firmly believes that the best way to bring boys out as manly men is to encourage them to live healthy lives out of doors, when not engaged in their school duties. He is therefore to be seen with them at all times during play hours, on the golf links or on the shore, engaging in their pursuits and teaching them how to play as well as how to work. Mr. Bolton is a graduate from Cambridge, where he represented the light blues in the Inter-varsity sports in 1878–79: in the latter year he won the half-mile amateur championship of England. He has played football for Blackheath and other well known teams, <sup>7</sup> and it is not to be wondered at therefore that he is the president of nearly every athletic body in the district.

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<sup>6</sup> Victoria Daily Colonist, 12 August 1906, page 12, fourth column

<sup>7</sup> According to *After Thirty Years, Two Months at Home* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*, WWB played for the Wimbledon Hornets *against* Blackheath and other teams.

**June 7, 1907, page 2 — *Big Boarding School Planned for Victoria***

**BIG BOARDING SCHOOL PLANNED FOR VICTORIA**

**Rev. W. W. Bolton Already Has Arrangements Well Under Way**

A large boarding school, modelled after those which are common in England, will be established in Victoria. This announcement is made by Rev. W. W. Bolton, who has conducted a small educational institution in this city for many years. His accommodation being taxed to its utmost capacity he had decided, on the advice of numerous friends, to organize a company for the purpose of providing the capital necessary for the construction and maintenance of the proposed new school.

Rev. Mr. Bolton announces that the preparations are well under way and that the institution is assured. He intends that it shall have room for one hundred boarders. He also contemplates obtaining a large area of land in one of the most suitable suburban districts, so that it will be possible to give the students the advantage of a first-class recreation grounds. With a thoroughly modern school, an efficient staff of teachers, and a fine play ground, Rev. Mr. Bolton believes that boys will be sent here from as far east as Winnipeg. It is the people within that section to whom he intends to cater and he is confident of success.

“I believe that Victoria must become recognized as the educational centre of the west” he remarked yesterday. “Though I have no prejudice against public schools there is a demand for a private institution of the type found throughout the old country. I do not think that, once such a school became established, there would be any difficulty in obtaining patronage.”

In order to provide temporary quarters for a school Rev. Mr. Bolton has entered into negotiations with the federal and imperial authorities for the use of the old naval hospital, which is vacant. He has had no definite reply but believes that he will be able to come to an arrangement.

**October 8, 1908, pages 2 and 15 — *Corner Stone of New School “Truly Laid”***

**CORNER STONE OF NEW SCHOOL “TRULY LAID”<sup>8</sup>**

**Ceremony Marks Another Milestone in Education in This Province**

With appropriate ceremony and under conditions which augur well for the success of the institution, the corner stone of the new University school, now in course of erection at Mount Tolmie, the large fifteen-acre grounds of which form an ideal site for a school, was laid yesterday afternoon. There was a good attendance of those interested in the welfare of the institution and short speeches were delivered by Premier McBride, to whom fell the pleasant duty of well and truly laying the corner stone, while Hon. Dr. Young, minister of education, and Rev. W. W. Bolton, M.A., warden of the school, also spoke. Every preparation had been made for the event, which was happily celebrated in

<sup>8</sup> [Victoria Daily Colonist, 8 October 1908, page 15, second column](#) and [photograph](#) on page 2.

real Victoria weather, the uniforms of the University cadets and the bright gowns of the many ladies who attended the ceremony making a pretty picture when prompt on the hour of 3 o'clock Premier McBride performed the ceremony. The city school board was represented by Trustees Jay, Riddell, Staneland, Christie, McNeill and Superintendent Paul. Mayor Hall was unable to be present.

Premier McBride, who was accompanied by Mrs. McBride, Hon. Dr. Young and Capt. Henry J. Rous Cullin, bursar of the school, was greeted on his arrival by a salute from the cadets drawn up fronting the platform, which had been erected for the occasion. The soldierly bearing of the lads drew forth complimentary remarks from the premier who made a close inspection of the boy warriors and congratulated Cadet Captain Bowser and Cadet Lieutenant Corsain on the appearance of the corps.

The ceremony was a short, but impressive one, opened by Rev. Mr. Bolton, M.A., with the reading of Psalms 125 and 128 and the regular office of the Church of England, used on occasions of this nature, after which a brief prayer for the future welfare of the school was offered up.

The corner stone which had been lowered into place bore the following inscription:

This Foundation Stone Was Laid by  
The Hon. Richard McBride,  
Premier of British Columbia,  
October 7<sup>th</sup>, 1908.  
Founders:  
Rev. W. W. Bolton, M.A.  
J. C. Barnacle, Esq.  
R. V. Harvey, M.A.  
"Well and Truly Laid."

At the proper moment, Premier McBride amid applause tapped the stone with the trowel and declared "This the foundation stone of the University School for Boys to be well and truly laid."

Premier McBride, turning to Rev. Mr. Bolton, declared how much honour had, he felt, been conferred upon him by his being requested to perform the ceremony of laying the corner stone of an institution which, he was sure, would be a credit to Victoria, to the province and to the three gentlemen by whom the institution has been founded.

"It was a kind act this asking me to perform this ceremony," the premier stated. "If the glorious weather we are now enjoying can be taken as an omen of the future prosperity of the school then truly we must at once conclude that success has already been achieved. There has been during the past years under the direction of Rev. Mr. Bolton growing up in Victoria an institution which the citizens of this city, and indeed of the province at large, may well be proud. There are other institutions such as the public schools which have been doing a great work in the education of the young, but Rev. Mr. Bolton and his associates, have also been doing their share in the upbuilding of the country's youth and to them every credit must be given."

Premier McBride expressed the hope that the new school would at no distant date vie with the leading schools of the country and he trusted that the parents of the boys who are yearly being sent to schools outside the province would appreciate the fact that right here in Victoria will soon be an institution which should meet with their heartiest support and at which, as he was sure would be the case, an education such as every young British Columbian should possess, could be obtained. If the efficiency of the youthful cadets whom he had had the pleasure of reviewing, was any indication of the



thoroughness of the training given by Rev. Mr. Bolton and his associates, he could look ahead to the future progress of the school with the utmost confidence. The magnificent location, the splendid architectural beauty of the proposed buildings, showed clearly that those behind the enterprise had been up and doing. It was with the utmost pleasure, the premier declared, that he referred to the efforts of J. S. H. Matson, to whom, he understood, was due the successful accomplishment of the enterprise and to each and every one of the gentlemen interested in this most worthy institution he heartily wished every success and to the assistants and pupils a most profitable future.

### **At Top in Education**

Hon. Dr. Young heartily seconded the premier's congratulations and good wishes. It had been his good fortune, he stated, to keep close account, during the past two years, of educational matters not only in this province, but throughout the Dominion, and with all due respect to the other provinces, he was assured that right here in British Columbia no better system of education, or one which showed better results, could be found. Indeed, British Columbia could be rightly termed the banner province in matters educational. The University School would, he was sure, do credit to British Columbia, to the whole Dominion, and would compare favorably with the great schools of the Mother Land, the more so when the high standing of the gentlemen in whose hands the conduct of the institution is placed, is considered.

A glance at the curriculum of the school clearly shows the splendid conception which these men have, how splendidly broad is their work, how thorough. In the past two years British Columbia students have taken the highest honours in the McGill matriculation examinations, capturing the Governor-General's silver medal in both years. Out of a total of eighty-eight successful students in that examination for the year 1907-08, no less than sixty-seven were from this province and of these forty-two were Victoria students. Last year there were about 250 British Columbia students taking university courses. Of these forty-six were at McGill, fifty-six at the University of Toronto, eighty at the Royal Institution of Learning at Vancouver, and about seventy here.

### **Future Full of Promise**

It was, Hon. Dr. Young declared, a matter of great congratulations that in a province so sparsely settled as this there should be so many students fitting themselves for a university career. He praised Rev. Mr. Bolton, Mr. Barnacle and Mr. Harvey, and expressed his belief that under their capable direction the University School for boys would reach a high standard and become an institution in which every educationalist could have the greatest confidence. The functions of the modern day school have shown great change from the earlier years. Much that they now teach is not only academical but also a national and he hoped that at no distant day the splendid corps of cadets which he saw before him would find its counterpart in the public schools of the province, thus aiding in the upbuilding of the nation along the lines suggested and urged by Field Marshall Lord Roberts. Rev. Mr. Bolton, in return for his efforts and public spiritedness has the right, Hon. Dr. Young maintained, to the heartiest co-operation of the public of Victoria and the province, and his motto "Mens sana in corpore sano" so ably followed in the past, would assuredly turn out boys, not only intellectually but also physically, fit.

Rev. Mr. Bolton, on behalf of himself and colleagues, thanked Premier McBride and Hon. Dr. Young for their kind remarks and as a token of that innate respect for womanhood which every one of his pupils possessed, he asked, on their behalf, that Cadet D. Thomson be permitted to present Mrs. McBride with a slight token on behalf of the boys. The beautiful bouquet, tied with the red and black colors of the school, was received by Mrs. McBride amid applause. Premier McBride briefly

expressing the thanks of his wife as well as the appreciation of himself and Hon. Dr. Young at the cordial reception tendered them by the pupils and stating that he was certain that at any future time any assistance which the minister of education could give to the new school would surely be forthcoming.

### **Success Crowns Efforts**

Rev. Mr. Bolton, in expressing his thanks to those who attended the ceremony, referred to the time, twenty years ago, when he had endeavored to interest the public of Victoria in the founding of just such an institution as the present. But it was not to be. Two factors mitigated against him. Providence was against the idea at that time. Also, at that time, there was no Mr. Matson. To the latter, Rev. Mr. Bolton paid the highest tribute for the unswerving kindness and business ability which had made the present University School the success which is promised and made his early dream an accomplished fact.

“This is only the beginning,” declared Rev. Mr. Bolton, as he viewed the rising building, the corner stone of which had just been laid, “but in time we will make an institution of which we may all be proud. We propose to turn out young men who shall first be Christian men, then manly men, and thirdly, capable men, men who will be a credit to Canada. We want to have among our alumni, in years to come, a chief justice of British Columbia, perhaps a minister of education and we hope, a premier.”

Rev. Mr. Bolton again thanked Premier and Mrs. McBride, Hon. Dr. Young and the many friends who had attended the ceremony and made it such a success.

After the ceremony tea was served in a marquee nearby and a pleasant hour spent.

In the corner stone was deposited, besides a copy of the records of the school to date and the school coat of arms, the various coins of the Dominion as well as a complete set of stamps.

Among the invited guests were the following:

Premier and Mrs. McBride, the Minister of Education, Hon. Dr. Young, and Mrs. Young, Hon. D. M. Eberts and Mrs. Eberts, Archdeacon and Mrs. Scriven, Mrs. and Miss Bolton, Mr. and Mrs. Lugin, Mr. and Mrs. Matson, Mr. and Mrs. Coles, Mayor and Mrs. Hall, Colonel and Mrs. Holmes, the School Trustees of Victoria, H. B. Thomson, M.P.P., Mrs. H. J. Rous Cullin, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Martin, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Ker, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Elliot, Senator and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Macdowell and Miss Bell, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mara, Rev. A. J. Stanley Ard, Rev. Mr. Collison, Hon. Edgar Dewdney, Major Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, A. T. Goward, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Davies, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Barton, Dr. and Mrs. Hasell, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hall, Hon. J. S. Helmcken, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Helmcken, Dr. and Mrs. Helmcken, Mr. and Mrs. Bullen, Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, Mr. and Mrs. Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. G. Prior, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pooley, Miss Miles, Miss Sanders, Miss Scholfield, Miss Dixon, Miss Charlish, Mrs. and Miss Tuck, Mr. W. T. and the Misses Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Booth, Mr. and Mrs. George Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Langley, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Weiler, Mr. R. Angus, Mr. and Mrs. Veitch, Hon. W. J. and Mrs. Bowser, Dr. and Mrs. Bell-Irving, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Bell-Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman, Mr. and Mrs. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Cave-Brown-Cave, Mr. and Mrs. Kingham, Mr. and Mrs. Maher, Mr. and Mrs. Rebbeck, Mrs. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Ambery, Mr. and Mrs. Greame, Mr. and Mrs. Gribble, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, Rev. and Mrs. Sheldrick, Mr. and Mrs.

Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. McGuigan, Mr. and Mrs. Rand, Mrs. Spencer, Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Wilgress, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Bagshawe, Mr. and Mrs. Cevaland, Mr. and Mrs. Cumine, Mr. and Mrs. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Decker, Mr. and Mrs. Inverarity, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Pemberton, Mr. and Mrs. Bevor-Potts, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, Dr. and Mrs. O. M. Jones, and others.



**Laying the Corner Stone — Rev. W. W. Bolton, Warden of the new University School, reading the office.**



**J. E. BARNACLE**  
Principal of the New University School.

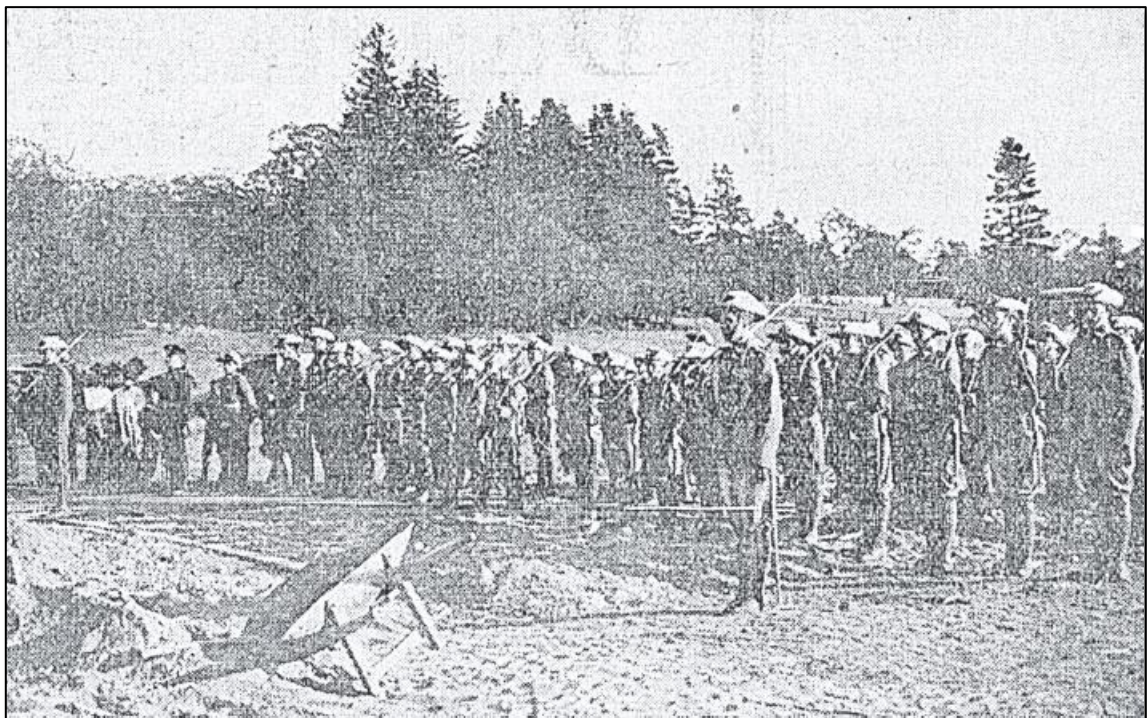


**Rev. W. W. BOLTON, M. A.**  
Warden of the New University School.





**Laying the Corner Stone — Hon. Richard McBride delivers an address.**



**Laying the Corner Stone — The Cadet Corps of the University School drawn up to receive Premier McBride**





**Capt. H. J. ROUS CULLIN**  
Bursar of the New University School.



**R. V. N. HARVEY, M. A.**  
Principal of the University School.

**September 3, 1909, page 2 — *Students Greet Grand Old Man***

**STUDENTS GREET GRAND OLD MAN<sup>9</sup>**

**Lord Strathcona Pays Visit to University School**

Always interested in the education of youth and keenly alive to the good work which can be done not only along the regular educational lines, but also in the physical and military drill of the boys, Lord Strathcona was an interested visitor yesterday at noon to the University School. Owing to the many calls upon His Lordship's time, his visit as originally planned was to last but a few minutes. Instead he spent over half an hour at the school, thoroughly enjoying the beauties of the location, the extensive and complete buildings, but what probably more than anything else attracted his attention and drew forth his praise was the appearance of the cadet corps, its precision of drill and the soldierly bearing of the boys.

Lord Strathcona has done much by his deep interest and the more substantial contributions of large sums, to introduce military training among the youth of the land and teach the young idea [?] to shoot and his appreciation that right here in Victoria is a cadet corps which is a credit to the school was expressed in a delightful address in which he complimented the staff and students.

**Welcomed at School**

After his visit to the Royal Jubilee Hospital and St. Joseph's Hospital, His Lordship, accompanied by his grandson, Donald Howard and his grand daughter, Miss Howard, and C. C. Chipman, chief commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company, whose son is being educated at the University school, set out for the school in an automobile.

The distinguished party were welcomed by a guard of honor of the cadet corps under the command of Captain S. McGuigan. Rev. W. W. Bolton, warden of the school, knowing the interest which His Lordship has always taken in the cadet corps, presented him with a photograph of the University Corps, No. 170, a gift which His Lordship declared he would prize highly. He asked to be taken over the buildings and the party, conducted by the principals, inspected the studios, dormitories and class rooms, the appointments and arrangements drawing forth words of praise from the visitors. In the dining hall the roll of honor was scanned and thence a visit was made to the gymnasium, which especially pleased His Lordship, particularly the miniature rifle range at which the cadets are regularly trained in shooting and the gymnastic apparatus. His Lordship was a keen observer of everything which came within his notice and his subsequent remarks of approbation will ever be treasured by those who have worked hard to make the University School the success which [remainder of sentence is missing in the article]

**Cadets Inspected**

On the return of the party to the campus where the cadet corps was lined up ready for inspection Lord Strathcona and his party together with Rev. W. W. Bolton and principals J. C. Barnacle and R. V. Harvey were photographed. In the halls of the school will ever be seen this memento of the visit of the Grand Old Man of Canada.

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<sup>9</sup> [Victoria Daily Colonist, 3 September 1909, page 2, second column](#)

The cadets were duly inspected by the visitors and his lordship addressed them expressing his pleasure, on the occasion of his visit to Beautiful Victoria, to have the opportunity of visiting University school and inspecting the corps. His lordship [not capitalised] was sure the students appreciated the value of physical training and drill they were receiving. The object of this training was not offensive but rather that the cadets may be ready, if need be, to defend their mighty inheritance, the Dominion of Canada. He was sure that young as they are now, not one of the corps but would give a good account of himself and when each got out into the world, let each remember that no kind of labor is in itself degrading. Let all work honestly at whatever they find to do and in time their efforts would be rewarded by the respect and honor of their fellow men. It would be a good thing when these corps are established in every city of the Dominion. The loyalty so shown is a great thing for the crown and empire. At his request his lordship was given an opportunity of shaking hands with each of the cadets and he did so proceeding down the line and afterwards shaking hands with, and giving to, each of the other scholars a kindly word especially to little seven-year-old Noel Le Maistre, the smallest boy in the school.

Rev. Mr. Bolton, in thanking His Lordship for his visit and the honor which his distinguished presence conferred upon the school, declared that all recognized the great interest which His Lordship has taken in education, especially in that side which deals with the physical training of the boys. The founders of the institution have attempted to begin the building of the great public [sic] school of the west and the presence of His Lordship with them and his great name would be an inspiration to them for all years to come. Rev. Mr. Bolton thanked His Lordship and party most heartily on behalf of himself and fellow teachers for their visit.

### **Great Place for School**

Lord Strathcona again addressed the staff and students stating that he had always felt there was room in the west for such an institution as the University school. While the public school system is a most admirable one there was something lacking in it which the private school on a large scale can alone supply. He wished those engaged in the enterprise the very fullest measure of success for he felt that the result of this effort would be the turning out into the world of men capable, able and strong for the empire.

Three rousing cheers for His Lordship were given by the cadets and students. After asking the warden to allow the boys a half holiday he drove away with his party followed by the whole-souled cheering of the boys and principals.

**October 23, 1910, Sunday Magazine, page 14 — *Crown Mountain***

**CROWN MOUNTAIN**<sup>10</sup>

— —  
(Ascended Friday, July 29, 1910, by Hon. Price Ellison, Miss Myra K.  
Ellison, Mr. H. McClure Johnson, Col. W. J. H. Holmes, Messrs. Frank  
Ward, J. Haworth, J. Twaddle, C.F. Haslam and A. L. Hudson.)  
— —

Yon mountain, Crown of fair Vancouver Isle,  
Whose domes no foot hath trod,  
Whose outlook is o'er ocean wide  
O'er vales and hills and racing tide —  
Men strive to master thee.

Through forest, stream and rock-faced heights,  
They plod their steady way,  
Their aim to plant the Union Jack  
Despite the climb and weighty pack,  
Upon the noble Crown.

They win. What matters now the weariness  
The blow-downs and the falls!  
The honor theirs which none can take  
Their witness left which none can shake  
Save snow and maddened storm.

A Maid amongst them. Light of feet.  
With nerves as strong as steel  
How could men halt or hearts give in  
Her gallant deed all praise doth win,  
True daughter of her Race.

— Rev. W. W. Bolton

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<sup>10</sup> [Victoria Daily Colonist, 23 October 1910, Sunday Magazine, page 14, third column](#)

## PART VII

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25 June 1935, pages 37–38 — *M. Moerenhout*

## M. MOERENHOUT

### Translation of Pacific Classic To be Task for Australian Scholars

(By Eric Ramsden)

STUDENTS of Pacific history throughout the world will be interested to learn that two Australian scholars have been entrusted with the important task of translating Moerenhout's "*Voyages aux Isles du Grand Ocean*." Though published in Paris almost a century ago, this important work has not, hitherto, been available for students in an English version. The work is to be undertaken on behalf of the Hakluyt Society.

It is to be hoped that it will be published eventually in one of the cheaper series. Another book long overdue to be re-published in that way is Mariner's "Tonga." The latter is only available in the early two-volume editions, and is so inaccessible, except in a library, that many young people of to-day have never turned its fascinating pages.

J. A. Moerenhout <sup>1</sup> was one of the most controversial figures in Pacific history. In the tense drama played on the Tahitian stage towards the close of the 30's of the last century, he was one of the central figures. Indeed, it would not be exaggeration to suggest that France owes more to him than possibly to any other man that she is in possession of Tahiti to-day. True, he was supported by the guns of Commodore du Petit Thouars <sup>2</sup> and the might and majesty of King Louis Phillipe. [sic] But it was the Belgian, Moerenhout, the first United States Consul, and later Consul for France, who pulled the political strings, who set the stage.

Not a great deal is known of his antecedents. Moerenhout's life might well form the subject of a memoir by some enterprising student. The part he played in Tahitian history at least entitles him to that distinction.

We know that he came to the Society Islands as a trader, was at Mangareva in 1834, and that two years later took a prominent part in the agitation that followed Queen Pomare's unfortunate ban against the landing of French priests, Fathers Laval <sup>3</sup> and Caret <sup>4</sup>. At the time he was Consul for the United States. W. T. Pritchard, <sup>5</sup> the British Consul, says that Moerenhout's religious zeal on behalf of the priests, led to the Belgian being superceded in that office by an American citizen. "He gave his full hearty co-operation and protection to the priests from the first," says Pritchard (who, of course, was violently anti-French).

When France decided to take up the case of the priests (who, incidentally, had landed at Tautira, on the opposite side of the island, instead of at Papeete, in the ordinary way), the naval officer, du Petit Thouars, appointed Moerenhout to be French Consul. Further trouble arose when the Queen refused to receive him. "The Queen decided that she had had quite enough of M. Moerenhout," says Pritchard, "without again receiving him in an official capacity!" The Commodore declared that Moerenhout's

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<sup>1</sup> [Jacques Antoine Moerenhout](#) was born January 17, 1796 in Echren, Antwerp, Belgium, and died July 13, 1879 in Los Angeles, California. See also WWB's *The Consul Moerenhout* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>2</sup> [Abel Aubert Du Petit Thouars \(1793–1864\)](#)

<sup>3</sup> [Honoré Laval \(1808–1880\)](#)

<sup>4</sup> The article has *Carret*. Francois d'Assize Caret died in 1844 in Tahiti; see WWB's article, *How Rev. McKean Was Killed*, in the 15 February 1940 edition of PIM, pages 46–47, in Part VII.

<sup>5</sup> [George Pritchard \(1796–1883\)](#)

rejection would be equivalent to a declaration of war against the French nation. The Queen surrendered.

Moerenhout, the avowed enemy of poor bullied and harassed Pomare, was instrumental in securing signatures to a petition calling upon the French to intervene, during the absence of the Queen on one of the other islands. Those who signed are said to have been promised 1,000 dollars each. It was France's golden opportunity. The Queen was deposed, and a provisional government established. Moerenhout was rewarded by an officer in the latter as "King's Commissioner."

Pritchard also suggests that Moerenhout did all he possibly could to annoy the Queen, "conducting himself most offensively in her presence," particularly when Pomare, under the impression that Britain might come to her aid, insisted on sailing into Papeete harbour with her own royal flag unfurled.

The Queen subsequently told Sir Thomas Thompson that Moerenhout "shook his head" at her, "threw his hands" before her face, and stared fiercely at her. "I protested against his conduct and told him that he was a very troublesome man!" she said.

We know, too, that Moerenhout was attacked in his home on one occasion. His wife is believed to have saved his life by throwing herself in front of him. A Spanish negro was executed for the crime — the only prisoner to suffer capital punishment during the Queen's reign.

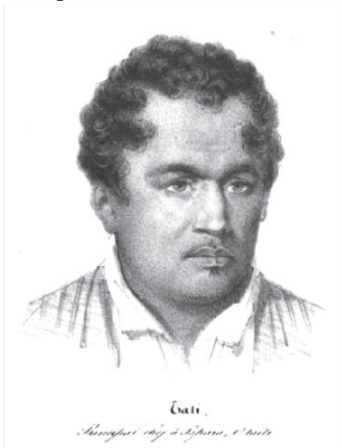
Thereafter, Moerenhout seems to have faded out of the picture. French rule was well established by the 40's, however. It is possible that some of the older residents of Papeete have some knowledge of his later career. Though I was unable, in the time at my disposal while in Tahiti, to give much attention to the history of Moerenhout, I succeeded in finding a number of documents in his handwriting. The papers were all of an official character.

His "*Voyages aux Îles du Grand Océan*" <sup>6</sup> appeared in two volumes in Paris in 1837. The book is rare. <sup>7</sup> Collectors seek it these days. Included is a portrait of Tati, the high chief of Papara, who signed the appeal to the French King at Moerenhout's behest. <sup>8</sup> Tati was the father of Arii-Taimai (whose rare volume of reminiscences is even more keenly sought after nowadays), and the direct ancestor of the numerous Salmon clan. <sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> The article has *Voyages aux Isles du Grand Ocean*.

<sup>7</sup> Volumes 1 and 2 can be found [here](#) and [here](#).

<sup>8</sup> The portrait can be found between pages 258 and 259 of the first volume:



<sup>9</sup> See WWB's article *The Memoirs of Ariitaimai* published in the September 1945 edition of PIM, page 59, in Part VII.

The most interesting plate, however, is an early view of Papeete waterfront, showing the buildings then in existence.<sup>10</sup> It is possibly one of Moerenhout's own sketches. In the short space of less than a century, much data of great historical value has been lost in Papeete. Enthusiastic research by Mr. W. W. Bolton, M.A., has decided several points of importance that, hitherto, were in doubt. Mr. Bolton recently received the thanks of the Papeete Municipality for a record which he voluntarily presented to that body. It represented many years of patient endeavour, and careful scholarship.

**23 July 1935, pages 28 and 30 — *Graves of Early L.M.S. Missionaries***

## GRAVES OF EARLY L.M.S. MISSIONARIES

### Discovered in French Oceania by Englishman

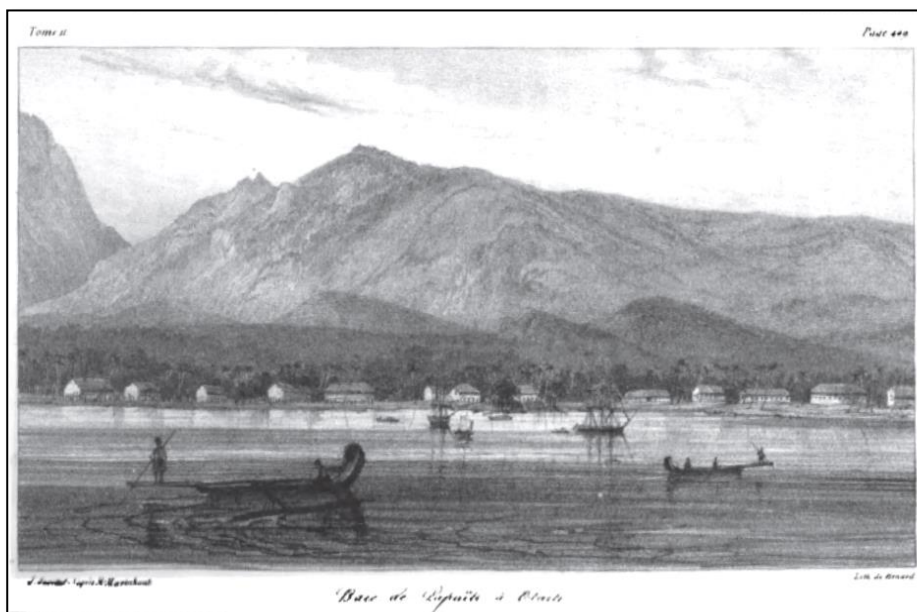
From Our Own Correspondent.

PAPEETE, June 12.

DEVOTING his talents during the last few years to the unremitting labour of digging out authentic material connected with Islands history, Mr. W. W. Bolton, M.A., a scholarly Englishman who has been a resident of Tahiti for a long time, has collected an enormous mass of material, all of which must find a place in the complete account of events which will one day be written. Possessed by an insatiable lust for details, the curiosity of a true searcher after knowledge, and a remarkable faculty for observation which permits very little to escape his attention, Mr. Bolton has gathered together and recorded in his voluminous notebooks a wealth of data which will be of great value to the historian.

Of more immediate interest, however, especially to English people, is the rediscovery by Mr. Bolton of the graves of several of the pioneer English missionaries who died and were buried in Tahiti and Moorea. The locations of all of these, with the exception of Rev. Henry Nott, the former bricklayer, whose grave at Arue was restored a few years ago by a group of local admirers, had become lost owing to the neglect brought about by political changes, to the final withdrawal from the scene of the

<sup>10</sup> The plate can be found between pages 448 and 449 of the second volume:



English missionaries in 1886, and to the decay and obliteration wrought by an overwhelming growth of tropical jungle.

One of the most important events in Tahiti's early history was the arrival of the ship *Duff*, sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1797, which landed four ordained ministers, fourteen artisans, five women and two children. These pioneers of the Gospel were well received by the natives but the work of evangelisation was hampered by ancient customs, by the opposition of renegade foreigners, and by the prevalence of European diseases brought by whalers and others for which the missionaries got the blame. One or two missionaries died of sickness, others fled to New South Wales, and some deserted the cause to marry native women.

As time went on political upheavals and tribal wars disturbed the island to such an extent that the mission establishment at Matavai was destroyed — one of the missionaries was murdered and the rest departed, with the exception of Nott (who remained in Moorea with Pomare II) and Hayward (who went to Huahine Island in the Leeward Group). Most of the evangelists returned to Moorea in 1811 and 1812, but work was not resumed in Tahiti till 1817, King Pomare having in the meantime accepted Christianity and thus opened the way.

The graves located by Mr. Bolton are those of Rev. T. Lewis (who was murdered by natives in 1799 and buried at Matavai Bay), Rev. J. Jefferson (who died in 1807 and was also buried at Matavai Bay), the wheelright, H. Bicknell (who was buried in Moorea in 1820) and two other missionaries who arrived later than the *Duff* company and who were buried in the Papara district of Tahiti. The present day directors of the London Missionary Society are much interested in these discoveries and arrangements are now being made to have the graves restored and suitable commemorative stones erected thereon.<sup>11</sup>

According to the records of the London Missionary Society the original inscription on Rev. Henry Nott's gravestone at Arue was as follows:

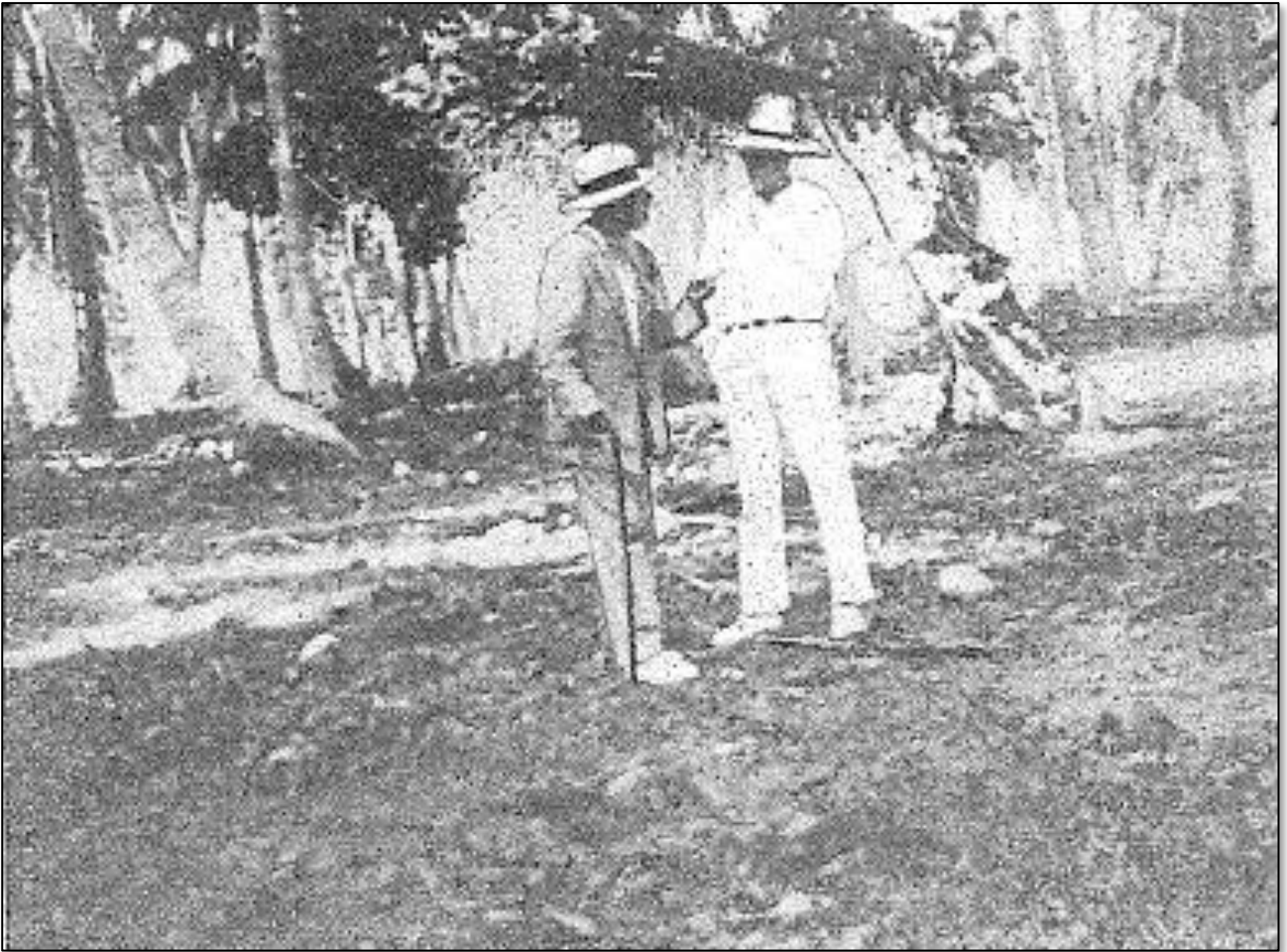
"Sacred to the memory of Rev. Henry Nott, missionary, who departed from this life of sin and sorrow and entered into his rest on the 2<sup>nd</sup> day of May, 1844, after having endured a great fight of afflictions. He had been for 48 years the faithful servant of the London Missionary Society, having been sent out by them in the ship *Duff*, commanded by Captain James Wilson in the year 1796. He was translator of the sacred scriptures into the Tahitian language."<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> See WWB's article, *The Lost Graves of the Pioneers on Tahiti and Moorea*, in the Bulletin de la Société des Études Océaniques N° 59 (1937), pages 685–688, in Part VIII, for an account of how the graves were found. See also Tale #21, *Of Perseverance*, in Part IV, *Tales of Roaming Grandfather*, which has a photograph of the graves at Papetoai just as WWB found them in 1936. See also *Locating the Graves of the Pioneer Missionaries at Matavai and Papara* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>12</sup> Additional text of the inscription can be found in *The Missionary Henry Nott* in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti*.





**Mr. W. W. Bolton, M.A. (left), the discoverer of the hitherto lost graves of early missionaries in Tahiti, with Mr. Charles B. Nordhoff (right), the American author, at the site, at Matavai, of the burial place of the Duff arrivals (Messrs. Jefferson and Lewis). The first Christian church in Tahiti was erected in the immediate vicinity, which is not far from Point Venus, where Captain Cook took his historic observations.**

**23 April 1936, page 14 — *Gift of an engraving of the “Cession of Matavai” from the London Missionary Society to W.W. Bolton***

**Mr. W. W. Bolton, M.A.,** of Papeete, who in recent years has carried out historical research in Tahiti and has been responsible for discovering the graves of several of the early missionaries, recently received a gift from the London Missionary Society. It was one of the original engravings of the cession of Matavai by Tu, King of Tahiti, to the missionaries of the Duff, and is dated January 1,

1803. These engravings are now exceedingly difficult to obtain. The Mitchell Library in Sydney has one.<sup>13</sup>

**19 August 1936, pages 21–22 — *Graves Restored***

**GRAVES RESTORED**

**Early L.M.S. Missionaries In Tahiti**

From Our Own Correspondent.

PAPEETE, July 5.

THE interesting task of locating the “lost” graves of Tahiti’s pioneer missionaries, whose bodies were laid to rest in the district of Papara, was brought to a satisfactory issue on May 29 when reinforced

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<sup>13</sup> See also *Light on Half-Forgotten Incident of Early Tahiti* in the July 1942 edition of PIM, page 14, and “*Cession of Matavai*” in the February 1943 edition of PIM, page 24, in Part VII.

The photograph below, taken in the *Musée de Tahiti et des îles* in October 2014, shows what is almost certainly the engraving of the *Cession of Matavai* given to WWB (to the right on the black platform), which he donated to the British Consulate in Papeete in about 1936.



concrete gravestones, suitably inscribed, were placed over the remains of Tessier (buried in 1820) and Davies (buried in 1855).

Both these men arrived in Tahiti by the convict ship *Royal Admiral*, which was on its way to Botany Bay in 1801. In 1808 both fled from the local disturbances to the island of Huahine on the brig *Perseverance*, and from there sailed for Port Jackson by the *Cyclops* in 1810. Davies returned first to the field, reaching Moorea in 1811, and Tessier followed in June, 1813.

After residing again in Huahine, Davies took the post at Papara held by Bicknell (a *Duff* man who had arrived in 1797). He remained in charge there for 35 years, dying at the age of 84. Tessier, after locating himself at Matavai (Point Venus), on Tahiti, went to assist Bicknell in 1818. On July 23, 1820, Tessier died and was buried by Bicknell, who himself died within a fortnight. Bicknell's body was taken to Moorea to lie beside the grave of a favorite child.

Mr. W. W. Bolton, M.A., who has throughout been the most interested and energetic party in searching for these "lost" grave sites, states that he encountered no serious difficulties once a careful search of the records in Sydney and London had been made. Lying in a large coconut plantation, which he discovered to be the burial ground of the early converts to Christianity and the site of the first chapel, there were two graves entirely different from all the rest. Instead of being marked by the usual boulders of black stone, these two were conspicuous among the many scores surrounding them. Tessier's was outlined with roughly cut coral blocks, whilst Davies' was covered by two flat coral slabs.

That these were the graves of white men was self-evident — even if it were not known definitely that the two white men lay in Papara. That they were the missionaries — but not of the *Duff* band — was soon learned. Here then lay the two fellow voyagers of the *Royal Admiral*, and as pioneers for the faith that was in them, honour was due. This has now been done.

The weighty gravestones were carried to Papara by truck and lowered into place by means of a derrick. There was a considerable gathering of interested folk to witness the ceremony, including chiefs and sub-chiefs, pastors and deacons of the Protestant Church, and a sprinkling of local white residents who had travelled far in order to be present. Suitable addresses were made by the French Protestant clergymen, Messrs. Moreau and Vernier.

The Papara people accepted the future care of the graves with ready willingness, sending warmest thanks to the London Missionary Society for not only thus vividly recalling the past, but also for meeting the cost of the renovation.

## 19 August 1936, pages 23–24 — *Work of Mr. Bolton*

### Work of Mr. Bolton

#### Letter to the Editor

I READ with interest in the July P.I.M. an article by the Rev. Cecil Northcott, M.A., on early missionary days in Tahiti. I regret to notice, however, that Mr. Northcott, like many another present-day writer on historical events, has not taken sufficient pains to ensure accuracy.

He states that the missionaries who held on in 1798 were five in number, viz., Mr. and Mrs. Eyre, and Messrs. Bicknell, Nott, and Jefferson. Actually, those who stuck to their post were Eyre (and wife),



Bicknell, Nott, Jefferson, Harris, Lewis, and Broomhall. (See “Transactions of the Missionary Society,” Vol. 1.)

Mr. Northcott further states that “Only recently Tahiti publicly restored the graves of the humble heroes who brought the Gospel to her.” Actually, the work of locating and restoring the graves (excepting those of Nott and McKean) has been done by my old friend, Mr. W. W. Bolton, of Papeete. After long and painstaking search he has located the graves of Jefferson and Lewis at Matavai, and of Tessier and Davies at Papara. Mr. Bolton is now busy in connection with the restoration of the graves of Scott and Bicknell in the neighbourhood of Papetoai, Moorea.

This work is purely a labour of love on Mr. Bolton’s part. He gratefully acknowledges the receipt of funds from the headquarters of the London Missionary Society to defray the cost of labour and material.

The graves of Nott and McKean at Arue were located and restored some years ago by a small self-appointed committee of English and American residents. They are now kept in good order by Mr. Smith, one of the members of the committee, whose property adjoins the site of the graves. Had it not been for the activities of Mr. Bolton and the members of the committee the sites of the graves of the pioneer missionaries of the South Seas would probably to-day be unknown and unmarked.

An article in the *Pacific Islands Monthly* of July 23, 1935, from your own correspondent in Tahiti, gives a very good account of Mr. Bolton’s activities.

In conclusion, I would like to bring under the notice of those of your readers who may be interested in the early history of Tahiti and the adjoining islands that the Mitchell Library in Sydney has practically everything that has been written on this subject, including many original letters and diaries of the early missionaries.

I am, etc.,  
J. D. McCOMISH.

“The Oriental,”  
Cremorne Point, Sydney,  
July 27, 1936.

**21 December 1936, page 8 — *Tablet in memory of the early missionaries***

### **Late News in Brief**

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A tablet in memory of the early missionaries of Tahiti, presented by Mr. W. W. Bolton, was installed and dedicated in Moorea, in November. (Report in next issue.)

22 January 1937, page 6 — *L.M.S. Pioneers*

## **L.M.S. PIONEERS**

### **Their Work at the Octagonal Church in Tahiti**

By Our Papeete Correspondent.

In grateful memory  
of  
HENRY BICKNELL  
arrived  
on the ship Duff  
March 5, 1797  
Died August 7, 1820.

Also  
WILLIAM SCOTT  
arrived  
on the ship Royal Admiral  
July 10, 1801.  
Died February 9, 1815.

Also  
SARAH HENRY  
Died July 28, 1812.  
MARY DAVIES  
Died September 4, 1812.

SARAH HAYWARD  
Died October 4, 1812.

The graves of the above lie nearby.

This tablet was erected by the  
L.M.S.  
1936.

THE scholarly researches by Mr. W. W. Bolton, M.A. (Cantab.), into the early history of Protestant missions in Oceania have brought to light very many interesting facts, and have performed the priceless service of saving from oblivion the last resting-places of the faithful pioneers who brought the gospel to the Islands.

In November, 1936, a handsome tablet in the Tahitian language (of which the above is a translation) — presented by Mr. Bolton on behalf of the London Missionary Society — was installed and dedicated with solemn ceremonies in the Octagonal Church of Papetoai, in the island of Moorea.

The graves of the two missionaries and those of the wives of Messrs. Henry, Davies, and Hayward, of the mission, were identified by Mr. Bolton — after long research among widely scattered sources — from the obscurity of over a century of neglect.



The church at Papetoai, in which the memorial tablet has been placed, is, without doubt, the oldest building for Christian worship now standing in Polynesia.<sup>14</sup>

The following, from the pen of Mr. Bolton, is the history of its construction:

### THE OCTAGONAL CHURCH

This remarkable building, both in its shape and composition, took years in building, by reason both of the immense labour of securing slabs of coral from the reef and the inexperience of the workers in the needed woodwork.

The architect was the resident missionary, Rev. George Platt, who superintended the work during the years he was stationed at Papetoai (1817 to 1824), his place being taken by W. Henry, of the *Duff*, also a resident till 1827.

The site selected was that of a former important *marae*, a stone as its foundation having been brought from Opoa, on Raiatea, thus constituting it a *Tapu-tapuatea*.

“The church is 60ft. in diameter, its coral walls nearly 20ft. in height, the doors and windows semi-circular, and well proportioned.” (Tyerman and Bennett’s report).

Over each of the doors is an inscription cut into the coral, one in Tahitian, one in English, and two in Latin. Time has dealt harshly with the two latter, but the others still are in perfect condition. The Tahitian reads:—

“This house was begun in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1822, in the reign of Pomare III.”

The English is: “Holiness becometh thy House, O Lord, for ever.”

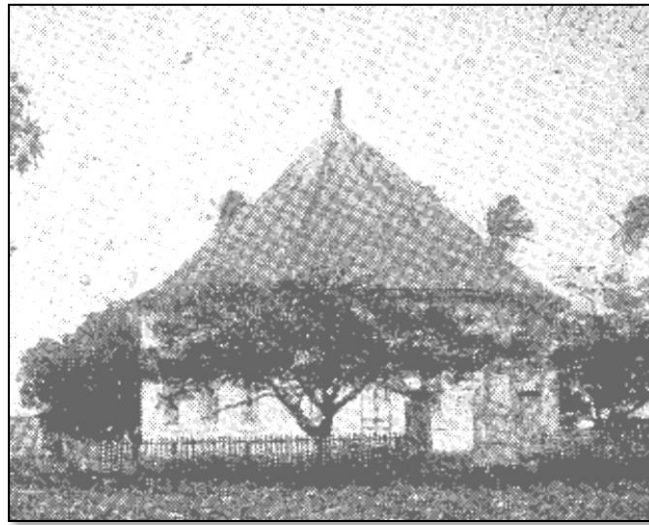
Some of the Latin reads:

“*Haec domus sacra . . . Anno Domini 1822 et in Anno Primo Regni Pomare III. . . . Gloria qui in Secula. Amen.*”

<sup>14</sup> The photographs below of the tablet and the interior of the church, with the tablet on the wall to the right, were taken in November 2014. The pastor of the Protestant Maohi parish of Papetoai, Ariapeu Arthur Faua, is also shown.



The fourth has been handled very roughly by later folk. All that is left are the three words at the bottom: “*Gloria soli Deo.*”<sup>15</sup>



**The Little Church at Papetoai.**

The rest has been erased, and “Ebenezer” is seen immediately above the “gloria,” whilst above that there appears the very prosaic statement in French:— “This Temple was rebuilt by the Protestant parishioners of Papetoai 1887–1891.”

Evidently a better word would have been “renovated,” as there has been no known break in its use since its first erection.

Search is now being made amid the correspondence in the possession of the L.M.S. if haply the full Latin inscriptions may be found.

In their report for 1823 the delegation sent out from London headquarters were loud in their praise of the piece “of extraordinary workmanship” then slowly rising.

At last, the work was finished and in 1829, under the pastorate of Rev. Alexander Simpson, it was opened for public worship.

From “The Annual Report” of the Brethren 1821–1822: “On the 20<sup>th</sup> of February, 1822, the brethren had the pleasure to lay the foundation stone of a new chapel which is to be of an octagonal form and built with hewn coral rock. The people are carrying on the building with spirit, observing that it will be the first house of stone in these islands.”

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<sup>15</sup> See *Moorea’s Octagonal Church* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, for photographs of the inscriptions, including the restored Latin inscription, and *The Island of Moorea* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*.

Note also that the church is the subject of Chapter LXXIX, *Taloo Chapel – Holding Court in Polynesia*, in *Omoo* by Herman Melville, where he describes a service held there in 1842.

22 January 1937, page 66 — *The “Haweis”*

## THE “Haweis”

### First Tahitian Trading Schooner

By W. W. BOLTON.

WHEN the evangelists of the London Missionary Society settled in Tahiti in 1797, their thoughts turned naturally to the question of providing a vessel for their own use. As early as 1798 they had discussed the project, but it was not until 20 years later that their ambition was fulfilled.

The *Haweis*, however, was not built without much heart burning among the brethren, for there were those who thought first of the Society which had sent them hither. There were others (a minority) who sought to build a vessel wherewith to trade for private gain to help out their meagre incomes, with wives and many children to support.

In 1811 there was an appeal to far off Port Jackson, their supply house, for “tools and 2,000 nails suitable to build a boat.” In 1812 deaths and much coming and going held back the attempt. In 1813 came Pomare’s permission to cut down *Tamanu* and *amae* trees for boat building and so the work went forward. Through 1814 and 1815 the vessel was slowly taking shape.

In August 1816 it was so far advanced that a request was made to the Society agent at Port Jackson (Hassall, of the *Duff* Company) “to send a competent man to complete the boat and take it to the Colony.” Captain John Nicholson came upon the scene with seven white men as part of the future crew. So they pushed ahead through 1817 till at last on December 6 of that year the vessel was launched from its stocks at Uaeva, Moorea, when since 1809 the brethren had massed for safety. It was a great day for the missionaries and their Tahitian converts.

Pomare, the Second, was there, and named the schooner.

The great event as written by one of the brethren stationed at Afareaitu on the opposite side of the island, who seems to have had no easy time in getting upon the scene, was written up in his daily journal as follows:—

“December 6. About 4 a.m. set off for Papetoai in a single canoe with Pati. Landed at Papetoai, passed through Tamai, crossed the lake and walked on to Maharepa. Here expected to borrow a canoe, but people all gone to see the brig launched. Walked to the next district. Only canoe about to be used to carry food to Pomare. Kindly put across Cook’s Harbour.

“Walked to Pihena. Saw the Chief, old and inform, all else gone to see the launching. Found the bottom of an old fishing canoe, the edges of which were scarcely two inches above the water, but being too much fatigued to walk any further I got into it. Keeping near the shore till we reached Oponohu harbour we crossed over safely and landed opposite Brother Hayward’s.

“We scarcely arrived when Pati observing the flag hoisted on board the vessel, wished to run on lest it should be launched before he could arrive. He took up his bundle of bread fruit, which he had brought from Afareaitu (a distance of 20 miles by sea) and ran on before. Shortly after I reached the place where they were endeavouring to get the vessel off the stocks. The King, the principal Chiefs, and vast crowds of people were present assisting.

“After some time the vessel moved from the stocks when the King performing the usual ceremonies pronounced as she passed along *Ia ora na Haweis* (Prosperity or peace be to the *Haweis*). Dr. Thomas Haweis <sup>16</sup> has always been considered the particular friend of the Otaheiteans and the King wished the vessel to be called after him.”

In June, 1818, she was ready for sea and with six natives added to the crew, the *Haweis* cruised through the Island groups, carrying the missionaries to isles they desired to visit, and gathering up oil, hogs, *et al.*, as cargo.

Then on January 1, 1819, she headed for New South Wales from her home port, Papetoai, arriving with flags flying at Port Jackson on February 15. Thus a dream was fulfilled, and the brethren had Tahiti’s first trading schooner notched to their lasting credit.

### 23 June 1937, pages 45–46 — *The Boy King of Tahiti and His Crowning*

## THE BOY KING OF TAHITI AND HIS CROWNING

By W. W. BOLTON, M.A.

### PART I.

WHEN Pomare II. died on December 7, 1821 he left two children, a girl, Aimata, seven years of age, and a boy, Terii Taria, a babe in arms. It was to the latter he ordered the succession should go and Pomare was the name he was to assume.

The infant, born June 25, 1820, was nursed by his mother Terito, but was placed in special charge of her steadier sister, Pomare Vahine, who was supernumary wife of Pomare II., edged out of her promised premier post as first Queen by the earlier action of Terito, and childless.

A special house was raised at Papaoa, a few miles distant from Papeete, close adjoining Pomare’s tomb, and known as the Queen’s House, where aunt and babe resided during his infant years.

Terito went her own wild ways, keeping her girl by her side, and scandalised the brethren of the L.M.S. by allowing herself freedom to the extreme extent of being tattooed. The babe, not the mother, was the one to watch and guard.

Even before the child could lisp, arrangement was made for Brother Nott, doyen of the mission band, to leave Huahine and take up his residence at Papaoa as instructor of the infant prince. His kingdom was being looked after by a Regent, Ariipaea, and a council, but the real power was in the hands of Pomare Vahine, a strong, virile and capable woman.

Some trepidation had been felt at the time of the death of the father that the chiefs would not be willing to accept an infant as their liege lord, but they had made no sign of dissatisfaction. The brethren were, however, taking no chances, and something new and even unheard of was planned, proposed and accepted: there should be a crowning as soon as the boy could stand upon his feet.

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<sup>16</sup> [Thomas Haweis \(1734–1820\)](#) was a co-founder of the [London Missionary Society](#). Another account of the launching published in *The Australian* (Sydney), 13 July 1832, can be found [here](#); apparently the vessel fell on its side when some of the men dropped their ropes after Pomare threw a bottle of red wine at it and pieces of glass went flying in every direction. According to an [article](#) published in *The Australian* on 23 January 1830, the *Haweis* was lost at sea after leaving Port Jackson for New Zealand on 24 October 1829.

To make things still more secure for the tranquility of the state and the progress of Christian civilisation, there was started a school, in 1824, at Afareaitu, on Moorea, with the resounding title of “The South Seas Academy,” for the sons of chiefs, who were to be in residence, and little Pomare among them. The part to be played by Brother Nott was to be taken as headmaster by a later arrival, Rev. J. M. Orsmond.

### CORONATION OF POMARE III

The programme ready, great preparations were made at Papaoa for the crowning, which took place on April 21, 1824, the boy king not yet four years old.

Happily we have an account of this remarkable event in South Sea history from the pen of a contemporary witness, as it appears in the *Command Papers Presented to the British Parliament*, covering the years 1822–1847. The translation reads as follows.<sup>17</sup> The only difficulty to be met with are the sites mentioned, the names of that day being long disused. To-day they are Arue and Papaoa, wherein stood the vast Royal Mission Chapel.

There were two classes of people in that ceremony, some were ungodly and others were godly.

- (1) Those who carried the Tiari and the Oroa (flowers) were Mauihi-u-iti Vahine, Terai mano Vahine, Tuehau Vahine (women), and Tehapai. They threw the flowers along the road.
- (2) Next were the children of the missionaries and their wives.
- (3) Next was Mahine. His office was to carry the word of God. Messrs. Tyerman and Nott were on his right; Messrs. Bennet and Henry on his left; they assisted Mahine.
- (4) Next were the missionaries.
- (5) Next to them was Utami.<sup>18</sup> He carried the Laws; he was assisted by Paofai, on his right, and by Paraita, on his left.
- (6) Next was Tati, who carried the Crown;<sup>19</sup> Hapoto on his right, Onee on his left.
- (7) Next to them was Pomare, and the people who carried him, namely Taitumataata, Heivae, Uoho and Laaviri, on his right; Teupoopaari, Priui,<sup>20</sup> Roura and Tehope on his left. Aita

<sup>17</sup> The translation also appears in *The Coronation of Pomare III* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>18</sup> WWB has *Utomi* in *The Coronation of Pomare III* in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>19</sup> Tyerman and Bennet (1841) note that “*The crown was somewhat in the form of the English royal crown, very neatly made of purple velvet; the fillet and wings covered with broad gold lace enriched with some very fine pearls and valuable stones.*” This description differs somewhat from the crown in the *Musée de Tahiti et des îles*, shown below, which has been attributed to Pomare III. In *The Coronation of Pomare III* in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti*, WWB states that “*The Museum exhibits are those of Pomare V.*”



<sup>20</sup> WWB has *Piriui* in *The Coronation of Pomare III* in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti*.



Vahine, Maihara Vahine, Tenania Vahine (women) were also on his left; and Taaroa Vahine (mother), Aimata (sister) and Terataue<sup>21</sup> (aunt) on his right.

(8) Next was Pomare's *hunoa* (first husband of his sister), Tamatoa on his right and Tahitoe on his left.

(9) Next was Fenuapeho. He carried the table to place the crown upon. Pahititia carried the oil (coconut) for anointing the king. All the governors and district judges assisted them.

(10) We went inland by way of Taipu. It was there where Pomare III. was crowned.

(11) Then all the royal party, the governors, the missionaries, all the judges, and the society were assembled together.

(12) After Mr. Crook, the priest, finished prayer, Mr. Henry anointed the king and placed the crown upon his head.

(13) Mr. Nott read the Laws and pardoned all the guilty. Mr. Wilson exhorted the King. Mr. Davies prayed, and Mr. Jones read a hymn. Mr. Wilson prayed. When finished we returned to Outuaiai. There Mr. Henry prayed. These were the words of God: "Exalt the King and fear God." There it finished.

So far, this witness. But was Henry, the Archbishop of the day, and Nott merely his assistant? Henry himself makes answer. Writing from Moorea, October 15, 1845 (21 years later)<sup>22</sup> he says: "King Pomare III., that young prince, whom I anointed on the occasion, and on whose head my late reverend Brother Nott placed the Crown."

One hopes so, for when the crash came in December, 1808, Henry had fled, but the unflinching Nott stood fast.

Ariipaea the Regent is lost to us, appearing under another name, whilst of the other personalities mentioned, Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet were newcomers on the scene, being the delegation sent out from home to report on the missionary work being carried on by the society throughout the world — Bennet alone completed the tour, Tyerman dying on Madagascar.

The infant's brother-in-law was Tapoa, of Pora Pora. In 1822 when Aimata was eight years of age and Tapoa 16, there was a public betrothment of the two, which was looked upon as "marriage" according to the custom of the country and Tapoa was then given the name of Pomare as an honour.

Tati (1770–1864) had every right to his high post. He was the leading chief, had seen Cook in his childhood days, stood by the Pomares, both father and son, through stress and storm, and had refused the Regency, though hard pressed to accept it. He was of Papara, the last district to bend the knee to the Pomares.

Mr. Crook, "the priest," had played no small part in the new king's life, as his daily journal shows. He was the accoucheur assisted by his well trained wife. June 25, 1820: "Mrs. Crook took the child, managed and dressed it in the English fashion . . . the king would allow no one to touch the child but Mrs. Crook. June 26: The infant was most of the day at our house with Pomare Vahine . . . Our daughter Mary is denominated his mother, being the friend of the queen. The child is also called Mrs. Crook's son."

<sup>21</sup> WWB has *Teratane* in *The Coronation of Pomare III* in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>22</sup> The article has 31 years later.

He it was who baptised the child, September 10, in the presence of a thousand people, where now he was crowned, and makes bold to address the directors in London on his behalf in a letter dated December 21, 1821: "I shall be glad to receive dresses for young Prince Pomare who is now 18 months old, some superior, some common." A godfather of quality with every right to play his part in opening the Coronation proceedings.

It was a good send off even if the principal personage might well wonder what it was all about, being but three years and ten months old.

(To be continued)

## 18 September 1937, pages 50–53 — *Tragedy of the "Moaroa"*

### TRAGEDY OF THE "MOAROA"

#### Fierce Fight Aboard Labour Vessel in 1869

By W. W. BOLTON, of Papeete.

THE *Moaroa*, owned by a Mr. Stewart, left Atimaono, Tahiti, carrying a cargo of cotton to Auckland, New Zealand, and was ordered on its return to collect and bring back native labourers from the Line Islands, under wages, for the large and then prosperous plantation.

It was during the second portion of his orders that Captain Blackett and a number of his crew met a terrible death, and the ship was saved only by the gallantry of its second mate, a Dane.

Herewith, lately come across, is given the report to the owner by the man who brought her home.

\* \* \*

Three-masted barque of Tahiti *Moaroa*, in the Pacific Ocean, July 24, 1869.

Latitude: 7 degrees 32 minutes South; longitude: 175 degrees 45 minutes 45 seconds East.

Sir. — In hope of meeting before my arrival at Atimaono a ship en route for the Society Islands, I have the honour to transmit to you the following report. I will commence with a portion of the log since the day when we arrived in sight of the Gilbert Islands up to to-day, and I will then continue it up to the day when I shall encounter a ship or arrive in port.

Wednesday, June 16, 1869: At 11 in the morning we had seen Hope Island, or Arurai. We were approaching the island in the afternoon. Many canoes and a large ship's boat reached us offering mats, coconuts, and other produce of the island in exchange for tobacco and red materials. We remained near this island till June 20, till 2 p.m. when we left for Byron Island, or Nukunau.

Monday, June 28: At six in the evening we were near Byron Island, and before nightfall 300 to 400 natives came aboard. Some remained throughout the night.

June 29 and 30, and July 1 and 2: We remained off Byron Island, buying coconuts, etc. On the 2nd the captain went ashore in an effort to persuade natives to embark with him.

July 3: We arrived off the island of Peru (Nonuiti); but as a white man of Byron Island had sent three men to warn the natives that we had need of men, none came aboard. The next morning, we met the three-masted barque *Annie*, of Melbourne, which had 159 natives, but no water. The captain made arrangements to embark these natives for Tahiti, but as I am ignorant as to the conditions, it is impossible for me to note them here. Mr. J. B. Lattin came aboard, at the same time, as a passenger to Tahiti and besides, we had engaged as interpreter, for 20 piastres a month, a native who had resided a long while in the Fijian Islands. This man, having left the *Annie*, with his woman, came on board.

Having embarked the natives, and received a quantity of powder provided by the *Annie*, we headed towards Hope Island where we arrived July 12, at 5 p.m. Two large ship's boats came alongside with 37 natives all of whom remained on board with the exception of two. On the 13th, 19 natives came on board and on the 14th, six women arrived to join their mates. At 4 p.m. we headed to Byron Island where we arrived on Friday, July 16. Passing the island we took aboard 68 natives and then set our course for Tahiti. Herewith further extract from the log.

July 17, 1869: Commenced with a calm, Byron Island to N.N.E., six miles off. At 5 a.m. the captain had given permission for all the natives (287) to come on deck, and there he distributed to them shirts and tobacco. All appeared to be tranquil, but the upper deck was crowded, near to 300 men were there en masse.

The men of the watch were behind the deck house, employed in preparing some boards to construct a partition between the square and the orlop deck, when suddenly and without any warning (I had, however, seen a boy steal the knife of one of our men, and had thereupon begged the captain and Mr. Lattin to pass to the stern) suddenly, I say, the natives launched themselves upon the stern and attacked my watch.

I was then standing near the door of the deck cabin, where I saw a native kill Mr. Lattin with a hatchet. The latter was then near the rigging of the mainmast. I seized a carbine and ran to the aid of the captain, but it was too late — he had received a knife thrust in the back, and another in the face, and had fallen dead near the floor of the deck cabin. I sent one man below, who had received a very dangerous wound in the back (a knife thrust). Besides the knife thrust, the captain had received a terrible blow from a hatchet in the face. This hatchet had been stolen by one of the natives from the box containing tools, which he found on the deck.

At 6 o'clock, I retired to the mess room with one man, the only one who remained by me of my watch, and there I met the lieutenant (first mate) and the steward with a gun. In trying to aid the captain, the steward had been wounded in the right shoulder, but I did not know it then for he had not told me of this for fear of discouraging the rest.

We defended the mess room against all the natives and I have the conviction that we should have been successful in retaking the deck house immediately if we had had good guns. Once safe in the mess, the natives blockaded us there completely, hurling at it firebricks secured from the kitchen, and covering the skylight and the hatches with anything they could find on deck; they even raised the staysail to put it over the skylight, but we prevented them from doing so with our carbines.

At 7 a.m. the men of the starboard watch were attacked in the bows but, having four old swords that I had put there the day before, they defended themselves, and the space was so narrow, leaving room for only one man at a time, that the natives ceased to attack them.

At 9 a.m. two of these men had succeeded in joining us by detaching some boards of the partition, and as I held open the door of the mess leading to the storeroom, we saw them arrive. They told me

that the three others would not be long in coming also, which in truth took place. I had then five men in all, but few arms, our long cavalry swords being well nigh useless in a hand-to-hand struggle.

Towards 11 a.m. the lieutenant insisted, despite me, to call in the interpreter, who was then lying bound by the natives in his cabin under deck. I forewarned him many times that the natives had seized the double-barreled gun of the interpreter and that it was loaded. But he paid not the least attention and was killed by a native with that gun. He fell dead. The ball entered his right shoulder after having smashed the frame which carried the skylight, and passed out about four inches from his heart.

When the natives saw him fall they indulged in a diabolical yelling on the upper deck. I then ceased to fire with my gun, thinking that by doing so the natives would take confidence and I should then be able to take them by surprise. They all massed upon the upper deck, continuing to laugh and yell, without doubt thinking of the great quantities of tobacco and materials that the captain had shown to them and which they counted upon to seize in a short time. I had resolved to retake the ship, but it was not so easy with two guns and revolver which did not work.

Then I decided to take a desperate measure which was to blow up the upper deck in the mid part of the ship and, during the disorder resulting, to throw myself across the smoke and retake the deck house.

We had received from the three-masted barque, the *Annie*, 45 boxes (in tin plate) each containing a half-pound of gunpowder. Of these I emptied 34 into a small wide barrel; and after having placed mats and sail cloth under the barrel to protect the 'tween decks with six other of the boxes I laid a train from the barrel to a large panel on the orlop deck.

I then gave orders that everyone should go below, even the steward, to the safest possible spot in the stern, so that they could all mount upon the upper deck immediately after the explosion, and not to attend me, because they were more numerous than I alone, and less near to the explosion, and I could not say what might happen to me being so close. But I had confidence and I have never been calmer in my life.

After having seen the men in safety, and having made a short prayer for the protection of my wife and children, I set fire to the train, at the same moment hurling myself below. The explosion was immediate and I was nearly choked by the smoke. I regained the upper deck where I found the men, who had arrived before me, also the interpreter, who had been set free by his woman.

I could not see a single native: but the sea was completely covered with black heads making for land.

My first care was to send two men below to extinguish the fire, and with the others I took all necessary measures against the natives seeking to return on board with their knives and other arms. Thank God, the ship was completely ours and nothing had taken fire with the exception of the sail cloth which had been placed under the barrel, and which was completely extinguished by two buckets of water.

I examined the pumps immediately afterwards and, as they had not been worked since 4 a.m. and there was only two feet of water in the hold, not more than we habitually had in the same period, I felt sure that the vessel had not been materially damaged by the explosion, though it had trembled like an earthquake.

I went below later to see the state of affairs. The partition of the crew's sleeping quarters was in part demolished but it had not suffered as had the cabin in the stern. All the damage had there been done by the oars with which the natives had attacked us through the skylight. The chronometer appeared to be working well. The clock was broken and entirely out of action; the thermometer was broken

and the aneroid barometer had its glass broken. I noticed other damage which it is needless to mention. At noon we stuck the time and hoisted the flag at the mainmast head.

I believe that all the natives arrived at Byron Island except two women, who had remained on board to go to Tahiti. I have omitted to say that all our stern cargo had been lifted by the natives during their blockade of the mess room.

Sunday, July 18: Commenced calm and finished with a light breeze. At 1 o'clock pumped the ship and commenced the repair of the deck which was as follows: under pools of water, planks and other things used by the natives to barricade the skylight, and on the port side near the door of his cabin was the captain whose head alone could be seen. It took me much time to disengage everything, having only five men capable of work. The captain was literally covered with wounds, the left side of his face almost wholly gone. We laid him upon a mat and having cleared the deck, repaired the rigging, and whilst I was tending the wounded I had the men wrap the captain and the lieutenant each in a new mat and, having attached 50 fire-bricks to each, and wrapped them in flags, at sunset after I had read a prayer for the dead, all being present and weeping like children, we launched them into the deep.

After having fulfilled our duties towards the dead, I bethought me of the survivors and the safety of the ship. I found that the deck between the bows and the final panel at the stern had been lifted nearly nine inches, and in the middle two planks had been completely torn up and hurled to the starboard side; the supports were demolished and seven of the beams of the deck either broken or more or less damaged; not sufficiently however to prevent the voyage to Tahiti under light sail. Having on board an old mainsail I had it cut in pieces and nailed over the open parts of the deck after having tarred it to prevent water penetrating, so far as possible. All the stanchions had fallen; we replaced them and I hope with the reparations we have been able to make I shall be able to conduct the ship to Atimaono.

Having thus placed on record as the circumstances as well as I have been able to do, I beg you to excuse the faults of orthograph: I am not English but a Dane.

I trust that you may receive this report before my arrival at Tahiti, shortly.

Signed: Charles Steenalt (Second of the *Moaroa*).

### **List of Killed and Wounded:**

Dead: D. Blackett, captain; J. Crisp, lieutenant; J. B. Lattin, passenger; Tiopa, sailor; Tiarei, sailor; Poti, sailor; Ava, sailor; Avai, sailor.

Wounded: Victor Watelier, right shoulder (slight); Amo, sailor, stomach (slight); Jack, sailor, right side (severe, grave); Sunday, interpreter, bullet in right thigh (grave).

Remaining crew: Charles M. Steenalt, second; Pupia, sailor; Rima, sailor; Auhiti, sailor; Henara, sailor; Oripoto, sailor.

It would appear that the *Moaroa* reached port in the last week of September, 1869.<sup>23</sup>

EDITORIAL NOTE: Other old records relating to Atimaono, of a later date, which have come to light recently, suggest that the greater portion of the foregoing report was a clever "fake." It is indicated that actually the natives were kidnapped;

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<sup>23</sup> A similar, though not identical, account of the circumstances was published in the [Nelson Examiner and Nelson Chronicle, 1 December 1869, Page 3](#). See also the section "Barque *Moaroa*" in *Tragedy of Atimaono, Section I* in the 25 May 1938 edition of PIM, pages 33–39, in Part VII, and *The Tragedy of the Moaroa* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.



that they fought desperately for freedom; that a great many were killed; and that the remainder were cowed by gunpowder explosions and eventually taken to Tahiti.<sup>24</sup>

## 21 December 1937, pages 45–47 — *The British Consulate on Tahiti*

### THE BRITISH CONSULATE ON TAHITI

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ANTEDATING by ten years the appointment by foreign governments of other consuls for the group, Captain Charlton,<sup>25</sup> domiciled at the Hawaiian Islands, led the way. In 1825 Great Britain saw the need in both places and named Charlton as its representative “for the Georgian and Sandwich Islands.”

The present day misnomer of the former was unknown in London. The Foreign Office had on file the Reports of both Wallis and Cook. To Wallis (1767) the *Sous-le-Vents* were unknown: it fell to Cook (1769) to first learn of them, and upon them he bestowed the name of Society Islands, after the Royal Society, which had given him whole-hearted support. They lie a full hundred miles away from Tahiti, and were wholly independent entities. Time and politics have brought about the change of name.

It was not till 1835 that the U.S.A. decided to follow the lead of Britain, and filled the post in Tahiti with the Belgian, Moerenhout. These two men, in addition to their official position were also alike as the pioneer “rum-runners” of the South Pacific, defying Tahitian Laws and Orders, and both lost their posts in the main for that same cause.

Complaints oft and loud were made by the Tahitian authorities to both London and Washington. To London was added the complaint of the long absences of Charlton; he came when it suited him. London saw the need of change, and Hawaii and Tahiti became separate jurisdictions. T. Elley, a local British resident, had acted as Vice-Consul since 1826 and was anxious to withdraw: he had had enough.

In February, 1837, whilst William IV. was King, George Pritchard<sup>26</sup> received the appointment of Consul. This is not the time to deal with his stormy career; but as to his removal in 1844 the fact should be better known that the British Government were very far from being displeased with him. Thus they wrote to him: “Far from wishing to express any disapprobation of your conduct, it would be more conducive to your own comforts as well as to the good understanding between Great Britain and France that you should be replaced by some person who had been in no way connected with the transactions which have taken place within the last two years.” (Command Papers, No. 173). He went to Samoa.

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<sup>24</sup> For a more accurate account of the circumstances, see pages 206–208 of [Eric Ramsden, 1946, William Stewart and the introduction of Chinese labour in Tahiti, 1864–74, Journal of the Polynesian Society, Volume 55, Number 3: 187–214.](#) On page 190 of this article, Ramsden acknowledges WWB as follows: “One result of my visit to Tahiti in 1935 was the transfer of certain important documents in the British Consulate at Papeete, by permission of the Foreign Office, to the Mitchell Library at Sydney. For assistance in gaining access to those papers I must acknowledge my debt to Mr. W. W. Bolton, M.A., of Papeete, a notable research worker in the field of Pacific history, who had already made a survey of some of them.”

<sup>25</sup> [Richard Charlton \(1791–1852\)](#)

<sup>26</sup> [George Pritchard \(1796–1883\)](#)

He, like Charlton, had been acting in a dual consulship: the Sandwich Islands had been dropped, but the Friendly Islands had taken their place. Years later, Tahiti stood alone.

It is strange, but true, that there is no list of succeeding Consuls for Tahiti to be found in the Consulate records, nor is there any to be found in British Governmental publications, where such should be. A request for this desired information has now gone forward to the Foreign Office, in the confident belief that it will meet with the usual courtesy of that office.<sup>27</sup> Till then, it would be leading nowhere to give a few scattered names covering the century since Pritchard's appointment, none of whom seem to have done more than faithfully to carry out their duties. Once obtained, the list will be given publicity to a larger public than Tahiti and so complete this sketch of the Consuls themselves.

THE Consulate site has a history of its own. It was in 1818, when the second Pomare ruled the island, that the L.M.S. decided to open a mission station in the fast developing new town of Papeete. It fell to the missionary W. P. Crook<sup>28</sup> to see the matter through. He had arrived on the *Duff* in 1797, had been left alone on the Marquesas that same year, where he remained for nigh two years, then revisited England. But the call of the South Sea was upon him, and in 1816 he reached Tahiti's neighbouring isle, Moorea. Pomare had lately declared for Christianity as the religion of his kingdom, and had domiciled himself at Papeete. There was need of a new centre and it fell to Crook to see it done.

What has confused many searchers is the mention of Wilks' Harbour as the scene of his work. The two names are synonymous. The L.M.S. men had the habit of giving names of their leaders at Home to the places where they were stationed, creating villages at times into towns — Waugh Town, Roby Town, Haweis Town, to name a few.<sup>29</sup> Wilks was honoured with a harbour. He is often confused with the American Commodore Wilks;<sup>30</sup> but the man was one of the founders of the L.M.S., and the minister of the Tabernacle, Moorfields, London.

Every man must have his home, and Crook evidently wished to be on the safe side for his family. He had plenty of confidence, but took no chances, so he built his residence aloft on the mountainside, back of the developing settlement, where now the Semaphore and the Training School for native pastors stand. His correspondence is written from "Mount Hope, Wilks' Harbour." Brother Ellis evidently did not like the long climb, but puts it mildly: "Inconvenient on account of its distance from the settlement."

For his church, Crook secured a fine stretch of waterfront property at the southern end of the little town, away from its northern end, where the old-time *Nanu*<sup>31</sup> had stood, and where settlement was thickest. The land was on the Paofai strip running back to the hills, and it is yet unproved who was the donor — whether the King, or the High Chief Paofai — for Pomare, like other chiefs, had portions of property in other strips than his own, of Vaiete. Be that as it may, it was ample for its purpose.

There soon rose, in order as follows, a native church, with spacious churchyard; a commodious pastor's residence, in its own ground; another for visiting brethren, in its own ground; next to it, the printing office, also in its own ground; and finished with a plot, as a cemetery for the faithful.

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<sup>27</sup> The information was provided to WWB by the Foreign Office in 1938. For a list of the fourteen consuls appointed from 1824 to 1941, see Note #3 to Chapter X in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>28</sup> [William Pascoe Crook \(1775–1846\)](#). See WWB's article *LMS Pioneer in the Marquesas / The True Story of Missionary W. P. Crook* in the November 1942 edition of PIM, pages 27–29, in Part VII.

<sup>29</sup> Rev. Matthew Wilks (1746–1829), Rev Alexander Waugh (1754–1827), Rev. W. Roby of Manchester, [Rev. Thomas Haweis \(1734–1820\)](#)

<sup>30</sup> [Charles Wilkes \(1798–1877\)](#)

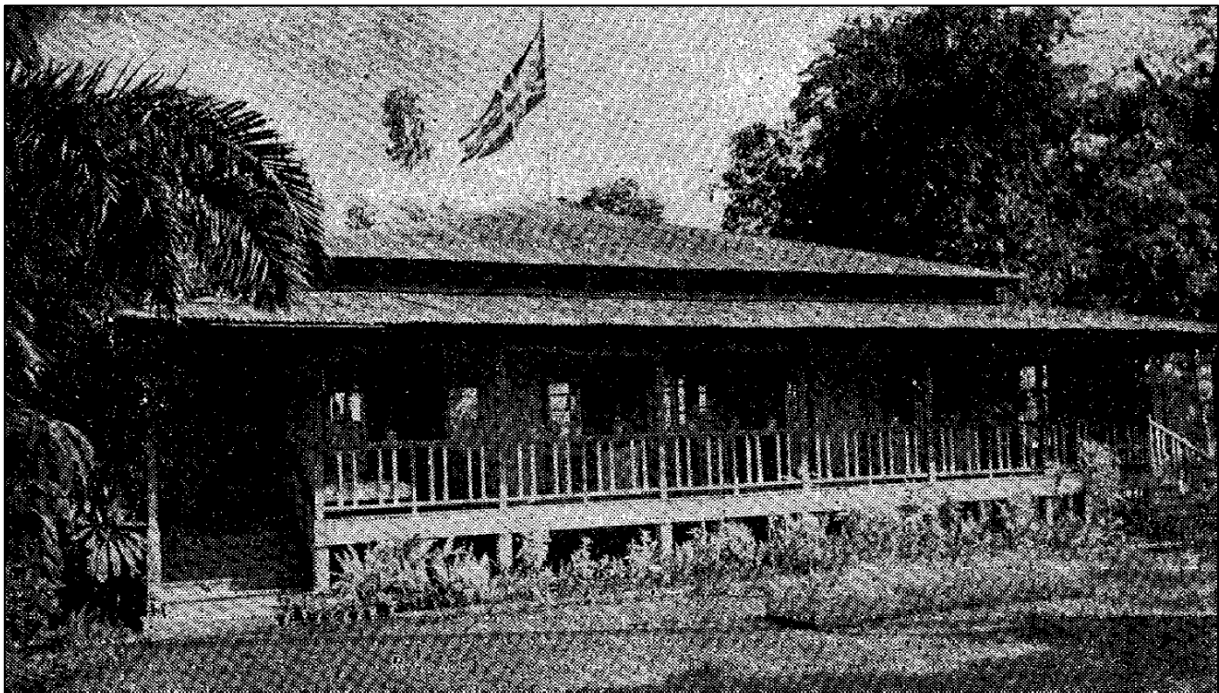
<sup>31</sup> The "Long House"; see WWB's article *Romantic History of Papeete's Palaces* in the 24 January 1938 edition of PIM, pages 20–22, in Part VII.

So things remained till, in 1837, Queen Pomare decided that there must be a separate home for the British Consul, who was then living in the brethren's residence. She solved the problem in quick order. The large and unused churchyard was the site, lying between the church and the main residence. There the Consulate stands to-day, hard by the pastor, but a road divides it from the native church. Consul Pritchard thought that the site had been given personally to him and, on leaving, sought to sell it to the Home Government, but the Queen quickly undeceived him. She had given it to the nation which had done so much for her people. It was British soil, and to it she fled in her day of distress; it is British soil to-day, and we of to-day have pride in our home.

That land has been British soil for just a century. Its buildings, however, have seen much change. The present charming bungalow and neat office is but four years old, raised by orders from Home, and supervised with meticulous care by Dr. and Mrs. Williams.<sup>32</sup> Alike with it, the native church has been in builders' hands; but the pastor's residence has an age-long look, and one hopes that it may so remain.

The rest of this valuable property was forced out of church hands; but that is another and grievous story, which fully documented may be read some day. It was a fiercely "raw deal" and does credit to none. Haply, we have our home to-day, and a most worthy occupant; which is all that the above short summary of historical facts requires to complete, for those who fain would know, a side-glimpse into Tahiti's past.

— W. W. BOLTON



**The Residence, British Consulate, Tahiti**

<sup>32</sup> Dr Johnston Walter Williams (1874–1937), dentist, British Consul from 1916 to 1935.

24 January 1938, pages 20–22 — *Romantic History of Papeete's Palaces*

## ROMANTIC HISTORY OF PAPEETE'S PALACES

### How The Town Got Its Name.

BY W. W. BOLTON, M.A.

THE First Pomare (Ariirahi, or High Chief of Pare-Arue) was not content with a single residence in the district over which he ruled. The records show that he raised native homes for himself and family, one at Matavai, one in Papaoa and yet another in Pare.

And there was no mistaking where he lived. They were known by two lofty posts opposite the home, which was always nigh the beach, with the head of a man (a Tiki) carved atop on them, placed on the trail some 70 to 80 yards apart. Wherever he had a home it was so dignified, and the etiquette so strict, and the punishment for non-observance so severe, that all must bare themselves to the waist, both men and women, as they walked past, from the one post to the other.

But the Second Pomare, as he drew near his end, discarded the lot — and not without good reason.

When he returned from exile on Moorea, in 1812, where he had been since 1808, great changes had taken place in his district. Matavai was no longer the rendezvous of shipping. Another and an infinitely better harbour had been found. Matavai was but an open roadstead, yet had had to suffice; for the Papeete of to-day, with its spacious barrier-reefed lagoon, had far too dangerous a Pass for the white pioneers, such as Wallis, Cook and Bligh.

Whalers, however, had come upon the scene from the Sous-le-Vent Group, which was on the whale track from the North to the Antarctic; and whalers dared anything. They were not content with the unsheltered Matavai; they tried the Pass, and made it. They were quickly followed by the traders, who set up storehouses on the unnamed beach, and all vessels, even men-of-war, sailed in and cast anchor where wind and sea could be contemned.

The old homes therefore were no place for Pomare, nor the old etiquette attending them. He had passed that stage. Where white men gathered he would be; the place where the vast Nanu once had stood would claim him as a resident. Here, for untold years, had stood the "Long House", the "Nannoo" of the earliest maps, the social centre of the district, the outstanding feature of the entire waterfront, and the name on every tongue when mentioning the harbour. What went on within, besides debate (as first seen by white men in 1798), is best left to the imagination.

Pomare had property hard by, a fine, broad strip of land, family property from long years past, running down from the hills at the back (where a spring of purest water gushed up) to the placid lagoon. His strip was known as Vai-ete. He owned also the little islet in the lagoon directly opposite, which was "Motootoo" to the white men chroniclers, but Motu-uta to him and his, and to us, to-day.

On Vai-ete, at the back thereof, Pomare II raised a native home, his "Palace", for himself, his two wives and his then only child, a daughter (later Queen Pomare IV). On his island, he raised a sort of summer-house, where he could retire, away from the crowd; for, unlike his father, he was very far from social and very partial to the rum flask. But Vai-ete as a name could no longer serve.

In those days, there were words which were Tapu to the common folk; there was a language for the Chiefs, and another for the rest. Chiefs and their kin would say "Good-day" to each other with

“Maeva”; but ordinary Tahitians must use “Ia-ora-na”. So with much else. As “Vai” was the Chief’s word for “water”, it could not be used in the daily converse of the common herd. There was nothing for it but to use the general word for water — “Pape”. The last portion of the name was not tapu: “Ete” meant “basket” for all (the contrivance to hold the gourds containing water).

Thus Vai-ete became Pape-ete; and, being the property of Pomare and shortly to become right royal property, when kingship was at long last won (1815), it absorbed all other names of the various family properties on the extensive quarter-moon waterfront — Fare-ute, Arupa, Paofai and others (though still used freely by residents, both white and native), these leading only to confusion in trade. A town was in the making. One name alone must needs suffice, the Royal one naturally the most fitting. Thus arose a town and a name arose, wholly unknown to old Tahitians.

The site of that home of Pomare is in a vacant space to-day, though hard by it are to be seen the huge foundation stones which carried it, recognised but by few. Its builder dead (1821), his baby son (born 1820), dwelt there on and off till he was borne off to school on Moorea, to be brought back there in 1827, to die.

Now a Queen inhabited it, though but a girl of 13 years, and it was to be her home for 50 years — though forced to flee from it for a while when her sovereignty was seized ruthlessly from her by Dupetit Thouars,<sup>33</sup> and she fled for protection first to the British Consulate, hard by along the waterfront, thence to the ketch, “H.M.S. Basilisk”, and thence to “H.M.S. Carysfoot”, which bore her off to Raiatea till her sovereignty was returned to her. Then she lived once more under its roof, though the Protectorate held sway.

When the Queen fled from her home in November, 1843, the French Commandant (Bruat)<sup>34</sup> calmly appropriated her residence for himself, and remained there till a ready-made house was shipped out to him from France, which he erected at one side of the Queen’s nigh where now the Governor’s Office stands. When the Queen returned, Bruat offered her, as one of the terms of submission to the Protectorate, a new “Palace”, to be reared for her as a residence, but this she refused — she much preferred to dwell under the old roof. It was falling into disrepair, and already in 1838 she had renovated it, but nothing could wean her away from her girlhood home. There she lived and there she died in 1877.

Her son, Pomare V,<sup>35</sup> succeeding, remained on until in 1880 he decided for various reasons (needless of mention here) to sell his sovereignty and his people to France. Besides an annuity of 60,000 gold francs, he stipulated that the “Palace”, which — despite the Queen — the French authorities had started erecting in 1860 on the other side of her home from Bruat’s dwelling (but had ceased work upon when but half done) should be completed and furnished for his use.

Here, he dwelt alone, but for his entourage of kindred spirits. A large, roomy, two-storied building of wood, a cupola atop, and wide verandahs on all sides, gave him what he sought, space for dinners and entertainments, and all the wild accompaniments of a dissipated life. Here, in 1891, a physical wreck, he died, and the last Royal home changed its character; there were no longer kings and queens on Tahiti. It is to-day the French Treasury building.

So fell the final curtain upon Papeete’s palaces. Only their memory abides.

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<sup>33</sup> [Abel Aubert Dupetit Thouars \(1793–1864\)](#)

<sup>34</sup> [Armand Joseph Bruat \(1796–1855\)](#)

<sup>35</sup> [Pōmare V \(1839–1891\)](#)





The site of the original palace (1815–1880) at Papeete was in the centre of this photograph. On the left is the Governor's office and on the right, the Treasury Building, which formerly was the palace of the last Pomare. — Photo: F. Simpson.

24 March 1938, pages 44–45 — *The “Mystery Stone” of Tahiti*

## THE “MYSTERY STONE” OF TAHITI

By W. W. Bolton, M.A.

A SHORT hour's stroll from Papeete's market-place, up the Tipaerui Valley with finally a rocky ascent on its south-western side, a mountain stream is met with which has gouged out for itself a narrow but deep course to the sea. When the heavy rains descend, the stream becomes a torrent eating into the high banks and in places overflowing.

Here, leaning slantingly against its western bank, there is, and has been as far as native memory goes back, a petroglyph stone (or boulder) marked with a mystic carving. There is no other large similar stone thus marked upon the island of Tahiti. Who placed it, if not Nature, where it stands and who wrought it are mysteries which white folk and natives — though they have their usual “tradition” — have long sought to know.

Scientists have studied it and have been forced to leave the mystery unsolved, both as to its antiquity and real interpretation. As to Tahitian lore thereon, Mr. A. K. Richer many years back secured the following explanation from Monsieur Buillard on whose family property it stands, all of whom regard it with veneration and have refused all offers to part with it, either into the care of the local Museum, much less to Museums in far-off countries that have sought its purchase. There it is and there it is to remain, lest ill-fortune follow its removal (unless Authority steps in).

The rock was carved in memory of Tetaurii Vahine (Tetaurii's wife) and her twin children, so the Tahitian story goes. Tetaurii, defeated, took refuge in Tipaerui Valley. His wife there gave birth to twins and soon after all three died. They were buried on the land of Oteoteroa close to the brook: and a spirit in the form of a monster eel gives them constant protection. If one touches the rock, milk will flow along the grooves and the offender will die.

Mr. Kenneth P. Emory,<sup>36</sup> of the Bishop Museum staff, Hawaii, on one of his several visits to Tahiti, a dozen years ago, visited and carefully examined the stone and contributed a long and valuable article thereon to the *Societe des Etudes Oceaniennes*, which appeared in the *Bulletin* (No. XI) of the Society issued in February, 1926, from which the following excerpts are taken with the hope of not only giving this remarkable Memorial of the Past a wider publicity, but also of bringing it to the notice of those among the readers of "P.I.M." who are qualified by their scientific training to do so, to try their hand as others have done in solving the weird carving.

Mr. Emory after quoting the above "tradition" adds: "There is the sinuous line which may represent an eel over the left head of the 'twins'. It is so obscure I doubt if it would be noticed unless one gave the carving very careful study. Therefore I doubt if the eel element would be included in a story made-up to-day to fit the carving. Yet the carving is so highly conventional and symbolic that I feel sure it had more meaning, if not another meaning".

In a description of the stone he writes: "The boulder presents a flat, smooth, water-worn surface 181 centimetres long and 119 centimetres wide which is almost entirely filled by the most conspicuous carving. During heavy rains the brook floods this rock but as yet the grooves of the carvings have been only slightly obliterated except for the linear figure or figures on the east and most exposed side. . . The width of the double-headed figure from elbow to elbow is 80 centimetres. The width of the grooves from 4 to 5 centimetres. . . That they are conventionalised human figures falling at once into general accord with Hawaiian and Marquesan petroglyphs there can be little doubt".

"At first sight", he continues, "the large central figure appears to consist of two human figures back to back and a symbol pendant between them. But in Hawaii and Marquesas the human figure carved in outline is always represented face on, not in profile. . . I believe that the large double-headed figure is that of a being face on with two heads. It should be observed that the left head is centrally located between the upraised arms.

. . . It is my guess because of the frequent representation of human figures back to back, or double-faced as seen in small Marquesan stone images and the Easter Island staffs that the concept of a double figure or figure with a double face, each face looking at an opposite direction was in the mind of this artist but he was at a loss how to indicate it in any other way than by placing the back face to the side of the front face".

Dealing with the petroglyphs to be seen on Porapora, on Raiatea and Huahine, he says: "These petroglyphs of the Leeward Islands of the Society Group which I have seen are geometric or fish, turtle and canoe figures". Then referring to the carvings of human figures on a boulder on Hivaoa Island, in the Marquesas, and quoting the archeologist Linton,<sup>37</sup> he notes: "The Marquesan boulder is located very similarly at the side of a brook-bed of a side valley and about three kilometres from the sea. It is dome shaped; the carvings about a dozen human forms and some unidentifiable forms are on the upstream and on top".

<sup>36</sup> [Kenneth Pike Emory \(1897–1992\)](#)

<sup>37</sup> [Ralph Linton \(1893–1953\)](#)



He ends upon the note: “The original home of this particular art is still a mystery”. Will it and the carvings of the Marquesan and Tipaerui boulders ever be known? One hopes so.<sup>38</sup>



**The Petroglyph boulder in Tipaerui Valley.**

**22 April 1938, pages 17 and 19 — *The Pomares of Tahiti***

## **THE POMARES OF TAHITI**

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### **Origin of Royal House**

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By W. W. Bolton, M.A.

THE Pomares were not always so named; it is but a secondary name chosen by the Head of the Family less than a century and a half ago.

The ancestors of that Head bore various names and dwelt on Fakarava, some 220 miles from Tahiti, one of the “Dangerous” (and, it must be confessed, cannibalistic) atolls of the present day Tuamotu Group.

Dates, of course, are impossible till white men appeared upon the scene; but, about 1600 A.D., one from Fakarava struck out in his canoe for broader and better fields, and made his way to Tahiti,

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<sup>38</sup> See *The Mystery Stone of Tahiti* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

entering through the Taunoa Pass where, as a Chief even of the despised Poumotus (their ancient name), he was made welcome in Pare-Arue by Mani-i-hiti, Chief of that district; and, later, he married his daughter. Upon the death of his father-in-law, he became Chief in his place — but in no sense paramount Chief of Greater Tahiti. His name is unknown.

From him descended Ta'aroa Manahune, who married Tetua-ehuri, the daughter of Vehiatua-i-Matai, the paramount Chief of Lesser Tahiti, which link became later on of great importance. There now comes a gap, where native tradition and memory fail, of two generations, when Vehiatua's line and him of Pare-Arue are compared, the former being known. About 1740 A.D., Ha'apai appears as the Chief of Pare-Arue, who had a son with whom things become definite and clear.

This son, Tu-nui-ea-ite-atua,<sup>39</sup> happily always shortened to Tu, was ambitious. He was not content with his small slice of territory; he would be paramount Chief of both Greater and Lesser Tahiti, and set to work to attain his aim. It was he who assumed the name of Pomare ("a night cough"), through a passing fancy of his, as was oft the custom, and became known to white folk as Pomare I, as if he had started a reigning house — which he attempted but never attained to — rather than as the First Pomare, which is a very different thing.

And here it must be noted that there never was, nor is there to-day, any Tahitian word for either King or Queen, Prince or Princess. They have but one word, Aarii, which is (e.g., Queen Pomare) always used. These titles are foreign importations. A paramount chief might be specially termed an Aarii-rahi, and this was what the First Pomare was determined on.

Through his cousinly connection with Lesser Tahiti and the Vehiatuas, he secured, without a fight, the paramouncy of the whole South Coast for a younger son of his, owing to a dispute among claimants; whilst a brother was Chief of the East Coast of Greater Tahiti; he himself being Chief of the North Coast.

But the west coast proved more than a match for him. Fight and struggle as he might, the Teva Clan of Papara, of the west coast, held him at bay. He died — suddenly, in a canoe, on Matavai Bay, opposite his home — a disappointed man, leaving his successor, a son, to achieve what he had failed to accomplish.

Pomare II left two children, a boy and a girl. The third died, an infant of months. Though the girl was by years the eldest, it was the boy, as yet also an infant, who was to be Pomare III. Dying as a boy, his sister became Queen, and the direct Pomare family of yesterday and to-day all follow from Queen Pomare IV. Her children were many, but those who survived infancy were six in number — five sons and a daughter. Of these, four left no issue. The Royal Family of to-day, therefore, traces back to but Tamatoa and Teriitua, the Queen's third and her youngest sons.

There seemed promise of a numerous progeny through Tamatoa, who had five daughters and a son, but son and eldest daughter died in their early years. Teriitua was not so blest a parent. He had but one surviving child, a son Hinoi I, who married one of his Tamatoa cousins, Teriimaevaua, whose offspring died. But he was not to be denied. Nita brought him two boys: the eldest, Hinoi II, who grew a very giant in stature, and Ariipaea, of normal size, but of abnormal geniality. The giant died childless, but his brother fortunately has a progeny which are far too great in number for the Pomare Family ever to die out. Rather, it is likely to spread in ever-increasing numbers as the years mount up.

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<sup>39</sup> Elsewhere WWB has *Tu-nui-ea-aite-atua*.

This is the present-day direct family of the Pomare's, for Tamatoa's other daughters married white men, Englishmen, and though their offspring — to-day, but six adults in number — are within the circle of the Royal Family, they have ceased to bear the surname Pomare, as will their children, unless "adopted" into the Hinoi line.

There are, of course, sidelines of the family, for the first Pomare, as has been noted, left another son than Pomare II, besides a daughter, known to the first white men as Ovo; and, what is not known generally by other than French folk, children of an undivorced man and wife are by French Law bound to bear the husband's name whether they be his or not. He may refuse to "recognise" them as his, but they must needs bear his name. The actual parentage plays no part.

There may be such Pomares or other allied relatives or they may be not. The matter is not of interest, however, to that student of the past or present who seeks only the direct line of the Pomares of to-day, coming directly through the Sovereignty and without dispute.



THE BOY KING OF TAHITI, POMARE III.

This picture has unique value — it was found, after years of search, by Mr. W. W. Bolton, M.A., and is published here, for the first time — the only known picture of a very tragic figure in Tahitian history.

Pomare III. was born on June 25, 1820; crowned April 21, 1824; died January 8, 1827. He was educated at the "South Sea Academy", at Afareaitu, on Moorea, of which J. M. Orsmund was headmaster, and Mr. Bolton believes that it was Mr. Orsmund who drew the portrait of the royal child. "He was to be brought up as an English schoolboy", says Mr. Bolton. "Hence, the Eton collar (quite clearly seen in the original picture) and the close-cropped and smoothed hair".<sup>40</sup>

<sup>40</sup> The South Sea Academy was established in March 1824. Mr John Muggridge Orsmund — both *Orsmund* and *Orsmond* are common in the literature — had previously served in Huahine, Raiatea and Bora Bora; he was headmaster for seven years. See [Ellis, Polynesian Researches, Vol 3, page 269](#). See also the photograph of this picture that WWB sent to his granddaughter, and which is now on deposit in the Mitchell Library, in Plate #5 in Tale #22, *The Boy King* (3), in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*. The frame with 25 portraits of the royal family that WWB found and from which the image of Pomare III was taken can be seen in *The Pomare Family of the Past* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.



25 May 1938, pages 33–39 — *Tragedy of Atimaono, Section I*

## TRAGEDY OF ATIMAONO

### Story of the Rise and Fall of a Tahitian Cotton Enterprise

(From the MS. of J. L. Young, <sup>41</sup> written at Merami, Warren, N.S.W., about 1928, and edited by W. W. Bolton, M.A.)

#### SECTION I.

THE rise and fall of the Tahiti Cotton and Coffee Plantation Company Limited, of 9 Mincing Lane, London, 1863–1873 (also known as “La Compagnie Soares” and “The Atimaono Company”) was one of the romances of the Pacific, in which the personality of William Stewart, the originator of the enterprise and the manager at Tahiti, played a leading part.

In 1862, cotton, in consequence of the Civil War in the United States, had attained a very high price, which induced William Stewart to visit Tahiti in that year. He obtained from John Griffin Orsmond the transfer of lease of 385 hectares — 900 acres — of land at Teahupoo, on the peninsula of Taiarapu. This land had been leased by natives to Orsmond for a term of 100 years, from 1843, at a rental of 275 francs per annum. The value was small, only a portion being cultivable.

Apparently, on the strength of this acquisition, Stewart induced his brother-in-law, Auguste Soares, a Portuguese financier of London and Paris, to form an association styled “The Polynesian Plantation Company”, which was succeeded in 1863 by “The Tahiti Cotton and Coffee Plantation Company Limited of London”; capital, £100,000 sterling; general manager, Auguste Soares; manager at Tahiti, William Stewart.

In 1863, Stewart had persuaded the Governor, Commandant de la Richerie, to promise to assist him in acquiring an area sufficiently large to warrant the establishing of an agricultural enterprise: the intention being that lands in the Papara and Atimaono districts should be expropriated and paid for at prices to be agreed upon. The Protectorate Government (Tahiti was a Protectorate from 1842 to 1880) was to guarantee the lands free of taxation for 20 years, and exemption from Customs duties for a like period of all machinery and all other articles of prime necessity for the working of the plantation. It was on these prospects that the T.C.C.P. Company was formed in London in 1863.

But when Stewart, after visiting London, reached Tahiti, at New Year, 1864, he found that the Governor had received positive instructions from the Minister of Marine at Paris not to carry out any arrangements for expropriation of lands until further orders. These instructions were the result of protests to the Minister by interested parties at Tahiti, who from various motives were opposed to the proposed enterprise. Stewart, who was a man of action, then decided to deal with the landowners direct.

The Governor on January 11, 1864, formally notified the natives that they were at liberty to dispose of their lands to Stewart or to decline to do so. However, there is no doubt that the Governor strongly advised the proprietors that it would be to the general interest to encourage the cultivation of the waste lands by sale to Stewart, as well as that of the comparatively small area of native food plantations which were contained in the proposed aggregation.

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<sup>41</sup> See [The Commercial Career of James Lyle Young: Contemporary Evaluations of a Notable South Seas Character in The Journal of Pacific History, Volume 44, Issue 2, 2009, pages 209–220.](#)

Stewart continued during 1864 and subsequent years to acquire the freehold of an area which, according to the plan made in November, 1867, by Surveyor John Turnbull, had a frontage of 3½ miles to the sea and extended inland and up the mountain side for more than 7 miles, the area being nominally some 7,000 hectares (17,000 acres), of which a large part was rugged mountain. But when, in 1875, the estate was sold at public auction the total area then claimed was 3,950 hectares (9,500 acres) of which 1,450 hectares (3,500 acres) was cultivable and 2,500 hectares (6,000 acres) mountain. All freehold; except 105 hectares of communal lands appertaining to the Chefferie of Atimaono, which was leased to Stewart in 1864 for a term of 50 years, renewable for a further term of 49 years at a rental of a little more than 400 francs each year.

### The Estate

THE Estate was called “Terre Eugenie” in honour of the Empress Eugenie, the wife of Napoleon III. It is to be noted that all titles to land stood in the name of William Stewart, although he acknowledged that he purchased for the company.

The total area cultivated up to the cessation of operations in 1873 was 1,300 hectares (3,100 acres)<sup>42</sup> as follows, as stated officially by the Court.

#### Under Sea Island

Cotton .. ..	1,000 hectares.	
” Coffee .. ..	150	”
” Sugar cane	50	”
” Coconut trees	50	”
” Maize, Rice, Vegetables, etc. .. ..	50	”
	<hr/> 1,300	”

In 1864, 1,000 Chinese were imported and others subsequently — also a number of Gilbert and Kingsmill Islanders. Numerous Tahitians and Cook Islanders were also employed, besides 60 or more whites and half-castes as overseers, artisans, clerks, etc. At an official enquiry in September, 1867, it was found that the number of labourers was at that time 916 Chinese and 323 Polynesians, of which 108 were women. This number was exceeded in 1869, when more than 1,500 were employed on the Estate.

The plantation was well laid out and cultivated, and extensive buildings erected, the foundations of several of which were composed of coral blocks from the Great Marae (sacrificial altar) of Mahaiatea, which was situated on the Estate. These comprised cotton ginning mill, engine and boiler house, cotton drying house, sugar mill, coffee cleaning machinery building, boat houses, etc. Substantial quarters for employees, and hospital accomodation for both white and coloured patients, also quarters for the latter. There was a comfortable house for Stewart, who entertained lavishly during the first years of his management, and more sparingly later on — due, it was said, to the advice of the Governor, the Comte de la Roncière,<sup>43</sup> who thought that too free a hospitality attracted officers and functionaries from their duties at the town of Papeete, 27 miles away.

<sup>42</sup> The article has *The total area cultivated up to the cessation of operations in 1873 was 3,100 acres*...

<sup>43</sup> [Emile François Guillaume, comte Clément de La Roncière \(1803–1874\)](#). Here and elsewhere, the article has *Rouciere*. This is another instance of the difficulty distinguishing between WWB’s ‘n’ and ‘u’, PIM no doubt having received a handwritten manuscript of this article from WWB; see the footnote to Tale #8, *Of Niue’s Call*, in *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

At one period, three sailing vessels were employed in recruiting Polynesian labourers. Wages, which varied from 30 to 100 francs per month,<sup>44</sup> were paid in cash in local currency, mostly silver dollars, to the labourers at regular stated intervals. These were on the whole well fed and cared for, and not ill-treated, and were under the care of a French medical man resident on the plantation, who reported to the Chief Health Officer at Papeete.

Stewart, though a strict disciplinarian, was naturally a humane man and if, as occasionally may have been the case, discipline was enforced with a certain severity by overseers, he did not fail to rebuke the authors. Anyone who has had experience in managing coloured contract labourers knows how difficult it is, with the best intentions, to avoid disciplinary methods which seem harsh. Of course, the Tahitians and their connections looked with disfavour on a system which compelled regular work during regular hours and enforced discipline; so it naturally came to be an accepted fact that the Chinese and Gilbert Islanders were slaves.

### Attacks on Stewart

THIS view was made use of by the opponents of Stewart, for whom “any stick was good enough to beat a dog”. Among these were some who claimed that the land had been acquired by Stewart at prices which were too low — forgetting that originally most of the land, being unoccupied, had no practical value, and in fact an examination of the prices paid the natives, as appears in the Government records, shows that full values were paid, as values were at the time. His critics included some influential merchants at Papeete who were jealous of Stewart’s preponderating influence and feared injury to the interests; also some Chauvinists among French officials and functionaries who objected, not unnaturally perhaps, to the extension of British influence in Tahiti — the memory of the Pritchard affair was still recent — and, of course, the usual crowd who “bark as the caravan goes by”. Not least was the enmity of the British Consul,<sup>45</sup> who had personal reasons for disliking Stewart, and who had actually proceeded unsuccessfully in French Courts against him on a charge of “insulting behaviour” arising from a reply Stewart had made to a letter.

Stewart was a masterful man and was not at all conciliatory in manner to his opponents, some of whom were quite unscrupulous in their methods of attack. For instance, they used as a tool a worthless rascal, a former visitor to Tahiti, who inspired articles in the American Press, charging cruelty to the labourers on Atimaono, which it was asserted was condoned by the Government.<sup>46</sup>

In consequence of these attacks, which were republished in French and British newspapers, the Governor appointed a Commission to proceed to the plantation and investigate conditions there. The Commission was composed of 14 persons, all men of position, viz., the highest judicial and the highest executive functionaries of the country, a naval officer, two medical men, one French merchant, three French planters, one British planter, two American ship masters and the German Consul, who was also a prominent merchant. The British Consul was invited but declined to attend.

The Commission made its unanimous report to the Government on September 27, 1867, which was to the effect that the 1,239 labourers were well fed, well housed and well treated under the care of a qualified French medical man, and with good hospital accomodation. Further, that no complaints of bad treatment or of having been beaten or flogged, or of want of care or food, were elucidated, though numerous Chinese and natives were interviewed privately by different members of the Commission.

<sup>44</sup> The article has *from 30 to 100 francs per month and found, were paid...*

<sup>45</sup> Consul G.C. Millar; see page 192 of [Eric Ramsden, 1946, William Stewart and the introduction of Chinese labour in Tahiti, 1864–74, Journal of the Polynesian Society, Volume 55, Number 3: 187–214.](#)

<sup>46</sup> According to the article by Eric Ramsden referred to in the previous footnote, William Poole, though illiterate, was the source of a story entitled “Cruelties of the Slave Trade in the Islands”, which was published in the San Francisco Times and elsewhere. In contrast to Young, Ramsden’s well-documented article is much less flattering of Stewart.

Outside of such minor complaints as that some abusive language had been used by some of the French and English overseers, the only serious complaint — if it can be called serious — was made by the Chinese who claimed that Stewart's attempt to minimise suicide by their compatriots was unwarranted.

It appeared that certain Chinese who had lost money gambling had hanged themselves. Stewart as a deterrent had fined the fellow-gamblers of the suicides. They admitted that this measure had caused a cessation of the practice but maintained that suicide was a recognised way of ending trouble and settled all accounts, therefore fines were not in order! The Commission could not take that view, so the grievance remained.

The members of the Commission unanimously declared their complete satisfaction without reserve with all that they had seen and heard at the plantation, which gave the lie to the statements which had been made to the contrary, which they described as "infamous calumnies". The report of the Commission is contained in a pamphlet in English, including the Report in French, which was printed at the Government Printing Office in September, 1867, under the title "An outline of how it came to pass that so many absurd stories have been circulated about the cotton plantation of Terre Eugenie".

### **End of Atimaono**

THE ginned cotton was principally exported to England, and while the price of the article kept up, it appeared as if success might be assured; but with the fall in price of Sea Island cotton, from 1869 onward, from as much as 3 to even 4 shillings per pound, to one shilling per pound, and even less, success was impossible; and in 1872 failure became inevitable.

Money could not be found to carry on and operations practically ceased in 1873, and William Stewart was declared by the Court to be in a state of insolvency. All the lands had been purchased and held in his name and he was therefore legally the owner and responsible for the debts of the very large estate.

A delay was caused by the necessity of regulating the situation, which was done by Auguste Soares, the general manager of the T.C.C.P. Company Limited, making a declaration in May, 1874, before the Lord Mayor of London, that William Stewart had acted solely in the capacity of manager and had never pretended to any personal ownership of the lands or other assets of the company.

Meantime, William Stewart died at Atimaono on September 24, 1873, at the age of 48.

As the result of a suit brought by Andrew Crawford and Co., of San Francisco, who were among the creditors, the Tahitian Court on August 22, 1874, declared the T.C.C.P. Co. Ltd., to be insolvent. The creditors having agreed to a voluntary liquidation, the estate was put up to public auction at Papeete on August 31, 1875, at the price of 500,000 francs for Atimaono, and 20,000 francs for the rights to lease of lands at Teahupoo, and was purchased by a syndicate styled Laharrague, Robin et Cie, composed of the two gentlemen above-named with Mr. de la Casa, mayor of Paris, Mr. Francois Cardella, of Papeete, and others.

Under the management of Mr. Cardella, a little sugar and rum was made, and a little coffee and vanilla grown, and a precarious and uncertain revenue derived from the slaughter of some of the half-wild cattle, the progeny of the plantation herd, which had escaped into the mountain valleys. Gradually it was found that there was not enough revenue to pay expenses of management, and the estate became a wilderness.

Some of the proprietors entered into litigation with their associates, which proved fruitless; and eventually, about the year 1900, it was finally agreed to dispose of the estate piecemeal. It passed into

the hands of several owners, who have planted many thousands of coconut trees, and one established a sugar mill which has turned out some thousands of tons of sugar during the past 25 years.

Mr. de la Richerie was succeeded as Governor-Commandant of Tahiti on December 14, 1863, by Comte de la Roncière, who held office until June 5, 1869, when he was replaced by M. Touslard.

M. de la Roncière believing, as M. de la Richerie had done, that the enterprise of Mr. Stewart was a benefit to Tahiti and to its inhabitants, did not fail to give it encouragement and thus gained the ill-will of those who were opposed to Stewart.

### Mont Calme

Any sketch of the history of Atimaono would be incomplete if mention of this "house on the height" was omitted. Stewart's action in erecting the house impressed the imagination of the people of Tahiti, which was what he intended, among other things.

Mont Calme, also known as "White House", was situated on a small plateau on the mountain-side, at an elevation of 1,630 feet above sea level, nearly three miles in an air line from the sea and about half a mile from the Eastern boundary of the estate. The site is still marked by some tall Norfolk Island pine-trees, and a luxuriant mango tree, both planted by Stewart in 1866. The towering pines are still visible from the main road west of Taharuu River. These trees may be regarded as the only visible memorial of William Stewart, for all the many substantial wooden buildings which he caused to be erected, including his commodious residence, have in the course of more than 70 years fallen down through neglect or have been pulled down or burned, and so have totally disappeared.

Mont Calme was the result of a sort of Monte Cristo gesture on the part of Stewart. The Comtesse de la Roncière remarked to him, in 1866, that such an estate should have a health resort on the heights. He replied that it was too soon to think of such an expense, but began at once to prepare, not mentioning his intention to any person. He had a road made up the hill and a site cleared on the plateau, ostensibly to plant Cinchona trees. All the material for the six-roomed house and outbuildings was cut and marked ready to erect. He then put on most of his 1200 labourers to carry up the material and erect the buildings, to install the furniture and to lay out a garden and transplant bushes and even small trees watered by the supply from a neighbouring spring. He persuaded the police at the post on the plantation, near the Taharuu River, to stop all traffic towards the town for a day, in order that no news of the work in progress should reach that place. Then he hastened over the 27 miles to Papeete with relays of horses and induced the Count and Countess to return with him to be surprised!

On arrival at Atimaono, they were carried in sedan chairs up the winding road to the house, which he then presented to the Countess as a "Maison de campagne", furnished and with a staff of servants. She named the house "Mont Calme". She did not occupy it very often, for an ever increasing feeling of hostility to Stewart was manifested by his opponents, who resented the friendship between the Governor and himself, which had the effect of curtailing the visit of the Count and Countess to Atimaono. The building of Mont Calme, though loudly denounced as an extravagance by those who had no money in the plantation and therefore nothing to lose, was really intended by Stewart as an advertisement and also as an additional lien between the Governor and himself.

Stewart was not extravagant in the management of Atimaono in view of the size and importance of the enterprise and his belief in the permanence of the same. He could not foresee the rapid recovery of the cotton industry in the United States, after the termination of the Civil War in 1865, and the consequent fall in the price of the article, any more than did the planters of cotton in Fiji, Samoa and elsewhere at the same epoch, who equally suffered ruinous losses.



Mont Calme appears on the large plan of Terre Eugenie, made by the Surveyor John Turnbull in November, 1867, as the “White House”.

### **Barque “Moaroa”**

THE following incident throws a light on the conditions of recruiting labourers in the Pacific in those days.

(Editor’s Note: The following account of the “Moaroa” tragedy is not regarded by Mr. Bolton as complete or accurate. It evidently was pieced together by Mr. Young, from several sources.)

On July 4, 1869, off Nukunau (Byron Island) the barque “Anna”, of Melbourne, Captain Bruce, met the barque “Moaroa”, of Tahiti, Captain Blackett, owned by the Atimaono Plantation under the French Protectorate Flag. The “Anna” had 159 natives of the Gilbert Islands on board, recruited at various islands as labourers for Fiji — most of them no doubt induced to ship by false pretences. Two days previously, Captain Bruce had heard from a passing vessel of the action being taken by the courts at Sydney against the captain and supercargo of a vessel for kidnapping and incidentally murdering natives, and feared prosecution if he proceeded to Fiji with his passengers.

Meeting the “Moaroa”, which vessel was seeking labourers for Atimaono, J. B. Lattin, a Frenchman, who was the supercargo and also part charterer of the “Anna”, saw the chance of disposing of his cargo of natives without risk of taking them to Fiji. In concert with Captain Bruce, he told Captain Blackett that his water casks had leaked and that he had not water enough to carry the natives to Fiji, and therefore wished to be rid of them. For payment of £6 per head — euphemistically called “passage money” — the 159 natives were sold to the “Moaroa”. As Captain Blackett had not enough money on board to pay the sum agreed on, J. B. Lattin took passage on the “Moaroa” to get paid on arrival at Tahiti.

The “Moaroa” recruited about 150 more natives at Arorae Island, and some 200 more at various islands, and was bound for Tahiti on July 17 with about 500 natives on board, of whom not less than 100 were women and children.

On that date, at 7 a.m., the vessel being then becalmed about 5 miles S.S.E. of Nukunau, the natives rose and killed Captain Blackett and J. B. Lattin — the former with his own Winchester rifle, the latter with the cook’s axe. They also killed three of the watch on deck, who were Eastern Polynesian natives. The fourth escaped aloft, and slid down a stay into the forecastle. The natives then attacked the watch below in the forecastle but Maori Harry (a pure-blooded Maori) transfixed with a harpoon the first man who came down the ladder and so stopped the attack.

Heinhault, the mate (subsequently well known to the writer at San Francisco as Master of vessels, but under another name) retreated to the cabin with the second mate, the cook and the steward.

About 9 a.m., all the natives being on deck, the men in the forecastle ran through the hold and joined those in the cabin through the bulkhead. The second mate, having found some liquor, became foolhardy and insisted on opening one of the cabin portholes to parley with the natives, when he was instantly killed with a double-barrelled gun which had been taken from the interpreter — who, by the way, was not killed, but tied hand and foot on deck. This was about 11 a.m.

Maori Harry suggested to the mate to blow up the half-deck next to the cabin.

All the powder obtainable, 34 half-pound tins, was emptied into a small keg, which was raised on cases of provisions, until the mouth of the keg was close up under the half-deck hatch, on which many of the natives were collected.

The powder was fired by a train, the mate and crew sheltering themselves with blankets, mattresses, etc. The hatch was blown off with considerable noise and smoke and, when the crew immediately rushed on deck shouting, with what weapons they had, the natives became panic-stricken and all jumped overboard.

Some of the natives, finding that the vessel was not destroyed by the explosion, tried to board her, but were prevented. It had been calm all through the tragedy, with the vessel drifting along the land some four or five miles distant, but a light breeze sprang up just after the natives quitted the vessel.

Owing to the strong current running to S.W., between Nukunau and Beru Island, 20 miles to the West of the former, only few of the swimmers reached Nukunau, and a few of the strongest reached Beru, helped by the current. It is uncertain how many survived — some accounts say 8 landed on Beru of which 4 were women, other accounts say 12. Again, it was said that 30 reached Nukunau, others say more than 40, of whom several died soon after landing. Some of the survivors declared that they encountered a “demon” shark (“Bakou tuea” or “King Shark”) of great size, who devoured several and that fear and exhaustion caused the others to sink.

It was an awful tragedy. Several were no doubt burned by powder. The writer saw a man at Nukunau, in 1876, who had the mark of a burn on the hip, which he said was caused by the explosion. He said that several infants in arms and older children were among the victims and gave some harrowing details of the lamentations of the unfortunate swimmers who sank, one by one.

Captain Bruce, of the “Anna”, is the same man with whom the writer was wrecked in the “Rose” in the hurricane of March 20, 1871. He related part of the foregoing — the rest was gleaned from various sources in the Gilbert Group, and at Tahiti and San Francisco. The Islands from which the natives on board the “Moaroa” were recruited were as follow, with approximate population in 1869:— Beru (Francis Island), 1500; Nukunau (Byron Island), 4000; Onatoa (Clerk Island), 3000; Tamana (Rotcher Island), 2000; Araorae (Hope Island), 2000. These figures are not to be relied on, being merely estimates. Owing to the number of labourers recruited from 1869 to 1873, and the loss of life by starvation during droughts in the late 70’s, it would be difficult to ascertain what the probable numbers were in 1869 — possibly about the foregoing.

### Chinese Murders

IN 1869, the opponents of Stewart <sup>47</sup> made much capital of the execution of a Chinese who had been the ringleader in the murder and mutilation of three other Chinese. Four were accused, but after trial by the Courts at Papeete, only one was condemned to death. The Governor was also abused for having “introduced the guillotine to Tahiti”, and Stewart for having “demanded four heads” by accusing four men as murderers, which they were!

Tragedy seems to haunt Atimaono, the last being the murder of Mottu, an aged Swiss, who was employed by the owners of the estate in 1896 (of whom the writer was one at that epoch) as caretaker.

The natives of Papara had for some time been in the habit of trespassing on the property and killing the half-wild cattle. Mottu, while sitting by a path watching for the marauders, was sneaked on and killed by a stone thrown by one of them. His body was buried by the murderers and, for a length of time, his disappearance was a mystery to all but the murderers and their friends. After many months, one of the latter was overheard by a half-caste relating the story to a boy. The police were informed, the remains exhumed, the man who threw the stone was condemned to imprisonment at Noumea, and “Justice was satisfied”!

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<sup>47</sup> The article has *Stewarts*.

The skull of Mottu is a gruesome exhibit at the Museum of Papeete to the present day.



**William Stewart.**

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**22 June 1938, pages 34–38 — *Tragedy of Atimaono, Section II***

## **TRAGEDY OF ATIMAONO**

### **Story of the Rise and Fall of a Tahitian Cotton Enterprise**

#### **SECTION 2.**

*(From the MS. of J. L. Young, written at Merami, Warren, N.S.W., about 1928, and edited by W. W. Bolton, M.A.)*

#### **Comte de la Roncière.**

THE career of Comte de la Roncière as governor of Tahiti was so much affected by the affairs of the plantation of Atimaono, and vice versa, that an explanation is in order. There can be no doubt that his administration from 1863 to 1869 was dictated by a sincere desire for the betterment of the population. He caused roads and bridges to be constructed, educational facilities to be extended, an agricultural bank to be founded, and in many other directions favoured progress.

But all this, notwithstanding, there accumulated against him strong opposition and even hatred, alike on the part of certain functionaries, the laxity and even dishonesty of whose methods he condemned, and of certain civilians. These latter included not only some of the merchants of Papeete whose interests clashed with those of Stewart, but the Protestant Mission party, who disliked the latter's mode of life.

Then, again, the Governor had earned the ill-will of the Catholic Mission by certain action which had been forced on him immediately after his arrival at Papeete, in carrying on an enquiry instituted by his predecessor as Governor. His enemies watched for their opportunity, and it came to them in an extraordinary manner in 1869.

James Stewart, the brother of William Stewart, who carried on at Papeete a small mercantile business and who also had a store at Atimaono, managed by one William Keane, having decided to quit Tahiti, sold the contents of the aforesaid store to Keane, who paid him with an order payable six months after date, drawn by William Stewart on his Auckland agents — the amount was francs 92,200. This was really a loan made by William Stewart to Keane to enable him to pay James Stewart and thus facilitate the sale of the store by the latter to Keane.

William Stewart had lent to James Stewart a few weeks before, francs 25,000, by an order on his Auckland agents, which order James Stewart had sent to Auckland for collection.

James Stewart then sued his brother for francs 100,000 composed as follows: Francs 92,000 plus francs 25,000 = francs 117,000 less francs 17,000, which James Stewart owed to the plantation = francs 100,000.

In vain, William Stewart pointed out that neither of these notes was due. The judge in the Lower Court gave a verdict in favour of James Stewart, which, on appeal to the Higher Court, was confirmed, and immediate execution of judgement was ordered, and the plantation of Atimaono was seized by the sheriff.

The Governor came to the rescue by instructing the Agricultural Bank (Caisse Agricole) to purchase cotton from the plantation to the value of francs 100,000, and this enabled William Stewart to pay the amount of the unjust judgement.

Both the judges — one a local lawyer and one a functionary — owed their appointment to the Governor — no judges from France being available at the time. Both were personal enemies of Stewart — and, *sub rosa*, of the Governor — and their action against Stewart was dictated as much by feeling against the Governor as against him.

James Stewart with francs 100,000 in his pocket, left Tahiti for Honolulu, leaving behind him debts to the amount of francs 60,000, and no books of account. (Incidentally, it was reported that not long afterwards he died in gaol abroad, under sentence for fraud.)

The Governor removed the two judges and banished one (the functionary) to Moorea Island, 12 miles away, but at his request allowed him to return soon afterwards. The functionary and others of his friends denounced the Governor to the Government at Paris, who ordered the functionary to be reinstated to his post, and recalled the Governor in March, 1869. He, however, remained until August, 1869, as the newly appointed Governor — on account of illness — did not come to Tahiti as expected.

Meantime, the aforesaid functionary conspired with his friends against the Governor, suborned certain interpreters and others to make false statements and to steal certain private documents from his office and, indeed, went so far as to begin to arrange for his seizure and deportation.

The functionary, however, was prosecuted and finally sentenced to one year's imprisonment and was sent to San Francisco en route to Paris. But the Minister of Marine telegraphed to the French Consul at San Francisco to send him back to Tahiti.

The Comte de la Roncière had one good friend, Mr. Louis Jacolliot, a judge at Tahiti who, on his arrival from Paris in March, 1869, was opposed to the Governor on account of his removal of the two judges, but who on examination of the affair decided that the Governor was right in interfering with the abuse of justice. He returned to Paris in August, 1869, and took up the defence of the ex-Governor with enthusiasm, as appears from his pamphlet "La Verite sur Tahiti", Paris, October, 1869 — but without avail.

The influences against the Comte were too great. Even an old scandal of the year 1833, though long since declared false, was raked up against him, and he went into oblivion. His sympathy with and support of William Stewart's enterprise was one of the proximate causes of his downfall, hence this extended mention of him.

### Stewart in Sydney

ONE of the episodes of Stewart's adventurous career was the following:—

In 1858, he was a wine and spirit merchant at Sydney, his brother James being a Customs House Agent at the same place. In that year, these two conspired with three Customs House officers to avoid payment of duties on 300 cases and casks of wines and spirits, and a quantity of tobacco, by obtaining certificates of export of the above mentioned articles out of Bond to New Caledonia on the schooner yacht, the "Lousia", of 78 tons register. The vessel left, ostensibly for Noumea, on September 2, 1858. But it was soon ascertained that the goods had never been placed on board; they were traced to various hotels in Sydney and suburbs.

The "Louisa" returned to Sydney on October 7, but left the same day, after the Stewarts had visited her. She went to Hobart, thence to Jervis Bay, near Sydney, where William Stewart joined her; thence to Lord Howe Island, where the schooner "Martha" was met, having James Stewart, his wife and family aboard, who transhipped to the "Louisa", which left for an unknown destination.

The "Louisa" was seen again in July, 1860, when Captain Anderson, of the "Maria", met her at Norfolk Island, under the name of "Mary Ann", Captain Wilson in command. The name "Louisa" was distinctly visible under the new paint.<sup>48</sup>

It has been stated, since the death of William Stewart, that the "Louisa" proceeded from Lord Howe Island to a South American port, calling at Bora Bora Island on her return towards New Zealand where, during 1859 and 1860, arms and ammunition were supplied from her to the Maori warriors.

The account of the Sydney episode was published in the "South Australian", of July 1917, under the heading "The Notorious Louisa", written by a member of the Australian Historical Society.

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<sup>48</sup> According to an [article](#) published on 18 July 1860 in The Argus (Melbourne), page 5, and [another](#) published on 19 July 1860 in the Maitland Mercury & Hunter River General Advertiser (New South Wales), page 3, the vessel subsequently transported 16 islanders from Norfolk Island back to Pitcairn. The month of July, 1860, during which the *Mary Ann* was supposedly seen at Norfolk, conflicts with the [usual account](#) of the return of the islanders to Pitcairn on the *Mary Ann* in 1859, after having departed from Norfolk in 1858. Perhaps the month during which the report was published in the press was mistakenly assumed to be the month during which the *Mary Ann* was seen at Norfolk. The article of 19 July 1860 states that Norfolk residents related the sighting of the *Mary Anne* and its departure for Pitcairn to Captain Anderson, and not that Captain Anderson had seen the vessel himself. See also WWB's article *A Link With the "Bounty"* in the April 1945 edition of PIM, page 27, in Part VII.



### Life of Stewart

**WILLIAM STEWART** was born in the north of Ireland in 1825, of Scotch Presbyterian ancestors. He was tall, fully six feet in height, of a striking presence, with a long black beard and black hair (but partly bald) and with piercing dark eyes, widely opened and set well apart. He was well educated, speaking French, some Spanish and Portuguese, and some Hindustani. He had been in the army in India as a young man and, subsequently, in the wine business in Spain and Portugal. He was a man of the world, a good judge of wines and liquors, but rarely drunk to excess; he played cards but had the reputation of gambling in moderation. He was a charming host and companionable with those he liked, but masterful and arrogant with those who opposed his wishes. He was a strict disciplinarian, but was considered by his employees to be always just. He was generous as he proved on many occasions, but could drive hard bargains in business matters.

He died in his house at Atimaono on September 24, 1873, at the age of 48, his death, which was said to be due to liver disease, being undoubtedly hastened by chagrin. He died in penury, all that he had having gone to keep the plantation going. While not actually under arrest, he was forbidden to leave his residence without permission, he having been declared insolvent.

All those to whom he had extended hospitality and given largesse deserted him. Almost his only consistent visitor, while on his death bed, was a lady who was a descendant of one of the old Missionary families. She, and his wife, to whom he had been only recently married, attended to his last moments. He was buried, almost without ceremony and with a very meagre attendance of mourners, at Mataiea, between the main road and the sea, nearly 47 kilometres from Papeete. Several years afterwards, his bones were removed by his widow to the burial plot of her family.

Many years after his death, an incredible story became current, to the effect that he did not die in 1873, but escaped from Tahiti in a vessel. But this was only a reflection of the glamour which was associated with Stewart's career at Tahiti in the minds of those who remembered his outstanding personality.

The writer did not arrive at Tahiti until some time after Stewart's death, but was always keenly interested in the details of the rise and fall of the Atimaono enterprise, and had many conversations with those who were closely connected with Stewart in business, as employees, etc.

Thus, when the writer subsequently became owner of one-fifth of the Atimaono Estate, there fell into his hands maps, plans and documents relating to the history of the same, and he obtained access to numerous letters, etc., all of which enabled him to reconstruct in a measure the romance of Atimaono and of William Stewart.

There is no intention to paint him as other than he was. During part of his career he was apparently what is called an adventurer, with but little scruples of honesty, but it is not on record that during his residence at Tahiti he was ever justifiably accused of dishonesty. Whatever his faults — and they were many — he was certainly sincere in his belief in, and devotion to the Atimaono enterprise. He carried the burden on his own shoulders — and almost every man's hand was against him. He failed through no fault of his own, and his end was pathetic.

In a world in which are so many weaklings it is refreshing to meet a strong man, an organiser and administrator, even with all his faults of omission and commission. It would be easy to point a moral by Stewart's career, but let us leave him saying with the Spaniard: "Que sea su juez Dios" (Let God be his Judge).

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### ADDENDA BY W. W. BOLTON

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TO complete the story, now first given to the general public through the publication of Mr. J. L. Young's manuscript, it may be of interest to mention various additional facts which in the main are to be found in the obscure and now rare weekly newspaper of Papeete in its issues of that day. "The Messenger de Tahiti" came to an end in 1880. It is strange that this news-sheet should have escaped the attention of the author of the MS., who lived for years in the town.

The following items deal with many aspects of the life of a remarkable man, a born organiser who was known locally as "Big William", not alone for his fine physique but that, for Tahitians, all he did was on a colossal scale, stupendous.

#### An Official Visit

MENTION has been made of an official visit.

There was another visit paid by a large party of guests a year later, who in their report, express their astonishment at all that they saw and at the boundless and overwhelming hospitality of their host during many days. They dwell on "the vast Estate": "the astounding success after only four years", and at seeing "an establishment on so vast a scale functioning with such calm, such order, full proof of superb direction."

They seem to have been specially attracted by the Chinaman's Village: "a small town, two clubs where they dance, and a theatre for their plays. Always keen to make his workers happy, he permits each Chinese who behaves himself well a house where he can live alone. It is his home. This favour is highly prized, the number of separate dwellings grows yearly". From Taharuu <sup>49</sup> Valley the labourers were allowed to cut timber to make rafts on which to disport themselves in the lagoon.

Their host won their hearts for they thus conclude:

"Calumniators before taking up the pen should go and see for themselves, taking note of the work, and they would certainly blush at the very idea of wronging an establishment which does honour to him who created it."

Stewart was given the honour of a special visit by the Duke of Edinburgh in 1869, amid all the pressing engagements of the Prince, who must needs see the amazing estate. Later on, we come across an advertisement inviting cargo for his vessel "The Prince Alfred": he returned the visit in the only way he could.

#### The Countess de la Roncière

THE cordial friendship between the Roncières and Stewart gave free play to the evilminded. It crushed the woman: she could stand no more.

An official notice appears reading that the Countess had left Tahiti "in a poor state of health" and "quite unable to bid adieu to her friends": and the Imperial Judge Jocolliot reports that before a year was out she died at her residence in Paris, demanding an enquiry by the Government to kill the calumny, but which was bluntly denied her. The Roncières' enemies were strong at Home.

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<sup>49</sup> The article has *Taharini*; again, no doubt a misreading of WWB's handwriting.

The departure of the Count himself, did not, as the MS. shows, end the bitter hounding of Stewart. There were still nigh four years more for him.

Once only does he appear to have hit back, but here again he lost out. He had been summoned to attend the Court (for a case not named) and had replied by letter refusing either to attend or be represented. In December, 1870, the matter was brought to the attention of the Superior Court when the charge was made that “the said Stewart refused to acknowledge in the said functionaries and magistrates the powers they claim, and protests their decisions and their judgements”. He was fined and the costs were his to pay.

### **Ill-will of Catholic Mission**

THE ill-will of the Catholic Mission towards the Count — which reacted upon Stewart — was the result of his report sent home as to the iniquitous and inhuman conduct of Father Laval <sup>50</sup> and his assistants at Mangareva (Gambier Islands). The French Parliament took up the matter and demanded the banishment of Laval from the Gambier Group, which was duly carried out, the man being retired to Papeete where he died in 1880.

The tract of land which Stewart acquired was owned in the main by the Vai-raa-to people and those allied to them through marriage. Throughout 1864 and 1865 there are to be seen in the little newspaper of Papeete long lists of those giving the required legal notice of their purpose to sell to Stewart, and among them appear the names of Royalty, two sons of Queen Pomare — Ariiaua and Tamatoa — both wishing to have “a finger in the pie” of ready cash. Not only the land was purchased but all the cattle browsing on the plots: they would help keep down the verdure and fed his army of labourers. There appears later on, a portion of the Annual Report for 1867 of the Company, issued from London, giving two items: “Land costs 750,000 francs”: “Improvements 1,671,415 francs”. Stewart appears on the Board of Directors but not Soares who was appointed later, acting at first only as general manager.

### **Introduction of the Chinese**

SINCE the introduction of the Chinese to Tahiti by Stewart, they have increased and multiplied till to some they appear as a menace to the community. Be that as it may, there are many who are the direct descendants of these pioneers. There are still Gilbert Islanders resident in Tahiti under the name of the Arurai, after Hope Island, in that group, from whence their progenitors mostly came.

### **Stewart's Misfortunes**

THE statement made as to the dissatisfaction of some as to the price Stewart had paid them for their land — in fact, that they had been duped — lends strength to the local belief that they placed a curse upon the estate. And the sequel may well be said to support that belief, not alone in the case of Stewart himself, but that every subsequent attempt, to this day, to revive the area has ended in disastrous failure.

The years 1870 to 1873, which latter saw Stewart's end, had been far more cruel years for him than the brief summary of the MS. lends colour to. Herewith the blows, as the little newspaper reports them:

Owen and Graham (Stewart's bankers in Auckland) seek to recover and send up J. E. Brown in 1870 as their Attorney. J. E. Brown was a New Zealander, by profession a book-keeper, who went later to the Marquesas to act in that capacity for Captain Hart (once Commodore of Stewart's fleet) who had

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<sup>50</sup> [Honoré Laval \(1808–1880\)](#)

cotton interests there. Stewart sees his heretofore unencumbered creation plastered with a mortgage “dated May 10, 1871”. His undisputed supremacy becomes a temporary managership “for our account”, on September 22, 1872.

Next, this is taken from him, and J.E. Brown appointed on January 31, 1873. His full rule is restored, Owen and Graham “having renounced the mortgage” on March 28, 1873. It was but a flash in the pan, for the shareholders step in.

“By a Writ of Refere. Mr. John Edward Brown acting in the name of and as Attorney for the Tahiti Cotton and Coffee Plantation Ltd., has been placed in charge of the administration of the said Company’s Estates in place and instead of Mr. William Stewart”. — June 17, 1873. He now is wholly out of it.

Then came the final blow — the order of the Court declaring him, personally, a bankrupt was rendered on September 23, and on the 24<sup>th</sup> he died of a violent haemorrhage.

The following obituary notice appeared in the issue of the local sheet for September 26:—

“Mr. William Stewart succumbed on the evening of the day before yesterday, to the onslaught of a prolonged and cruel illness. He was the first European to introduce the culture of cotton to the colony, the development of which is a source of prosperity and riches to the country: and throughout the course of his management he attempted by every means possible to encourage both commerce and agriculture on Tahiti. Such are the rights of Mr. Stewart to the regrets of both the European and native population, and certainty such regrets will not be lacking”.

### **Where He Is Buried**

AS to where lie the remains of Mr. William Stewart to-day, there is need for correction of the MS. His first grave was not at Mataiea, but near his residence at Atimaono. When the estate had been liquidated, and the land opened for sale to the public in 1875 his widow removed his bones to the property of her mother’s people at Mataiea — not, however, to the “plot” where her father and mother were placed in a four-square mausoleum (still standing, but now empty) but across the highway dividing the property: “between the main road and the sea”, which lies but a short distance away.

William Stewart’s widow was one of the several daughters of Andrew Gibson, a highly esteemed English merchant in Papeete, and his Tahitian wife, Moehauti a Pupa. Stewart held him in the highest regard, for when he died (February, 1869) and his body was taken to the family property of his wife at Mataiea for burial, his friend had his small army of employees line both sides of the highway as the cortege passed the estate. Years later, when the Pupa property was sold, Gibson’s body and that of his wife were removed to Papeete’s picturesque cemetery “Pauranie”, where his epitaph reads in both native and English:— “A good name is better than great riches”.

### **“Moaroa” Tragedy**

WHILST the MS. account of the tragedy of the “Moaroa” is largely inaccurate, owing to its being gathered together piecemeal, its opening paragraph is valuable as giving the reason for Lattin’s presence as a “passenger” aboard, as also is its concluding paragraph as giving the fate of the natives, both of which items were unknown to the second mate, and so completes the story.<sup>51</sup>

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<sup>51</sup> Apparently WWB was not aware that the account of the second mate, Charles Steenalt, which WWB published in the 18 September 1837 edition of PIM, was, if not “fake”, as the Editorial Note to that article suggested, at least distorted due to the vessel’s involvement in blackbirding. See the Editorial Note to that article and pages 206–208 of [Eric Ramsden](#).

### Authorship of MS.

THERE is considerable difference of opinion as to the authorship of the MS.

Those who claim it as the work of W. J. Stuart, who was employed by William Stewart as a highly efficient engineer, are met with certain statements in the major latter half which could not possibly have come from his pen, e.g. (1) The ownership by the writer of one-fifth of the estate which is recorded under the name of J. L. Young; (2) The arrival of the writer on Tahiti, years after — not before — the death of Stewart. The best solution would appear to be that W. J. Stuart wrote as far as the first mention of William Stewart's death: and J. L. Young, securing the MS. from his aged friend, who ended his days in Papeete, added the remainder, striking off a limited number of typed copies for his particular friends with "attached photograph" of the man whom he, like others, had never seen.

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## 22 July 1938, pages 46 and 48 — "*Bounty's*" Lost Anchor

### "BOUNTY'S" LOST ANCHOR

#### Interesting Relic In Tahiti

BY W. W. BOLTON, M.A.

WHEN in 1789, Fletcher Christian and his fellow mutineers brought the "Bounty" back to Tahiti, he sought the same spot for anchorage as Bligh had used when loading his cargo of bread fruit trees. This was not at Matavai Bay proper, but its western arm, Papaoa, where an extensive valley runs down from the hills at the back to the sea.

He had no intention of stopping long — he was all for hiding from the long arm of the law and, having secured sufficient supplies and water, he attempted to weigh anchor. But the "Bounty" had grounded on a sunken reef, of which there are plenty to this day thereabouts. There was nothing for it but to use his spare anchor as a kedge,<sup>53</sup> to haul her off. This was successful, but the kedge was held fast by the coral it had bitten into, and there was no hope of its release.

There was but one thing to do — to cut the cable and leave the anchor behind. This was done and the "Bounty" passed out of the picture. But the incident was not forgotten by the natives.

Time and again, as the years rolled on, an effort was made to get that anchor, but the grip held fast. One generation followed another, and the story of the lost anchor of the "Bounty" passed on down, with the resolve of the district of Arue that some day it should be recovered. Nigh 50 years ago, when the present Chief of Arue was a strenuous young lad, there was a call for yet another attempt.

To the joy of the neighbourhood the long-fast grip had loosened. It was not wholly unexpected, as to them it was only a question of time, for they had seen in other cases the strong corrosive action of

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[1946, William Stewart and the introduction of Chinese labour in Tahiti, 1864–74, \*Journal of the Polynesian Society\*, Volume 55, Number 3: 187–214.](#)

<sup>52</sup> See also Tale #70, *Atimaono*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, and *Atimaono's Plight* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*. Photographs, taken in October 2014, of the golf course that then occupied the site of the plantation are shown in a footnote in the latter.

<sup>53</sup> [Kedging](#) is a technique for moving or turning a ship by using a relatively light anchor.



coral on iron. The flukes of one arm so long held fast were gone; there was left but the point. This they easily withdrew, and dragged the weighty anchor to the edge of the lagoon, leaving it for a time on the fringing reef, in shallow water.

Some years later, the relic was drawn up on dry land, and lay in a coconut plantation, soon to be covered over by the rank vegetation, and forgotten save by a few. Last year when the once young lad was the Chief of the district, he determined to remove the relic to his own home yard, and let those who wished to see it have easy access thereto. This was done, and it lies to-day as the picture portrays.

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It was the wish of the Chief that the Home authorities of England be informed, and confirmation of its authenticity be if possible secured. The writer was kindly called upon to act for these eager folk, and it was then that he heard the above related story from their lips.

They were quite unselfish in their attitude. The anchor was to them British property, if Britain so desired, and action would be taken to gain the consent of the French authorities to its return. Herewith is appended England's answer, through official quarters. To the natives, there is no shadow of a doubt that the anchor is the "Bounty's", and, housed as now, doubtless it will be in the Papeete Museum an object of deep interest to many besides themselves:—

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM  
GREENWICH S.E. 10. 18<sup>TH</sup> March 1938.

"Dear Sir — many thanks for your most interesting letter of the 11<sup>th</sup> January, together with photograph of what would seem from local tradition to be one of the anchors of H.M.S. "Bounty". It is unfortunate that there is no recorded establishment of anchors at that date, giving weights and dimensions: but the figures quoted on the back of the photograph certainly seem approximately correct. Indeed, it would not be possible to throw doubt upon the authenticity of the anchor on the score of size.

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<sup>54</sup> Since 1993, the anchor has been on display at the [Voyager New Zealand Maritime Museum](#) in Auckland. The label of the display states that "*The anchor was presented to the Auckland War Memorial Museum by Mr H.R. Jenkins who obtained it from the Governor and Director of the Papeete Museum. In 1993 it was loaned to the New Zealand Maritime Museum.*"

According to the Seventy-Third Annual Report of the Auckland Institute and Museum, for 1942, which can be found [here](#), "*An exhibit of outstanding interest was received through the generosity of Mr H. R. Jenkins. This is the historic anchor intimately associated with the ill-fated H.M.S. Bounty, for this relic is believed to have been abandoned by Fletcher Christian and his fellow mutineers in 1789, when they used it as a keel to free the vessel from a coral shoal in the Papaea Arm of Matavia [sic] Bay, Tahiti. After generations of Tahitians had made unsuccessful attempts to raise the anchor, it was at last recovered about 1890.*"

In September 2012, the anchor was on display in the Edmiston Gallery in the Voyager New Zealand Maritime Museum. That particular gallery contained a collection of maritime art and an exhibition about New Zealand's nuclear free policy. The anchor was set against a small wall in a corner of the gallery, with no other reference to the Bounty in that gallery (nor, for that matter, anywhere else in the museum). There was not even a display label to indicate that the anchor is from the Bounty.

The fact that the anchor has been removed from Papeete to Auckland goes completely against the recommendation made by Professor Sir Geoffrey Callender of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, in his letter to WWB of 18 March 1938, quoted in the article, that "*Here in England there is a strong feeling that if the anchor is accepted, as having belonged to the 'Bounty', it should be preserved for all time near the place where it was discovered. Removed from its original setting, it would lose much of its intrinsic importance.*" Yet four years after that letter was written, the anchor was removed to Auckland in 1942, where it has indeed lost much of its importance.

Another of the [Bounty's anchors](#) was found at Pitcairn by [Luis Marden](#) and [raised in January 1957](#).

“It is odd that the stock should have disappeared. It has generally been found that the stock of an old anchor was practically imperishable in salt water. It looks as if the stock of this anchor must have been wantonly destroyed by some one requiring a piece of very hard wood.

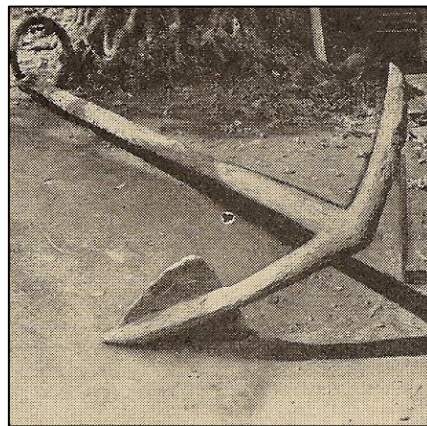
“By the way, it is a mistake to suppose that the coral would corrode the iron of the anchor. What actually happened was that the anchor made good hold of the coral and that the coral, being living organism, retained a tight grip of the metal until the coral itself decayed. Then the grip relaxed and the anchor would have been released.

“Here in England there is a strong feeling that if the anchor is accepted, as having belonged to the ‘Bounty’, it should be preserved for all time near the place where it was discovered. Removed from its original setting, it would lose much of its intrinsic importance. Yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY CALLENDER.

W. W. Bolton, Esq. M.A.,  
Papeete, Tahiti.

Professor Sir Geoffrey Callender, F.S.A., F.R. Hist. S., is the Director of the Museum.



The anchor, as it is to-day.

15 December 1938, pages 25–26 — *The Numerous Princesses of Tahiti*

## THE NUMEROUS PRINCESSES OF TAHITI

### Explanation of a Curious Social Phenomenon

#### Letter to the Editor

WHEN — now full 10 years past — the writer came hither seeking (and finding) quiet and retirement after a strenuous career, clear up to a man’s Allotted span, he was surprised at the number of Princesses who roamed the streets of Papeete.

The absence of Princes was as remarkable. Possibly they hid themselves from public view through modesty. One only he saw — none could fail to see him — Prince Hinoi — for he was a huge man, head and shoulders towering above the tallest on the island, and of gigantic proportions.

It was natural enough to look into the matter for one's own satisfaction. It took time, for one met with a very maze of contradictions and there were tomes to be secured and read.

The upshot was truly astonishing. Some — happily not all — based their claims upon the fact that they were the grand-nieces of Queen Marau Salmon, the temporary consort of Pomare V. She had been a Queen for 13 years, and it was claimed that her nieces and grand-nieces and those yet to follow were princesses. It is as if our English Queen, who was a Bowes-Lyon, bestowed upon all her Bowes-Lyon nieces and grand-nieces yet to come that same high rank; which, as Euclid would express it, is absurd.

Maybe, the temptation was too overpowering to be resisted. It was something to be a princess among the swarm here of the gentler sex. Tourists fell to it — especially, one regrets to say, Americans — it was not everyday that one dines and wines with a princess — nothing was too good for such a divinity. Some even seriously contemplated marriage, bearing off to their far off homes a live princess — to the astonishment and fearsome jealousy of their friends.

As to princes, it was not modesty that accounted for their absence, but plain commonsense. They knew the claim was preposterous. If the women chose to play the game, let them! It really hurt no one save the gullible tourist and if he was such an ignorant fool, let him pay the price.

But, to the writer, it does not appear in that light — it is abusing an honoured title and not “playing the game”. These self-termed princesses should stand on firmer ground. Charm, beauty and oft fine figure are theirs; pretence and affectation are but sand. Disillusionment is bound to come sooner or later and, with it, contumely and content by those deceived.

This careless handling of European titles was further pressed home to the writer by the abuse of the still higher title of “King”. There was talk — and there still appears to be talk — of one of Queen Pomare's younger sons as “King of Moorea”. Kingship is synonymous with sovereignty. The sovereignty of Moorea was the Queen's. If he was “King”, then Moorea had suddenly become a separate State from Tahiti. What he really was is what the first Pomare vainly tried to become upon Tahiti, the “Paramount Chief” — the leading chief of all. Makini became that on Moorea in Cook's day; Teritapunui was created that by his mother, the then Tahitian sovereign. He was, if one can coin the word, the Ari'i of the Ari'i-rahi, and the lesser Ari'i of Moorea. If there be a special word it is certainly not the equivalent of “King”, which implies territorial possession.

The Leeward Islands being separate States from Tahiti till the London Treaty of 1888 was abrogated, and France mastered them with arms, there were rightly both Kings and Queens thereon; but Moorea, since Mahini's <sup>55</sup> day, has been as it is to-day, an appenage [sic] to Tahiti. The misuse of the title is as if Princess Beatrice, for long years past the “Governor” of the Isle of Wight (the small appenage to England off its south coast) was “Queen of the Isle of Wight”. There would be short shrift at Home if such a claim were made by ill-advised correspondents, much less talk.

It is surely high time that these flagrant perversions of titles should cease; and, if the writer is privileged to aid in some small measure in such good work, he is well repaid for his long and interesting research.

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<sup>55</sup> *Makini* in the previous paragraph and *Mahini* here are inconsistent. In the literature, *Mahine* is referred to as the chief of Moorea in Cook's day; see, for example, page 489 of [Colin Newbury \(1967\), Pomare II and the Concept of Inter-Island Government in Eastern Polynesia, The Journal of the Polynesian Society 76 \(4\): 477–514.](#)

A thing which he has been long impressed with is that the (socially) upper grade of Tahitian half-castes have talked and talked to outsiders till they have lost in large measure the basic facts. In confusing themselves, they confuse their hearers. The writer has long suffered, so he knows; and it has taken years of quiet perseverance to sift the wheat from the chaff. It was well worth the trouble, for Tahiti's past is not inglorious — though it has dark spots and none darker than those preceding the coming of the white man — despite the novelist, who grows eloquent on “the noble savage” of a day now passed.

I am, etc.

W. W. BOLTON

Tahiti

10/10/'38

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(This subject is also dealt with in a series of letters published on page 38. — Ed.) <sup>56</sup>

**15 December 1938, page 38 — *Kings and Princes in Tahiti – Who have the Right to Names and Titles***

**Kings and Princes in Tahiti**

**Who Have the Right to Names and Titles?**

Letter to the Editor

WHEN reading the August issue of your excellent journal we found on page 34 a letter of most extraordinary character, addressed to the Editor and signed by Tamatoa Brander Pomare and Pomateao Salmon Pomare.

We presume these signatures represent Monsieur Tamatoa Brander and Madame Pomateao Salmon Stevenson (nee Salmon).

Knowing these charming young people as we do, we do not believe either of them wrote the letter to which the above signatures are attached. Under no circumstances could we imagine them departing so far from the canons of good taste and good breeding as to have written the last two paragraphs of that letter.

Whoever did write it exhibits an amazing ignorance of heraldry, French law, Tahitian custom and the facts.

The surname Pomare is legitimately borne but by two people of that generation: Princess Teriinui-o-Tahiti, the daughter of the late King Pomare V., and Prince Ariipaea, the only surviving son of Prince Terihinoiatua — the nephew and adopted son of King Pomare V.

Princess Teriinui-o-Tahiti is unmarried.

Prince Ariipaea Pomare has a large family of sons and daughters, who inherit the same name Pomare, and through them alone the name Pomare will be perpetuated.

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<sup>56</sup> See also *The Princesses of Tahiti* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

Madame Pomateao Salmon Stevenson is given the title of Princess by courtesy only.

Monsieur Tamatoa Brander has never claimed nor ever received the title of Prince.

The writer of the letter is trying to bring again to life a lost cause, which had better be left decently buried with the individuals who initiated and carried it on during nearly fifty years.

Mr. Bolton's essay on the Pomare family, in the April "P.I.M.", is sustained by the records and the facts. It is accurate in every particular.

I am, etc.,  
VERITAS.

Tahiti, 9/10/1938.

### 15 December 1938, pages 38–39 — *Pomares of Tahiti and Heraldic Law*

## POMARES OF TAHITI AND HERALDIC LAW

Letter to the Editor

FOR the sake of historical accuracy, I seek space to further elucidate the article you kindly published on the Pomares of Tahiti.

The Pomare family and the Pomare surname must not be confused. Queen Pomare's three grand-daughters (there were five, but two died in childhood, as well as a brother) married as follows:— Vaetua married a Brander, whose mother was a Salmon; Navahoroa married two Salmons; Maevaua married her cousin, Hinoi Pomare. Hence, the children of the first two named lost the surname but, of course, were members of the Royal Family, as are their children in turn to-day. The tacking on of a family surname to that of the father is an anomaly unheard of anywhere, to the writer's knowledge, and gives an unfortunate sense of affectation.

The titles "Prince" and "Princess", borrowed from Europe, are of necessity governed by the laws of heraldry, and, if used elsewhere in place of native names, such as Arii, must needs conform thereto. A leading law is that the above titles cannot descend through a woman unless she is a sovereign reigning in her own right, not a consort to a king. Queen Victoria, and Tahiti's Queen, Pomare IV., were sovereigns in their own right. The latter's son, Tomatoa, was therefore a prince, and his five daughters were princesses. But the three daughters already named were unable to pass on the titles to their children. We see the matter clearly portrayed in Britain. The Princess Royal's sons have never borne the title of prince.

Queen Marau, the last queen, had two daughters. The title they bear does not come through her, a consort, but through the king. Divorce ended the transmission of the title to her son, born later. These daughters have the right to the surname Pomare; the son has not, nor has ever claimed it. Neither daughter has issue; but if they had, the title would lapse. So is it with the Brander and the Salmon issue, allied by marriage with the Pomares; but one must again insist that they are members of the Royal Family. They have only lost the right to title, and the use of the surname.

The marriage of the cousins, Hinoi Pomare and Maevaua Pomare, being dissolved, no issue surviving, Hinoi yet had three children fully recognised as his by law (two sons and a daughter), and



all three entitled through him both to bear his title of prince and his surname. The princess's daughter bears her white husband's surname to-day. The eldest son, Prince Hinoi II., is dead, leaving no issue. His brother, Prince Ariipaea, survives and is entitled fully and unquestionably to bear both title and surname. There cannot possibly be any other adult prince to-day upon Tahiti. The other few adults are either Salmons or Branders.

The headship of the Pomare family is very clear, when the facts are known. On the day of the last King Pomare V.'s accession to the throne, he — backed by Chesse, the French Commandant — announced that the succession, and, of course, with it the headship of the family, was to go first to his niece, Vaetua, and her issue; but, if she died or failed in issue, it was to go secondly, to his nephew, Hinoi. That was in 1877. But in 1880 he decided to give over his sovereignty to France. Hence, there was no succession in existence. The Order lapsed; and Vatua, having married into Pomare's wife's family, to his annoyance and disgust, he adopted as his son and heir his nephew. The headship thus naturally passed from a niece to his recognised son and heir. The elder branches of the Pomare family were thus eliminated, both by their marriages and the choice of the one-time king, from any special prior claim by birth. Hinoi was heir to title as well as property, and was always recognised by the Tahitians of his day as the head of the Pomare family, even as is Ariipaea to-day.

Of course, it may seem hard on those elder branches to have both titles and position denied them by heraldic law, and the arbitrary choice of their one-time head, but one must face facts, and also be sure of the ground before putting pen to paper. So also must one be ready to bow to facts, however unpleasing. Some here have willingly done so. There seem to be others who are unwilling, misled by imperfect knowledge.

The Pomare family is no mere family affair, which gentle breeding would forbid enquiring into, but the family of a line of sovereigns which calls for research and careful record on behalf of an interested public.

I am, etc.

W. W. BOLTON.

Papeete, 12/10/1938.

## 15 February 1939, pages 32–33 — *Discovery & Discoverers of French Oceania*

### Discovery & Discoverers of French Oceania

THE following remarkable list — which is of unique value — has been compiled by the records of the various navigators concerned, and from those of other voyagers, by Mr. W. W. Bolton, M.A., an English historian resident in Tahiti. Mr. Bolton, in courteously giving us permission to publish this list, says: "Documented corrections would be welcomed."

The total number of Islands in French Oceania is 105.

Island.	Discoverer.	Date.
<b>THE GEORGIAN GROUP.</b>		
(As recorded at The Admiralty, London, 1768.)		
Tahiti	Wallis	1767

Moorea	Wallis	1767
<b>Island.</b>	<b>Discoverer.</b>	<b>Date.</b>
Maiao	Wallis	1767
Makatea	Roggeveen	1722
	(Now grouped with the Atolls.)	
Mehetia	Wallis	1767
	(Claimed also for Carteret.)	
Tetiaroa	Wallis	1767
	(Claimed also for Cook.)	

**THE MARQUESAN GROUP.**

(So named by Mendana.)

South Group:

Fatuhiva	Mendana	1595
<b>Island.</b>	<b>Discoverer.</b>	<b>Date.</b>
Hivaoa	Mendana	1595
Tahuata	Mendana	1595

North Group:

Nukuhiva	Ingraham	1791
Nahuka	Ingraham	1791
Uapu	Ingraham	1791

(The North Group claimed also for Marchand and Chanal.)

**THE MANGAREVA OR GAMBIER GROUP.**

(So named by Wilson.)

Akamaru	Wilson	1797
Aukena	Wilson	1797
Rikitea	Wilson	1797
Taravai	Wilson	1797
Crescent	Wilson	1797

(Native name Timoe.)

**THE TUPUAI OR AUSTRAL GROUP.**(So named by the French authorities, 1851.)<sup>57</sup>

Raivaivai	Gayangos	1775
Rapa	Vancouver	1791
Rimatara	Henry	1811
Rurutu	Cook	1769
Tupuai	Cook	1777

**THE LEEWARD OR SOCIETY GROUP.**

(So named by Cook.)

Raiatea	Cook	1769
Huahine	Cook	1769
Maupiti	Cook	1769

<sup>57</sup> The article has *1881*.

Tupai	Cook	1769
Tahaa	Cook	1769
Scilly	Wallis	1767
	(Native name Manuai.)	
Pora Pora	Cook	1769
	(There is no letter "B" in Tahitian.)	
Bellinghausen	Kotzebue	1824
	(Native name Motu One.) <sup>58</sup>	
Mopelia	Wallis	1767

**THE ATOLLS OR TUAMOTU GROUP.**

(So named by the French authorities, 1851; formerly known as the Poumotus.)

Aha	Schouten	1616
Ahunui	Beechey	1826
	(Claimed also for Martin.)	
<b>Island.</b>	<b>Discoverer.</b>	<b>Date.</b>
Akiaki	Bougainville	1768
Amanu	Quiros	1606
	(Claimed also for Varela, 1774.)	
Anaa	Quiros	1606
Anuanuaro	Wallis	1767
	(Claimed also for Quiros.)	
Anuanurunga	Wallis	1767
	(Claimed also for Quiros.)	
Apataki	Roggeveen	1722
Arutua	Roggeveen	1722
Faaite	Bellinghausen	1819
Fakahina	Kotzebue	1824
Fakarava	Schouten	1616
Fangataufa	Beechey	1826
Fangatau	Beechey	1826
	(Claimed also for Cockburn.)	
Hao	Bougainville	1768
	(Claimed also for Quiros.)	
Haraiki	Boenechea	1772
Hereheretue	Wallis	1767
Hikueru	Boenechea	1774
Kauehi	Humphrey	1822
Kaukura	Cook	1774
Makemo	Cook	1773
Manihi	Schouten	1616
Manuhangi	Wallis	1767
Maria	Bougainville	1768
	(Native name Vahitahi.)	
Marokau	Bougainville	1768
	(Claimed also for Quiros.)	
Marutea	Edwards	1791
	(Claimed also for Cook.)	

<sup>58</sup> The article has *Motu O ne*.

Matahiva	Bellinghausen	1819
Motutunga	Cook	1773
Mururoa	Wallis	1767
Nangenengo	Wallis	1767
Napuka	Byron	1765
Niau	Schouten	1616
	(Claimed also for Greig.)	
Nukutavake	Carteret	1767
Nukutipipi	Wallis	1767
	(Claimed also for Quiros.)	
Paraoa	Wallis	1767
Pinaki	Carteret	1767
Puka Puka	Schouten	1616
Pukaruha	Wilson	1797
Rangiroa	Schouten	1616
Raroia	Roggeveen	1722
Raraka	Ireland	1831
<b>Island.</b>	<b>Discoverer.</b>	<b>Date.</b>
Reao	Bell	1822
	(Claimed also for Tonnerre.)	
Tahanea	Boenechea	1774
Takaroa	Schouten	1616
Takapoto	Roggeveen	1722
Takume	Bellinghausen	1819
Tatakoto	Varela	1774
Tauere	Boenechea	1772
Tekokoto	Turnbull	1803
	(the Supercargo)	
	(Claimed also for Buyers (the Captain).)	
Tematangi	Bligh	1792
Tepoto	Byron	1765
Tikei	Schouten	1616
Tiki hau	Roggeveen	1722
Toau	Roggeveen	1722
Tureia	Carteret	1767
Vairaatea	Wallis	1767
Vanavana	Beechey	1826
	(Claimed also for Barrow.)	

There appears to be no record of the discoverers of the 17 remaining small Atolls, unnamed in the above list.<sup>59</sup>

<sup>59</sup> This list first appeared in the Appendix of *Old Time Tahiti*, which was completed in 1938, and was also published in 1940 in the Bulletin de la Société des Études Océaniques N° 68, pages 272–275. Some of the Polynesian names in the BSEO article have slightly different spellings, which are footnoted there, and several also have European names; however, the dates of sightings are identical.

17 April 1939, page 24 — *The Portent of Thunder***The Portent of Thunder**<sup>60</sup>

**(Found in an old note-book of the late Trader Macfarlane, who was at one time a resident on Moorea, French Oceania. His grave is on Tupuai.)**

THE clouds had been gathering into heavy masses of a dull leaden hue and slowly drifting up from the north since early morning. Now, the lowest of them occasionally swooped down upon Rotui and obscured the summit with swirling, eddying wreaths of vapour, rising again and showing the sharp outline of the mountain, with its lace-like fringe of trees, marvellously clear and distinct against the blackness beyond.

The surf broke on the reef with an apparent sullen tone to its roar, rising in a line of inky blackness and curling over to break — not, as usual, in a mass of sparkling brightness, which pained the eye with its brilliance, but in foam, to which the clouds had lent some of their blackness, till it, too, appeared sombre in hue. The ocean beyond, also gaining its colour from the clouds, gradually became darker, till it was difficult to distinguish the dividing line of the horizon. Occasionally faint flashes of lightning lit up momentarily the distant masses of cloud while the sullen rumble of thunder could now and then be heard.

A thin white line on the ocean, behind which the clouds seemed to merge themselves in the sea, showed, at last, where the squall, the precursor [sic] of the storm, was coming; and the long fronds of the coconuts began to ripple in the first light gusts. The squall reached the reef which, suddenly, was apparently obliterated, and it could then be seen that, close upon the heels of the wind, was a wall of rain, utterly impossible to see through. The lightning had by this time increased in brilliance, while the thunder changed its rumble to a roar.

Then the squall reached us, and the ripple of the coconuts changed to a complaining sound, as the leaves threshed around, while the long trunks bent to the fury of the wind, and then to the rain. The rattle of it on the roof was almost louder than the thunder, which kept up peal after peal, with hardly an interval between.

“Well, Tarie”, I said, “This seems to be quite a little thunder shower”.

“Yes”, she said seriously. “Some one of the family of the kings (high chiefs) is dead”.

“Why?” said I. “Does a prince die every time there is a thunderstorm?”

“Now”, she said, “You want to laugh at me. But if you listen I will tell you, and you will learn some more that you did not learn in Meriti. You have been here a long time now, and have you ever seen a storm like this before? No, I know you have not. Sometimes there is thunder, but not much; but, when it comes like this, to-day, then we know that a child of the kings is dead.

“It has always been so. Long before the white men came it was so, and it will still be so while any of the kings are left in Tahiti. When Pomare V. died I was in Huahine, and a storm like this came there, only it was a worse storm than this and a very old man there said: ‘This is a storm of the kings. When

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<sup>60</sup> A slightly different version of this article appears as Tale #64 in *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*. WWB states there that the Trader MacFarlane was once of Victoria, British Columbia. In 1898, [George Archibald McTavish \(1856–1922\)](#) moved from Victoria to Moorea, where he lived under the name of Macfarlane. [Link to Ancestry.com](#) (registration required)



the next ship comes from Tahiti, they will tell you that Pomare is dead'. And he bought black cloth and made himself a black pareu and a black shirt, and he made his wife and daughter cut off their hair and make themselves black clothes, for he was a fetii (relation) of the king. And, true, when a ship did come, they said that Pomare had died on that day the old man said he did".

Pomare V. died on June 12, 1891.

. . . . .

In confirmation of this native belief, there was a local happening of the same character in Papeete in January, 1901, which is worth recording. An earthquake and a veritable tornado struck the little town. Two women of mature age, each the mother of many children, were together in one of their homes. One was a pure native, the other a half-caste, with British blood in her veins. They talked of the portent in the presence of one who related the story to the writer; and from its great severity, they were certain that some very great personage in the world had died. The half-caste was fully convinced that it must be the greatest ruler of that day, Beretania's Queen.

It was so. Queen Victoria died on January 22, 1901

— W. W. BOLTON.

## 16 May 1939, pages 52–53 — *Some Common Errors in Tahitian History*

### SOME COMMON ERRORS

#### In Tahitian History

BY W. W. BOLTON, M.A.

IT is ever hard to catch up with error, and silence it for good and all; but at least Truth should be given a chance.

As to Tahiti, there has been an astonishing lack of accuracy in fundamental matters, which writer after writer glibly passes on as facts. In the hope that some stay may be brought about in this dissemination of flagrant errors, the writer would call attention to some of the chief ones prevalent to-day. To enumerate them all would be to strain attention to the limit.

Error 1: That the present day "Society" Group was so named by Captain Cook.

When he arrived at Tahiti, after Wallis, he knew from the Admiralty records that Tahiti and its adjoining islands were already marked down as the Georgian Group. Neither Wallis nor he knew anything of another group within a hundred miles, but Cook was informed of the fact by a leading Raiatean native, named Tupaia, who was keen to return to his home, and offered to steer Cook if he would bear him back. Cook did so and, first of white men, saw the group of islands to the leeward of the Georgian, to which he gave the name "Society", after the Royal Society, which had worked for his voyage to the Great South Sea, to observe the transit of Venus. Both the "Command Papers presented to the British Parliament", covering the disturbing years of 1822–1847, and the annual reports of the early missionaries to the L.M.S., deal with the Georgian and the Society Groups as entirely different. How the Leeward name of 1769 absorbed — as it does to-day the Windward name of 1767 is another story, here irrelevant.

Error 2: That Pomare I. was the first King of Tahiti.

He tried for many of his later years to reach that height of his ambition, but failed. Papara District defied him, to his death. It cannot be too clearly pressed home that he founded no royal dynasty, but only a dynastic name. He was the first Pomare, that was all. It was his son, Pomare II., who was the first king, and raised his house to Royalty. To the first white men, both sailormen and missionaries, it was inconceivable that any land, even though an island, should be without its king, and they gave the rank and title to anyone who seemed to be of real importance. This led to endless trouble, even savage warfare, by those who could not conceive of one chief being head and front of the rest.

Error 3: That Papeete was one of the villages of Tahiti from time immemorial.

Not one of the pioneers even mention it as existing. Cook saw it from beyond the barrier reef, and noted it down as Nanu. He dared not try the Pass, to enter the roomy, placid lagoon; but, like Wallis and Bligh and Vancouver, had to be content with the Matavai roadstead. The first missionaries walked through the site of the present town, but it was a series of family waterfront properties, without a name, save that its one feature was the great House of Assembly, "The Nanu", which stood where now stands a pineapple canning factory. It was not till Pomare the Second's day that it took shape, from a straggling line of natives' homes to a place of settlement for white folk. It dates from the first decade of 1800 or shortly after. Pomare II. returned from exile to Arue in 1808 and writes from "Papeiti" in 1812.

Error 4: That Tahiti lies in "The South Seas" (plural).

The Pacific Ocean, save on its western coast line, is one, undivided whole, north and south of the Equator. Tahiti lies in "The South Sea" (singular). This term was first used by the Spaniards, then fixed historically by "The South Sea Bubble", and used in all reports from whalers as a general term for their hunting ground. The use of the plural, so common to-day, save when occasionally the singular is forced into use in an adjectival sense, is a careless, though undoubtedly poetic indifference to fact. To those of Europe who first gazed upon or sailed it, despite the broad Atlantic, the Pacific was its superior, "The Great South Sea". Geography has its rights, even though they be condemned, and to know the Truth is wholesome, even if unwelcome — as these notes may be to some who hate correction of what they have held as facts.

Error 5: That the Brander branch of the Royal Family holds the headship of the Pomare Family to-day.

If Pomare V. had not surrendered his sovereignty to France, Tamatoa Brander would be Pomare VIII. to-day; his father, John Brander, would have been Pomare VII.; his grandmother, Vaetua, Pomare VI. But, having given up his crown, he adopted as his son and heir his nephew Hinoi, the princely son of his youngest brother, who was recognised as head, after his uncle's death and throughout his life. He left two sons; his eldest, Prince Hinoi II., succeeding him, who, dying without issue, the headship passed to his brother of to-day, Prince Ariipaea.

Error 6: That heraldic titles can be used indiscriminately without reference to its laws.

These are very strict, else what is high honour and special right would become a matter of small moment. In the Pomare Family, those only are entitled to bear the supreme insignia of worldly honours who come through the male line. One branch alone — the Hinoi line — traces back throughout as male, not a female one. Its present day head is as stated above; nor does Tahiti lack for princes and princesses with his numerous, charming and unassuming group of bairns around him. The Pomare surname and high titles will take long a-dying.

15 December 1939, pages 37–38 — *Tahiti's First Ships*

TAHITI'S FIRST SHIPS

Valuable Historical Compilation

BY W. W. BOLTON, M.A.

(NOTE — Here is an invaluable addition to the history of Eastern Polynesia. Mr. W. W. Bolton, M.A., an Englishman, resident in Tahiti, has devoted several years to exact historical research; and, from an examination of endless data, he has compiled the following list of the first ships to visit Tahiti. This list, and especially the notes attached thereto, should serve to correct many errors.)

THE arrivals of the earliest ships at Tahiti, up to 1801, were as follows:—

1767 — H.M.S. “Dolphin”: Captain Wallis. Made a stay of 36 days. Left a pennant flying ashore. (See note.)

1768 — Frigate “Boudeuse”: de Bougainville. Stay of nine days. <sup>61</sup>

1769 — H.M.S. “Endeavour”: Cook. Stay of 90 days.

1772 — Frigate “Aguila”: Boenechea. Stay of 30 days. (Tracking the English in Spain’s preserve.)

1773 — H.M.S. “Resolution”: Cook. Stay of 15 days.

1774 — H.M.S. “Resolution”: Cook. Stay of 22 days.

1774 — Frigate “Aguila”: Boenechea. Stay of 60 days. (Brought two priests who stayed 350 days.)

1775 — Frigate “Aguila”: Langara. Stay of nine days. (Took the priests back to Peru.)

1777 — H.M.S. “Resolution”: Cook. Stay of 49 days.

1788 — “Lady Penrhyn”, a convict ship on its way home from N.S.W.

1788 — “Bounty”: Bligh.

1789 — Swedish vessel: Cox, the master. <sup>62</sup> Left a Union Jack as a gift to Pomare. (See note.)

1791 — “Pandora”: Edwards. Carried off the “Bounty” mutineers who had remained on Tahiti.

1791 — H.M.S. “Discovery”: Vancouver.

1792 — “Matilda”: A whaling ship. Wrecked in the Tuamotus. No loss of life.

1792 — “Providence”: Bligh.

1793 — “Prince William Henry”. Bore off the “Matilda’s” crew.

1793 — “Daedulus” <sup>63</sup> : A store ship. Two Swedes deserted and “went native”; became useful as interpreters.

1797 — “Duff”: Captain James Wilson, with L.M.S. party.

1798 (March) — “Nautilus”: A whaling ship. Bore off 11 of the L.M.S. band.

1798 (August) — “Sally”: A whaling ship. Explosion of powder secured by natives killed the High Chief Temarii.

<sup>61</sup> PIM has *Boudense*, yet another example of difficulty with WWB’s handwriting of *n* and *u*.

<sup>62</sup> Fur trade brig, *Mercury*

<sup>63</sup> Captain Vancouver’s storeship. WWB has *Doedulus*.

1798 (August) — “Cornwall”: A whaling ship.

1801 — “Royal Admiral”: Captain William Wilson. A convict ship.

### NOTES ON THE ABOVE

All these ships dropped anchor at Matavai (now known as Point Venus), except de Bougainville, at Hitiaa, and the Spaniards, at Tautira.

The pennant that Wallis set up ashore, at Matavai, was coolly borne off by Amo and Parea, to be used by their young son Teriirere at his marae in the district of Papara as a symbol of political power over the Teva clan. It had further travels, being borne off in triumph, later on, by their enemy Tutaha, to his marae at Paea. There Cook saw it ornamented with yellow, black and red feathers. Later still, when Pomare mastered Paea, he carried it off to his marae at Pare-Arue, the district where Wallis had planted it.

The Union Jack of Captain Cox gave added lustre to Pomare’s claim to supremacy and added bitter offence to his relentless opponents.

Boenechea laying claim to Tahiti for his sovereign raised a wooden cross ashore inscribed: “Christus vincit — Carolus III., Imperator, 1774”. Cook, on his last visit, inscribed on the reverse side of the cross: “Georgius tertius Rex — Anni, 1767–1769, 1773–1774 et 1777”. Carolus, on hearing of this, gave orders for its removal. But that mission never arrived — Spain had her hands full elsewhere.

The “Duff” did not arrive a second time at Tahiti. It started, but was captured by a Buonaparte privateer, off Cape Frio, on February 19, 1799, and was sold at Montevideo. Its end is unknown. Those aboard made their way back to England, after considerable difficulty and privation. This historic craft was a vessel of 267 tons, its length 96½ feet, its beam 25 ft. 8 inches. It had two decks, three masts, a square stern and a manhead. It cost the L.M.S. £5,000. Leaving Tahiti in 1797, the “Duff” was headed for Canton, where tea was shipped, for which the East India company paid £4,800 on the “Duff’s” return to London on July 11, 1798. Its flag was “purple, with three doves argent, bearing olive branches in their bills”.

There were 25 souls landed at Matavai from the “Duff”, viz., 17 men, 5 women and 3 children. Of the men, whose ages ran from 20 to 37, there were 4 ministers, 4 carpenters, a bricklayer, a wheelwright, a gardener, a grazier, a harness-maker, a weaver, a tailor, a shoemaker and a linen-draper. The graves of three of these are on Tahiti, and one on Moorea, beyond Tahiti. Two lie at Parramatta, N.S.W., one at Ryde, N.S.W., one at Port Jackson, N.S.W., and one was lost with his ship at sea. The remaining eight returned to England.

The “Royal Admiral” provided accommodation for only nine — all men. The graves of two of these lie on Tahiti and one on Moorea.

All the above graves, on the two islands, are known and marked.

**15 February 1940, pages 46–47 — *How Rev. McKean Was Killed***

**How Rev. McKean Was Killed**

**Light on a Point of Tahitian History**

BY W. W. BOLTON, M.A.

“SHOT at his door during the fight at Point Venus, June 30, 1844” — so runs the legend on the tombstone of Rev. T. S. McKean,<sup>64</sup> of Tahiti.

For years, the reason for this untoward happening puzzled the writer. Was it a pure accident, or done on purpose? Was it a French bullet or a Tahitian that ended his short career? — for he was but 37. Was he an impediment to the French, by a determined backing up of the patriots, or was he, like his fellow missionary, the accomplished but erratic Orsmund, considered a traitor to their own cause?

There was none locally, of to-day, who could throw light upon the matter.

There was a running fight amid the heavily timbered promontory, and a stray bullet from an unknown source found its billet on an onlooker who should have been elsewhere when bullets were flying — this was the only comment obtainable.

Then, haply, one day, there came into the writer’s hands a book with an engaging title, “Rovings in the Pacific”, its date 1851, written by one who refers to himself as “a merchant long resident on Tahiti”, but who was clearly Edward Lucett,<sup>65</sup> by much unmistakeable evidence therein.<sup>66</sup> It was he who, respected by both sides, made a gallant though ineffectual effort to bring about peace two years after the tragedy now dealt with, going to the patriots’ camp at Papenoo and arguing for settlement.

He was an Englishman to the core (his birth place Ealing, Middlesex) and he saw the hopelessness of the situation. He and his Tahitian wife, Mary, now sleep their long sleep, side by side, in Pa Uranie, Papeete’s picturesque cemetery, their graves the first to be met with as one enters the lofty iron gates, and passes to the right hand, an English surgeon, lying hard by.

Under the date, 1844, the long-sought information was clear, and the incident is vividly described as follows:—

“The French Governor<sup>67</sup> had marched to Point Venus, intelligence having been given by a renegade native that his countrymen were assembling in that quarter. The Governor proceeded to the house of the Rev. Mr. McKean, and remained some time conversing with him and another of the missionaries who happened to be present, endeavouring to persuade them to take charge of a drunken French soldier who could neither walk nor keep his seat on horseback.

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<sup>64</sup> See [Memoir of the Rev. Thomas S. McKean: missionary at Tahiti: who was killed by a musket-shot, during an engagement between the French and the natives, on the 30th of June, 1844.](#)

<sup>65</sup> Edward Lucett (1815–1853)

<sup>66</sup> Volumes 1 and 2 of *Rovings in the Pacific, From 1837 to 1849: With a Glance at California* by Edward Lucett can be found [here](#) and [here](#). David Forbes in [Hawaiian National Bibliography, 1780–1900](#) states that “The author, a merchant long resident at Tahiti, had left his native England in 1837 for New South Wales, and after a stay there continued on to New Zealand. He gives a lively account of both places. He settled in Tahiti, but much of his life was spent trading among various Pacific island groups and in South America...”

<sup>67</sup> [Armand Joseph Bruat \(1796–1855\)](#)



“A boat was in readiness to convey the reverend gentlemen to Papeete, and the Governor urged them to take his man with them, saying ‘he knew that the natives would kill him if he was left behind and he would be no trouble to them as he was drunk. He would lie in the bottom of the boat like a log’.

“The missionaries gave their consent, and, the noise of firing being heard, the Governor mounted his horse to join his party; but, ere doing so, he rode to the fence and again called out to Mr. McKean, repeating his instructions respecting the care of the man. With eager politeness, Mr. McKean hastened to the end of the verandah and raised his hat in acknowledgement.

“As the Governor rode off, and Mr. McKean was in the act of re-entering his house, a musket ball struck him in the back of the head, behind the ear. He expired without uttering a syllable. The ball lodged below the socket of the eye. It is acknowledged that it was fired by a native, although no one grieves more for the unhappy occurrence than the natives.”

Lucett goes on to say that McKean’s house was converted into a hospital and barracks for the French soldiers “with the destruction of his stock and appropriation of any convenient articles of property”. He accompanied sailors of the British ketch, the “Basilisk”, which was then in Papeete Harbour, who conveyed the body in their boat across Matavai Bay to bury it “shrouded in its bloody vestments”, alongside Nott, who had died the month before.

There seems no reason to doubt that the sharpshooter took aim at Bruat who, on horseback, would be on a level with McKean on his verandah, and that the natives placed Bruat and his party as the cause of the tragedy.

This latter point seems evident from an incident, little known even locally, but recorded by the French historian, Caillot<sup>68</sup> as occurring that same day. With the French soldiers eight miles away to the north, the patriots, hovering on the south of Papeete, saw their chance and entered the little town. Ill news ever travels fast. That afternoon and night, revenge for all and sundry wrongs was had by committing to the flames the entire Catholic Mission buildings in its centre. Everything went up in smoke — alters and vestments, furniture and clothing, books and Mss. This latter was indeed a loss, for the then ailing Father Caret (he, with Father Laval, being the cause of all the trouble) had compiled dictionaries of both the Marquesan and Tahitian languages in his heyday, and his death was evidently not far off. He died in October of that year, aged 42. Those were strenuous days on Tahiti.<sup>69</sup>

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<sup>68</sup> Eugène Caillot (1866–1938)

<sup>69</sup> See the article, *M. Moerenhout*, in the 25 June 1935 edition of PIM, pages 37–38, in Part VII, regarding the trouble that followed Queen Pomare’s ban against the landing of French priests. See also *The Tragedy of T. S. McKean* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.



The gravestones of Rev. T. S. McKean, M.A., (on the left) and of Rev. Henry Nott, in Tahiti. The story of the removal and recovery of these gravestones, and the building of the wall, was told in the “P.I.M” of January, 1938. — Photo by Simpson.

## 16 April 1940, pages 34–36 — *Pot-pourri of Tahitian History*

### Pot-pourri of Tahitian History

BY W. W. BOLTON, M.A.

THE second Pomare, before ever attaining kingship, had no small opinion of himself, nor allowed his followers to think otherwise. He named his residence the “Clouds of Heaven” (Aorai), his canoe the “Rainbow” (Anuanua), his torch for the night the “Lightening” (Uira), his riding on the shoulders of slaves his “Flying” (Mahuta), his drum the “Thunder” (Patiri) and completed the list with his title “Otunuiteatua”, which interpreted reads “The great Tu, the god”. What other high chiefs on Tahiti thought of these grand airs and mighty claims is not recorded.

. . . . .

RATS were indigenous in Tahiti, but not cats. Whence came the cats? Wallis and Cook were the benefactors. When the “Duff” arrived in 1797, its cats could not seemingly be spared, for we read in the Journal of the missionaries who came ashore: “Some of the Brethren being troubled with rats last night, we this day applied to the king for some cats”. They were handed over, 4 in number. Crook, who was left, alone, in the Marquesas makes an entry in his diary, dated June 12, 1797, before the “Duff” sailed away: “Went aboard. In the evening returned on shore with some goods and 2 cats”. The Captain was open handed this time. We have here — unless Mendana dropped some in 1595 — the progenitors of Marquesan cats of to-day.<sup>70</sup>

. . . . .

TAHITIANS of the past were a light-fingered gentry, from the highest chiefs down. Theft was a natural instinct and habit of the entire island, and they had a special god of theft, named Hiro, to bless them on their enterprise and success. To be caught red-handed, however, the penalty was death.

<sup>70</sup> See *Introduction of Cats* in the Appendix of *Old Time Tahiti*.

To guard their possessions the pioneer white folk had a hard time. It was well-nigh a hopeless struggle. Here is one entry out of many:

“December 27, 1798. Otuu, hearing Brother Broomhall had in his possession a large Bible with cuts, demanded to see it. The book was brought. After awhile, he sent Brother Broomhall to fetch another picture book. While absent, Otuu dexterously removed the plate that represented Adam and Eve in Paradise in a state of innocence, and returned the Book without any intimation of what he had done. He unfortunately had been previously informed that the persons the plate represented the parents from whom Englishman, Otaheitean and all men originally come.” There was no return of stolen goods.

. . . . .

**ROADS** had to wait: trails were good enough through the bush. Jefferson writes in 1798: “The roads are the sea beach, and narrow footpaths inland are seldom wide enough to admit 2 persons to walk abreast.”

It was so till the 1830’s, when Queen Pomare reigned. She delighted in riding — not slaves, but horses — and determined on connecting the villages round the coast into one continuous run for both horse and vehicle.

In an Australian newspaper dated in March, 1833, one reads: “Round the island, for a distance of 120 miles, is a raised road, which goes by the name of the Broom Road. It is formed by the natives who are sent there as a punishment for any offence they might have committed.”

There is no such bush on Tahiti as Broom, hence the name has largely remained a mystery, with wildest guesses attached. Yet the solution seems clear enough to those who dig into the past. Orders were issued that all owners of property fronting the highway, throughout its entire length, should keep their portion clear of leaves. The locally-made brooms (from the rib of the coconut leaf) were much in use and evidence. Hence white folk facetiously designated the nameless highway as the Broom Road, and the name stuck.<sup>71</sup>

. . . . .

**THE** “cloth” so often mentioned in connection with gifts of olden times was manufactured from the inner bark of the banyan and paper-mulberry trees, which underwent a long process of softening in water, and was then beaten with wooden pounders against a prepared wooden log until all the fibres had closely knit. The different grooves in the pounders gave a variety of textures to the material. The cloth was stained in patterns from various juices extracted from trees, bushes, plants, bark and nuts.

<sup>72</sup>

. . . . .

**FOR** long-winded names of individuals Tahitians are still famous — even Wales is left behind. The latter has its unpronounceable consonants, but with Tahitian every vowel has to be sounded separately, which is little less a difficulty to the outsider. Here are a few names gathered haphazardly — some of the dead, some of the living:

“Moeterauritetupaiahaviri”.

<sup>71</sup> See *The Island Highway* in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>72</sup> See also *Native Cloth* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, and *Cloth Making (Tapa) and Mats* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.

“Haamanahiaamaheanuamai”.

The champion, however, so far found, most surely is:

“Hinaariitetanuiiteraiipoiaiterataiafaanuievau”.<sup>73</sup>

Try to call her to your side in a single breath!

. . . . .

THE second Pomare opened these notes: let him close them. He was an avid penman and as avid in requests. Here with a sample to the Directors of the Missionary Society in London:

*“Matavae, Otahete, January 1, 1807: Friends — I hope you will consent to my request, which is this: I wish you to send a great number of men, women and children here. Friends, send also property and cloth for us. Friends, send also plenty of musquets and powder, for wars are frequent in our country. This also I wish, that you would send me all the curious things you have in England. Also send me everything necessary for writing, paper, ink and pens in abundance; let no writing materials be wanting. Friends, I have done and have nothing at all more to ask you for.”*<sup>74</sup> He clearly lacked any saving grace of modesty and those religious folk in London must have received quite a shock over so prodigious an order, including the guns for slaughter.

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<sup>73</sup> This name (but not the other two) is also discussed in Tale #12, *Of Nomenclature (2)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*. This person is shown in Plate 2, *Granddaughters of Prince Hinoi, Daughters of Prince Ariipaea*, in Tale #12. See also *Tahiti Vies With Wales* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, and *Nouns, Names and Negatives* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

<sup>74</sup> This letter is also found in *Pomare II's Correspondence* in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti*.



Prince Hinoi II, of Tahiti, who died in 1934, was the son of Prince Hinoi I (died 1916), the full name of both being Terii-hinoi-atua. Hinoi II was a man of huge proportions. Prince Ariipaea, his brother, could, if he so chose, assume (according to Tahitian custom) the name of Hinoi III. This was the case — little known however — with Pomare V who, upon the death of his elder brother, Arii-aue (born on Motu-uta, the islet in Papeete Harbour, August 12, 1836, and died May 13, 1855) assumed the name of the heir to the Throne, in addition to his own name of Tera-tane.

**15 June 1940, pages 40–41 — *First Printing Press in Polynesia***

### **First Printing Press in Polynesia**

IT was March, 1797, when the first printing press was landed from the “Duff” at Matavai, Tahiti, for the use of the Brethren sent out by the L.M.S. Its career was troubled, its fate was hard. Here are the facts.

One only, of the company of 17, had learned the business, and he was one of the four ordained ministers. It is not known if he had had special training before setting out or if, previous to ordination, he had been a printer. Upon the shoulders of the unfortunate Thomas Lewis, aged 31, fell the burden.

The cases were landed and the Brethren, in their simplicity, thought to have all soon under way. The language was soon to be mastered, and a Spelling Book distributed, the foundation of Catechisms, Hymnals and Prayers, previous to the supreme aim, the distribution among the pagans of the Word of God.



But they soon found that the acquirement of the language was very far from an easy task and that the reports of the captains of calling vessels were far from the truth. The printing press had to remain in its cases in the storeroom; the months passed by, and progress was exceedingly slow.

Over a year had passed when they wrote Home, on August 26, 1798: "Our time has principally been engaged in labouring to acquire a knowledge of the language of the country, which we find all Europeans who ever visited Otaheite have utterly mistaken as to spelling, pronunciation, ease in learning and the barrenness of it. We have already joined some thousands of words and we believe some thousands yet remain."

It was heart-breaking work, even to learn to speak it, much more so to reduce it to print. As a matter of fact, it was not until March, 1805 (eight years' toil) that they felt capable of deciding upon an alphabet of the language — though Henry Nott had won out as a speaker four years previously. They wrote Home in August, 1801, that he would address the natives for the first time in their own tongue "on the next Lord's Day".

But that printing press was handled, though not set up, just before that letter of August, 1798. They determined upon some division of their goods, and we read under date of June 2, 1798, "To-day we divided among us some of the most valuable books. . . the others were carefully packed up in a dry cask"; and here comes in that father of all Polynesian Presses: "The printing and binding presses, with their appurtenances and some printing paper, Brother Lewis will keep in his possession, if possible." They do not state why it might not be possible. The man's tragedy, to come, was not then even in the offing. It seems more likely to be the fear of burglary, for they were heavy sufferers by then and had to set watch day and night to keep aught for themselves.

And, though the press was as useless to them as to the natives, save as iron, they would make a bid to save it. The very next day we read that they were busy "Fitting up a printer's shop."

Then fell the first blow. The printer left — was expelled from the Society — and, before another year was out, they laid his body in a grave not a stone's throw from where his press stood.

Bereft of what they had so eagerly worked for, the printed word, they kept bravely on, reducing the language to some printable order. Entry after entry is made, in their Journal, of their struggle and hard travail.

Those men are fully worthy of both record and praise. They had had no special training for such work. Apart from Jefferson, they were but poorly educated; for Lewis was dead, and Cover, with Eyre, had fled. They had all the difficult problems to solve by and for themselves. All through 1805–1806 they met twice a week, and stopped at nothing to aid them. "We have paid a native for attending our meetings in order to ascertain the proper pronunciation of every word which we have (so far) written down"; and they claimed that there was then a full 5,000 words in the Tahitian vocabulary.

Then fell the second and final blow for that pioneer press. In December, 1808, Pomare and all the Brethren fled from the island; Matavai was deserted; the chapel and the missionary houses, the storeroom, the blacksmith's shop, livestock of many kinds, the orange-groves and vegetables, and the printing shop — there was not a soul on guard. Down upon that tongue of land — to-day more generally known as Point Venus — the pagan hordes swept, and thoroughly wrecked the place, carrying off everything they could lay their hands on, and, in chief, what most of all they coveted and prized, iron.

So was *Finis* written to the pioneer printing press of Polynesia. It had never functioned, and it was smashed to pieces for its precious metal. Printing had to wait for a brighter day.

MOOREA, lying hard by, claims rightfully that it saw the first South Sea printing done. It came about in this way.

Eight full years had passed when, in February, 1817, a fresh contingent of the Brethren arrived from Sydney, among them William Ellis, later the author of “Polynesian Researches”, and for years the Foreign Secretary of the L.M.S. in London. He had had special training before leaving home as to both printing and book-binding and, along with him, came a second press, with ample fount, paper and binding for a start. The press was installed at Afareaitu, Moorea, in March, 1817.

Operations commenced on June 10, 1817. We read: “Pomare arrived to witness the first composing for the printing press done in his dominions. He was asked if he would like to do the first himself. He answered ‘Yes.’ The composing stick was then put into his hand and he was directed from whence to take the letters and how to place them until he had composed the alphabet at the beginning of the Tahitian Spelling Book. He appeared much pleased.”

That press was kept hard at work for many months, till a shortage came of paper and of binding. Sydney supplied paper. Ellis, ever full of resource, called upon natives of the island for goat, cat and dog skins, and showed them the craft of tanning, the result (“being but indifferent tanners”) not very good, but the binding was certainly strong. So the work went on — spelling books, catechisms, scripture lessons issued by the thousand.

In 1818, Ellis — a born roamer — decided to follow his friend John Williams, to Raiatea, and with him went the printing press. In 1819 two more printing presses were sent from Home. Before Pomare’s death in 1821, printing had ceased to be a novelty.

— W. W. BOLTON

## May 1942, pages 32–33 — *Some Old-Time Tahitian Customs*

### SOME OLD-TIME TAHITIAN CUSTOMS

BY W. W. Bolton, MA, of Tahiti

FORTUNATELY for those interested in the past, we have accounts by those who witnessed these strange customs, between the years 1797–1802, duly recorded. In this article, I have either outlined them or quoted in full.<sup>75</sup>

#### MARRIAGE

MARRIAGE ever played an important part in Tahitian society, whether aristocratic or plebeian. There was, moreover, a recognized table of affinity, or prohibited degrees, as to matrimony, though the high and mighty ones did not always observe such rules in eugenics. These unions through marriage were often matters of profound and social consequence among the Arii, for their women had equal rights and status with the men. Purea’s history, alike with Itea’s, proves this to the hilt.<sup>76</sup> Among the common folk, unions were not promiscuous, and the knot was tied in a normal, if in a less grandiloquent manner. Here is such an occasion.

<sup>75</sup> See also *Some Old Time Tahitian Customs* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, and *Some Customs in Early Missionary Days* in *Pioneer Missionaries of Tahiti*, also in Part IX.

<sup>76</sup> [Purea](#), also known as Oberea, was the chieftess who met with Samuel Wallis in July 1767. Itea was her niece.

With dawn, friends assembled for the ceremony. The mother and uncles of the bride were soon busy giving cloth (tapa) to the welcomed visitors, in one of the houses of the family a kind of altar was erected, covered with a piece of white cloth, and placed thereon were some old cloths which had lately been used to cover the tomb of the deceased father of the bride. The distribution finished, the parties went to the family's domestic marae, where the ceremony commenced, with spreading a large piece of cloth — this white — across the pavement. This done, the bride and bridegroom each changed their dress and took their seats on the ground, about six yards apart, with the marae between them.

Now the mother of the bride, with two or three female relations, having taken a sugar-cane and broken it into small pieces, laid the same upon the leaves of a tree called Amai. The mother and female assistants then wounded their heads with shark's teeth, and caught the blood upon the leaves, on which were placed the broken sugar-cane, which were thereupon presented by both male and female relatives to the bride and bridegroom. They were then offered to the god of the family, and laid upon the altar of the marae. There was no solemnity about it — all was done with levity.

Next, the mother of the bride produced the skulls of her deceased husband and elder brother, which she had preserved; and, anointing them with coconut oil, she placed them on the altar in front of the leaves, the broken sugar-cane, and the blood.

All now being finished, the cloth spread upon the pavement was folded up and, awhile later, was presented to the High Chief, at the place wherever he might be.

### MAKING PEACE

**PEACE-MAKING**, after war between districts, not being possible by pen and paper, objects were called upon in place thereof.

On the summit of a hill a pole was set up, upon which were fastened a dead dog and a young plantain tree. By this standard, notice was given to all that peace reigned supreme.

If any were to break down the pole, it would be looked upon as a deliberate challenge to war. If, by any mischance, it should fall, the High Chief must be at once informed, and a declaration made of its not being intentionally done.

Were chiefs to have misunderstandings, atonement could be made by one or other of the parties, who felt his case was weak, by certain specified gifts. If to a High Chief, it was a live pig and a young plantain tree; if to a lesser chief, a young chicken, together with a plantain tree, would suffice. The live stock was looked upon as a sin offering, the banana as a peace offering — and so the trouble was closed.

### THE USE OF LIQUOR

**LIQUOR** stronger than water was much in request. Kava was the stand-by custom of that day and was drunk to excess by both chiefs and the common people.

“It is a root of a sharp, peppery taste, which is chewed and spat into a wooden bowl, into which coconut milk is poured and after a little while, fermentation is excited, when the whole is strained and wrung through coconut husk, then served in cups of leaves made on the spot and thrown aside when once used.

“The effect it produces is a weakness in the legs at the time, but not of the brain; but its continued use is visible from the head to the soles of the feet. The eyes of the drinkers are much bloodshot and at

times very sore, the skin is covered with a thick scurf, and the soles of the feet become chopped or cracked. It also subjects some to fits.

“Notwithstanding the filthy manner of preparation, its nauseous smell and, to many, its disagreeable taste, it is as much admired by Otaheitean epicures as the finest wines produced in Italy or France are by the most refined sensualist at Home.”

But a change came in 1798, with the arrival on Tahiti of some Hawaiians who came on the scene by the “Nautilus”. On Hawaii, spirits had long been distilled from the Ti root, which grows just as abundantly on Tahiti. Ti has many varieties, and its uses were numerous, but alcohol therefrom was, up to that year, beyond their ken.

Under the direction of the newcomers, the new liquor was evolved, and it played havoc with the natives, from the High Chiefs to the humblest of the people. The labour of distillation was great with but a rough, unsightly machine as the only means.

Pomare II was very partial to the flowing bowl, and he sought something more up-to-date. He appealed to one of the “Duff” company, Hassall, at Sydney (NSW), as follows:—

“Matavae, Otahete, January 1, 1807 — Sir, I shall esteem it a favour if you can procure me a still, in return for which, if hogs will be acceptable, please to write to me that I may know how many. I am, Sir, Yours, etc., Pomare.”

Hassell replied diplomatically that the laws prohibited under heavy penalty any person from making a still; but, if at some future time circumstances permitted, he would send one.

### PERSONAL DECORATION

TATOOING was considered a most pleasing and graceful adornment for both sexes.

“It is commenced at an early age and gradually the patterns spread themselves over most of the body of the man; women are restricted to their hands, fingers, wrists, feet and ankles, mittens for the hands, rings for the fingers, bracelets for the wrists, sandals for feet and ankles. The men have chest and back, arms and legs covered with a great variety of figures, trees and vines, birds, beasts and fish, circles and squares, with feet like to the woman’s. The face and throat are rarely marked and, if so, it is but a small mark on the forehead.

“The Tatatau uses either the sharpened bones of birds or the teeth of fishes. The dye is the drippings of oil obtained by burning the fruit of the candlenut, which turns from jet black <sup>77</sup> to blue when it comes in contact with the skin.”

This custom was fiercely denounced by the missionaries; and Terito, the widow of the second Pomare, was considered quite out of the pale when she called in the Tatatau to adorn her body with the markings of the heathen.

### DISPOSAL OF DEAD

BURIAL was either sun-drying and cave, or the direct burial of the corpse. Coffins were unknown; and if the two Spaniards (the “Boenechea” Captain and his sailorman) were not interred in 1774 at Tautira in coffins, the responsibility for the innovation may go to the “Brethren”.

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<sup>77</sup> The word *black* is missing from the article, but is included in *Some Old Time Tahitian Customs* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

A boy known to the Brethren, who fell from a breadfruit tree on Christmas Day, died on December 30; and an entry in their journal for the year 1797 reads as follows:—

“Brother Puckey promised to make a coffin for the child, which was carried the next day by four little boys, and several of the Brethren followed. This being the first coffin ever made on Otaheite, they were surrounded by crowds of natives, who admired the construction of it and said ‘it would make a fine chest to put cloth in’. A long ceremony was performed by the father, which appeared to consist principally of an oration on the prospect of his future usefulness, had he lived.”

The father, mother and relatives were prevailed upon not to perform the usual custom at the conclusion of the office of slashing themselves on the head and elsewhere with a shark’s tooth, the blood, flowing freely, being caught on a piece of white cloth and laid upon the grave. This was the serious side of the burial. There was a preliminary, far from serious, at the home of the deceased, as a rule.

Some 20 persons, men and boys, daubed all over with smut, red clay and white in various forms, most of them armed with sticks, attended by one dressed in a fantastic robe called a mourning dress, ran about from house to house, also round the corpse, beating their sticks against the outside, those within pretending to be scared. Suddenly they disappeared. This tumult over, the walk to the grave commenced.

### July 1942, page 14 — *Light on Half-Forgotten Incident of Early Tahiti*

#### **LIGHT ON HALF-FORGOTTEN INCIDENT OF EARLY TAHITI**

*For the following interesting and half-forgotten chapter in the history of pioneer London Missionary Society work in Tahiti we are indebted to Mr. W. W. Bolton, MA, a resident of Papeete, who, as a hobby, has carried out much historical research in Tahiti. When the first LMS missionaries came to Tahiti in 1797, they were made a grant of land by the Tahitians. Subsequently, as a result of frictions and political changes, the validity of the grant was called into question. Mr. Bolton here briefly outlines the story — mostly as an explanation of the striking picture which accompanies this article.*

MATAVAI, which includes Point Venus, was no mere loan to the first arrivals of the LMS. It was an outright gift, though they sought only land for their residence.

These facts are clearly shown by the following extract from their daily Journal, written by Jefferson, the secretary. An entry dated July 13, 1801, after a meeting held between the first Pomare (Tu the Elder), Captain James Wilson (who had just arrived in the “Royal Admiral”) and the missionaries, reads that “Captain Wilson, reminding him of his having formally made over the district of Matavai to the missionaries, and asking if we were still to consider it as ours, he answered we were; and desired to know if we wished for the native inhabitants to remove out of it. We replied that we did not want that or their land, but only residence on it.”

And, again, when on March 6, 1816, Nott, accompanied by Hayward, re-visited Matavai for the first time since the flight of December 1808, he writes to Hassall at Sydney, NSW, on the 19<sup>th</sup> anniversary of their first landing together:—

“Our old neighbours informed us that the ground where our houses and gardens formerly stood, and the whole of the district from Taraa to Tapahi, the boundaries of the district, should be ours, if we would return to reside among them again.”



The above clear evidence of rightful possession, even if it be reduced to the Point where they had dwelt, was clearly utterly unknown when, on March 18, 1851, the annual Tahitian Legislative Assembly met and formally declared — Commandant Bruat assenting (under the French Protectorate; he did not become Governor until Tahiti became a French Colony) — “That the Tahitians never gave their lands in perpetuity for their houses and their churches.”

The LMS, in London, naturally complained bitterly at such complete obliteration of their rights. They had the evidence; the Assembly must surely have lacked it for such drastic action. There was no redress, however. The cession of Matavai was but a pictured farce. Ignorance, and it alone, must excuse those men of 1851.

Once, Point Venus was a live spot, and a beautiful one. Here stood the “Bligh House” and the “British House”, the Chapel and the Store House, blacksmith’s forge, and the would-be “Printing House”.

A report sent home in July, 1823, by Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett (a deputation visiting every LMS station in the world) reads thus: “Eastward of the House they planted a fine grove of orange, lemon, citron and tamarind trees, all of which are now in their prime, and bear large quantities of fruit, which the natives use. From these trees others have been raised all over this and other islands.”<sup>78</sup>

Here, history was made, both by the earliest navigators and the earliest white men and women residents; the spot is redolent with memories. But, to-day, save for the lighthouse, Cook’s so-called monument, and a few scattered native homes, Point Venus has a forlorn look. Point Venus, the fairest portion of old-time Matavai, deserves a brighter and a better fate than is its lot.

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<sup>78</sup> See *Point Venus* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.



The above is a copy of the original steel engraving, drawn by order of the London Missionary Society to illustrate “The Cession of Matavai”. The original <sup>79</sup> was given to Mr. Bolton by the L.M.S., in recognition of his historical work, and was presented by Mr. Bolton to the British Consulate at Papeete, where now it hangs. Mr. F. Simpson made this excellent reproduction. The following description of the figures in the picture was prepared for us by Mr. Bolton:—

In the centre of the picture, on the shoulders of slaves are *Tu* the Younger (*Pomare II*) and his first wife, *Tetuanui*. Below her stands *Tu* the Elder (the first *Pomare*). On his right (and behind) is *Haapai*, his father. On *Haapai*’s right is one of his daughters, with *Mouroa*, her husband. Below *Haapai*, half crouching, is the aged priest, *Mane Mane*, speaking for *Tu* and making offer of the land. Below him, in the foreground, sits *Tetua-nui-reia*, the second wife of *Tu* the Elder, and the mother of *Tu* the Younger.

On the left hand of *Tu* the Younger (centre of picture) is Peter the Swede, <sup>80</sup> acting as interpreter. The woman just behind him is *Itea*, the first wife of *Tu* the Elder, and on Peter’s right, a little back, is *Fareroa*, *Itea*’s paramour. The kneeling woman is Mrs. Hassall. <sup>81</sup> On *Itea*’s left, somewhat back, are two of the missionaries (names unknown). The younger man, standing with hand in waistcoat, is William Wilson, nephew of Captain James Wilson, the Commander of the “*Duff*”, and who brought out the “*Royal Admiral*” in 1801. <sup>82</sup> By him stands

<sup>79</sup> The original was an engraving of the painting by [Robert A. Smirke \(1752–1845\)](#), which he did from a sketch by William Wilson. An image, in colour, of the original oil and ink on canvas is available in the Digital Collections of the National Library of Australia [here](#). See also the article “*Cession of Matavai*” published in the February 1943 edition of PIM, page 24, in Part VII.

<sup>80</sup> Peter Haggerstein or Hagersteine, who had deserted from the “*Daedalus*”, the storeship of Captain Vancouver, which arrived from Nootka on 15 February 1793.

<sup>81</sup> Elizabeth Hassall is holding her son, Samuel Otoo Hassall.

<sup>82</sup> William Wilson was also the first mate on the “*Duff*”.



Captain James Wilson.<sup>83</sup> Just back of him stands Jefferson.<sup>84</sup> The next missionary to Jefferson is unknown. Then come Mr. and Mrs. Henry;<sup>85</sup> and, seated on the ground, is Paitia, the Sub-chief of the District.

Note the breadfruit tree and the coconut palm, and Mount Aorai. The dwelling, the wall of which is just behind the missionaries, on the right, is the “Bligh House”, built by the elder *Tu* for Bligh, whose return he confidently expected. It became the first residence of the new arrivals.

## July 1942, pages 45–46 — *Quaint Speech of Niue*

### QUAINT SPEECH OF NIUE<sup>86</sup>

*(Niue is an Upheaved Mass of Broken Coral, between the Cook Islands and Samoa)*

BY W. W. BOLTON, M.A.

THE Niuean tongue is peculiar, and differs in many ways from other Polynesian dialects. It stands alone, even as does the isle itself; and, to acquire it, is not to feel at home when roaming, as the writer has these many years, among other groups or lonely specks in the South Pacific.

In the long hours of study and of acquiring some little fluency in the language, one comes across much that is both interesting and curious. The Niueans have been hard put to it to express things unknown till white men came, and their word-building is certainly ingenious and to the point.

They had “cups” from time immemorial; half a coconut shell did the business to perfection and what did they want with a handle! But a “jug” got them. They looked at it with a scrutinising eye and evolved the name “*Kapiniu loa ne fai gutu*” — “a long cup with a mouth”.

They knew no covering for the feet. “Boots”, therefore, were bad enough; but “shoes” as well! The former they dubbed “wrapping the sole with a long mouth” and merely changed “long” to “short” for shoes.

A “shirt”, which many men there prefer to exhibit right to the tail (a sheer waste of good stuff to tuck it away!) they call “the garment to be in side of”. It was a thing quite new to them, who wore but a wrapper round their loins — or still earlier, none at all.

A leaf kept their food off the ground. So there was nothing for it but to align a “plate” with the other essential at a meal: so it is a “flat cup”. As to “a frying-pan”, they gave it up as beyond their powers, and made a dash at it in Niuean sounds, namely “*panifalai*”, which is none too bad.

All their adjectives follow and do not precede their nouns, and their pronouns are never vain, dutifully following and not preceding the verb.

<sup>83</sup> The boy standing in front of the Wilsons is Thomas Hassell.

<sup>84</sup> John Jefferson was then 36 and the oldest of the missionaries. He was an ordained minister and secretary of the mission, and was appointed magistrate in 1802 by the governor of New South Wales, Captain Philip Gidley King. He died on 25 September 1807 and was buried at Matavai in one of the graves found by WWB by 1936.

<sup>85</sup> William and Sarah Henry; she died on 28 July 1812 and was buried on Moorea in another of the graves found by WWB by 1936.

<sup>86</sup> Other versions of this article appear in Chapter X of Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*, in the section *Word Building*, and in Tale #29, *Of Coined Words* (2), in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

You must walk warily with some of their words, for a single vowel makes a vast difference. To say “thick” you say “matolu”; to say “you” you must say “mutolu”; whilst to say “our” you must needs say “mautolu”.

When the missionary started in to turn the Holy Book into Niuean he had no small job on his hands, owing to lack of words. What Niuean had ever heard of corn or gold, the Sabbath or a Cross? Satan, too, and hell, heaven or synagogue, a horse or a sheep, mustard seed and silk, all were alike unknown.

Thus, to-day, we have many Greek and Latin, even Hebrew words, in use, for those missionaries were not to be beaten. They largely increased the Niuean vocabulary; and what they said, went. They started in to teach; and the poor Niuean was tied up in mental knots to give names to things. But they succeeded, as had their teachers.

“Letters” of the alphabet are “the eyes of writing”. “Ink” was easy — “writing water”, even as “medicine” became “plant water”. In those early days, Mr. Missionary used a quill pen only; so “a pen” is still a “penefulu” (“feather pen”). But “a pencil” evidently was something greater in their eyes, for it is “the talking pen”; whilst “a slate-pencil” is a “stone pen”.

When steel nibs came first to Niue they disturbed the native minds greatly. They would not give up the quill idea altogether, so they dubbed them “matafulu” — “the eye of a feather”.

A button is the same word as the moon, presumably since it was round and white; a blanket the same as a sheep, and with good reason, the former came to their hands long years before the latter; mustard is “the thing to eat that stings”. Pepper is just “pepa”.

To jump is “hopo”, correctly enough, but why should to kick be “holi”?

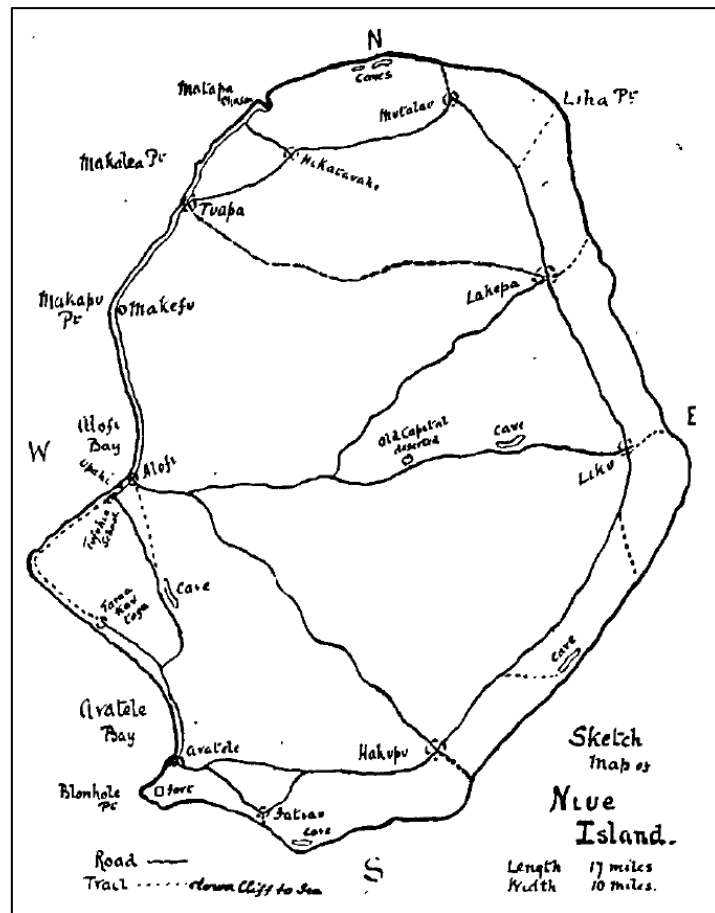
Time was not easily settled. Noon is “the sun perpendicular”; but as they have no quarter or half, they name the number of minutes either past (“mole”) or before (“keta”) the particular hour.

They have no word for “dad” or “mum”. They have “papa” and “mama”, but alas! “papa” means “a wooden club” and “mama” means “a mouthful”, and these surely are disrespectful words to use to one’s parents. Their words of endearment are very few, whilst “father” is but “male parent” and “mother” female ditto. A boy has to be content with “male child” and a girl is “female child”.

They have their ailments and name them adroitly. To be deaf is to have “a frozen ear”; to be blind is “eye-darkness”; and the parts of the body are as neatly covered. The toes are “the eyes of the feet”, just as the fingers are “the eyes of the hand”. The nails are the “moons” of one’s extremities, whilst tears are strictly apposite: “drops of water from the eyes”.

Whilst they are long-winded as a rule, they beat us handsomely at times. In “I cannot say”, we beat them hollow, for theirs is “Kua nakai maeke au ke pihe atu”. But in “what do you need it for?” they have us, for they cover it in just a single word, “moha.”

In Niuean speech every vowel must be clearly and separately sounded — no shirking and slurring as is oft with us. Try it with “tokaemenai” (and others which have preceded) and the reader will likely exclaim, with zeal and gladness its English equivalent, “enough”.



**August 1942, page 15 — W.W. Bolton attained the venerable age of 84**

**Mr. W. W. Bolton**, a well-known and highly esteemed member of the English colony in Tahiti, attained the venerable age of 84 on July 3. "He is the youngest man of his age I have ever known," writes our Tahiti correspondent. "He is strong in body, clear in mind, and is as keenly interested in all worthy things of life as the average man of fifty".

**November 1942, pages 27–29 — LMS Pioneer in the Marquesas,  
the Story of Missionary W.P. Crook**

## LMS PIONEER IN THE MARQUESAS

### The Story of Missionary W. P. Crook

BY W. W. BOLTON, MA

W. P. Crook <sup>87</sup> was but 22 years of age when the London Missionary Society's ship, "Duff", landed him and left him alone on Tahuata, Mendana's Santa Christina island, the first white resident in the entire Marquesan group.

<sup>87</sup> [William Pascoe Crook \(1775–1846\)](#)



He was to have had a companion, just twice his age, but Harris's courage failed him when the test came. It was on June 6, 1797, that the mission ship dropped anchor in Cook's Resolution Bay, and on June 27 she sailed away. Crook gathered up his last belongings aboard, and bore off with him, as his sole companions, his Bible and two cats!

He was a wide-awake, methodical young fellow and kept a diary, or journal, as he called it — a fortunate thing for us of later years, for in it we read of his daily life and doings, a vivid description of his ups and downs, told in the simplest way.

He must have been of winsome character, for he made friends at once with everyone. There was no tragedy for him as with his companions on Tonga, who paid for misunderstandings with their lives; nor lack of courage as with those on Tahiti, the majority of whom fled at the first sight of danger.

Teinae, the Chief in the Bay, agreed to Crook's and Harris's coming to reside with him. Their sea-chests and bags were landed the very next day, and Crook went ashore with the Chief. Not so, Harris, who did not land until the 14<sup>th</sup>, and at once found both food and manners highly disagreeable.

A first test came quickly. Teinae<sup>88</sup> went off to the neighbouring island of Hivaoa and left them to get supplies as best they could during his absence; and food was very short ashore, owing, seemingly, to drought. He added to their larder some welcome fish on his return. Off again he set, taking Crook along with him, to another island, Uapo, leaving Harris to the care of one Tepaihena, whose conduct was very far from satisfying both as to manners and supplies. But there was yet worse to come.

The belongings of both men were at Teinae's home, nigh a mile from the beach. Harris had a large red feather in his box and, unfortunately, he had shown it to the children of the Chief. Such a prize was too much for them and others. Upon Crook's return, the two men went aboard the "Duff," Harris determined to quit. On the 23<sup>rd</sup> he went ashore for his chest and bags and, securing the aid of two natives, started at once for the beach, despite Crook's warning against being benighted.

He was indeed benighted on the beach, and a crowd of natives gathered round him. They wanted that feather, and they broke open and plundered his box. He was thoroughly scared.

Crook heard of his plight early next morning and, gathering up his friend's bags, hastened to his aid. Harris was sitting disconsolate on his plundered box, gazing at the "Duff" at anchor in the Bay. On account of the heavy surf, the ship's boat could not approach to learn of the trouble.

The younger man, an expert swimmer, without hesitation swam off to the ship. The boat was brought as near as possible, the chest and bags put aboard, and Harris, unable to swim, was carried to it and safety. He had had enough.

Aboard the "Duff" was Peter the Swede, a beachcomber from Tahiti, who was acting as interpreter for Captain Wilson.<sup>89</sup> He had with him a Tahitian lad named Harameia, who, getting ashore, secreted himself, fearing trouble over a suspicion of theft. Crook attempted his return, but without success, and the lad, belittling the white folk on his island, was a thorn in his side.

WITH the "Duff's" departure, Crook was thrown wholly upon himself. He took up residence in one of Teinae's homes, up the valley, and made efforts to grow vegetables, the seeds of which he had with him. Not only was the weather against him, but his needed tools were promptly stolen.

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<sup>88</sup> The article has *Teinea* here and elsewhere below.

<sup>89</sup> Regarding Peter the Swede, see the footnote in the caption of the *Cession of Matavai in Light on Half-Forgotten Incident of Early Tahiti* in the July 1942 edition of PIM, page 14, in Part VII.

Food became increasingly short. As he could seldom procure the use of a canoe to fish in the Bay, he took to the water himself, with line and baited hook in his hand, other bait tied round his neck, and gallantly sought his supper.

With such need around him, was cannibalism resorted to? As a fact, he saw the bodies of two persons, killed during a raid on Hivaoa, cooked and eaten by the priests of Tahuata; but he notes that “it is pretty certain that persons are not slaughtered merely to be eaten, as it does not appear that even during the severity of this famine anyone was killed for that purpose.”

Despite the necessities of the body, the young fellow did not starve his mind. He spent much time studying his Holy Book — so much so that the natives formed the idea that the Book was his god, and left him alone at his worship.

IN January (1798) the harvest of breadfruit was a good one, and things became brighter all round. He moved to the waterfront, and started to erect a home on the stone platform which once, as a residence, had sheltered Cook, and was known as Hetehete’s pipi.

In February, the “Alexander,” of Boston, anchored in the Bay, and stayed a few days. From its captain the lone white man received much kindness. He bore off Crook’s journal to date, together with a vocabulary of Marquesan words which he had acquired, to be forwarded to London, and which were duly received. He evidently had a gift for languages, as in less than a year he could converse with the natives, though his attempts to teach them fell on stony ground.

An Hawaiian, Tama, speaking broken English, was left by the “Alexander,” with the captain’s consent, and he became devoted to Crook, whom he championed when the natives spoke lightly of the Man with the Book.

With May, came an unexpected change for him. Seeing a vessel attempting to beat up to the harbour on the evening of the 21<sup>st</sup>, Crook went off to her in a canoe, with some natives. She proved to be the “Betsy,” an American whaler. He found that the captain, in despair of getting in, was about to bear away.

Crook advised him to make for Nukahiva, an island of which the captain had no knowledge; and the younger man, keen not to lose this opportunity of writing to his directors, resolved — though destitute of everything but the clothes he wore — to accompany him, knowing that it was possible later on to return to Tahuata. The natives returned without him and the belief was held that he had sailed for Beretania.

THE “Betsy” approached Port Anna Maria on the morning of May 24. A boat, in which Crook went, was sent in to sound the harbour. As it neared the shore of Taiohae, the natives gathered on the beach. Crook saw some priests among them, and called upon them in their own language to come to him.

On learning that he was “Kruka,” of whom they had heard, they entered the canoe and went aboard. When the anchor was dropped, the priests and Crook sprang overboard and swam to the shore.

One of the priests was of highest rank and forthwith presented Crook with the name of his little grandson, Pakouteie, which was also his own, and thereby the white man became his equal in rank. The next morning Crook was duly installed “in his new affinity and dignity.”

The “Betsy” duly provisioned and watered, departed in a few days, and Crook found himself in a new situation, minus everything. He had, however, procured a Bible and some coarse writing paper from the “Betsy” — but his cats could not be replaced! He learned later that they went wild after his

departure, and their place was happily taken by the white man's truest friend — a dog which Captain Fanning, of the "Betsy," had given him.<sup>90</sup>

He was in clover; everything was at his command. He sent early word to Teinae of his purpose to remain, and to let ships know of his whereabouts. He built himself a home, and planted a garden, natives willingly helping and building a fence around, against the roaming pig. Meanwhile, he did not neglect his special mission; but, despite steady effort, failed to impress.

Seven months passed thus, the young man fitting easily into his strange surroundings, when in December (1798) two ships anchored in Comptrollers' Bay. Crook went overland to the bay and boarded the vessels. They were the "Butterworth" and the "New Euphrates," both whalers, and had come from Tahuata. Aboard the former was a chief's son from Crook's former island, Temoteitei. They lay in the district of Tipee, which was ever at war with the districts of Taiohae; and, though the Tipeeans freely pilfered articles, the captains preferred to remain where they were.

THE captain of the "Euphrates" urged Crook to accompany him to England. He deliberated long upon the proposal. He felt that, alone, he could do little to uplift the Marquesans and that direct contact with the Directors might be of use to the equipment of a proper mission.

He finally informed the natives of his purpose of going, to return with better means of doing them service. They accepted the decision. The two whalers moved to Port Anna Maria on January 7, 1799, but did not anchor, standing off and on as exchanges took place through Crook — tools and earthenware goods for hogs, coconuts and native work. On January 8, Crook went aboard the "Euphrates," where was a lad Hekonaeke, who had been shipped in Comptrollers' Bay; and the two whalers sailed to Tahuata, where the once lone white man renewed old friendships.

They made a long stay. On January 28, Crook transferred to the "Butterworth," it being resolved that that vessel should at once proceed Home, whilst the former continued its whaling for a while. Aboard with him was the chief's son, Temoteitei.

Scarcely had they sailed than another whaler, the "London," appeared at Tahuata, on which the Tahitian lad Haramaia was shipped as cabin-boy. It also was making Home. Thus Crook had the genuine article aplenty to show to his Directors.

The "Butterworth," with Crook and Marquesan Temoteitei, reached London in May, 1799; the "New Euphrates," with the Marquesan Hekonaeke, in October; the "London," with the Tahitian Haramaia, in November. There is a note that "the change of climate much affected the health of these three islanders." Their fate is unknown.

CROOK'S promise that he would return with better means of service was unfulfilled. The Directors of the LMS, for their own reasons, let the opportunity pass and had other service for the young man, who had but to obey.

But Crook did not forget. Years later (1825), whilst he was stationed on Tahiti, he sailed again for Tahuata, and left three native teachers there. With a record of fine service, he left Tahiti in 1839, retiring to Melbourne, where he died on June 14, 1846, aged 71.

With this story of a gallant young pioneer before them, let those who seem to take pleasure in casting slurs upon missionaries in general, and those of the "Duff" in particular, ask themselves one question: Would they in like circumstances have had his courage?

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<sup>90</sup> [Edmund Fanning \(1769–1841\)](#). His book, *Voyages Round the World*, published in 1833, can be found [here](#).

**November 1942, page 30 — “May God Protect You” – How Teriiri’i Led His Men From Tahiti to Noumea**

**“MAY GOD PROTECT YOU”**

**How Teriiri’i Led His Men From Tahiti to Noumea**

THE following weird, official appointment, gazetted in the “Messenger de Tahiti,” on April 3, 1859, has been kept by Mr. W. W. Bolton, MA, a well-known historian, of Papeete, Tahiti, as a literary curiosity for many years:—

**In the name of God whose mercy is infinite.**

**CHIEF TERIIRII**

**You ask to come with me to New Caledonia. I consent. Come then with us. You shall follow the invincible eagles of our Emperor from the summits of Morare to the plains of Diahot. I name you from April 1, 1859, Captain Commandant of the native contingent of the troops stationed in New Caledonia.**

**You shall have 200 francs a month  
and food.**

**May God protect you.**

**The Governor.**

**SAISSET.**

It was not until Mr. Bolton read an article, “Early Settlers in New Caledonia,” by H. E. L. Priday, in the June issue of the “PIM,” that he learned whom Teriirii was to fight. The near-poetical phrase, “from the summits of Morare to the Plains of Diahot,” still has him — and us — beaten. Perhaps some reader can enlighten him. <sup>91</sup>

In 1859, Saisset <sup>92</sup> was not only France’s Imperial Commissioner for the Society Islands, but also Governor of French Western Oceania, which included New Caledonia. Teriirii was chief of Mahina and a Toohitu (Native Judge), and on July 3, 1847, he was made a Chevallier of the Legion of Honour.

In 1853, France had taken possession of New Caledonia, but the natives could scarcely be amenable to the idea. In 1856, when Noumea’s population numbered only 129, Noumea was almost wiped out by a native rising, and in 1857 many hundreds of natives planned to surprise the town again. On this occasion, Captain Paddon warned the townspeople just in time.

In that same month (January) 13 white settlers were massacred, and their settlement, Mont Dore, razed to the ground. It is here that first mention is made of Teriirii, and of the Tahitian-New Caledonian co-operation. He and his men helped punish the responsible tribe on that occasion, and apparently spent further considerable time there — it is not until 1859 that it is recorded that Teriirii and 24 followers returned to their native Tahiti. <sup>93</sup>

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<sup>91</sup> This article can also be found in Part VIII, *Old Time Tahiti*, headed *A Weird Appointment*. WWB marks the phrase, here unknown, with an asterisk and writes on the opposite, otherwise blank page, \* *A poetical effusion for Mount Doré at the southern end to the delta of the river at the northern extremity*. This would have been after the following article, *A Phrase Explained*, was published on page 23 of the February 1943 edition of PIM. Morare is referred to in this [article](#) published in the Nelson Examiner and New Zealand Chronicle on 5 January 1856, page 4, which is an extract of the report of [Tardy de Montravel](#)’s visit to New Caledonia in 1854.

<sup>92</sup> [Jean Marie Joseph Théodore Saisset \(1810–1879\)](#)

<sup>93</sup> The massacre, which took place on 19 January 1857, is described by Priday in Chapter XI, *The Mont Dore Massacre*, of his book, [Cannibal Island](#). In his June 1942 PIM article, referred to in the November 1942 PIM article above, Priday

February 1943, page 23 — *A Phrase Explained*

## A PHRASE EXPLAINED

From Our Own Correspondent

NOUMEA, Jan. 9.

IN your November issue, Mr. W. W. Bolton, MA, of Tahiti, and the “PIM” ask for enlightenment on a phrase included in the “weird, official appointment” which gazetted the Tahitian chief Teriiri’i as Captain Commandant of the native contingent of the troops stationed in New Caledonia in 1859.

The phrase in question is the near-poetical one: “From the summits of Morare to the Plains of Diahot.”

The “summits of Morare” are the twin peaked Mont Dore, the beautiful mountain rising over Morare Bay (as it was then called, for now it is Boulari Bay). It was here that M. Berard and his 13 white settlers had just been massacred.<sup>94</sup> Mont Dore is the mountain that lies behind and to the south of the Noumea Peninsula; and putting the phrase in an unromantic way, one would say “from the south of New Caledonia to the far north.”

The Diahot (pronounced “Jowatt”) River is the island’s largest stream, the only one which runs with the axis of the island, and it empties itself into the most northerly bay, as a place called Pam. It is a mosquito-infested country, wild, and very sparsely inhabited even to-day; but, once, Australians worked there the only gold-mine that was ever made to pay — the Fernhill. There is also copper and zinc lead in the vicinity.

When Teriiri’s and his 24 Tahitians went back to Tahiti the Sydney-built and Caledonia - operated schooner “Kate” changed her name in his honour to “The Teriiri’i.”

February 1943, page 24 — *“Cession of Matavai”*

## “CESSION OF MATAVAI”

IN the July (1942) issue of the “PIM” we published a reproduction of a steel-engraving, “The Cession of Matavai” — depicting an incident of early Tahiti.<sup>95</sup> Now, from London, the Rev. Cecil Northcott, Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society, has sent us details of the origin of the engraving.

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states that “*On this occasion a Tahitian chief, named Tariirii, and his men, helped to punish the offending tribe, this being the start of Tahitian–Caledonian co-operation.*” (Oddly, there is no mention of Tariiri’i in *Cannibal Island*, which was published in 1944, well after Priday’s June 1942 PIM article.) The text in the November 1942 PIM article above “*and apparently spent further considerable time there — it is not until 1859 that it is recorded that Teriirii and 24 followers returned to their native Tahiti*” implies that Teriiri’i was already in New Caledonia in April 1859, when he was named Captain Commandant by Saisset. This, however, conflicts with the gazetted text: “*You ask to come with me to New Caledonia. I consent. Come then with us.*” In Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, under *A Weird Appointment*, WWB states that “*He returned home from New Caledonia together with 24 Tahitians under his command in November 1859. He had taken part in 2 actions and his services were no longer required.*” This also suggests that he remained in New Caledonia from 1857 to 1859. WWB’s spelling of the name in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti* is, like Priday’s, *Tariirii*, rather than *Teriirii*.

<sup>94</sup> The massacre occurred on 19 January 1857, and not in 1859; see the previous footnote.

<sup>95</sup> See *Light on Half-Forgotten Incident of Early Tahiti* in the July 1942 edition of PIM, page 14, in Part VII.



The original “Cession of Matavai” is, apparently, a large oil-painting measuring 12 ft. x 8 ft. It was presented by the London Missionary Society to Captain James Wilson, commander of the missionary ship, “Duff,” which took the first LMS missionaries to the Pacific and eventually landed them in Tahiti in 1797 to begin their work of evangelisation amongst Polynesians. Recently this picture was given back to the London Missionary Society by descendants of Captain Wilson, and is now at LMS headquarters in London.

Our reproduction was of the steel-engraving which the LMS gave to Mr. W. W. Bolton, MA, of Papeete, in recognition of his historical work in Tahiti. Mr. Bolton subsequently presented the engraving to the British Consulate in Papeete, where it is hanging to-day.

### March 1943, page 20 — *Queen Pomare’s Diary*

#### QUEEN POMARE’S DIARY

LITTLE by little, scholars are piecing together the early history of Tahiti — and especially the turbulent period prior to 1840, and the “golden age” (1840–1880). Here is an extract from a letter from Mr. W. W. Bolton, MA, who takes a keen interest in Tahiti’s history and in Pacific affairs generally:—

“For years I have been making inquiries as to the existence or not of a diary, kept by Queen Pomare IV. At last I have run it to its lair.

“The Queen was evidently not a systematic person. She made her entries when the spirit moved her. It was dire stress alone which led to the use of her pen. She was no scribbler; her penmanship is clear and good.

“Up to 1843 — just a century ago — no diary for her. There is not a word of her early life, not a word of what led to the crisis in her affairs. No mention appears of the coming of the RC priests nor of Du Petit Thours’s [sic] two visits, nor of his threats, and her forced petition for a Protectorate.

“She starts off with her troubles in the year 1843 and stops abruptly ere she fled to Raiatea (from the French). There is no entry about her many years’ self-exile, nor of her appeals from there to Queen Victoria and others.

“Without a word of explanation, the diary ends with the entry that appears in the article in your November, 1942 issue, when she returned to her home.

“The book she used is a large, unnumbered, unlined volume which she used as a sort of day-book; many a blank page and then an entry, sometimes a list of names, sometimes a note by or for herself. It may, in a measure, be called a diary, but it is but a tiny fragment of a life which ran to nigh on three score years and ten. To preserve the binding she used some variegated cloth which time — and ants! — have sadly ravaged; but the pages are as clean as when she wrote thereupon.”

After Mr. Bolton wrote, the diary was carefully translated, with a view to publication. But Mr. Bolton, after consideration, evidently decided that the diary’s contents were of a too revealing or intimate character. The translation was stopped, and publication will not be proceeded with.<sup>96</sup>

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<sup>96</sup> See also the Preface to Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.



Queen Pomare IV, from an oil painting, now in the Museum at Papeete.

**July 1943, page 9 — *Mr. W.W. Bolton, Now 85 Years Old***

## **MR. W. W. BOLTON**

**Now 85 Years Old**

From Our Tahiti Correspondent

MR. WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON — a Master of Arts (Cantab), historian, scholar, world traveller — like many wise men before him, has found tranquility on a Sabine farm. Here, as with Horace —

“Hic Tibi Copia  
Manabit ad Plenum Benigno  
Ruris Honorum Opulenta Cornu.” \*

But, instead of the fruits and flowers of Italy one will find papaya, bananas, pineapples, avocado pears, exotic flowers, enclosed in a trimmed hedge of the English countryside, and an entrance through a lich-gate.<sup>97</sup> This garden is named ‘The Bower’.

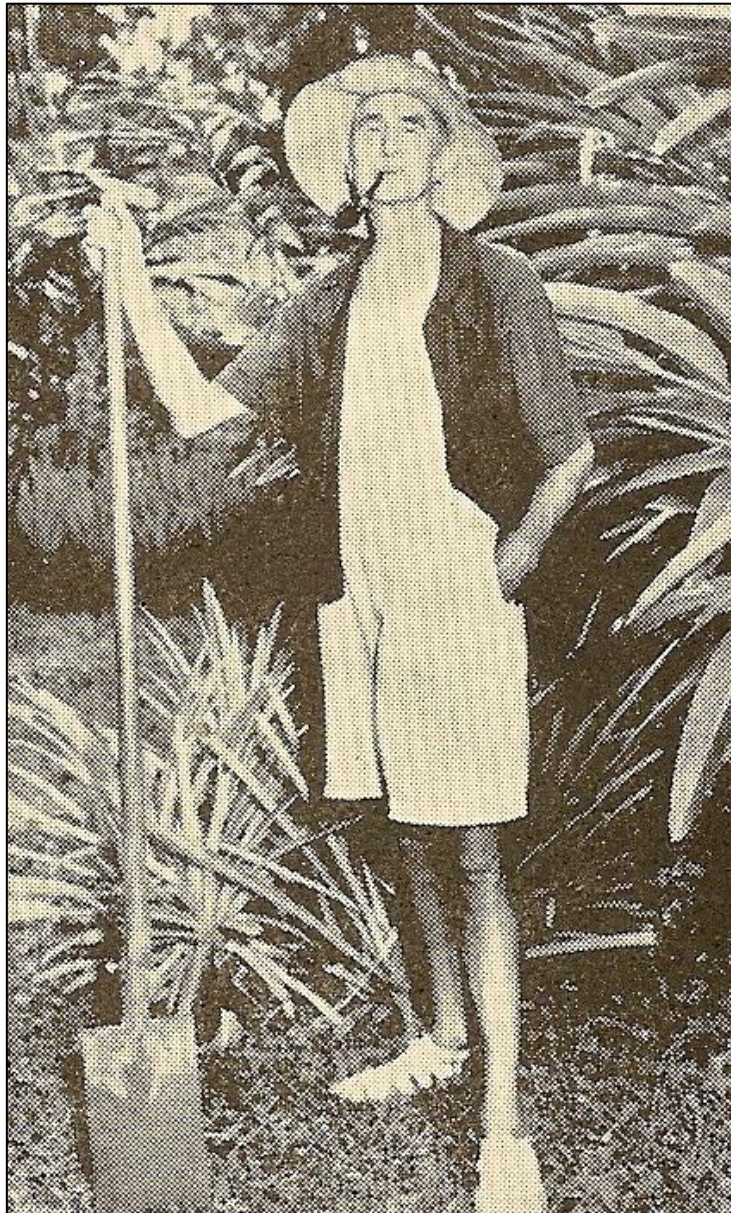
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<sup>97</sup> A roofed gateway

Somewhere on his travels — it may have been in Java or, perhaps, among the snow peaks of North-west Canada, or in some remote glen of his beloved England — Mr. Bolton drank at the Fountain of Eternal Youth. At 'The Bower' is a 'Fons Bandusiae' <sup>98</sup> from which flow the waters of contentment.

Mr. Bolton will celebrate his eighty-fifth birthday on July 3, 1943. All of us, who respect and honour him, wish him many happy returns of the day.

\* "Here abundance with horn of plenty shall flow for thee to the full, rich in all the glories of the country." — Horace, Book I., Ode 17



**Mr. Bolton, in his garden in Tahiti**

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<sup>98</sup> A fountain cited in Horace



**September 1943, page 8 — *Old Tahiti – Flag Goes Again To Battle***

**OLD TAHITI**

**Flag Goes Again To Battle**

“THE Bulletin of the Society of Oceanic Study,” of Tahiti, has just published an old letter, written by M. Adolph Marouo Poroi <sup>99</sup> (grandfather of the present Mayor of Papeete) which provides clear evidence of the recognition of Prince Hinoi as the legitimate successor of King Pomare V, by the high chiefs of Tahiti and its dependencies. Mr. W. W. Bolton and Mr. A. C. Rowland, who have been interested in this matter, now therefore see their contention supported and proved.

Exactly 50 years after the suppression of the Tahitian flag, as described by M. Poroi, Princess Terii-Nui-o-Tahiti, at a public function, with official sanction, presented a handsome silk Tahitian flag to the armed forces of Tahiti, to be carried into battle beside the Cross of Lorraine (flag of Fighting France).

**October 1943, pages 30 and 32 — *A Garden in Tahiti***

**A GARDEN IN TAHITI**

**Introduction of Melons, Citrus and Pineapples**

BY W. W. BOLTON

I WRITE of a garden not of the present day, but in the Long Ago; not of flowers, but of the homely vegetable.

Those first white men and women who arrived in Tahiti in 1797 and had taken up their residence at Matavai (Cook’s Point Venus) wanted green food other than taro, yam and sweet potato of the natives. The time would come for roses and dahlias, for carnations and the rest that they loved, but had left behind. Just now, it was green foods they needed, not alone for health, but to make more palatable the endless round of pork, the staple meat alone to be secured.

An orderly garden, with its trim beds set in rows, was unknown to Tahitians, and great was the interest shown by them at this fresh peculiarity of the newcomers. That interest, however, soon became more than a mental one, and those poor gardeners had a sorry time.

Let them speak for themselves. Their successes and failures, their hopes and disappointments, their worries and their woes, are to be read of in their daily Journal; and surely should interest all who to-day find pleasure and, in measure, occupation, in nursing to maturity both seeds and fruits for their table.

The beginnings were over; five years of labour had passed.

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<sup>99</sup> Adolphe Marouo Poroi (1877–1938)

## 1802. — FEBRUARY:

“Cabbages, melons, pumpkins and cucumbers we have had in great abundance. Several bushels of Indian corn have been gathered in. Many of the European vegetables will not come to perfection or produce seed. The vine and fig tree brought from Port Jackson are doing well. Potatoes are good for nothing.”

But, with November, comes another story. They chronicle:—

“During the months of April, May and June all we had in the garden went to ruin in consequence of taking down the fences in the time of the late disturbances. Since the restoration of peace, the fences have been repaired and the garden digged and sown. Water melons have succeeded, but were destroyed by the natives, who are fond of them and commit frequent depredations. Several pineapples are in a very thriving state.”

## 1803. — FEBRUARY:

“Though there has been much wet, yet it has not been a good season, through the heat of the sun. In November were sown a few cabbages, mustard and turnip seeds, but they came to nothing. In December, sowed some Bengal radish seed; some succeeded. In January, sowed some Indian corn and French beans; these promise middling well. We have some fine water melons and pumpkins. The season for the former is over.”

## 1803. — MARCH 5:

“Brother Scott brought from Oparre to-day a quantity of fine oranges. A tree there has had some hundreds of fruit on it this season, but the natives have not the patience till they are ripe. They do the same with pineapples and have even baked them in their ovens to make them more eatable.”

## 1803. — APRIL:

“In the beginning of February, planted several pineapples, also a piece of ground with this country’s sweet potatoes, and two other pieces with the Sandwich Island and New Zealand sort. In March sowed some hundreds of orange seeds, also limes and citrons. The greatest part of our garden is planted with Indian corn, sweet potatoes, tarro [sic], pumpkins, pineapples and above. The method used in the Sandwich Islands of multiplying cabbage by slips taken from the stock of the plant does not answer in our garden.”

## 1803. — AUGUST:

“The seed remaining from those of the cabbage and brocoli [sic] brought from Port Jackson, kept too long, did not germinate. Removed some fig layers and put some cuttings of the grape vine in the ground; most of these are growing. Captain Simpson, having brought here from the Sandwich Islands some seeds of the papaya or paw paw tree, they were sown about November last. Most of the trees in blossom; the greater part seem to be of the male kind; all the flowers are falling off and no appearance of fruit; on the few that seem to be female the fruit begins to form in the shape of a cucumber.”

## 1804. — JULY:

“Near two-thirds of our garden is now covered with sweet potatoes; but, the bread fruit being plentiful, we have not yet begun to dig them. Our apricot plants in blossom; some fruit appearing on the old trees.”



## 1805. — FEBRUARY:

“In November last, the weather very dry, the afternoons uncommonly hot and scorching; yet our pumpkins prospered and the melons partly recovered the destruction by the caterpillars. Planted some peas, calavances and lentiles [sic] brought in the Spanish prize from the coast of Chile, but soon died. Several attempts were made to raise cucumbers, but without success. Through the whole of January mostly rain. Many of our papaya trees died through the excess of wet, the heat scalding their roots. Gathered a great many water melons, pumpkins, notwithstanding frequent depredations committed by the natives. We have of late not only had our garden much plundered, but also have had taken several pigs; likewise our goats are frequently destroyed by the dogs of the natives.”

## 1805. — MAY:

“Several more of our papaya trees died through excess of wet. Gathered a great number of pineapples. Our melons all done bearing. We have to complain of the depredations committed by goats and hogs breaking in during the night, so that we enjoy but a small part of the fruit of our labours. Great quantities of melon and pumpkin seeds, with several hundreds of pineapple plants, have been given away to different parts of the island.”

## 1805. — OCTOBER 28:

“Our garden was again robbed, but stealing from us is reckoned a matter of little consequence, and our losses afford the Otaheiteans a subject to laugh at. Not so their own.”

AND so the story goes on, until that fatal year, 1808, when both gardeners and garden were wiped off the map of Tahiti.

Years later, a handful of those gardeners returned and once more that garden was laid out. When Ellis<sup>100</sup> saw it (he of the “Reminiscences”) it was a wonderful orchard, rich in bearing; but that was its last bright day.

What was Tahiti’s first garden is a coconut plantation to-day. Oft has the writer walked over that site where the pioneer white gardeners “dugged and sowed.” Their labour and their day are passed, but their gallant efforts are surely worth recall.

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<sup>100</sup> [William Ellis \(1794–1872\)](#). Ellis is known for *Polynesian Researches*. Perhaps WWB was thinking of William Thomas Pritchard’s [Polynesian Reminiscences](#), published in 1866.

February 1944, page 9 — *Pomare's Bible*

**POMARE'S BIBLE**

**For Sale — Then Withdrawn**

From Our Own Correspondent

PAPEETE, Dec. 10.

THERE was a stir in Tahiti, in November, when it was announced that Mademoiselle Alice Levy had presented Queen Pomare's Bible to the Tahitian Committee, to sell to the best advantage, for the benefit of the Fighting French War Fund.

British residents thought that the Bible should be bought for the British Museum; others suggested that it should go to that famous repository of South Seas literature, the Mitchell Library, in Sydney. It was reported also that the Bishop Museum, of Honolulu, would make a bid for the book. The sale was postponed so that the committee might communicate with these various institutions.

It was announced at the end of November, however, that the priceless volume had been withdrawn from sale, and might eventually become the property of the Papeete Museum.

The history of the Pomare Bible — as told to me by Mr. Bolton — is very interesting. When, after 22 years of labour, the Rev. Henry Nott completed his masterly translation of the Bible into the Tahitian language, he took the manuscript to England. The English Bible Society published this Tahitian version at its own expense. The first copy off the press was presented by the Society to Mr. Nott.

Before Mr. Nott departed from England, to return to Tahiti, he was granted an audience with Queen Victoria, at Buckingham Palace. Mr. Nott presented his copy of the Tahitian Bible to the Queen; and, later Queen Victoria sent the Bible to her sister Queen in the South Pacific — Pomare IV.

Queen Pomare wrote, on the fly-leaf of the book, the dates of the birth of her children.

We do not know how this Bible passed out of the possession of the Pomare Royal Family of Tahiti.

**ANOTHER RELIC**

That antediluvian relic, the Tipaerui Stone, continues to repose in the bed of an inland stream; much to the distress of our antiquarians.<sup>101</sup> The owners of the property fear that its removal will stir up ancestral ghosts who will exact retribution. Our mountains abound with treasure-trove of the past, carefully concealed for the same reason. Predatory scientists long ago decapitated the golden goose, when they broke their pledge to behold, but to leave inviolate, all that might be disclosed for their inspection.

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<sup>101</sup> See *The "Mystery Stone" of Tahiti*, published in the 24 March 1938 edition of PIM, pages 44–45, in Part VII.

February 1944, page 35 — *Lost Treasure of Tahiti*

## LOST TREASURE OF TAHITI

### Captain Cook's Portrait

BY W. W. BOLTON, MA

WHILST he was at Matavai, on his last visit to Tahiti, Captain Cook gave his portrait, painted by Webber,<sup>102</sup> the official artist aboard, to the natives, in return for their many kindnesses.

It was placed in charge of Haapai'i, the old-time Chief of Matavai, grandfather of the then Boy Chief (later known as the Second Pomare). For several years all vessels making that port had their names and that of their captain inscribed at the back, with the date.

That this portrait, painted in 1777, was in perfect condition and preserved with assiduous care in 1790, when the "Bounty's" mutineers were dwelling on the island, is to be seen by Morrison's<sup>103</sup> account concerning it, which is of lively interest. He writes in his Journal:—

"On the 1<sup>st</sup> of February, our attention was drawn from our work on the schooner by a Hira, to which all the inhabitants of the district were assembled. Everything being ready, Captain Cook's picture was brought out by an old man, who has the charge of it, and placed in front, and the cloth with which it was covered being removed, every person present paid homage by stripping off their upper garments, Paitea, Chief of Matavai, not excepted. The master of the ceremonies than [sic] made a long speech to the picture, acknowledging Captain Cook to be Chief of Matavai, and placing a young plantain tree with a sucking-pig tied to it before the picture, made a speech running to this purpose. 'Hail! All hail! Cook, Chief of Air, Earth and Water. We acknowledge you chief from the beach to the mountains, over men, trees and cattle, over the birds of the air and fishes of the sea.' After which they performed their dances."

No mention is made of the picture by the missionaries of 1797, but this may possibly be explained by the fact that much of their earlier Daily Journal unfortunately never reached the Homeland.

The portrait vanished. The most likely end to it came in that disastrous year, 1808, when Matavai was ravaged. All went up in flames, as the heathen party from the south wiped out that settlement of both natives and white folk, Haapai'i's home, and the precious portrait amongst the debris.

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<sup>102</sup> [John Webber \(1751–1793\)](#)

<sup>103</sup> [James Morrison \(1760–1807\)](#). His journal can be found [here](#). Prior to departing Tahiti on 4 April 1789, he writes, "Captain Cooks picture was now sent on shore by Poeno with the Bountys Name & the intent of Her Voyage put on the Back."

**April 1944, page i — *Centenary of Pioneer LMS Missionary***

**CENTENARY OF PIONEER LMS MISSIONARY**

From Our Own Correspondent

PAPEETE, Mar. 10.

MAY 2, 1944, will be the centenary of the passing of the great Henry Nott, pioneer missionary and scholar. Our well-known historical writer, Mr. W. W. Bolton, is determined that the memory of this illustrious apostle shall not fade in the minds of the people to whom he brought the gift of the Gospel. He is preparing a memorial of the Rev. Henry Nott's services, to be delivered at the ceremony, at the place of Nott's burial, on the day of remembrance.

**May 1944, page 10 — *Henry Nott Centenary***

**HENRY NOTT CENTENARY**

From Our Own Correspondent

PAPEETE, April 20.

MAY 2 will be the one hundredth anniversary of the death of that famous South Seas missionary, Henry Nott; and Mr. W. W. Bolton, whose work as a historian is well known, has taken measures to have a fitting service of remembrance.

The late Mr. J. L. Phillips, in his time, and now Mr. Bolton and myself, have striven to hold in honour and remembrance this great architect of South Sea missionary achievement, and to remind the younger generation of Tahitians of the measureless debt they owe him. In this undertaking we have the hearty support of the present head of the French Protestant Mission in French Oceania.

In earlier times, some of our friends among the clergy were inclined to — let us say — a rather provincial attitude toward Henry Nott, and we did not enjoy the cordial understanding, accorded us to-day.

**June 1944, page 11 — *Henry Nott – Homage Paid to Great Missionary***

**HENRY NOTT**

**Homage Paid to Great Missionary by Men of All Races**

From Our Own Correspondent

PAPEETE, May 5.

STATELY ceremonies at Outu Aiai and at Ahu-toru, in the district of Arue, on Tahiti, on May 2, marked the centenary of the death of the great pioneer missionary of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. Henry Nott, who worked in Tahiti for 47 years. These ceremonies, likewise, marked the re-awakening of the Tahitian people to their debt of gratitude to this illustrious servant of the Divine Master.

Present-day knowledge of the inestimable services by Henry Nott to the people of the South Pacific Islands has come to us through the researches of the late Mr. J. L. Philips, of Mr. W. W. Bolton, and of the Rev. Charles Vernier, Presiding Pastor of the Protestant Mission in French Oceania.

They have established beyond controversy that the imperishable foundation upon which the superstructure of the Church in Polynesia has been erected, was well and truly laid — during the early years of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century — by Henry Nott. To quote from Mr. Bolton's memorial oration, on May 2, 1944, at Ahu-toru, where is Nott's resting-place:

“He is not famous in Christian circles, as are John Williams of Ra'iatea, Chalmers of New Guinea, or Paton of the New Hebrides; but we who know his worth and work rank him amongst the greatest missionaries who ever landed on the islands of the Great South Sea.”

The distinguished company who assembled, on May 2, at the church on Outu Aiai, to pay homage to the memory of Henry Nott, listened with emotion to the eloquent eulogy in the classic language of old Tahiti, by the Rev. Charles Vernier. The sincerity of that emotion was expressed in the oration, at Ahu-toru, by the Rev. Tearo (Pastor of Arue) on behalf of the Royal Pomare Family; in the impassioned eloquence of the Rev. Tapao (Pastor of Haapiti, Mo'orea) as he laid a wreath of fragrant flowers, the symbol of the homage of his people of Mo'orea, on the tomb of Henry Nott; in the reception accorded to Mr. Bolton's memorial oration, which was interpreted, both in word and spirit, into the Tahitian, by Monsieur Vernier.

Perhaps, the measure of that sincerity was best revealed by the Rev. Tapao:

“Our great teacher, Nott; the fragrance of these flowers will fade away; but the fragrance of your name and of your great service to our people, shall remain a perpetual and precious memory for us and for our descendants, forever.”

The people of Arue had practised, for this occasion, some beautiful old hymn-tunes, and we heard the finest church singing this writer has heard for many a long day.

Mr. Bolton delighted his hearers when he described the coronation ceremony, when Nott crowned the boy king Pomare III, at the very spot where the Arue Church now stands.

Both the historic point of land, Outu Aiai, and Ahu-toru (the burial place of old Tahitian royalty) are within sight of Matavai Bay, the place where Henry Nott landed on Tahiti in 1797.



That part of the centenary ceremony which was conducted in the French language was ably carried out by the Pastor of Papeete, the Rev. Rey-Lescure.

This tribute, with which Mr. Bolton closed his eulogy of Henry Nott — scholar, pioneer, translator of the Bible into the Tahitian language, founder of the Church in Polynesia — is worthy of remembrance:

“Here, you have laid a wreath, and rightly so. Wreaths are for remembrance: tokens of love, of esteem, of admiration, the whole world over. But this wreath is a token of more than admiration: it is a token, from one and all of us, of Homage. Homage to a man of noble character; Homage to a most worthy son of his homeland, Beretania, true to type, indomitable, not knowing the word ‘defeat,’ be the clouds ever so lowering, be the task ever so great; and above all, and this the climax, Homage to a man who, from early manhood till his death, was a devoted, faithful and most able servant to his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.”

### August 1944, page 4 — *W.W. Bolton celebrated his 86<sup>th</sup> birthday*

**Mr. W. W. Bolton**, well-known known British resident of Tahiti, celebrated his 86th birthday in June <sup>104</sup> by a coastal hike of about 40 miles. Needless to say, his health is excellent.

### April 1945, pages 25 and 27–28 — *A Link With the “Bounty”*

#### A LINK WITH THE “BOUNTY”

BY W. W. BOLTON, MA

THE writer ventures to add a supplement to the very interesting article in the November “PIM” dealing with the removal of the Pitcairners to Tahiti, and trusts that the following historical items — but little known — may prove acceptable both to R. C. Macpherson and the magazine’s widely-scattered readers.

1825: The first mention made of a removal appears with the arrival at Pitcairn of HM Sloop “Blossom,” Captain Beechey, <sup>105</sup> RN, who reported home as follows:

“Pitcairn Island  
“October 21, 1825.

“We found all well: the Patriarch still alive and in good health. Their numbers increasing fast and the earth does not yield as it used: and Adams <sup>106</sup> very reasonably apprehends that a distress and famine will visit the rising generation if they are not removed. He has begged me to solicit the attention of the Government to this point, praying that they will send some ship to transport them all to some place where they can all settle together.” <sup>107</sup>

<sup>104</sup> WWB was born on 3 July 1858.

<sup>105</sup> [Frederick William Beechey \(1796–1856\)](#). The article has *Beechy* here and elsewhere.

<sup>106</sup> [John Adams \(1767–1829\)](#)

<sup>107</sup> See also *Pitcairn Island II* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.

1827: Canning, of the Foreign Office, took action on Beechey's report and wrote to Tahiti as follows:

“Foreign Office, London.

“March 3, 1827.

“To King Pomare III, —

“It has become desirable that certain individuals who have been living for many years past on Pitcairn's Island should be removed from thence to some other settlement in the Pacific. His Majesty has therefore given orders that a ship shall be employed, conveying them and their families to Tahiti, provided you may be willing to receive them into your dominions. The British Government persuades itself that you will not refuse your consent and will be pleased to extend your protection to them.”

1829: Fever — seemingly influenza — ravaged Pitcairn, brought by a whaler whose sick crew the islanders housed and nursed back to health. Whaler and men departed, but the 'flu did not. Adams, the patriarch and the last of the mutineers of 1790, fell a victim, aged 65.<sup>108</sup>

The same year, the Boy King of Tahiti having died, his sister, Queen Pomare IV answered Canning as follows:

“In relation to the persons now residing on Pitcairn's Island, they shall be kindly received and well treated whenever they shall arrive.”

**APART** from Captain Beechey, the islanders as a whole expressed few real wishes to remove. They were content. Though they came of stock who had defied and broken the law, they were one and all enthusiastic “Britishers,” devoted subjects of their King and profoundly conscious of their duty to obey authority. Adams had seen to that.

1831: In February, HMS “Comet” arrived at the island and Captain Sandilands dropped a bombshell upon the contented community with the news that he had orders to carry the whole lot off to Tahiti. The British Government had provided a six months' supply of food. Following closely upon the warship, there came the “Lucy Ann,” from Sydney, to receive them and their belongings. This vessel had been called into service from Norfolk Island and doubtless the Pitcairners first heard from its crew news of a spot destined to be their final home.

The unhappy people, whose numbers now had reached 87, were faced with a dilemma. They had no wish to go, their beloved leader lay in his grave among them — but it was an order from Home. They could not rebel; therefore, without any heart in the matter, they obeyed.

**PITCAIRN** was deserted, save for a few animals run wild. Tahiti was reached in March, 1831. Before one month was up, they had had enough. The morals of the Tahitians were not to the taste of the strict Pitcairners. The elders saw their younger members soon getting out of hand.

The change took a heavy toll: 12 died in quick succession of the malignant 'flu. Before April was out, Buffett and nine others hired a small schooner and fled: four on board died upon the way, and yet another on their arrival. Their voyage was prolonged, for contrary winds blew them to the Western Pacific islands, where a French brig came to their rescue and carried the remnant home.

The British Consul, Charlton, took pity on the remaining 65 and, chartering the Salem brig, “Charles Doggett,” Captain Driver sent them back in September, 1831 — five dying upon their arrival. The

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<sup>108</sup> Adams' date of birth is uncertain.

removal to Tahiti cost 22 lives of both old and young. But the three “outsiders,” Buffett and Evans (who had joined the band in 1823) and Nobbs <sup>109</sup> (who had landed in 1828) came safely through the ordeal. <sup>110</sup>

The latter resumed his self-imposed duties, not only that of school master (to the natural annoyance of Buffett, whom the little community shelved in favour of an educated man), but of physician and surgeon, together with a lay chaplaincy he felt it his duty to assume.

1852: Rear-Admiral Moresby <sup>111</sup> called, in his flagship, “The Portland.” He was a deeply religious man and at once became most anxious that the islanders should have the full privileges of Mother Church, its sacraments. He offered to pay Nobbs’ passage Home for ordination, with £100 pocket-money, to start him upon arrival; and, so that they should not suffer during Nobbs’ absence, he left his own Chaplain, Holman, on the island.

Nobbs reached Home, was readily ordained by the Bishop of London, made much of, presented to Queen Victoria, preached from many pulpits, raised considerable money for the purchase of the most pressing needs of his parish islanders, and in due course returned as Chaplain to Pitcairn Island, with the princely salary of £50 a year for life. He died, aged 85.

1858: Now housed on Norfolk Island, 16 of the community grew homesick and in December hired the schooner “Mary Ann” and were once again on Pitcairn. They were the Youngs and the McCoys.

1863: There was another stirring in the hive, and 27 went back in the schooner “Saint Kilda.” They were Christians, Mills and Buffetts, and further Youngs. They left their Chaplain behind, and neither the Home authorities nor the mission societies took any action to fill the need. They may have been ignorant of the situation or resented the return, after so much had been done for them.

And so we reach the change of faith. Men were needed as labourers on white men’s plantations on Raiatea, in the Society Group near Tahiti. It was thought that some on distant Pitcairn might be willing to serve. The planters sent a schooner and secured a handful. That was in 1885–86.

The Seventh Day Adventists on Raiatea, ever on the look-out for fresh fields, learned from these of the vacant ground. They saw the welcome opportunity and seized it.

1886: In October the Seventh Day Adventist missionary, John I. Tay, an American, landed on the island, and Pitcairn changed its Sabbath together with acceptance of all other tenets of the new-found faith, none dissenting.

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<sup>109</sup> [George Hunn Nobbs \(1799–1884\)](#)

<sup>110</sup> See *Pitcairners Visit Tahiti* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>111</sup> [Fairfax Moresby \(1786–1877\)](#)

September 1945, page 59 — *The Memoirs of Ariitaimai*

## THE MEMOIRS OF ARIITAIMAI

## Letter to the Editor

FOR the information of your many readers, may I be allowed to add the following facts to the interesting article, by Mr. Eric Ramsden, on the above volume, which appeared in your April number. The book is indeed rare, but I can account for two.

1. — Upon the death of Tati (II), the eldest brother of Queen Marau, his effects were put up at auction, amongst them a copy of the Memoirs, which was purchased by Doctor Sasportas, a resident on the island, who most generously presented it to the Papeete Museum, where it is to-day housed.

2. — Irene Salmon (her native name is Teeeva), one of his daughters, also owned a copy, which I was loaned, upon my arrival on Tahiti. Realising its value (which she did not), I impressed upon her the necessity of taking care when she loaned it. Some five years back, she told me woefully that a passing tourist from the Americas, who had lodged in her boarding-house, had assured her, not only of its high value, but that if handed to him he would secure a handsome sum for the volume. She passed it over, and since then neither man nor book nor cash has been heard of. She died, deeply regretting her folly.

This edition is not the first or only edition.

1893. — The first edition was entitled “Memoirs of Marau Ta’aroa, last Queen of Tahiti. Privately printed, 1893.” No copy is known to exist to-day. How many were printed, by whom, and where, is also unknown.<sup>112</sup> Tati II is said to have possessed a MS of it in the Tahitian language, as their mother gave it to them by word of mouth. My fellow octogenarian, Mr. Arthur Brander, their nephew, who was educated in Scotland, has informed me that he took part in its translation; but no copy of the printed book came to him, as he was by then abroad. Marau distributed them amongst the numerous members of her family — the Salmons — and all are lost.

1901. — The Bishop Museum in Honolulu has two “typed” copies of the edition, printed in Paris, under the supervision of the American tourist, Henry Adams. In a note attached to the copies, Marau states that she requested Adams to change the title and use her mother’s name as the one from whom she had received the information. Whether or not he used these “typed” copies and duly returned them to Marau is unknown.<sup>113</sup>

1923. — Marau, finding fault with portions of the printed edition, compiled a fresh manuscript, assisted by a Mrs. Handy, but for an unknown cause refused to have it published, and this MS has disappeared, like its predecessor of 1893.<sup>114</sup>

<sup>112</sup> In Robert Langdon’s [article](#) in The Journal of Pacific History, Volume 4 (1969), pages 162–165, “A View on Ari’i Taimai’s Memoirs,” we read that “As was Adams’s custom after writing a book, he had half a dozen copies of his first provisional draft printed privately so that corrections and additions could be suggested by interested parties. He has left it on record that one copy of his 1893 edition was sent to Marau in the hope that this would encourage her and her family to furnish him with further information.”

<sup>113</sup> A copy of this edition of the *Memoirs* is available [here](#) and a photo of the Salmon family in the 1880s, including Marau and her mother, Ariitaimai, can be found under *A French Historian’s Witness* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>114</sup> In Langdon’s [article](#), we also read that “An excellent outline of the events leading up to the publication of the 1901 edition of the *Memoirs* and of the use made of this edition by others is given by Bengt and Marie-Thérèse Danielsson in their introduction to a French translation of Adams’ book, *Mémoires d’Arii Taimai*, published by the Société des Océanistes (Paris, 1964). Further information on this subject, overlooked by Danielssons, appears in an article by Eric

Ariitaimai was not the native name given her by her parents. This was Ariioehau (Chieftainess of Peace). The name by which she is known was assumed by her on marriage to Alexander Salmon, when Queen Pomare IV gave Salmon the name for him (and his wife) of Arii-tai-mai (the chief who came from over the sea). She was born in 1822, married in 1840, and died in 1895. Marau, the transcriber of her mother's Memoirs, was born in 1860, married in 1875, and died in 1935.

I am, etc.,

W. W. BOLTON.

Tahiti, 1/8/45.

### November 1945, page 29 — *Mr. W. W. Bolton celebrated his 87<sup>th</sup> birthday*

**Mr. W.W. Bolton**, a well-known scholar, of Papeete, Tahiti, recently celebrated his 87th birthday by taking a moonlight stroll to Maraa Cave — a place 18 miles distant from his residence.

### February 1946, page 18 — *Christmas Party*

There was a happy Christmas party in Papeete, Tahiti, on Christmas Day, at the home of **Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Coster**. (He is the local manager of the Union SS Co., Ltd., in Papeete). Those who enjoyed the hospitality of the Costers and their daughter, Miss Daisy Coster, included the Mayor of Papeete, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Poroi, and their three sons (Charlot, Maurice and Ernest); Mr. and Mrs. Oscar G. Nordman and their daughter, Anatila; and Mrs. W. J. Williams (wife of the former British Consul). The oldest English resident, Mr. W. W. Bolton, was a caller when the party was at its height, and was warmly welcomed.

### May 1946, page 9 — *Mr. W. W. Bolton has now reached his 88<sup>th</sup> birthday*

**Mr. W.W. Bolton, MA**, of Papeete, Tahiti, has now reached his 88<sup>th</sup> birthday; and, in a recent letter, he says that he is “still happily going strong.”<sup>115</sup> He celebrated his 87<sup>th</sup> birthday — and the end of the war in Europe — with a 40-miles hike, in one day.

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Ramsden in the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, XV (Apr. 1945), 23, and in a letter by W. W. Bolton in the same journal, XVI (Sept. 1945), 59. Bolton's letter stated, *inter alia*, that in 1923, Marau found fault with portions of the printed editions of the *Memoirs* and compiled a fresh manuscript, assisted by a Mrs Handy, but for an unknown reason refused to have it published. Bolton added that Marau's manuscript had disappeared. However, it appears that this manuscript has not been lost, but is now in the possession of Marau's only surviving daughter, Princess Takau Pomare Vedel, of Tahiti. In an introduction to Ernest Salmon's Book, *Alexandre Salmon 1820–66 et sa femme Ariitaimai 1837–97* (Paris, 1964), Father Patrick O'Reilly stated that a book of memoirs by ex-Queen Marau was soon to be published by the Société des Océanistes. This book has not yet been published, and O'Reilly has informed the writer (personal communication of 10 March 1969) that Princess Takau, for various reasons, has not yet decided to go ahead with the publishing project.”

<sup>115</sup> In May 1946, WWB was still 87 years old.



**September 1946, page 12 — *Mr. W. W. Bolton Passes On***

**Mr. W. W. Bolton Passes On, At Great Age of 88**



DEEP regret was expressed among all classes of people in Tahiti when it was known that the scholarly old Englishman, Mr. W. W. Bolton, MA, had passed away, on Sunday, July 28, at the great age of 88. He had lived in retirement in Tahiti for many years, and had devoted himself to historical research, so that he became an authority on the early history of the Pacific Islands generally, and of French Oceania in particular. Many of Mr. Bolton's articles were published in the *Pacific Islands Monthly*; and on several occasions we referred to him, quite successfully, difficult inquiries on Pacific history which we had received from learned bodies in other countries.

After he had passed 80, Mr. Bolton celebrated his birthdays by going off on a long hike, through the delightful countryside. He usually wrote, for us, a cheery message at the conclusion of his 30 or 40 miles' tramp. This picture is a snapshot taken on his 88<sup>th</sup> birthday, a few weeks before he died.

Mr. Bolton was loved by all who knew him. One old friend writes: "The gentle serenity of his spirit commanded the affection of all who came within its companionship. I once asked him: 'How do you sustain your charity of judgement, your purity of ideal, your serenity, in a world that is crashing about us?' He replied: 'Because, my dear friend, I have a song in my heart.'"

**November 1946, page 52 — *The Good Work of Late W. W. Bolton***

**The Good Work of Late W. W. Bolton**

**A Tribute by an Old Friend**

The passing of Mr. W.W. Bolton, MA, of Papeete, (reported in the September PIM) will have come as a shock to his many friends in the Pacific (writes Eric Ramsden, <sup>116</sup> from New Zealand, to the editor). Mr. Bolton's particular field in Tahitian historical research was the Mission period. To his task he brought unique gifts of scholarship: naturally, he was proud of his Cambridge degree. At the University he also distinguished himself as an athlete.

On one occasion, he told me, he approached the late Sir Maui Pomare, then Minister in charge of the Cook Islands, for the post of schoolmaster at Niue. "What are your qualifications?" inquired the Maori Minister. The latter's degree, by the way, was American. "MA of Cambridge," replied the applicant. Recalling the incident years later when we met in Tahiti he remarked: "That satisfied him. I obtained the job!"

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<sup>116</sup> [George Eric Oakes Ramsden \(1898–1962\)](#)

I doubt if there is anyone else who possessed such knowledge as did Mr. Bolton on the early LMS missionaries and their often tragic histories. It was he who sought out, at much personal effort, the resting places of several of them. It was due to him that the mother Society, in England, sent out appropriately worded tombstones. In several instances all knowledge of the burial plots had been lost.

It was Mr. Bolton we must thank for rediscovering the site of the first church at Matavai. Well do I recall the day he took me, in the company of Charles B. Nordhoff, the American novelist, to that spot, and pointed to the only surviving stone.

On another occasion, we visited the grave of Henry Nott. The way in which he scrambled over the wall that surrounded the adjacent family plot of the Royal Pomares occasioned, I was told later, some consternation in the district. Probably his action was accounted that of an eccentric Englishman. Anyway, the fact remains that he had friends in all parts of the island.

Stern, austere, something of a recluse, beneath a typically British exterior, he was uncompromising in his judgements. Nothing that he wrote was ever slipshod. Social life had no appeal for him: he was not a club man. In a small community where, on occasion, international rivalries are apt to prevail, he kept himself aloof from factions. To the French he was invariably courteous. Nevertheless, he was British to the backbone. With his background he could not have been otherwise.

For many years, he worked on a history of Tahiti. I do hope that an opportunity will be provided for the publication of his manuscript. There were, naturally, difficulties in the way of its appearance during his lifetime. Mr. Bolton never forgot that he was the guest of the French in Tahiti.

The island, its climate, and its way of life, suited him: he desired not only to live there but to die there. The gods were kind to him. To the end he was vouchsafed good health, and he retained his intellectual interests. Beyond that he asked nothing of life.

To a friend with similar tastes in research he was, naturally, a positive mine of information. It was a delight to walk with him, to share his companionship.

One day he took me to Pauranie, the cemetery outside Papeete. There he told me the story of a former British airman, once the boon companion of Robert Keable, the English writer. The plot in which he rested had not been purchased outright. It is the French practice, after a few years, if the money is not forthcoming, to remove the body and convert it into manure. Which, after all, is quite a sensible procedure — but something that is, nevertheless, somewhat repugnant to many British folk. Mr. Bolton was one of those British nationals resident in Tahiti who was endeavouring to raise the several hundred francs necessary so that the bones of his compatriot could rest undisturbed.

Later, we clambered up a grassy knoll, not far from the elaborate memorial to the Abbe Rougier, who, like my old friend, was also a scholar.

“That is where I shall rest,” said Mr. Bolton, pointing with his walking stick. The plot had not only been reserved, but paid for.

It is a lovely spot. Below, masses of rich, tropical vegetation, and the Bay of Papeete, with Motu-uta, once the island retreat of Queen Pomare IV, silhouetted in the setting sun against the rugged, mountainous outline of Moorea. A strange resting place, some may think, for an English scholar and gentleman. But who will deny him the right of selection? There, I trust, he will rest in peace, in the warmth of the Tahitian sunshine, a canopy of blue sky above, and below on the reef the murmur of the Pacific that he loved, to lull him to sleep.

**April 1947, page 76 — 150 Years Ago – Arrival of Missionaries In Tahiti**

**150 YEARS AGO**

**Arrival of Missionaries In Tahiti**

From Our Own Correspondent

TAHITI, Mar. 4.

MARCH 5, 1947, is the one hundred and fiftieth of the landing at Matavai, on Tahiti, of the first missionaries of the London Missionary Society.

This anniversary was celebrated in all Protestant Churches of French Oceania, on Sunday, March 2.

The ship “Duff”, which brought the missionaries, is known throughout the islands by the name “Te Rapu”. The story is, that on March 4, 1797 — the day before the “Duff” arrived — Tahiti was shaken by an earthquake. The Tahitians thought the “Duff” had something to do with it, and they named her “Te Rapu” — the stirrer-up; and the name has endured.

The history of the “Duff” missionaries has been so ably told in the “PIM” by the late Mr. W. W. Bolton, that there is nothing this writer may add, except this: The “Duff”, on her return voyage discovered the group of islands to which the Captain gave the name “Gambier”, in honour of the great patron of the LMS, Lord Gambier. Mr. Bolton — the historian of the LMS missionary enterprise in the South Pacific — was a member of the family of that Lord Gambier.<sup>117</sup>

**June 1947, page 43 — The Late Mr. Bolton of Tahiti**

**The Late Mr. Bolton of Tahiti**

*Mr. W. W. Bolton, MA, of Tahiti, died last year, aged 87.*<sup>118</sup> *The following article, by the well known American writer, Mr. James Norman Hall, was published in the “Strand” Magazine, in February 1945.*<sup>119</sup>

I WENT to pay my respects to my friend Mr. Washington Bolton, on his 85<sup>th</sup> birthday. A more vigorous, keen-minded, blithe-spirited octogenarian it has ever been my privilege to know.

He is an Englishman and a Cambridge man who entered Caius College in 1877. At Cambridge his interests were equally divided between scholarship and sports. In 1879 he won the British amateur championship for the half mile, and at the same period set a passing record for the thousand-yard race. He was also a boxer, a footballer (both Rugby and soccer), a long-distance swimmer, and an ardent tennis player when that now universal sport was in its infancy.

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<sup>117</sup> Lord Gambier was WWB’s great-great-uncle — that is, WWB’s mother’s mother’s father’s brother. See *Genealogy* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

<sup>118</sup> WWB was 88 when he died.

<sup>119</sup> The article was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Volume 173, Number 6, June 1944, with the title “*Mr. Bolton’s Birthday. A True Story*”. The photograph of WWB in his garden that accompanies the article “*Mr. W.W. Bolton, Now 85 Years Old*” in the July 1943 edition of *PIM*, page 9, also appears in this article.

On arriving at his house I found him absent. He had left a pencilled note on the table: "Gone for a walk. Back this evening."

His small house, although built in the native style, of palm-frond thatch, is somehow as English as eggs and bacon. It is a charming house, always in perfect order, and contains nothing superfluous to his needs.

His half-acre garden is as "Boltonian" as the house: the smooth green turf, the flowers and shrubs and flowering trees, the pineapples, bananas, and papayas, all planted and cared for by himself, give this quiet, sunny retreat an ideal aspect, like that of a place dreamed of.

At Cambridge he prepared for the career of a Church of England parson; but it was inevitable that he should have entered the teaching profession. He was born for it.

How often I have heard him say: "Hall, it's the finest, the most rewarding of all careers. When that fact is recognised universally, and the men and women enter it who should go into it, the rising generation will build the kind of world we've been fumbling towards for so many centuries."

AT the age of 67, he chanced to read in an Auckland paper that a teacher was wanted for Niue, a lonely little island dependency of New Zealand, 350 miles south-east of Samoa.<sup>120</sup> Mr. Bolton was then thinking about retiring, but when he learned that the Niue post was not wanted by others because of its remoteness, he immediately offered his services.

He spent nearly three years teaching the children of Niue, a crumb of land 100 miles square, with a population of 3,500 Polynesians. Then, in 1928, he set out for Tahiti, to rest for the remainder of his days.

He had rested for, perhaps, a week when he became interested in Polynesian history as it concerns Tahiti. So he started tramping the island over, exploring the sites of ancient buildings, and the scenes of ancient happenings, reading neglected manuscripts, making researches that no one before had had the energy or the interest to make.

The results, so far, are contained in two thick manuscript volumes, written out in his beautiful Spencerian hand. These he has placed in the custody of the British Consulate, for the use of anyone who may wish to consult them.<sup>121</sup>

In earlier days, he had roamed all over the far north, living with Indians and Eskimos.<sup>122</sup> With one companion, he had voyaged the full length of the Yukon, in a flat-bottomed boat, from its lake beginnings to the Bering Sea, shooting the Whitehorse and Fivefingers rapids en route.<sup>123</sup> I

<sup>120</sup> Hall apparently assumed that WWB went directly from Niue to Tahiti in 1928, after having spent three years on Niue (see the following paragraph in the article). WWB turned 70 in 1928, so Hall calculated his age when he read that a teacher was wanted for Niue as 67. In fact, WWB was 62 when he was appointed teacher in January 1921. WWB left Niue in 1924 and returned to Victoria, British Columbia in 1925, before going to Tahiti in 1928.

<sup>121</sup> Volume 17 of the Bolton Papers in the Mitchell Library consists of *Old Time Tahiti*, while Volume 18 contains an appendix and an index to *Old Time Tahiti*. Volume 19 contains an "Addenda to manuscript of *Old time Tahiti*". Hall may be referring to the first two volumes. All three volumes in the Mitchell Library have "For use by the British Community of Tahiti" written on the cover, which suggests that they were the volumes that WWB placed in the custody of the British Consulate. The Bolton Papers were donated to the Mitchell Library by WWB's daughter, Vyvyan, in October 1952; it may have been that the British Consulate returned WWB's work when his papers were transferred to Vyvyan after his death. Given that Volumes 17 and 18 consist of 480 handwritten pages, it is unlikely that WWB made a copy of *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>122</sup> He roamed over part of the far north, but there is no other evidence to suggest that WWB lived with Indians or Eskimos.

<sup>123</sup> See Tale #71, *The Klondyke*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

remembered his telling me that he had celebrated his 25<sup>th</sup> birthday, in England, by a sixty-mile walk accomplished in twenty-four hours — twenty, actual walking time.

AS I cycled on from his house at Papeete, our little port town, I was thinking: “Well, that kind of activity is over, even for Mr. Bolton. Whatever he may be doing this morning, perhaps he too is thinking, somewhat wistfully, of that 60 mile walk of 60 years ago.”

I did some errands round town and then went to the Restaurant du Coin for my lunch. Tahiti, one of the first colonies of France to join the Free French movement under General de Gaulle’s leadership, was observing America’s Independence Day, and most of the people had gone to the country; but at the restaurant I met Mr. Arthur Brander, another of the island’s distinguished octogenarians, whose home is 10 miles out from Papeete, on the western side of the island.<sup>124 125</sup>

He greeted me with: “Hall, where do you suppose Bolton is to-day?”

“I don’t know,” I replied. “I found a note on his table saying he had gone for a walk.”<sup>126</sup>

“A walk!” exclaimed Mr. Brander. “I should think he *has* gone for a walk! He routed me out of bed at six o’clock this morning. Said he wanted to have coffee with me. He’s on his way to the cave in Paea and expects to return this evening!”

“What!” I said. “Why, that’s 40 miles, to the cave and back!”

“I know — exactly 40 miles,” said Mr. Brander, “and he means to measure the lot of them with a pair of eighty-five-year-old legs. He was going strong at my place, but I’m worried. He’ll never manage the whole distance.”

But he did. He reached the cave, with its cool under-ground lake at 10 a.m., and having rested and refreshed himself for an hour, started homeward.

Tahiti is not famous as an island of inhabitants who are given to any great amount of physical exertion, and Mr. Bolton’s walk created a stir. Throughout the afternoon news of his progress kept coming in from people who had passed him in carriages, motor-cars, and on bicycles.

THE latest news of his progress was brought by Mr. Bolton himself, walking at his steady, deliberate pace through Papeete, on to the district of Pirae, where he lives, down the lane leading to his house, and up the steps to his veranda at exactly 8 p.m. — 15 hours’ actual walking time for the 40 miles.

When I saw him he’d had a warm bath and was briskly rubbing down his legs with coconut oil.

“All right? Of course, I’m all right!” Then he added, with a grin: “But I couldn’t have done 60 miles to-day so save me. Forty was enough.”

I asked his advice as to the best way of preparing for a long and happy old age.

“First, choose carefully your parents and grandparents,” he said. “Be sure they are men and women of rugged health. That’s luck, of course. It was my luck. Then, go for long-distance, healthy living, ‘Go slow and far’ is a good motto. It’s about the same as to say: ‘Moderation in all things.’”

<sup>124</sup> WWB’s birthday is July 3, whereas Independence Day is July 4.

<sup>125</sup> WWB mentions Mr Arthur Brander in *The Memoirs of Ariitaimai*, published in the September 1945 edition of PIM, page 59, in Part VII, and in *Easter Island* in Part XIII, *Roaming the Great South Sea*.

<sup>126</sup> The article has *now* instead of *know*.



“Yes,” I replied, “a 40-mile walk on your 85<sup>th</sup> birthday is an excellent example of moderation!”

“I knew perfectly well I could do it,” he said, “otherwise I would never had made the attempt.”

Presently, I suggested that he should write the Secretary of the Achilles Club,<sup>127</sup> which is made up of Oxford and Cambridge Blues, telling how he had celebrated his birthday.

“It wouldn’t do,” he said. “You see, Lord Desborough<sup>128</sup> and F. C. Coxhead, my only contemporaries in the Club, may be still living. They’d want to go one better than me. They couldn’t, of course, being Oxford men. But they would, unquestionably, kill themselves trying to.”

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<sup>127</sup> The [Achilles Club](#) is a track and field club formed in 1920 by and for past and present representatives of Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

<sup>128</sup> [William Henry Grenfell \(1855–1945\)](#)

## PART VIII

### ARTICLES BY WWB IN BULLETINS DE LA SOCIÉTÉ DES ÉTUDES OCÉANIENNES

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#### **Bulletin N° 53 (1935), pages 437–442 — The Beginnings of Papeete and its Founding as the Capital of Tahiti.**

#### **The Beginnings of Papeete and its Founding as the Capital of Tahiti.**

##### *Among Works consulted*

“Transactions of the London Missionary Society”	London 1797 onward
“Polynesian Researches”	Ellis 1817–1822
“Voyage to the Pacific”	Capt. Beechey 1831
“Sea life 60 years ago”	Capt. Bailey 1885 (i. e. 1825)
“Command Papers presented to the British Parliament”	1822–1847

##### *Maps.*

*Capt. Cook’s — The Duff’s — Boenechea’s*

Research in the above answers the following Questions.

1. Was “Papeete” the original name of the present town?

Answer. No : the name was “Nanu”.

2. Who brought the change from Arue about?

Answer. It was a gradual change, made chiefly during the Regency for the Boy King (Pomare III) : his mother Terito (Teremoemoe) as his sister Teretaria (Pomare vahine) the latter succeeding Hitoto

as the actual Regent, living from the death of their common husband (December 7, 1821) on the Papeete property of the Pomare Family in “Nanu”.

3. When was Papeete finally established as the Capital?

Answer. At the time of and by the holding of the Parliament in 1827 in place of Arue as heretofore.

4. If “Nanu” was the original name of the Water front how did the name “Papeete” absorb it?

Answer. Alike from Past Records and Present day Usage, it is evident that stretching round the shore line of Nanu (from present day Shipyards to the Colonial Prison) were strips of private Family property, running back from the waterfront to a line which may be roughly outlined as “The Ramparts” Road to “The Barracks” and so to “The Prison”. These Family strips of property were as follow [sic] :

(1) Fare-Ute, (2) Vaininiori, (3) Arupa, (4) Torupure, (5) Pape-ete, also known as Vai-ete, (6) Paofai, (7) Tipaerui.

Number 5 was wholly the family property of the Pomares and roughly extended from the Diademe Hotel to the Hospital in width : and from the water front to the Barracks in depth. They had also proprietary rights in some of the rest.

N° 2 was Swampland and was reclaimed for a habitable site by the embankment later made to divert the streams from the hills into one channel to the sea.

Orivini — back of Torupure — did not seemingly reach the water front : whilst Umapua — back of Paofai — is clearly from its meaning (Lime Kiln) a much later addition.

These 7 Family Properties were are [sic] we know in early days distinct, and are still used colloquially by natives as where they reside in the present Town ; whilst 2 of them are used Officially and by Outsiders — Fare-Ute and Papeete.

When a Town began to arise, business alone required one name not 7, and the Property of the Royal Family naturally took precedence. “Nanu” was lost by the frequent use of the 7, and the 7 were absorbed by the one — “Papeete”.

*Making research by Dates for proofs of the above, we find as to “Nanu”.*

(1) 1797. Maps. Captain Wilson of the Duff reporting his voyage with the Pioneer Missionaries — landing them in March 1797 — entitles thus : “According to the survey taken by Captain Cook in 1769, corrected by his later observations. The name of the places near the sea by W. Wilson”. Cook’s earlier maps must be examined remembering this note as to his later corrections. These maps show “Matavai Bay” “Papaouah”, Taunua is named “Atteroomah” and where Papeete stands today is marked “Nawnoo”.

(2) 1802. The missionaries report a party of refugees from Eimoo (Moorea) having taken refuge “on the small island that stands in Nannoo Bay” which the above maps show as Motootoo (Motu-Uta).

(3) The Spaniard Boenechea’s map of 1772 is an entire blank both as to Harbour and Papeete, though he sent his armed launch under the command of Lieutenant Gayangos on a complete circuit of Tahiti, starting from Tautira. The trip covered from the 5<sup>th</sup> to the 10<sup>th</sup> of December.

Gayangos touched at Matavai, then “brought up in a bay having 14 fathoms and fine black sand” the Pirae beach of today : then “proceeded to coast along inside the reef until we saw an opening” the Taunoa Pass of today and “thence kept to the open sea” missing present day Papeete Harbour altogether.

*As to the Waterfront properties.*

1. (1776), The Diary kept by Maximo Rodriquez — the young enterprising Spaniard left by Boenechea who made a complete tour of Tahiti, starting from Tautira.

July 5 he reached Matavai. July 6 he reached “Opare”. July 7 and 8 he stayed with Tu (The first Pomare).

July 9 “ I started off by land — I saw the whole of Opare. We arrived about midday at the place they call E-fare ura. I had to stay the night there owing to rain coming on”.

July 10 he reached Faaa.

Ura and Ute (accent on the U) mean alike “ i. e. Flame, Fire, Red and the results of Flame. Ute (accent on the E) means Song. Old natives are still to be met with who call Fare-ute, Fare-ura, nobody calls it Fare ute i. e. Singing House. As a fact, the “Long House” of the maps was there, either stained red by the use of the Mati and Touplant’s juices, or once burned down ; and was where Temarii lost his life by an explosion of gunpowder in 1797.

3. [sic] (1838) There being no “Ordinance” Maps in purely Tahitian days nor till the French began to reside upon the island, those after 1828 drawn up are no “proof” as to what was long years before, though correct at the date of their drawing. They are to be studied as not “the last word” as to what was before their days. “Papeete” had for years absorbed the other 6 when Bruat <sup>1</sup> arrived.

3. Their continued common use. The British Consulate building was in Paofai on the same spot as today. Queen Pomare wrote an appeal to her people from there, dated 10<sup>th</sup> January 1844 heading it “Paofai” though she lived in the town of Papeete, her home being on the Family property close by the present day Treasury Building. The Custom continues today.

*As to the gradual développement [sic] 1797–1803  
Years of the First Pomare.*

Throughout these years as recorded by the early Missionaries, Nanu was the name by which alone present day Papeete was known to them, to visiting sailors, and to natives.

*1803–1821. — Rule of Pomare II*

Up to this period Nanu was a closed harbour. The first vessel to enter the Pass is so far a matter of conjecture. Neither Wallis or Cook, Bligh or Vancouver made any mention of or concerned themselves at all with it.

The most likely ones to dare the then extra narrow way were whalers whose Captains dared anything : and these were (around 1810–1820) beginning to regularly frequent these waters, with Huahine their first headquarters, lying as it did on the whale track to and from the Antarctic [sic]. With Whalers there followed of necessity Traders and a Settlement, gradually to evolve into a Town.

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<sup>1</sup> [Armand Joseph Bruat \(1796–1855\)](#)

(1815) With Pomare it's [sic] settled position as Paramount Chief and War over at last, he though resident in Arue (Papaoa) made steady use of Motu-uta as a Retreat during his last years and had raised a house in Papeete. This little islet was part of the Family property of "Papeete" and the latter's name became now established and recognized fact, accepted by all, as is to be seen from the following witness.

Ellis reports a Missionary stationed "at Papeete" and that a Church had been built. He speaks of "500 present at a service" and that "On the brow of a hill" (where today is the Semaphore and the Mission House) "Mr Cook [sic] had erected his abode... inconvenient on account of its distance from the settlement".<sup>2</sup>

He shows further that ships were by then using the harbour, writing of the arrival from England of "The Tuscan", of its anchoring at Matavai (the usual spot) but next morning the ship proceeded to "Papeete".

*1822–1827. — During the Regency (for the Boy King)*

1. (1824) Ariitaimai's Memoirs speaking of her mother "The Marama" of Moorea but resident at Papara upon her marriage with the second Tati, notes her reluctance to have anything to do with Papeete. "No native Tradition or dignity was associated with Papeete which grew into consequence only on account of its harbour".

2. (1825) Captain Bailey anchored his vessel at Papeete "opposite the Church". He had anchored the "Saint Patrick" at Matavai but "moved to Papeete" where there were 2 American vessels and an English Whaler.

3. (1826) Captain Beechey says that the Queen Regent lived at Papeete but that the British Consul, several other Europeans and some of the missionaries lived at Taunoa.

Note. Captain Charlton of the Schooner "Active" was the first British Consul — a resident of Hawaii. In 1825 the British Government appointed him "for the Havaian [sic] Georgian Islands" and he sailed between the two groups till trouble arose here over both his long absences and his trading in liquor, the missionary George Pritchard<sup>3</sup> being given his post in 1837. Wallis had named Tahiti and Moorea "The Georgian Islands". Cook named the Sous le Vent separately "The Society Islands" and did not include Tahiti and Moorea as is done incorrectly today.

4. Beechey further says that the best port is neither Matavai nor Papeete but in "Oparre, Papawa anchorage" (the Papaoa of today). It was at Papaoa that Bligh anchored the Bounty to load his bread fruit plants, after his leaving Matavai. Teuira Henry is in error or there is a misprint as to his moving from Matavai to Papeete.<sup>4</sup>

At Bligh's date (1789) there was no Papeete.

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<sup>2</sup> Instead of Cook, this should refer to W.P. Crook. See WWB's article *The British Consulate on Tahiti* published in the 21 December 1937 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 45–47, in Part VII.

<sup>3</sup> [George Pritchard \(1796–1883\)](#)

<sup>4</sup> See [Teuira Henry, Ancient Tahiti, Bishop Museum Bulletin, No. 48 \(1928\)](#). Teuira Henry (1847-1915) was the granddaughter of the missionary Rev. J.M. Orsmond (1784?–1856), who compiled much of the information in *Ancient Tahiti*.



*Papeete from 1827 Onward*  
*Rule of Queen Pomare IV*

In 1827 (January) the boy King who had passed his few years of childhood in Moorea at the Missionaries School was brought over to Papeete to die at the Home which had been raised for some years and which was succeeded by a more substantial one erected on the same site in 1838, both standing between and slightly back of the present day Treasury Building and the Governor's office, the huge foundation stones today lying loosely about near the Treasury.

Here the young Queen had lived for several years with her mother and her Aunt the Queen Regent and here she remained throughout her life. Arue was to her only a country change, though business would oftentimes follow her there as happened with her firsts [sic] interview with the R.C. Fathers Laval <sup>5</sup> and Caret <sup>6</sup>. Pomare IV stamped Papeete from the very firsts [sic] as (1) The permanent Royal residence and (2) Her Seat of Power. The one step left to create it the Capital immediately followed : Parliament was transferred from Arue which had been heretofore where the Laws were made, the essential foundation of a Capital.

In 1828 an engraving of Papeete of that year shows some dozen Store Houses scattered along the Water front.

In 1829 Moerenhout (later to become the firsts [sic] U.S. Consul and later the first French one) landed as he says "At the Port of Papeete".

There is no need to proceed further in the years as by that time Papeete's position as o [sic] Town was assured.

*As to the first "Parliament" at Papeete*

In 1824 — under the Regency for Pomare III — the Code of Laws drawn up under Pomare II in 1819 which were confirmed by "a General Assembly" of Chiefs and the public in that year at Arue (Papaoa) were revised and enlarged at a similar gathering again held at Arue on February 23. Two of the most important changes made were (1) The Monarchy to be a Limited not an Absolute one. (2) A Parliament — not a General Assembly — to meet annually : this to be attended not by the Public but by all the Chiefs and 2 representatives to be elected from each District to hold office for 3 years.

In 1826 this first Tahitian Parliament (or Legislative Assembly — not a General Assembly as above noted) met at Arue in the largely rebuilt Royal Mission Chapel at Papaoa, whilst the next and all succeeding ones were held at the new Center of Power Papeete : thus stamping it from the year 1827 as the Capital.

W. W. BOLTON.

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<sup>5</sup> [Honoré Laval \(1808–1880\)](#)

<sup>6</sup> François d'Assise Caret

**Bulletin N° 59 (1937), pages 685–688 — The Lost Graves of the Pioneers on  
Tahiti and Moorea.**

**The Lost Graves of the Pioneers on Tahiti and Moorea.**

There were 9 to be found, 6 men and 3 women and they dated back to 1799. After close on 3 years research the quest has been accomplished and it is fitting that record should be made and placed amid the files of our Society for future generations to peruse. The result is not to the credit of any one man but to the hearty cooperation of many not only on the islands involved but far off London and Sydney. Correspondence of those long past years had to be unearthed, references had to be followed out to a conclusion, the confusion in the minds of local natives had to be carefully straightened out; the end was success and the pleasant labour fully rewarded before 1936 was closed.

The following were sought:

- (1) Thomas Lewis died November 27 – 1799 Buried at Matavai.
- (2) John Jefferson died September 25 – 1807 Buried at Matavai.
- (3) Sarah Henry died July 28 – 1812 Buried “on Moorea”.
- (4) Mary Davies died September 4 – 1812 Buried “on Moorea”.
- (5) Sarah Hayward died October 4 – 1812 Buried “on Moorea”.
- (6) William Scott died February 9 – 1815 Buried “on Moorea”.
- (7) Samuel Tessier died July 23 – 1820 Buried at Papara.
- (8) Henry Bicknell died August 7 – 1820 Buried “on Moorea”.
- (9) John Davies died August 19 – 1855 Buried at Papara.

Numbers (1), (2), (3) and (8) arrived on Tahiti in the “Duff” March 5 – 1797 : Numbers (6), (7) and (9) arrived on Tahiti in the “Royal Admiral” July 10 – 1801 : Numbers (4) and (5) arrived on Moorea November 1 – 1811 in an unnamed schooner from Sydney.<sup>7</sup>

Both Matavai and Papara being definite districts the Quest was thereby greatly aided; but “on Moorea” which was the only help London could render, was certainly a very large order; the coast line, the only possible site, being 38 miles in its circuit. A short statement follows.

*Matavai.* — Two leads — two only — had to be relied on (1) that Lewis was buried a short distance from the “Missionary House” (the second) of 1798 and not the “British” or “Bligh” House (the first) of 1797 and (2) that the first Christian Church upon Tahiti (and therefore the first in all Polynesia) was raised in 1800 “near the grave of Mr. Lewis”. Therefore if House or Church could be located, search was strictly limited.

It seemed indeed an off chance that any native resident should have been the recipient of Tradition of so long ago and for some time inquiries failed but then by happy chance information was acquired

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<sup>7</sup> The schooner was the *Endeavour*; see Chapter 2, page 10 of Ten Decades — The Australasian Centenary History of the London Missionary Society by Rev. Joseph King.

that one — Oututaata — of Haapape an aging man knew both Church site and a grave. It was but a short walk from his residence to Point Venus (Matavai) and some 300 yards short of the sea in a large coconut plantation he pointed out a squared stone, rising high 3 feet from the ground which he stated had formed the entrance step to the Chapel : and some 80 yards there from he stood beside a black boulder — sure sign of a grave — to day far sunk — where he said “a Duffie missionary” was laid. He had known these facts all his life, had learned them from his fore fathers.

Asked for the name of the man, he had no recollection and as was found with the other dead it would have been so strangely handled that it would have been of little use. Asked as to a second grave, he answered that he had never heard of another “Duffie” dying at Matavai. Yet close to the known boulder, there was a similar second one, the 2 graves were dug side by side, Jefferson had been remembered, Lewis had not, the earlier Brethren had seen to that. Lewis to them had died “in sin” and an out cast from their midst. They had buried the body but his memory was to perish. It had. By his side they had laid his stiff opponent, their quarrel over; and to day one large re-enforced concrete slab suitably inscribed covers them both, leave being readily granted by M. Villierme <sup>8</sup> the present day owner of the property; and the District as a whole accepts with gladsome mind the charge and care for the years to come of that unique church stone and the 2 “lost graves” of Pioneers to be seen (by all who will) to day at Matavai.

*Papara.* — No lead save that the island was no longer heathen and that Churches dotted the land. The graves would naturally be near their House of God. But the present day Church is not of that date. There was an earlier one. Research found it to have been raised half a kilometre past the present village, in a present day large coconut plantation, the whole acreage dotted liberally with the black boulders — always at the head, not the foot. Amid them hidden by long grass there were 2 wholly different; one out lined perfectly with coral blocks, the other covered completely with a couple of thick coral slabs cut from the reef near by. There could be no doubt that these were of white folk. No need to ask the natives on that question. But a difficulty arose, for the Records spoke of 3 men dead at Papara whilst there were but 2 graves — It was long before the transfer of Bicknell to Moorea was traced. Through 2 resident natives — Tetu Ourima and Uramoae; Davies was clear enough — the grave of slabs, but opinions were unsettled as to the second till it was proved by printed Journal that Tessier was laid at Papara whilst Bicknell dying but a month later requested that his body should lie “on Moorea” beside one of his children whom he had lost some years previously. The name given by Paparans to both Tessier and Davies were impossible of deciphering but the records held. Here then lay voyagers together on the Royal Admiral, 35 years between their deaths. Full size reinforced concrete slabs suitably inscribed to day cover them both; they lie close to the Highway so that all who will can read.

*On Moorea.* — No lead, no light for long, but one thing showed up, there were but 2 “stations” on that island for many years one at the North (to day Papetoai) the other on the east side (Afareaitu). One of these 2 held the secret. Letters written Home or elsewhere never once gave any address than Eimeo (Moorea) the village they dwelt in was never mentioned. But Pomare (II) was other wise in his correspondence with the Brethren when there [sic] were “on Moorea” and he on Tahiti. It was with him “To the Brethren at Uaeva : Eimo”, always Uaeva. So Uaeva was the key to “Moorea” and to the graves. Officialdom in its surveys gave response at once. Papetoai is today composed of 3 sections of old time Uaeva. And Pomare so further research showed had given one section over to the Brethren where they combined and lived and from whence they worked. Afareaitu did not open as a station till 1817 so all things pointed to Uaeva for the 5 lost graves. It was in 1809 that Uaeva was first occupied and since then has never been given up as a village centre. None at first knew of any old time cemetery but some told of being forbidden by their parents to play “where white folk were buried” and pointed to a huge maze of lantana bush impenetrable to day. The axe got to work and

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<sup>8</sup> Possibly Henri Edouard Villierme (1878–1952)

there the Quest was found : Bicknell with his child's little grave alongside, Scott near by, and the 3 women side by side, their graves alike, as peas in a pod. There being no possibility of differentiating the women and feeling that remembrance should be given to them as to the men, it was decided that a tablet suitably inscribed would best meet the case. A largø [sic] and handsome tablet therefore hangs to day in the native Church not a stone's throw away. This (unlike the grave stones) is not in English but in Tahitian so that the natives both now and in the future may know clearly of those who lie near by.

Thus was the Quest completed : the aim accomplished : and at Long Last due honour has been paid to those who left home and comfort for the Faith that was in them. Henry Nott's grave has always been known.<sup>9</sup>

W.W. BOLTON.

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<sup>9</sup> See also Tale #21, *Of Perseverance*, in Part IV, *Tales of Roaming Grandfather*, which has a photograph of the graves at Papetoai just as WWB found them in 1936. The lost graves were the subject of several articles in the Pacific Islands Monthly from 1935 to 1937.

**Bulletin N° 68 (1940), pages 272–275 — Liste des îles des EFO, date de leur découverte et noms des navigateurs**

**LISTE  
des Îles des Etablissements français de l’Océanie. Date de leur découverte et  
noms des navigateurs.** <sup>10</sup>

par W. W. BOLTON.

Ile	Découverte par	Date
<b>Îles de la Société</b>		
ainsi nommées par Cook en l’honneur de la Société Royale de Géographie de Londres. Wallis leur avait donné le nom d’îles du roi Georges.		
Tahiti	Wallis	1767
Moorea	Wallis	1767
Maïao ou Tubuai Manu	Wallis	1767
Mehetia	Wallis (vue également par Carteret)	1767
Makatea ou Ile de la Ré- création fait maintenant partie des Tuamotus	Roggeveen	1722
Tetiaroa	Wallis (vue également par Cook)	1767
<b>Groupe des Marquises</b>		
nommées ainsi par Mandana [sic] en l’honneur du Marquis de Mendoza, vice-roi du Pérou.		
<i>Groupe Sud-Est</i>		
Fatuhiva ou de la Madeleine	Mendana	1595
Hivaoa ou Dominique	Mendana	1595
Tahuata ou Santa Cristina	Mendana	1595
<i>Groupe Nord-Ouest</i>		
Nukahiva <sup>11</sup> ou Baux	Ingraham	1791
Uauka <sup>12</sup>	Ingraham	1791
Uapu ou île Marchand	Ingraham	1791
Marchand et Chanal s’attribuent également la découverte de ce groupe.		

<sup>10</sup> This list first appeared in the Appendix of Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, which was completed in 1938, and had previously been published in the 15 February 1939 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 32–33, in Part VII.

<sup>11</sup> *Nukuhiva* in the PIM article.

<sup>12</sup> *Nahuka* in the PIM article.



Ile	Découverte par	Date
<b>Archipel des Gambier</b>		
ainsi nommé par Wilson		
Akamaru	Wilson	1797
Aukena	Wilson	1797
Mangareva <sup>13</sup>	Wilson	1797
Taravai	Wilson	1797
Crescent (Timoe)	Wilson	1797
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<b>Archipel des Tubuai.</b>		
Raivaivai	Gayangos	1775
Rapa	Vancouver	1791
Rimatara	Henry	1811
Rurutu	Cook	1769
Tupuai	Cook	1777
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<b>Iles-Sous-le-Vent</b>		
ainsi nommé par Cook.		
Raiatea	Cook	1769
Huahine	Cook	1769
Maupiti	Cook	1769
Tupai ou Motu-iti	Cook	1769
Tahaa	Cook	1769
Scilly ou Manuai	Wallis	1767
Borabora <sup>14</sup> ou Faa-nui	Cook	1769
Bellinghausen ou Motu One	Kotzebue	1824
Mopelia ou Mapihaa	Wallis	1767
<hr/>		
<b>Archipel des Tuamotu</b>		
ainsi nommé par l'administration française en 1851, connu autrefois sous le nom de Poumotus.		
Ahe <sup>15</sup> ou Vaterland	Schouten	1616
Ahunui ou Cockburn	Beechey (vue également par Martin)	1826
Akiaki ou Lanciers	Bougainville	1768
Amanu ou Maller	Quiros (vue aussi par Varela)	1606
Anaa ou la Chaîne	Quiros	1606

<sup>13</sup> *Rikitea* in the PIM article.

<sup>14</sup> The PIM article has *Pora Pora* and *There is no letter "B" in Tahitian*.

<sup>15</sup> *Aha* in the PIM article.

Ile	Découverte par	Date
Anu-Anuraro <sup>16</sup> ou Margaret	Wallis (vue aussi par Quiros)	1767
Anu-Anuranga <sup>17</sup> ou Gloucester	Wallis (vue aussi par Quiros)	1767
Apataki	Roggeveen	1722
Arutua or Rurick	Roggeveen	1722
Faaite ou Miloradewitch	Bellinghausen	1819
Fakahina ou Predpriatic	Kotzebue	1824
Fakarava ou Wittgenstein	Schouten	1616
Fangataufa	Beechey	1826
Fangatau ou Angatau	Beechey (vue aussi par Cockburn)	1826
Hao ou la Harpe ou Bow- Island	Bougainville (vue aussi par Quiros)	1768
Hereheretue <sup>18</sup> ou St Paul	Wallis	1767
Haraiki ou Crocker	Boenechea	1772
Hikueru ou Melville	Boenechea	1774
Kauehi	Humphrey	1822
Kaukura	Cook	1774
Maria ou Vahitahi	Bougainville	1768
Marokau	Bougainville (vue aussi par Quiros)	1768
Makemo ou Phillips	Cook	1773
Manihi ou Wilson	Schouten	1616
Matahiva ou Lazareff	Bellinghausen	1819
Manuhangi ou Cumberland	Wallis	1767
Moruroa <sup>19</sup> ou Osnabrugh	Wallis	1767
Motutunga	Cook	1773
Marutea ou Furnaux	Edwards (vue aussi par Cook)	1791
Niau ou Greig	Schouten (vue aussi par Greig)	1616
Nukutavake ou Queen Charlotte	Carteret	1767
Napuka ou Ile du Désappointement	Byron	1765
Naungenengo <sup>20</sup> ou Negenengo	Wallis	1767
Nukutipipi	Wallis (vue également par Quiros)	1767
Pukaruha ou Serles	Wilson	1797
Puka-Puka <sup>21</sup> ou Honden	Schouten	1616
Pinaki ou Whitsunday	Carteret	1767
Paraoa ou Gloucester	Wallis	1767
Rangiroa ou Rairoa	Schouten	1616
Reao ou Clermont-Tonnerre	Bell (vue aussi par Tonnerre)	1822
Raroia ou Barclay de Tolly	Roggeveen	1722
Raraka	Ireland	1831
Tatakoto ou Narcisse	Varela	1774
Tureia ou Papakaua	Carteret	1767
Takaroa ou Tiooka	Schouten	1616
Tahanea	Boenechea	1774
Tauere ou de la Résolution	Boenechea	1772

<sup>16</sup> *Anuanuaro* in the PIM article.

<sup>17</sup> *Anuanurunga* in the PIM article.

<sup>18</sup> The PIM article has *Hereheretue* and all other islands in the correct alphabetical order.

<sup>19</sup> *Mururoa* in the PIM article.

<sup>20</sup> *Nangenengo* in the PIM article. This may be another example of the difficulty of distinguishing WWB's handwritten "n" and "u". The name of this island is usually spelt [Nengonengo](#) at present.

<sup>21</sup> *Puka Puka* in the PIM article.

Ile	Découverte par	Date
Takapoto	Roggeveen	1722
Toau ou Elisabeth	Roggeveen	1722
Tikehau <sup>22</sup> ou Krusenstern	Roggeveen	1722
Tepoto ou Otoho	Byron	1765
Tekokoto	Turbull <sup>23</sup> [sic] (Supercargo) vue aussi par le Cap. Bruyers	1803
Temataugi <sup>24</sup> ou Bligh	Bligh	1792
Tikei	Schouten	1616
Takume ou Wolknski	Bellinghausen	1819
Vairaatea	Wallis	1767
Vanavana ou Kurataki	Beechey (vue aussi par Barrow)	1826

Il semble n'exister aucun document concernant la découverte des 17 îles ou petits Atolls de l'Archipel des Tuamotous ne figurant pas dans cette liste.

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<sup>22</sup> *Tiki hau* in the PIM article.

<sup>23</sup> The name should be *Turnbull*.

<sup>24</sup> The PIM article has [Tematangi](#), which is the correct spelling at present. This may be another example of the difficulty of distinguishing WWB's handwritten "n" and "u".

# PART IX

## OLD TIME TAHITI

BY  
REV. WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON, M.A.

### Preface

The original text of *Old Time Tahiti* is stored in the Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia, as Volumes 17–19 of the Bolton Papers (Collection 1–7A). Volume 17 consist of *Old Time Tahiti*, while Volume 18 contains an appendix and an index to *Old Time Tahiti*. Volume 19 contains an *Addenda to manuscript of Old time Tahiti*. At the end of the Foreword, WWB writes “*Commenced 1928 : Completed 1938*”.

These volumes are now available on microfilm (CY Reel 4976). The handwritten text was transcribed from scans taken from the microfilms and provided in PDF files; see the Preface to *The Chronicles of Savage Island* regarding the guidelines followed during the transcription.

In his article in the June 1944 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, page 43, *The Late Mr. Bolton of Tahiti*,<sup>1</sup> James Norman Hall states that

“Then, in 1928, he [WWB] set out for Tahiti, to rest for the remainder of his days. He had rested for, perhaps, a week when he became interested in Polynesian history as it concerns Tahiti. So he started tramping the island over, exploring the sites of ancient buildings, and the scenes of ancient happenings, reading neglected manuscripts, making researches that no one before had had the energy or the interest to make. The results, so far, are contained in two thick manuscript volumes, written out in his beautiful Spencerian hand. These he has placed in the custody of the British Consulate, for the use of anyone who may wish to consult them.”

Hall may be referring to the first two volumes. All three volumes in the Mitchell Library have “*For use by the British Community of Tahiti*” written on the cover, which suggests that they were the volumes that WWB placed in the custody of the British Consulate. The Bolton Papers were donated to the Mitchell Library by WWB’s daughter, Vyvyan, in October 1952; it may have been that the British Consulate returned WWB’s work when his papers were transferred to Vyvyan after his death. Given that Volumes 17 and 18 consist of 480 handwritten pages, it is unlikely that WWB made a copy of Old Time Tahiti.

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<sup>1</sup> Originally published in the Atlantic Monthly, Volume 173, Number 6, June 1944, as “*Mr. Bolton’s Birthday. A True Story*”.

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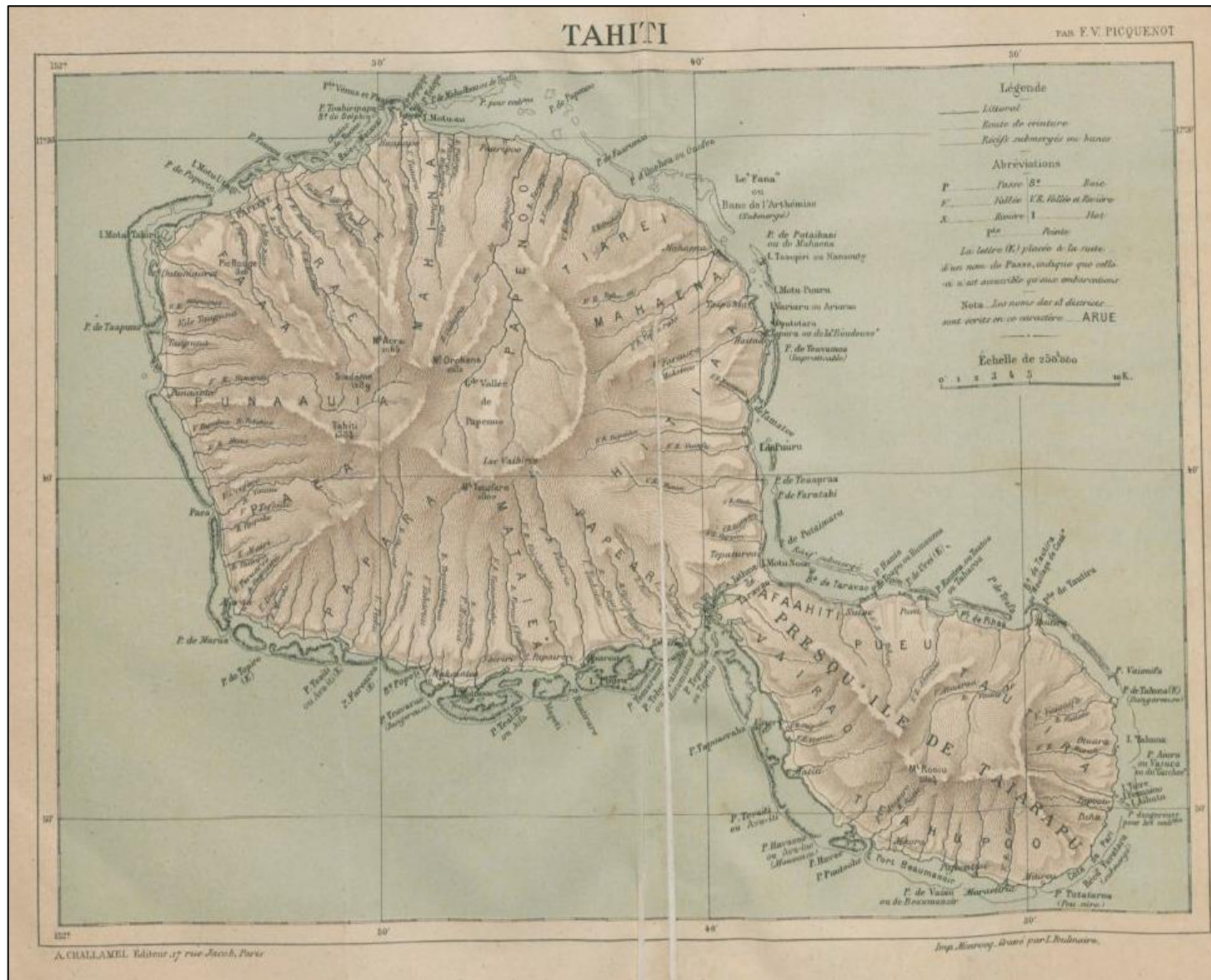


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# PART IX. OLD TIME TAHITI



Tahiti

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See Appendix for “Other Known Books dealing with the Periods”.

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<sup>2</sup> Ariitaimai or Ari’i Taimai (circa 1821–1897); see Note #2 to Chapter VII for information in her regard. WWB has borrowed much of his pre-Christian history of the Tahitians from the *Memoirs of Ariitaimai*, which was written by the American, [Henry Adams \(1838–1918\)](#), based on stories told to him in 1891 by Ariitaimai, Chieftainess of Papara, through her daughter, Marau, divorced wife of Pomare V. See also WWB’s letter to the editor entitled *The Memoirs of Ariitaimai* in the September 1945 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, page 59. Unsourced quotations in *Old Time Tahiti* are from the *Memoirs*. The accuracy of the *Memoirs* has been questioned by Neil Gunson [here](#) and [here](#), and by Robert Langdon [here](#). See also the comment by James Lyle Young in the footnote in Chapter VIII.



French Oceania

## **Old Time Tahiti.**

### **A Sketch of**

#### **1. The Period of Violence**

#### **2. The Period of the French**

### **Foreword**

The following Sketch, written with no thought of publication, seeks to give a plain and consecutive story to visiting friends who, keen to acquire information and picking up the Past in haphazard fashion, find it extremely confusing and well nigh impossible to piece together. It is but a transcript of the labour of others for historical purposes alone, their writings woven into a single whole. The legendary antecedents of the island's inhabitants are purposely not dealt with. They are a story in themselves to be better read of in "Vikings of the Sunrise" (Buck) and other volumes of like nature. Only essential notes are allowed to interfere with the run of the story, and these are placed at the end of the Chapters. The eye soon wearies of making excursions among footnotes below, whilst the mind rebels against the all too frequent interruptions. All notes therefore, save the really necessary ones which throw immediate light upon what has just gone before, are to be found in an Appendix which can best be read and their value be fully seen when the complete story, itself a short one as here sketched, has been acquired by the reader. The writer would deeply regret any errors therein caused through imperfect knowledge though he has diligently sought information through all sources at his command. Opinions and the point of view may naturally differ, but Facts are the essential thing, and there may be those who have access to documents unknown or inaccessible to him. A welcome aid these to perfect accuracy, and corrections will be gladly made in this manuscript sketch.

W.W.B.

Papeete.  
Tahiti.

Note.

The reader will notice cases of poor English and incorrect spelling, not alone of Tahitian names, in some of the documents quoted. For these the writer is not to blame. It has been felt better to reproduce textually the original than to correct or revise.

Commenced 1928 : Completed 1938





A Polynesian native.

## THE PERIOD OF VIOLENCE

### CHAPTER I

Tahiti is, as it were, two islands joined by a fair-sized isthmus — the larger, Greater Tahiti, the smaller, Lesser Tahiti : and from unknown times was inhabited by native, Polynesian, Clans, each Clan with its ruling Chief. For the better understanding of what follows, the position of those Clans had best be given. The main “Districts” of today were the main centres of the past.

On the north lay Pare — Papaoa within it, known commonly as Arue — the two being portions of the Porionuu which covered both northern and eastern coasts; the latter containing Papenoo and Hitiaa. Going south on the western side from Pare came Faaa, Punaauia, Paea, Papara and Papeari. On Lesser Tahiti, Tautira lay on the eastern coast, Vairao and Teahupoo on the western.

When Captain Wallis, R.N., <sup>3</sup> in H.M.S. Dolphin of 24 guns and a crew with officers and marines of 140, <sup>4</sup> first saw Tahiti on June 18, 1767, the Tevas with Papara as headquarters held control over nigh 80 miles of coast, the whole western side of Greater Tahiti — stretching from independent Faaa adjoining the present town of Papeete — down to the isthmus of Taravao, as also the whole of Lesser Tahiti. The remaining 40 and more miles of northern and eastern coasts, with Faaa, were held by the rest of the Clans.

How they came to this commanding position will be duly shown. They were more than a match for the rest of the island till white men came on the scene, when this commanding position was lost to Pare-Arue and its Chief, Pomare II, <sup>5</sup> a story this sketch also covers.

When Wallis (Uari) and later on Cook <sup>6</sup> (Tuti) arrived, the Ariirahi of the Tevas being Head Chief of the largest portion of Tahiti, it was natural that the white men should assume him (Amo) to be the king of Tahiti. But not so. The South Sea islands knew nothing of kings in those days. They were ruled by Chiefs “Arii” and Great Chiefs “Ariirahi”.

The whole population was greatly confined as to residence, for the central portions of both Greater and Lesser Tahiti are but a riot of hills. The lower classes were crowded up the valleys and mountain sides, the upper on the strip of land which runs like a low shelf round the island shaped as it is like a hand-mirror — but the natives, knowing nothing of such a thing, likened it to a fish, it having both a body and a tail — the strip a narrow space in itself between the mountains and the sea, save where the larger streams as at Papenoo, Hitiaa, Papara and Tautira cut out a few broad valleys, a mile or more in their extreme width.

The present population of Tahiti is given a total of 14,154 including the numerous French, Chinese and Half-castes : and that of Moorea, the island close adjoining, as 1,837 including the same. The population as given by inference from Wallis in 1767, Cook’s 200,000 in 1769 and his scientific

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<sup>3</sup> [Samuel Wallis \(1728–1795\)](#)

<sup>4</sup> WWB has written over his original number and the combined text is somewhat illegible, but appears to be 140. The [Dolphin](#)’s official complement was 160.

<sup>5</sup> [Pomare II \(ca. 1774 –1821\)](#)

<sup>6</sup> [James Cook \(1728–1779\)](#)



companion Forster's <sup>7</sup> 120,000 in 1774 appear extravagant <sup>8</sup> but much evidence seems to support them as possible fact. (See Note #3 to Chapter XI and *The Spanish Marine's Story* in the Addenda.)

When Wallis' guns began to fire in Matavai Bay as he dropped anchor "*there were not less than 300 canoes about the ship, having on board at least 2,000 men, many thousands were also upon the shore, and more canoes coming from every quarter*". Cook saw a fleet of 160 large double-canoes attended by 170 smaller double-canoes preparing to start out to attack the neighbouring islands of Moorea. This fleet, he concluded, could not contain less than 7,760, allowing 40 to each large canoe, and 8 to the smaller ones. This was a contingent from only 2 Districts. Along with these went transports, 40 in each large canoe and 4 in the smaller, raising the total to 9,000. At this rate the whole island could raise 1,720 war canoes and 68,000 men : and as these could not amount to above a third of the number of both sexes, children included, Tahiti's then population of 200,000 is not beyond credibility. <sup>9</sup>



**Moorea's outline from Papeete's highway.**

Cook's estimate of 40 men to each large canoe was low. Natives estimate each as carrying 50. Less than that number could hardly have managed those great double vessels, from 60 to 100 feet long, with platforms between. Forster counted in the largest of the canoes prepared against Moorea 104 paddlers and 8 steersmen, besides 30 warriors on the platform. The 9,000 who set out against the

<sup>7</sup> [Johann Georg Adam Forster \(1754–1794\)](#)

<sup>8</sup> WWB has *extravagent*.

<sup>9</sup> However, as noted by Robert Langdon in [The Lost Caravel Re-explored](#), page 109, there were both *va'a* and *pahi* in the fleet. "*This suggests that many of the canoes had come from Ra'iatea and were manned by Ra'iateans, for both Cook and Banks in 1769 and Hervé in 1772 had all stated that the pahi were peculiar to that island. This fact, however, now escaped Cook's recollection and he proceeded to estimate Tahiti's population on the basis of what he saw before him.*"

neighbouring island were not attacking the whole of it but only one District on its northern side with its Arii, Mahini. They were repulsed. Mahini, awhile later but not then Paramount Chief, must have had an equal force, if not larger. If one District could then muster such a number, the whole of Moorea should have had 40,000 inhabitants.

The population was recognized by the natives as excessive. A single breadfruit tree was often owned by 2 or more families who fought over the branches. Infanticide was common and carried out ruthlessly.

Of the above huge total the Tevas must have numbered at least 120,000 and it was amongst these that the first white visitors chiefly moved and noted things. They saw that some — not all — of the Ariirahi had one special right attached to their rank. This was the right to wear the Feather Girdles. On Tahiti, the Heads of 2 Families alone had the right to wear the Maro-ura or girdle of Red Feathers. These were the Heads of the Teva Clan at Papeari and Punaauia. The Tevan Head at Papara alone had the right to wear the Maro-tea or girdle of Yellow Feathers. These 3 Ariirahi were sacred personages. Wherever they appeared, all, men and women even to Arii, stripped themselves to the waist as a sign of respect : and as the very ground these Ariirahi trod became of necessity theirs, they were always carried when they went abroad that they might not acquire the property of their fellows. Yet they were only sacred where they were among their own people and Districts — and those others by right of some close marriage connection with that District. Cook saw him of Papara — Teriirere — with his father (Amo) and his mother (Purea) at Matavai Bay which was outside the Tevan Districts, being in Arue. He saw all strip before the child, this because of a marriage connection. Beyond that District he would be looked upon as a stranger. Both Wallis and Cook took Amo and Purea to be King and Queen, but Amo was not even Head Chief, only exercising the power as Guardian for his son, according to the native custom which made the Firstborn the Head of the Clan immediately upon birth.

Marriage was a matter of most profound and social consequence, and women ever played a conspicuous part in Tahiti's history. In the absence of sons, daughters inherited both Titles and property. A Chieftainess was an independent of her husband — in her own right of that post — as any other Arii : she had her seat in the Marae, the sacred Council place, and if she was ambitious she might do great things for her children as did Purea, the friend of Wallis and Cook, called by the latter Oberea and Berea; and as did the stepmother of the second Pomare, her niece Itia as will be seen.

The final struggle for supremacy was between Papara and Pare-Arue. These latter Districts were under one Chief, the Head of Porionuu with his headquarters at Matavai Bay. The modern town of Papeete was, for long, a mere strip of land of the Clan resident within Arue. This District's Chief might as an Ariirahi be called important. Beyond him on the eastern coast there was no Chief of the first rank. Both he and they were disunited and weak, the Tevas on the other hand were a great Confederacy, yet the Ariirahi of Papara was never the Paramount Chief of Tahiti. The Kingship which the first white men attributed, first to him and then to another, was never accepted by the natives. It was left to missionaries and guns to introduce a wholly new idea of government on Tahiti. When the white men finally swung to Pare's Chief the natives were as unwilling as ever for Kingship. The struggle as will be seen was long and fierce.

The Tevas claimed descent from the Shark God and though we of today must needs discard the fable, it meant to them the basis of their superior standing.

Generations back, an Ariirahi of Punaauia married a Chieftainess of Papeari, named Hotutu, and had a son. At his birth the father set out in his canoe for the Tuamotus — the pearl atolls — to obtain the Red Feathers the boy was entitled to wear in his own special marae to be erected later.

Whilst absent on his long voyage and quest, a strange visitor appeared at Papeari whither the Chieftainess had repaired, and of course had to be entertained by her. He was a demigod, one half human, the other half fish. He came through the Pass in the reef, into the estuary of the Vahiria river and thence ashore.

After many months residence, the Shark God grew weary of his hostess and left, giving as his reason that he had seen her dog licking her face which was too grave a fault for a person of refinement to pass over. Before leaving he told her that the child she should bear, if a girl was to take her name, but if a boy he was to be called Teva : “Rain and Wind will accompany his birth, and Rain and Wind wherever he goes will forestall his coming.”

In Ariitaimai’s day, the fast dying ancients could still point the place where he lived as a child, his first bathing place, and the different waters he fished in as he came on his way to Papara — lying midway between his mother’s and his step-father’s homes — where he raised his own marae; to Papara centre of Tevan power in Cook’s day; the home place still of the Clan and Papara District has annually the heaviest rainfall of the island.

Apart from the Domestic and Corporate maraes, of which there were 5 classes, the Family, the Social, the Doctors, the Canoe-builders and the Fishermen, every Chief, great or small had his own. About a dozen stood out pre-eminent upon Greater Tahiti owing to the high position of their owners.

A marae was an enclosure in parallelogram form, the level pavement sometimes raised high, sometimes low, and stone walled, with a stone platform used for religious rites at one end of the long court. Religion had a strange hold upon this people. They invoked their gods in every undertaking, the category of spirits a lengthy one, the priesthood ranking high and wielding great power and influence.

A Tahitian’s social position depended on his having a stone to lean against — whilst seated on the ground — within the enclosure of his Chief’s marae. The greater maraes were those under the control of Ariirahi, 3 of whom were entitled to those Feather girdles, and these dozen or more alone could order human sacrifices to the gods. A man who had neither a marae of his own, nor seat therein, was a poor man socially indeed.

Cook was greatly embarrassed when asked the name of his marae, for of course being a very great Chief he must needs have one of his own. He gave the name of his naval parish at Home. Forster missed the point : yet saved himself. He took the natives to ask of him his Marai — his burial place — he hoped to be registered in Stepney as buried, so gave that parish likewise.

Thanks to the maraes, few social mistakes were possible. Genealogy was everything. Chiefs might wander off to other isles and be lost to Tahiti for generations, but if their descendants returned and could prove their rights, they were granted all the properties and privileges which belonged to them. Impostors were put to death without mercy. Every Family kept its genealogy a secret to protect it from imposition, and every member aimed to keep it pure. The most powerful Chieftainess could have as many lovers as she liked, but she could not raise a child who was not of Chiefly origin, it was put to death the instant of its birth.

If Forster missed the difference of sound between “e” and “i”, all the early visitors fell into the error of taking “o” before a name as being part thereof. We see Oamo, Otahiti, Oberea, Oto in their books. But the “o” was and still is simply “It is”. When asked by Wallis the name of the island they answered “It is Tahiti”. When asked who he or she is they still make answer “It is Amo” “It is Purea”. It is not and never was the custom to give the bald name. One must drop the “o” to get the name.



By human sacrifice mentioned above, cannibalism is not to be inferred. They were propitiatory offerings to the gods. There were some 20 occasions when this was considered necessary, the paramount being War, a Great Chief's Firstborn, the founding of a Great Chief's marae, the launching of a Great Chief's canoe. The victims were known criminals of the lower classes and were always taken unawares.

When an occasion for such sacrifice arrived, expectant victims either made for the sanctuary ground around the marae, or fled to the hills and hid till the village drum announced that the man was obtained. Only male sacrifices were held to be acceptable to the gods and there had to be no disfigurement of the body either in life or at death. If the intended victim was fortunate enough to be armed and evading the sudden blow slew his assailant, the latter took his place. After being offered upon the altar of the marae connected with the occasion, the body was decently buried. When however a District could not provide a fitting human sacrifice, a hog was substituted.

This for Tahiti : but among the Atolls — the Tuamotus — cannibalism was not unknown : they had but fish and coconut year in, year out, their home but a ring of coral and sand.

(See *The Tragedy of the Sarah Ann* in the Appendix.) <sup>10</sup>

## NOTES

- (1) "Tahiti" is a Polynesian root word with many forms and variations in the various Groups of the Race. Its essential meaning is "Borderland" "Beyond All" : and in a qualitative sense "The most admirable" "The most excellent".
- (2) From early times to the close of these Periods the names both of Places and People took on new forms as the spirit moved folk to do : e.g. Teriitaria is also named Ariipaea and Terataue indiscriminately. Terito becomes Tetupaia, Taitaru, Teremoemoe and Ta'aroa Vahine : whilst one, Tearamaa, who acted for a time as Secretary to Queen Pomare even adopted that of "Sir Robert Peel" and so signed her letters. (Command Papers p. 461) Hence what may seem erroneous or incorrect appellations, comparing those throughout this sketch with other works of a fuller kind are not so, but an attempt to confine such names within reasonable grounds for the reader. Some Place names are absolutely lost to us of today, the site as a Settlement has been effaced by Time, and a guess not being history, no elucidation is attempted.
- (3) The largest Parish in the world — the Parish of all British sailors — was the "Parish of Stepney, County of London". The Customs House for all ships which left the port of London was in that parish, and in the eyes of the Law as in the minds of its sailors every ship was located there. This arrangement certainly goes back to the days of Pepys <sup>11</sup> in the reign of Charles II, <sup>12</sup> and may be earlier still. It was the custom to record all marriages and burials on board vessels on the High Seas in the Diocese of London, and the Bishop thereof was in charge of all islands of the Empire without special Diocesan oversight, as instance the early history of Pitcairn. Forster's burial wherever it might take place would certainly be recorded there.

<sup>10</sup> WWB actually has "(See page 439)". Here and elsewhere, WWB's references to page numbers in the original handwritten manuscript have been converted to references to the subject matter and its location in *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>11</sup> [Samuel Pepys \(1633–1703\)](#)

<sup>12</sup> [Charles II \(1630–1685\)](#)

- (4) With reference to Kingship, the following Extract from the daily “Journal” of the pioneer missionaries is important:

*“May 23. 1800. It is reported that the Commonalty are much incensed against the principal Chiefs, and are wanting to root them up altogether and to restore the ancient form of government, that is, every district to be subject to its own Chief, without the acknowledgement of a superior over him.”*

- (5) Of Cook’s double-canoes, Jefferson <sup>13</sup> writes in the Journal of date October 5. 1798 (a) That each canoe could carry on its platform 40 or 50 men. (b) That each canoe had upon its stem and stern the figure of a man, half as large as life, rudely carved. (c) That they are called Pahi the same word as for ships, whereas a canoe ordinarily was called Va’a, a sacred canoe being Va’a ra’a. These Pahi were not hewn out of a single log, but made of planks sewn (laced) together with sennit (coconut fibre).
- (6) As to the deserted valleys once teeming with population Ellis in 1817 writes of Moorea : *“Went to the mountains (up Afareaitu valley) was much struck with the remaining vestiges of former habitants which are to be found even to the very tops of the interior hills.”* The same scene is to be met with in every valley throughout Greater Tahiti. Davies writes in 1816 of the wide valley of the Papenoo river as still inhabited for 20 miles up, reaching even over the ridge to Lake Vaihiria, but today wholly deserted. They had always had their wars, their human sacrifices, their strangling of infants and their kava drinking to excess. The white man’s ailments from measles up were a new phase, clearly the deciding factor for the valleys becoming empty and the sudden and swift enormous death rate. Nor must full clothing be forgotten, taking the place of oil ’gainst wind and rain.
- (7) Polynesia, alike with Melanesia and Micronesia, is a Greek name, the last 5 letters “nesia” meaning “islands” : the first part of the names denote respectively “Many” : “Black” : “Little”.
- (8) The red feathers so highly valued by the Tahitians of old were secured, locally, from a wild duck now extinct and also from the Atolls where the boatswain bird with its 2 flaming tail feathers <sup>14</sup> is to this day extremely abundant.

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<sup>13</sup> The missionary John Jefferson arrived on the *Duff* in 1797 and died in 1807. The location of his grave at Matavai Bay by WWB is recounted in *Graves of Early L.M.S. Missionaries* in the 23 July 1935 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, in Part VII.

<sup>14</sup> Possibly the [red-tailed tropic bird \(\*Phaethon rubricauda\*\)](#), also called the boatswain or bosun bird.



**Stepney Parish Church from an engraving made in 1815.**

## CHAPTER II

Of the numerous Tahiti maraes the following were the chief. Papeari had 2 very ancient and famous ones. That called Farepua had the distinction of being the only marae whose decorations, alike with its Chief's, were Red Feathers. The other was called Tahiti. It was he or she the Ariirahi, the Chief or Chieftainess who presided over the last named, who was the great noble, the social Aristocrat of the island yet was no King or Queen.

Papara's marae was a mile back from the sea, close under the mountains. From this one, a stone was taken to found a second near the shore, forming part of which was the great Pyramid of coral on Mahaitea Point which so astonished Cook.<sup>15</sup>

Proceeding thence around the island, Paea has 2 leading maraes, Punaauia had its own, Faaa also. The Porionuu — which ran from Faaa clear round the north and east coasts — had its chief maraes (1) Ahu-toru in present day Arué on the Point seaward of Pomare V's mausoleum (2) in Paré, east of Taunoa some 200 yards back from the shore.

On Lesser Tahiti there were three : on its western side were Vairao's and Teahupoo's, on its eastern side Tautira's. The greatest of these 3 was the last named but its powerful Chief and his line were extinguished by war was as will be shown.

There were also the maraes of Papenoo and Hitiaa within the Porionuu Districts. The above list is fairly complete so far as records show.

Tradition gives Papeari as the earliest centre of political power, thence it moved to Punaauia, then back to Papeari. White men however found the Chief of Papara politically superior to both of these. A revolution had overthrown Papeari once more, but whilst Papara was thus the political centre of the Tevans and the most dominant force upon Tahiti, it could not assume the social supremacy, for as long as Tahitian native society should last, the marae Tahiti at Papeari was the Marae of maraes, the "most excellent" of all.

A woman was the cause of Papeari's collapse for good. Beautiful women were always a lively interest in island society and many were Beauties by profession. They swam and disported themselves in the lagoons which lie between the Barrier reef and the shore, their fathers raised a platform paved with flat coral slabs — a paepae — before their homes where the Beauty sat, and, passers by stopped to discuss the rich colour of her skin, the beauty of her eyes, her long flowing hair or the perfection of her figure.

Such a Beauty was the daughter of Panee of Papara an intimate friend of Papara's Chief. Papeari's then Chief had a fancy for handsome women and carried off the girl by stealth. Panee sought his daughter in every direction and finally stationed himself on the boundary line between the 2 Districts — the Mataiea of today — questioning all who passed. Two coming from Papeari told him that the Beauty had already been discarded and dwelt among the pigs and dogs. Panee in a frenzy of rage fell upon all near, killing 5 and sent such a message to Papeari's Chief as could only be atoned for by death.

Having made war a certainty he hurried back to Oro the Chief of Papara and his friend. The attack was not long in coming. It failed utterly and Oro chased the woman stealer through his own District,

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<sup>15</sup> See the etching in Chapter III.

over miles of hills not easy to be crossed till the beaten Chief took refuge with him of Hitiaa, full 30 miles from the field of battle. From that day the Chief of Papara instead of Papeari's issued the summons to all the Teva Clan and became the political head.

Three generations before Wallis appeared, another revolution had occurred and again a woman was the cause. For a time it meant the eclipse of Papara.

Tautira was then a large and powerful centre on the eastern side of Lesser Tahiti covering some 25 miles of coast. Taiarapu — Lesser Tahiti's native name — possibly held some 40,000 of the 240,000 inhabitants of the entire island, Tautira some 25,000 of that number with an army of warriors at call of 7,000 men. Its Chief was an Ariirahi, Tavi by name, noted for his generous spirit. His wife Taurua who came from Hitiaa was reckoned the most beautiful woman of her day. They had one son. Tuiterai was Papara's Chief and he coveted Taurua. He sent a request for a visit by the Chieftainess with a promise that she should return in seven days. In Tahiti's code of manners the request could not be refused without a quarrel. Tavi did not want to let his wife go but his generous nature was ready to go to all lengths to please a friend. The woman had no say in the matter as she was not of his rank.

Taurua went to Papara like a Queen of Sheba and Tuiterai enamoured of her broke his pledge and refused to send her home. This was an outrage of a most grievous kind and an act of war. The Song of Tuiterai has come down the centuries "Why should I give up Taurua? I will not give her up. I, Tuiterai of the Six Skies, her who has become to me like the Ura to my eyes, like the sunshine from Rarato'a."

Tavi of Tautira summoning his warriors sent them against Papara with orders to destroy both it and its Chief. The end was a strange one. Papara was sacked, Tuiterai was wounded, captured and bound, but when about to be slain he objected, on the ground that he being an Ariirahi could not be put to death by an inferior, that Tavi himself must slay him. He being a sacred character uniting in himself as was often the case both the priestly and the chiefly castes the warriors stayed their hands. They carried him to Tavi and Taurua with him.

Tavi was in a quandary. If he himself slew Tuiterai gone was his fame for generosity. But an enemy spared became a guest by the code of Tahitians. His generosity won the day, he not only gave Tuiterai his life but Taurua besides. Tavi's renunciation is still extant in song : "Take then your wife Taurua! We are separated she and I! Taurua, the Morning Star to me! For her beauty I would die! You once were my friend but now! Take then Taurua my Friend." Papara's power politically was however overthrown and Tavi became an even more powerful Chief.

Unfortunately for himself he asserted this power by imposing a Rahui for his young son. He had lost a wife, all things for him centred in his boy.

A Rahui was an exercise of Authority well nigh regal in its claims. It was a prohibition that during a fixed period, long or short, throughout the entire territory subject to that Chief, sometimes one kind of food, sometimes another, such as hogs and special kinds of fish, should be sacred to that Chief, none to be touched. This was done sometimes wisely, as when food supplies were seen to be running low through wanton waste, sometimes unwisely as evidently in this case, which was to accumulate them for a magnificent feast as a show of power. The penalty of breaking a Rahui by chiefs of lesser rank, even those connected by marriage was war.

Through family connections Tavi's authority reached far. Vehiatua, an hereditary title — one of a long line Ariirahi of Teahupoo on the opposite side of Lesser Tahiti had a daughter Tetua-e-huri who had married the Ariirahi of Par'e-Arué — wherein as has been noted Papeete now stands — and this



daughter was about to bear a child. Her attendants told her that she should eat pork daily. Chieftainesses like her were apt to do as they pleased when their husbands were of lower rank than themselves. This husband though an Ariirahi stood in the second rank through a bar sinister in tracing his descent in part from Fakarava one of the Tuamotu, islands looked upon with disdain by Tahitian aristocracy, a fact never forgotten as to the Pomares. The woman broke the Rahui and trouble followed.

Tavi, ignoring Paré-Arué, considered this a declaration of war by her father of Teahupoo, and about A.D. 1700 he crossed Lesser Tahiti with his warriors. He was totally defeated. Vehiatua did not spare Tavi but drove him and his clear off the island. He sought refuge in the Tuamotus and never returned. His son when grown up came back, and a small District was made up for him — the modern Faaoné lying south of Hitiaa. Flying his kite one day, a favorite pastime with Tahitians both men and boys even to this day, the wind carried him within the Papeari District which adjoins on the south side west as he followed the kite, and into the sacred marae of Farepua. A ceremony was in progress, the intrusion of a stranger at such a time meant instant death. In his keen pursuit<sup>16</sup> he had entered and was slain.

Vehiatua moved his seat of power from Teahupoo to Tautira and was now in turn the leading Chief of the Tevans and Papara's only chance of regaining its position was by a marriage alliance. The elder sister of the wife stealing Tuiteraï became the wife of Vehiatua. Tuiteraï himself after his defeat and restoration by Tavi had now seen Tavi not only defeated but extinguished. He gave no more trouble and the immense prestige of Papara as well as its central position for the Clan swung back as time went on the political power to the Tevans' old time headquarters. So it was when Wallis and Cook came upon the scene.

These 2 Chiefs, Tuiteraï and Vehiatua are genealogically important. Tuiteraï had a son by Taurua whose descendant, Amo, was Cook's first friend and supposed king of the island. Vehiatua's daughter, she of Paré-Arué, had also born a son whose descendant was Cook's "Otoo" his later friend, his real name being Tu-nui-e-a'a-i-te-atua shortened for use into Tu. It was he who under white men's aid nigh became supreme under the secondary, not a mere nickname, of Pomare.

Every Tahitian Chief along with common people took such names, usually to commemorate something that happened to him or his, and these secondary names carried with them like the original name both rank and lands. Po-mare means "a night cough" and has clung from its first adoption to the superior Chieftainship of Paré-Arué which in the end, after bitter struggle became politically superior to Papara, raised with its new centre Papeete above all Arii upon Tahiti and finally reached kingship.

Other things greatly helped to this end. Paré-Arué had good anchorage, Papara had none, therefore to the former came the white man's ships and naturally white settlement. Then came the missionaries who made it their headquarters. To Paré-Arué natives had, in chief, to wend their way to consult the white man and to get his goods. It was inevitable that the centre of Influence should swing thither and its chief become increasingly of importance. From that stage however to kingship was not easy as will be shown, but by the aid of foreigners it was made not as is generally supposed by the First Pomare but by Pomare II.

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<sup>16</sup> WWB has *pursued*.

## NOTES

## (1) The Titles — King, Queen, Prince, Princess.

There was not nor is there today any special Tahitian word for either of the above Titles. When we speak of Pomare II attaining Kingship, to the Tahitian it was what can be rendered as “Paramount Chief”. Ariirahiship was and is the highest term possible amongst them. Other nations’ Kings and Queens are to this day said to be — Arii George and Arii Vahine Mary for instance.

Paramountcy, further, brought no “Blood Royal” with it as we understand that term. Their “Blue blood” came and could only come through some connection with the Opoa Clan on Raiatea — in the Leeward group, Opoa, the mystic seat of Oro the god of War for Central Polynesia. The Pomares had that connection through marriage. Ha’apai the first Pomare’s father married Tetupaia-i-hau-viri of Opoa, hence they were numbered amongst the aristocracy of Tahiti prior to their obtaining the Paramountcy.

The prefix Terii to a name was and is a contraction of Te-Arii — “The Chief” and formerly used to show the high blood of the individual but is now in common use.

The grades below the Arii were

- (a) Tahua, the priesthood.
- (b) Iatoai, the upper class.
- (c) Raatira, the middle class.
- (d) Manahune, the lower class.
- (e) Vao, slaves.

## (2) The Placement of Maraes.

There were 3 grades of Tahitian maraes corresponding to the 3 main classes of society above mentioned, those appertaining to the Iatoai, the Raatira and the Manahune. Those of the first named were raised on the promontories or the shoreline : those of the second at the head of the deeper bays or close thereto : those of the third in the interior valleys and on mountain sides. They differed in many ways, the first named in the beauty of the site, the height of the altar and the choice of materials used : the second much lower but showing care in the building : the third being very rudimentary affairs.

## (3) The Seats of the Mighty

The Bishop Museum Bulletin (N° 116) gives a list of 102 maraes so far discovered on Tahiti. Of these the chief were named as follows:

the District in brackets

- (Pare) Taputapuatea. This name could only be used when a stone from the Opoa marae on Raiatea had been secured for its founding.

- (Arue) Ahutoru. On Outuaia Point hard by the mausoleum of Pomare V.
- (Faaa) Ahurai.
- (Punaauia) Taputapuatea.
- (Paea) Taata. Here Cook saw human sacrifice.  
Taiaore.
- (Papara) Mahaiatea. The largest on the island. This is really the name of the promontory on which it was raised. The correct name was Tooarai.  
Mataoa.
- (Papeari) Tahiti. This is the fountain of Aristocracy.  
Farepua. Said to be the most ancient of all. Founded by the god Ta'aroa. Held its rank till a descendant of that god, a mystic and mighty personage of the Past, named Tetunae, raised a new marae nearby.
- (Vairao) Nuutere.
- (Teahupoo) Matahihae.
- (Tautira) Vaiotaha. Mentioned by the Spaniards of 1772–1775.
- (Hitiaa) Taputapuatea.
- (Papenoo) Ivirau.

## CHAPTER III

Tuiterai of Papara's son by the beautiful Taurua married a daughter of the Arii of Vairao, the third District in Lesser Tahiti and had 4 children, two daughters first and then 2 sons. The daughters married and the eldest took to herself an Arii of Raiatea, thus leaving Tahiti. Upon the death of Tuiterai the elder son claimed his father's position as Arii, the younger son disputed his claim. His plea was ingenuous. As the eldest child male or female was the only heir with an indefeasible right to the succession and in this case a woman who had left Tahiti for good, all the other children had equal rights and might with equal justice lay claim to the Chieftainship.

The Hivas — otherwise Judges — in the matter decided in solemn conclave against the elder son and moreover banished him from Papara. We have still his Song in lament : "I look toward my land, the mountains, the valley. Mist hides the mountains and my Drove of Pigs. O! that the rain clear away that I may see the great mountains and the sight of my home." They had ordered him into Lesser Tahiti on its southwest coast whence looking across 20 miles of water he could see those towering mountains at the back of his birth place.

Papara with its broad valley and lofty heights is a lovely spot and naturally to all Paparans was their World. Today every point, field and hill hold legend and history for its people. In caves selected so carefully that the sites are now unknown, somewhere on the face of the precipice above the opening of the great valley the skulls and bones of their Ariirahi lie hid, their troubles and triumphs over.

Folk still note the Banishment one's Drove of Pigs, a struggling line of trees on the high mountainside as seen from the village, and when a cloud strikes the summit of the hills and shuts them from sight they speak of "Aromaiterai's cloak", his "mist".

Though banished he would appear to have been more popular than his brother of whom nothing has been handed down. He married and his son married his cousin, the daughter of his rival brother and Amo's sister. Thus the breach in the family was healed and the 2 male branches of Papara's leading family became one again, sealed by the child of this marriage whose descendant of yesterday — Ariioehau — married an Englishman, by name Salmon, and became the historian of her people in her published "Memoirs" of 1893 republished in 1901.<sup>17</sup>

Now once more a woman comes upon the scene and causes trouble. She was the Pura of Cook's day, the wife of Amo who had become the Ariirahi of Papara. She was the daughter of the Chief of Faaa, the District which today adjoins Papeete. It has but 7 miles of coastline but then stood out as an independent Clan between the powerful Tevans to the south and the Porionuu combine to the north.

Pura's father was through his connections particularly strong. He had married one of the Papearian family of the illustrious marae Farepua. He had 7 children of whom 3 stand out pre-eminent : Pura — Cook's Berea and Oberea — Auri and Teihotu. Teihotu was the father of the notorious Itia who married Tu the first Pomare. Auri married into the Marama family of Moorea whose story and connection both with the later history of Papara and with the Pomares of Paré-Arué will be duly recorded.

Pura's story follows.

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<sup>17</sup> See WWB's article, *The Memoirs of Ariitaimai*, in the September 1945 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, page 59, in Part VII.

With her husband the political Head of the Tevas, her mother of the same high blooded stock, her father holding the keystone between the Tevas and the rest of the Clans, Pura was a very great lady, 100,000 and over looked up to her and her husband, and when a son was born to her — about — 1762 he became the most important personage not only in the eyes of his parents but of all Tahiti.

From a habit of blinking which seems to have amused him in his child, the father now took the secondary name of Amo “Blinker” in place of his original one Tevahitua and became no longer the political Head but the Guardian of it for his child Teriirere. The mother, in accordance with Tahitian custom, gained by this birth an increase of freedom from a husband’s restraint when they were of equal standing in rank and was not slow in taking it. She held the reins. Amo soon gave her up as a wife, marrying her niece instead, her temper was far too much for him but in the interests of their child they were one for awhile.

They not only imposed a Rahui for him as Tavi had attempted long years back, but set their people to work on the enormous task of building the Pyramid at Papara which amazed Cook and his friend (later Sir Joseph) Banks <sup>18</sup> and was an exhibition of pride hitherto unknown to Tahiti. Society on the island was in a ferment : Amo and Pura might indeed be politically the superior but socially, individually were not exalted above the rest.

If during a Rahui any relative of equal rank should visit the Chief who had imposed it, custom required that the Rahui should be broken for the durance of the visit. Naturally none of the Teva Clan would venture so to do for fear of consequences with such a woman as Pura, but Faaa whence Pura had come and where one of her brothers lived was independent.

The wife of that brother undertook the task on behalf of her own child. Pura’s boy was no better than her own. She set out from Faaa in her great double-canoe with the tent in its prow such as only Ariirahi might use. A crew of 50 paddled this barge of State along the coast to Papara until opposite the Point where the huge pyramid was rising she made through the Pass in the Barrier reef and drew near land.

Pura was on the beach and forbade a landing. “Down with your tent. How many supreme Heads can there be? I know of none but my son.” Her sister-in-law wept and as a sign of deep emotion and grief fell back upon Tahitian custom, cutting her head with the shark’s tooth till blood flowed down her face. But Pura held firm and the canoe was turned about and returned a failure.

She had failed it was true but her daughter the famous Itia was a stronger character than her mother. She was her Aunt’s equal if not superior both in temper and in force. Both Wallis and Cook missed her story but Bligh <sup>19</sup> of the Bounty had much to say of her and of course the missionaries.

Itia came to Papara in the same formal state as her mother had. Pura forbade the landing but Itia stepped ashore. She sat on the beach and likewise cut her head till the blood flowed. By blood alone now could Pura’s insults be atoned unless she surrendered. Then in this crisis Amo’s younger brother, Papara’s High priest, stepped forward who pleaded with his sister in law to receive her guest and so far as he personally was concerned wiped out the feud by drying the blood of Itia with a cloth. Pura however stood firm, there should be no rivalry to her son. She would not receive her equal so far as the Rahui was concerned yet ceased to order her from the beach. She could remain there or go. The feud was compromised but not forgotten between Aunt and Niece.

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<sup>18</sup> [Joseph Banks \(1743–1820\)](#)

<sup>19</sup> [William Bligh \(1754–1817\)](#)





**The pyramid. The Marae Tooari on Mahaiatea promontory** <sup>20</sup>

Years after this scene upon Papara's beach, the Paré-Aruéans — with whom Itia was then one by her marriage to the first Pomare — swept down upon Papara on other score but Amo's younger brother's kin were spared, his effort at reconciliation was remembered and repaid.

The building of the pyramid went forward and Purea ranged up and down the coast from Lesser Tahiti up to Paré-Arué wherein lies Matavai Bay, soon now to see Wallis land, he the first of white men, she the greatest lady of the island. Wallis saw her in her pride, Cook's last visit saw her in her fall. Itia triumphed in the end, she died as practically Queen of Tahiti no woman her equal. Purea had her Rahui and her boy's new marae as Head of the Teva Clan, but after all the mighty Tevas succumbed to 2 small Clans united in the north with a strain of contemptible Tuamotu blood in their Chiefs and Itia to the last urging father and son to the fray.

We now reach in this sketch the time to deal with the Approach and the actual Coming of the white man. And first of the Approach. The Pacific Ocean was first seen by Europeans from its western side in 1511, Francisco Serrano <sup>21</sup> a Portuguese having discovered the Molucca Islands. From its eastern side it fell to the lot of a Spaniard Nunez de Balboa <sup>22</sup> who saw it from the summit of the Panama Divide on September 25, 1513. Its first crossing was made from East to West by Magellan, a Portuguese who was in the service of Spain. <sup>23</sup> He entered it from the Strait which bears his name

<sup>20</sup> WWB has *Tooarî* here and elsewhere. This engraving, published in 1799, is based on a sketch by William Wilson — first mate on the *Duff*, which landed in 1797, and captain of the Royal Admiral, which landed in 1801. See Chapter IV for an account of the destruction of the pyramid in 1865. See also *The Great Marae* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

<sup>21</sup> [Francisco Serrão \(died 1521\)](#)

<sup>22</sup> [Vasco Núñez de Balboa \(c. 1475–1519\)](#)

<sup>23</sup> [Ferdinand Magellan \(c. 1480–1521\)](#)

November 28, 1520 and had reached the Philippines where he was killed in an encounter with the natives April 27, 1521. His course lay too far north to see Tahiti. Quiros <sup>24</sup> also missed it in 1606.

The Coming of the white men starts with the 18<sup>th</sup> of June 1767 when Wallis coming up from the south first saw Tahiti. On June 23 when he warped his ship the Dolphin to an anchorage in Matavai Bay after striking a coral shelf and hanging perilously till a rising tide and welcome breeze bore him off, the natives contested his landing mistaking the soundings taken by the ship's boats as presaging an attack, the Tahitians pelting the boats with stones. This struggle was kept up till Wallis gained his end by killing a few with gunfire and smashing a few canoes. A peace offering was then brought him of pigs, dogs and tapa cloth.

He remained in the Bay well over a fortnight before intercourse was really free, when on July 11 a tall woman came on board *"who seemed to be about 45 years of age, of a pleasing countenance and majestic deportment... she seemed to be under no restraint either from diffidence or fear... she behaved all the while she was on board with an easy freedom that always distinguishes superiority and habitual command."* She had been seen ashore by the gunner, great respect being shown her by all the natives and had just arrived in the north of the island. This was Purea.

Amo's wife was outside her own District but through her relationship by her niece Itia's marriage to the Chief of Paré-Arué was received, though but a guest, as she would be in Papara.

Wallis was not only well treated by her but became most enthusiastic over her as his Report shows, yet he failed to get her correct position and rank or the part of the island she came from. She was to Wallis *"my Princess or rather Queen"*. She made signs that he should go into the country, doubtless to her own District but he had to push on and on July 27 he left amid the passionate tears of his Queen who *"in the bow of her canoe sat weeping with inconsolable sorrow."*

One thing he left behind him besides his special gifts to Purea of looking glass, turkeys, geese, a cat and iron utensils of which they had learned the great value from the spoils of a Dutch ship of Roggeveen's <sup>25</sup> squadron wrecked on the reef of Takapoto in the Tuamotus 45 years previously. He left a British pennant raised ashore at Matavai, the sign of his having taken possession of the island in the name of King George the 3<sup>rd</sup>, whose name he bestowed upon it. Our Foreign policy turned his action down, an attitude it was to repeat more than once in later years.

Purea took that pennant down to her pyramid a-building and seems to have converted it into the Marotea with which her boy was soon to be invested. It, like the Yellow Feathers was to be the symbol of supreme political power over the Teva Clan. It had however further travels, being borne off later in triumph by Tutaha to his marae in Paea. There Cook saw it, now ornamented with feathers yellow, red and black. Later still when Tu mastered Paea he in turn carried it off to Matavai whence it had come.

In April 1768, eight months after Wallis, the Frenchman de Bougainville <sup>26</sup> touched on Hitiaa on the eastern coast. His stay was short, too short to gain much information. He took away with him to France Uтуру the brother of Riti, the Chief of Hitiaa, and could thus have learned something of Tahiti. This native never returned, dying of smallpox on his way home. Both these sailor men returned to Europe with the most wonderful tales of Tahiti's beauty. Its women and its absence of all conventions contrary to a state of nature. Seemingly ignorant of Wallis' action de Bougainville gave the island a

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<sup>24</sup> [Pedro Fernández de Quirós \(1565–1614\)](#)

<sup>25</sup> [Jacob Roggeveen \(1659–1729\)](#)

<sup>26</sup> [Louis-Antoine, Comte de Bougainville \(1729–1811\)](#)

third name “New Cytherea”. Cook was to give it — posthumously — yet a fourth name “Society” which, bestowed by him not upon Tahiti but on the Leeward Islands to the north west has erroneously stuck not for those islands alone but for the whole Group. Tahiti was now on the map for all time.

When Cook first arrived in April 1769 Parea, her husband and her boy had been shorn of most of their former power as will next be sketched, but so intricate was the situation that Cook got hopelessly tangled and confused, irritating the various Chiefs he came in touch with through ignorance of the true position of affairs, giving positions to those who had lost them and especially misled by Tahitian expressions which mean indifferently Cousins and Brothers or Sisters. This makes it exceedingly difficult for inexperienced white folk to grasp the true relationship of those they meet or hear of today.

## NOTES

### (1) The “Georgian” Islands (Windward)

Tahiti along with Moorea, Tetiaroa and Mehetia were so recorded by Wallis at the Admiralty on his return and so appeared on its maps (C.P. <sup>27</sup> map p. 534) having nothing to do with the “Society” Islands which were not discovered and were so named by Cook in 1769, first of white men to see them. The confusion of the 2 titles led in later years to fighting with the French and to the Declaration of London in 1847 which finally settled the point by the testimony preceding it but the general public and the map makers along with the governments of today still perpetuate the error.

### (2) The “Society Islands”, the “Tuamotus” and the “Australs”

The Leeward Islands (sous le vent) consist of a widely scattered group but the chief ones are fairly compact. Raiatea, about 100 miles from Tahiti, and Tahaa lie within the same Barrier reef : Huahine and Pora Pora lie 20 miles away east and west. Going still west comes Maupiti and at great distances apart lie Mopelia, Scilly <sup>28</sup> and Bellinghausen. <sup>29</sup> Maiao is also included and Tupai, close adjoining Pora Pora, known also as Motu-iti. The Australs lie N and S of the Tropic of Capricorn. The Tuamotus are Atolls pure and simple, covering some 16 degrees of longitude. Originally called Poumotus by the natives, meaning “Pillar islands”, this was corrupted by white men into Paumotus meaning “Conquered islands”. By request of the natives the French Authorities in 1851 named them the Tuamotus meaning “Distant islands”. Makatea though not an Atoll is today included in this group.

See Appendix for *Discoverers of Central Polynesia* <sup>30</sup>

### (3) The Hoisting of the Flag.

From Wallis’ “Voyage Round the World”. Dated Thursday June 25, 1767. Himself and his 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant on the sick list, he ordered the 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant ashore “*with all the boats manned and armed, the marines being also put on board with orders to land opposite our station... in the clearest ground he could find. About 2 o’clock the boats landed... and M<sup>r</sup> Furneaux* <sup>31</sup> stuck up

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<sup>27</sup> Command Papers

<sup>28</sup> [Manuae](#)

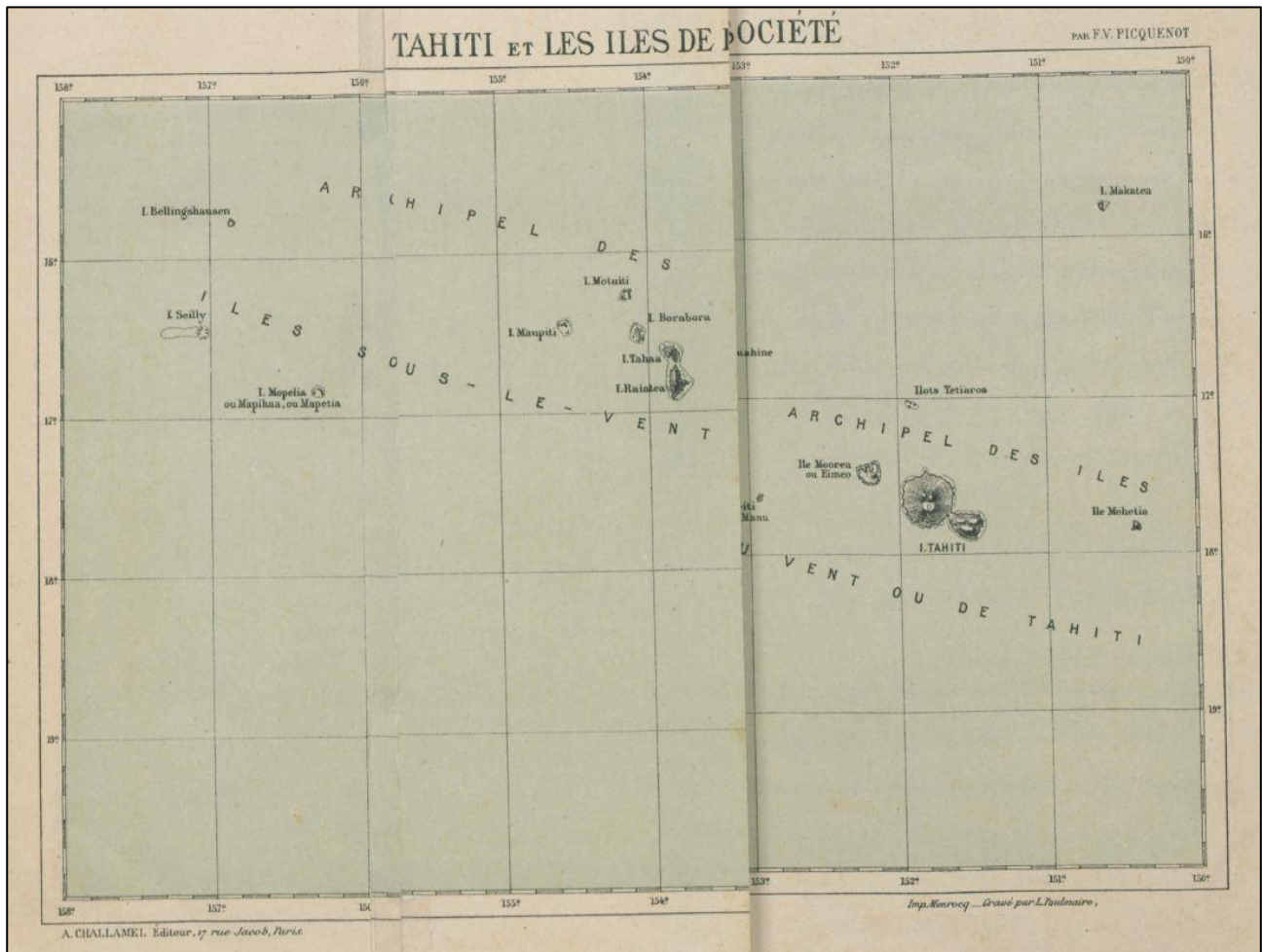
<sup>29</sup> [Motu One](#)

<sup>30</sup> See also WWB’s articles in the 15 February 1939 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 32–33, in Part VII, and Bulletin de la Société des Études Océaniques N° 68 (1940), pages 272–275, in Part VIII.

<sup>31</sup> [Tobias Furneaux \(1735–1781\)](#)



a staff, upon which he hoisted a pennant, turned a turf and took possession of the island in His Majesty's name, in honour of whom he called it "King George the Third's Island" : he then went to the river, and tasted the water, which he found excellent, and mixing some of it with rum, every man drank his Majesty's health."<sup>32</sup>



### Tahiti and the Society Islands

<sup>32</sup> This text, which was taken from Hawkesworth, *An account of the voyages undertaken by the order of His present Majesty for making discoveries in the southern hemisphere*, Volume 1, can be found [here](#). WWB has *also* being instead of *being also*, *pendant* instead of *pennant*, and is missing the ellipses and some commas.

## CHAPTER IV

All was ready. The mighty pyramid of Papara was at long last finished : the great feast at which Amo and Pura's son was to wear the Marotea for the first time was prepared. Scarcely however had the vast assembly gathered than coming from the southward, a riot of newcomers broke in upon the scene. The plan had been schemed, fomented and brought to a head by a woman, Purahi by name. She aimed to catch Pura between two fires. She was a pure Tevan, first cousin of the boy Chief for whom pyramid and feast were arranged. He might be pure Tevan through his father but his mother was of Faaa. The Ariirahis of Lesser Tahiti lying south of Papara gave Purahi warm support. That feast was never held, in place thereof was war.

Teahupoo's two leading warriors, Teieie and Tetumanua, led the attack. They broke up the gathering, slaying right and left and wrecked Papara. It mattered not that the Chiefs of Punaauia, of Moorea, of far off Raiatea and Pora Pora were there. Pura with Amo and their boy fled northward over the mountains where lay Arué, the meeting place with Wallis. She dared not take the coastline route, for another force was heard to be sweeping down from the north all along the seaside including Faaa. Itia, wife of the young Chief, was in Pura's refuge. Itia had not forgotten. She had a hand in that sudden, swift attack from north as well as south.

Papara's power and would be supremacy were crushed, but Pura still held her head high and in 1769, scarcely 4 months after the raid, Cook stopped ashore for the first time to meet her and give her Queenly honours, though he soon gathered that she had lost a position which was hers when Wallis arrived.

The Chief he dealt with as to setting up his tents and instruments on the Point of Matavai — now called Venus for the Transit of which he had come — was not Tu who held the Ariirahiship but Tutaha, nicknamed by the white comers as Hercules from his great bulk and strength. He was from Paea, the Tevan District lying south of Punaauia and independent Faaa, but he had connections which allowed him rights in other Districts, rights which he determinedly made use of. Tutaha had been steadily pulling wires for the much younger Tu. He was the bitter foe and completely controlled the young Chief.

When Pura and Tutaha went aboard the Endeavour presents were made to them. Tutaha did not appear very well pleased at the special notice taken of the woman who seemed to Cook to hold the sovereign power in the land. Yet the difficulty was only increased for Cook by the appearance on the scene of another who was treated by all the natives with excessive honours in the very District in which Tutaha seemingly was supreme. It was the boy Teriirere, Pura's son. Cook now met Amo the father and they became fast friends.

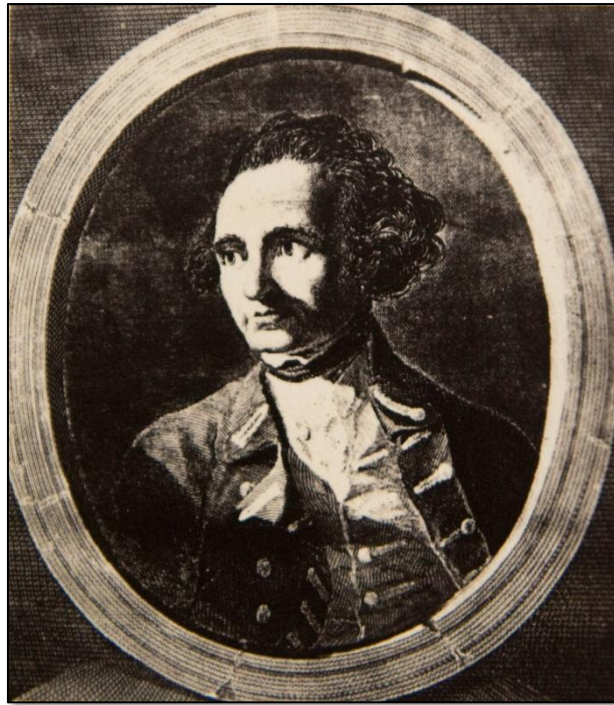
Tu — later set down by Cook as Otoo — was not seen by the great navigator on this his first visit, being kept in the background by Tutaha for his own ends. This young man, married to the forceful Itia, was of the same giant proportions as his chief supporter. Though of Paré-Arué he had both Tevan and Tuamotu blood in his veins and stood out among the natives — though then unknown to Cook — as rival for Tahitian supremacy with Pura's boy. We shall see much of him before he partially and his son of the same name won out in full.

Cook often met another native, Tupaia by name. He was actually of Raiatea but had been driven out of the Leeward Islands by an invasion of the Pora Porans. Escaping to Tahiti he came with the favour of the imperious Pura, and in the height of her power was her First Minister. Being aware of Tutaha's



designs he advised Puraea to secure his death but she refused and he, foreseeing trouble, retired into the mountains.

It was Tutaha who had worked with the people of Taiaarapu for the attack on Papara which was so completely successful. It was he who had led the warriors south in the hope of catching Puraea between two fires. He did not want heads and plunder as the Lesser Tahitians sought. He wanted and he secured the symbol of supremacy, the Yellow Feathers of Papara, which were promptly bestowed upon Tu.



**Captain James Cook, F.R.S.**

Cook was the son of a labourer of Marton, near Whitby, Yorkshire. Born 1728. Apprenticed to a village shopkeeper. Went to sea in a collier. In 1755 (American War) enlisted in the navy. By 1758 was Master on the Flagship stationed on the American coast. In 1768 became Lieutenant in the Navy and was selected by Sir Edward Hawks, the 1<sup>st</sup> Lord of the Admiralty, to command the expedition to the South Sea.

This portrait was made by Dance, R. A.<sup>33</sup> Cook sat for it before his last voyage at the request of Sir Joseph Banks who bequeathed it to the nation. In 1829 it was transferred by his widow to the Greenwich Palace. A smaller portrait in the National Gallery (at first in South Kensington) was made by Webber, one of the draughtsmen of Cook's last voyage.<sup>34</sup>

**1<sup>st</sup> Voyage :** Edited by Dr Hawkesworth by order of the Admiralty.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Voyage :** Cook was his own editor upon his return home.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Voyage :** By Cook till his death : completed by Capt King of the Resolution.

None thought of driving the boy off the island as had been the fate of Tavi's boy. The quarrel was with Puraea, not with her husband or their son, both of whom however had to suffer along with her.

<sup>33</sup> [Nathaniel Dance-Holland \(1735–1811\)](#)

<sup>34</sup> [John Webber \(1751–1793\)](#)

Things on the island being now in a chaotic state, the Regency of the Tevans — Amo's right on behalf of his son — was offered to Tutaha and accepted. He had now both the rivals — Tu and Teriirere — under his control. Tupaia was invited to return from his mountain shelter to Papara to act as High priest, he being of the priestly caste, but was so dissatisfied with the state of affairs that he long hesitated and by the fortunate arrival of Cook at this juncture he won a passage not only to his home to which he leads Cook, the first of white men to learn of and see the Leeward Islands, but on to England. He died however on his way at Batavia in Java.

It was then into all the trouble that Cook had stepped ashore. He kept friendly with all, still paying special deference to Parea, Wallis' Queen. Soon, with his usual thoroughness, he was on his way to map Tahiti's coastline and, rounding Lesser Tahiti, landed at Papara in hopes there to meet Amo, wife and boy. They were still absent, Tutaha ruled but a hearty welcome from others awaited him and he went sight seeing. In chief he saw two things, the Pyramid and the wreck of Papara.

Banks who was with him writes of the Marae Tooari on Mahaiatea Point: "A most enormous pile, its size and workmanship almost exceeding belief." Its base 267 feet by 87 feet all of coral from base to summit : 11 steps each 4 feet high led to the top. It stood at one end of a parallelogram walled with coral and paved throughout with flat coral slabs. Such was Parea's monument to her son. It stood perfect till 1865 when its coral slabs were wanted for a bridge and its coral in general for the extensive buildings of the "Atimaono Coffee and Cotton Plantation" and taken despite the pleadings and the protests of the natives. Today only a great heap of shapeless coral remains. It has been used as a lime kiln for years : is all overrun with trailing vines and even trees of fair size : it is difficult even of approach from the Island Highway and still more difficult to walk upon and around.

The wreck he met with on the way. By the seashore as he walked in 1769, "Everywhere under our feet were numberless human bones" and in Papara itself were ruins and buried homes with all livestock gone. Papara even under Tutaha's Regency had not recovered from the shock of 4 months past.

In 1772 a Spanish Captain — Boenechea <sup>35</sup> — in the Aguila dropped anchor at Vaiurua in Lesser Tahiti, and gave the island yet another name "Amat" after the then Viceroy of Peru <sup>36</sup> who had sent him thither to investigate British doings in Pacific waters.

When in 1773 Cook arrived on his second visit he found conditions very different. In 1770 the coalition against Papara had broken down. Tutaha had quarreled with his former friends of Tairapu. Led on by ambition he persuaded several of the Chiefs of Greater Tahiti to join him in an attack on Lesser Tahiti and the 5<sup>th</sup> Vehiatua's supremacy thereon. Tu, never a warrior as we shall see, who owed so much to Tutaha was forced reluctantly to join the force. The fleet of war canoes made for the Isthmus and a fight within the reef ended in a draw. Tutaha now determined to attack by land. On the isthmus itself the two forces clashed and Tutaha met not only with defeat but death. Tu escaped and the victors made no attempt to follow up their victory. This Vehiatua died in 1771. The Spaniards had much to say in their records of the Vehiatua as Chief who died during their stay in 1775.

Cook found all the Chiefs on the island on friendly terms apparently. There did not appear to be the former rivalry, yet it was but dormant. Tu now no longer under Tutaha's control appeared before Cook at Matavai Bay and begged the gifts which on a former occasion Tutaha had secured for himself. Amo, once again Regent at Papara, and Parea also put in an appearance as also their son, Tu's rival,

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<sup>35</sup> WWB has *Boenechia*.

<sup>36</sup> [Felipe Manuel Cayetano de Amat y de Junient \(1707–1782\)](#)

a lad now 12 years old. Cook quickly perceiving that Parea had lost both position and power now swung over to Tu. To Cook there must needs be a King and he was Tu of Paré-Arué. Cook treated him as such. Moreover the chance that made Matavai Bay in that District the best harbour, then so far known, for the English ships, made the Chief of it the most important person on the island for the sailormen. Through him the Captains secured their needed supplies and to him therefore went most of the axes, nails and other gifts, as also the main civilities of the British.

The other Chiefs saw differently and were greatly disgruntled. Their jealousy led to a serious fight in Paré close to Papeete of today and Tu fled to Matavai to ask the protection of Cook who was quite unable to divine the cause of the quarrel. A Porionuu Chief had never before been treated as a being superior to the Chiefs of other Districts and to the other Chiefs, Cook's infatuation for Tu seemed a deliberate insult. (For his portrait see the Appendix) <sup>37</sup>

Of Papara Cook and his companions saw little. The glamour of Parea had passed. He writes, "Old Oberea, the woman who when the Dolphin was here in 1767 and whom I had not seen since 1769 paid us a visit and brought a present of hogs and fruit." And Forster writes, "She did not stay long on board, probably because she felt herself of less consequence in our eyes than formerly." Amo also went aboard but was still less noticed.

A war with Moorea was now on. The Chiefs of Faaa and Paea wanted the help of Tu. He hung back. Not even Itia could persuade him. When Cook left, the fleet of war canoes were sailing. It was unsuccessful but peace there was still far off.

Whenever possible Cook gave a passage to likely natives and there now went with him a young Chief — Hiti Hiti — and in his consort ship, the Adventure, another, named Mai, who joined at Huahine in the Leeward Group, both of whom returned, full of the wonders they had seen, when Cook returned once more in 1777.

He had hardly left in 1774 when the Spaniard, Boenechea, returned in the Aguila, bringing with him 2 priests of the Order of Saint Francis, Fathers Narciso and Gerónimo and 2 others, one as servant, the other as Interpreter, landing at Tautira in Lesser Tahiti. He had brought furnishings for a wooden house which was raised for them. A few weeks later Boenechea died and was buried ashore, he the first of white men along with one of his sailors killed ashore by accident. The ship had borne off on its previous visit 4 Tahitians, two of whom died shortly after, one at Valparaiso in Chile and one at Lima in Peru. The remaining 2 now returned, from whom the Interpreter had acquired the language. In 1775 the same frigate returned and the priests with the other 2 men — one excepted — were glad to escape from what was to them a hopeless task. The Diary of Maximo Rodriguez, the young Spanish marine who had been left with the priests as layman and Interpreter, is extant and procurable in English having been published in 1914 by the Hakluyt Society of London.

When in 1777 Cook returned for the last time, the war with Moorea was on once more and Tu still refusing his aid. The Tahitians had to make terms with their foes before Cook sailed. He heard that the Chiefs intended to punish Tu and thereupon interfered, "the weight of my heavy displeasure should be felt when I returned again to their island."

It was on this visit that he learned but was misinformed of the death of both Parea and of Amo who by a second marriage had a son named Temarii. Their son for whom Parea had so stoutly fought was now the Ariirahi of Papara with a Regent. We shall see much of Temarii later.

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<sup>37</sup> See the photo of Tu (Pomare I) in *The Pomare Family of the Past* in the Appendix.



**Cook's Bay, Moorea**

It was also on this his last visit to the South Sea that Cook saw Moorea for the first time at close quarters, sailing across the Strait to enter through the Pass into Opunohu Bay — not the one which is known by this name today. Here was one of the few occasions when he showed the strong arm, for thefts caused him not only to land an armed force by cutter in Pao Pao — the present day's "Cook's Bay" — but to burn several canoes and homes.

Nearly eleven years passed before other European ships visited Tahiti. Three months before Bligh appeared, the Lady Penrhyn, a convict ship, called in on its way back from Botany Bay and spent about a fortnight replenishing and trading iron for food.

When Bligh — who as Sailing Master had been on Cook's ship the Resolution — appeared on his own ship H.M. Armed Vessel Bounty in October 1788, Tu told him that which proved that after all he had paid dearly for the prominence Cook had given him. Both Moorea and the main island had attacked him. They had respected Cook's threat, but when 5 years had passed and no return of Cook, they came to the conclusion that they had seen the last of him and took their promised revenge. Tu was still in sorry plight.

According to custom he was now only Regent for his young son by a second wife — Tetua-nui-reia of Moorea. Itia had no surviving issue and had taken as her paramour a Teu Teu — a Chief's servant — named Fareroa. Tu himself had also changed his name to Teina. After the birth of another son he took the further secondary name of Pomare. This secondary name became a fixed one absorbing all previous names of father and son : the generations following them using it as we use a surname.



## NOTES

## (1) Pomare I and Itia

From the “Journal” of the missionaries : “April 9. 1797... he (Pomare) had taken another wife and she (Itia) one of her servants : but they live in the same state of friendship and with no loss of dignity.” Itia had been the mother of many children, those by Tu in their earlier years of marriage being destroyed at birth so as to retain for him the first place of Power which according to Tahitian custom was the right of the new born babe : those by others of non-chiefly rank were likewise destroyed relentlessly. The method of infanticide was chiefly by piercing the brain with a blunt topped bone from the leg of the bird Uaao — the Bird of Death — whose black and white feathers served to adorn the funeral pyre of the Great.<sup>38</sup> When unavailable, strangulation was resorted to.

## (2) The Arrivals and Stay of the Earlier Ships

1. Wallis	H.M.S. <u>Dolphin</u>	23 Jun – 27 Jul 1767	34 days
2. de Bougainville	Frigate <u>Boudeuse</u>	6 Apr – 15 Apr 1768	9 days
3. Cook	H.M.S. <u>Endeavour</u>	13 Apr – 13 Jul 1769	90 days
4. Boenechea	Frigate <u>Aguila</u>	19 Nov – 20 Dec 1772	30 days
5. Cook	H.M.S. <u>Resolution</u>	17 Aug – 1 Sep 1773	15 days
		22 Apr – 14 May 1774	22 days
6. Boenechea	Frigate <u>Aguila</u>	27 Nov 1774 – 26 Jan 1775	60 days
	Stay of Priests and Rodriguez		350 days
7. Langara	Frigate <u>Aguila</u>	3 Nov – 12 Nov 1775	9 days
8. Cook	H.M.S. <u>Resolution</u>	12 Aug – 30 Sep 1777	49 days

(3) It is interesting to note that Whiria, a N.Z. Chief, took the secondary name of Pomare for himself after hearing of the doings of the 2 Pomares on Tahiti, and hence comes through him and his descendants the N.Z. family bearing the name of Pomare today.<sup>39</sup>

(4) A portrait of Cook painted by Webber, his official artist aboard, had been presented to the then Chief of Matavai's care in 1777. It was held in great veneration and it was the custom for visiting ships' Captains to record on the back of it the name and date of their arrival. Its fate is

<sup>38</sup> Possibly the [brown booby \(Sula leucogaster plotus\)](#)

<sup>39</sup> WWB also included this sentence in the last paragraph in this chapter, from where it has been deleted here. In 1921, WWB was offered the job of teacher on Niue by Sir Maui Pomare, then New Zealand Minister in charge of the Cook Islands.



unknown; more than likely it was destroyed when in 1808 Matavai was put to the flames by the triumphant heathen party.<sup>40</sup>

See Appendix for *The Cook Memorial at Point Venus*

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<sup>40</sup> See WWB's article concerning the portrait, *Lost Treasure of Tahiti*, in the February 1944 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, page 35, in Part VII.

## CHAPTER V

Bligh and his mutineers exercised no small influence over the destinies of Tahiti and specially of its leading Chiefs. He was no stranger to the island as we have seen, and the position of Tu in Cook's day was a certainty in Bligh's. To find him in so desperate a state did not alter the fact. His District had been thoroughly ravaged and plundered. All Cook's gifts had been carried off : a cow was at Faaa, the bull at distant Hitiaa. Bligh brought them together but did not bear them off. The mutineers took them to Tupuai — the bull dying en route, the cow eaten.

Although Tu went with Bligh to Faaa by boat he dared not land. He would not go to Moorea with Bligh on any terms. So bad was his position that he begged Bligh to take him, Itia and their son to England. Bligh was at some loss for an excuse : *"I was obliged to promise that I would ask the King's permission to carry them to England if I came again. I have endeavoured to make the principal people believe that we should return again and that we should revenge any injury done in our absence to the people of Matavae and Oparee."*



**Bligh.**

It is important for the reader to remember that Tu, the father, was Teina when Bligh appeared, and Tu was now the child whom Bligh was allowed to see only with a stream between him and the boy, who was eventually to be the first King of Tahiti as Pomare II and a Christian at that. But he had far to travel in savagery before he was either Christian or King.

Bligh's infatuation for Teina led him to the extreme of giving him arms. *"I thought it but reasonable to accede to his request and I was the more readily prevailed on as he said his intentions were to act only on the defensive. This indeed seems most suited to his disposition which is neither active nor enterprising. If Tinah had spirit in proportion to his size and strength he would probably be the greatest warrior on Otaheite but courage is not the most conspicuous of his virtues."*

Bligh gave him personally a brace of “*pistoles... he told me that Iddeah would fight with one, her friend with the other... Iddeah is a very resolute woman, of a large make and has great bodily strength.*”

Here it may be noted that there is no letter “D” in Tahitian and that 2 consonants are never used together. All words likewise end in a vowel. Itia is the correct form of the woman’s name and Teina of the man. It may be further noted that there are only 13 letters in the Tahitian Alphabet, the vowels being pronounced A (as in father), E (as in weight), I (as in tier), O (no change), U (as in glue). The consonants are — with the vowels — A : P : T : E : F : H : I : M : N : O : R : U : V.

The Bounty sailed the first week in April 1789 and on the 24<sup>th</sup> of that month when off the Tongan Group to the west, the well known mutiny occurred. The mutineers returned to Tahiti after a vain effort to locate on Tupuai in the Austral Group <sup>41</sup> arriving back in June. In 10 days time, with Tahitians along with them and well supplied with food, which they readily secured from the natives by telling them that they were required by Cook who had sent the Bounty back for that purpose, they sailed for Tupuai again, but again their effort at settlement failed and in September they again returned. Sixteen landed, weary of adventure : the other nine with 7 Tahitian men and 11 women sailed again the next week and vanished for 18 years from the sight of men. Their story is that of Pitcairn.

Those left on Tahiti mostly stayed with Teina’s young son at Arué who befriended them. They set to work to build a 30 foot schooner to get away in for they knew their danger, the long arm of British justice. This boat, found later (for lack of sturdy masts for sails) to be too unseaworthy for their purpose, was launched in 1790 and came in handy for Teina. He called upon them to aid him in return for hospitality. “The War of the Mutineers” was the means of gaining for Teina a greater extent of dominion and power than any had ever had upon Tahiti. They refused however to go with him against Moorea, which at last he was ready to do, but cleaned his muskets for the purpose and Mahini of Moorea at last owned to defeat. He fled across the Strait to Faaa and uniting with that District’s Chief and him of Paea prepared to fight again.

In September 1790 the clash came but Teina’s opponents were caught between two fires. A new Chief was now ruling in Papara, Amo’s younger son Temarii, who now joined with Paré-Arué’s Chief whom Papara had so long bitterly opposed and attacked from the south, while Teina and the mutineers attacked from the north. The opposing forces were crushed, Mahini fell in the fight, and both Faaa, Punaauia and Paea submitted to Teina. The mutineers had brought their schooner and guns from Matavai Bay and fought both on sea and land.

A useful increase to Teina’s white assistants was a man named Brown who was landed on Tahiti in consequence of a quarrel aboard a Swedish vessel — under the command of Captain Cox, an Englishman — which called in whilst the mutineers were sailing back and forth to Tupuai. <sup>42</sup> With Brown was added a very welcome gift of firearms, ammunition and a Union Jack, an addition to the pennant of Wallis and used, like it, as an ensign of supremacy. Brown proved very helpful in the War of the Mutineers though he seems to have been, in general, unfriendly to the men themselves and kept in close touch with Teina till opportunity came to escape from Tahiti. It was not long in coming.

In March 1791 the frigate Pandora of evil fame arrived in search of the mutineers and the Bounty. Those of them, numbering 4, who were at Matavai with Teina’s young son were easily secured. The rest had gone to Papara to stay with the Chief they had lately aided and were prepared to aid again.

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<sup>41</sup> [Tubuai](#)

<sup>42</sup> John Brown was dropped on Tahiti by the fur trade brig, Mercury, in 1789. See *The Bo’sun-Mate’s Story*, below, and [George Mortimer, Observations and Remarks Made During a Voyage... \(1791: 34\).](#)

He had in view the using of these white men to dispute that growing supremacy of Teina, so far as Lesser Tahiti was concerned. Captain Edwards <sup>43</sup> sent to 2 boats to Temarii. By handsome presents and convincing that Chief that non-compliance would lead to an attack by the frigate he was unwillingly forced to assist in securing those of the mutineers who by this time had fled into and across the mountains. One was captured on shore and 3 took canoe for Matavai and voluntarily surrendered. Led by natives, a party of the frigate's crew crossed the mountains and found the 6 missing ones on the sea shore. They surrendered. Two only of the entire number were missing. In a jealous quarrel, one with the other (and that aggravated by deliberate theft, though in self-defence) at Vairao — in Lesser Tahiti — one of them by name Churchill, who had (under the custom of Taio) actually been named a Chief in that District, had been shot and the natives in revenge for their friend and Chief had stoned the murderer Thompson to death.

The Pandora sailed with its prisoners — and Brown — in May 1791, their terrible sufferings and fate another story than that of Tahiti : and in December of the same year Vancouver <sup>44</sup> arrived in H.M.S. Discovery. He like Bligh had been with Cook in 1777 and found great changes. Most of his former friends were dead but Teina was very much upon the scene, strong now in power, Papara his only difficulty. Temarii now ruled in his own right with Mani-Mani, a High priest of advanced age, a native of Raiatea, wielding great influence at his side. Temarii and his wise old counsellor needed watching.

Teina was at his new possessions in Moorea when Vancouver arrived. He hastened back, the sailorman might prove handy for things were shaping themselves nicely for him. Lesser Tahiti had but lately largely fallen into his hands without a fight. The Vehiatua, of that day, dying, Teina brought pressure to bear, together with a just claim of ancestry through marriage constating cousinship for the Arrirahiship, Vehiatua leaving no issue. A brother of Teina was already one of the lesser Chiefs. The post was given to a four years of age nephew of the late Vehiatua with Teina's brother as Regent. That for the south of Papara. From Paea up to Paré-Arué was also his. That for the north of Papara. Another of his brothers Teriivaetua was Papenoo's Chief on the east coast. Teina's ambition soared.

He wanted not only Tahiti and Moorea in entirety but all the islands within reach, the Leeward Islands and the Tuamotus from which his forefathers had come. He held the pennant thanks to Tutaha, alike with the Union Jack of Captain Cox, which in native eyes gave him a distinct advantage over his equals in rank. Now he sought English men and English guns to keep it. Vancouver was not only begged to give more arms but to sally forth and conquer those same isles for him. The sailor declined, but gave him ammunition, he had no guns to spare.

Between his departure and the arrival of the Duff in March 1797, O'Connor an Irishman, Butcher a Scotsman, a Jew and others appeared upon the scene, all off the whaler Matilda which after calling at Tahiti had been wrecked on Tureia <sup>45</sup> in the Tuamotus in 1792, the Captain and crew reaching Tahiti in the boats and all but the above named getting away on the Prince William Henry which called in shortly after. There were also 2 Swedes, Cornelius Lind <sup>46</sup> and Peter Haggerstein, who had deserted from the Daedulus, a British storeship which called in on its way to Botany Bay in 1793. This man Peter made himself very useful as Interpreter to the missionaries on their first landing and later on, though they evidently had no great opinion of him. All the above men were beachcombers and utterly unreliable. They naturally became Teina men.

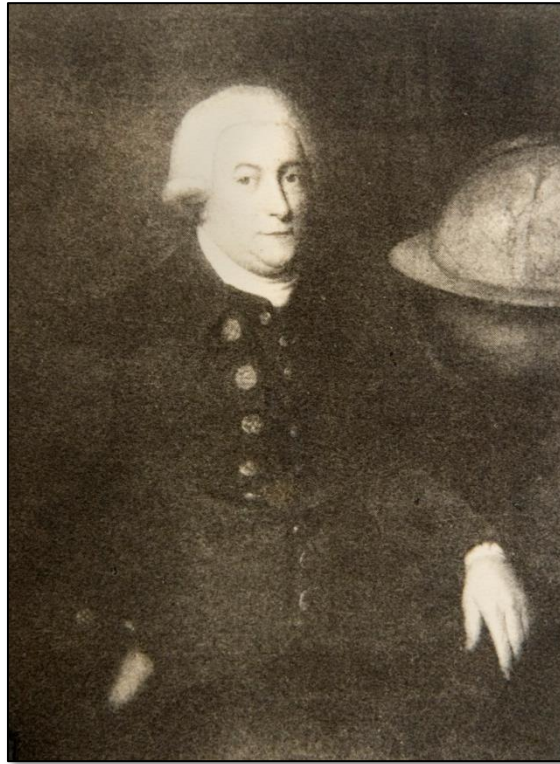
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<sup>43</sup> [Edward Edwards \(1742–1815\)](#)

<sup>44</sup> [George Vancouver \(1757–1798\)](#)

<sup>45</sup> [Tureia \(also called Papahena\)](#)

<sup>46</sup> Andrew Cornelius Lind. WWB has *Lynd*.



**Captain George Vancouver, R.N.**

**1757–1798**

**From a portrait in the National Gallery, London. The Dictionary of National Biography says :– “A portrait of Vancouver, ‘painted probably by Lemuel F. Abbott <sup>47</sup>,’ was purchased in 1878 by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, London.” His grave is in Petersham Churchyard, Surrey.**

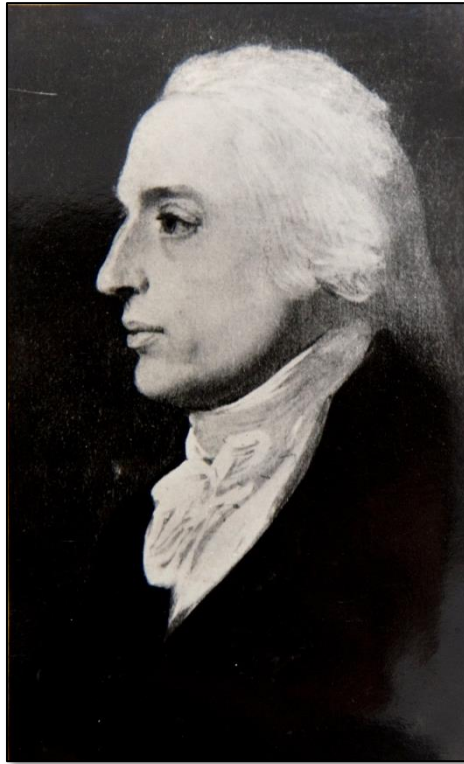
Bligh had reappeared in 1792, this time in the ship Providence with the same object as before, the securing of breadfruit saplings for the West Indies and which this time he accomplished. The Lords of the Admiralty had consented to his carrying certain men who had been in training for missionary work by the London Missionary Society but on the eve of departure their courage failed them. Those who sailed 4 years later appeared of sterner stuff.

Bligh gone, these men arrived in March 1797 to find the 2 chief Districts still at violent loggerheads, the question of supremacy a live one. The Otoo of Cook, the Tinah of Bligh, was now wholly Pomare and by this name alone the missionaries and all later knew him. He had not been idle. With the help of the beachcombers he had reached out to the far south-eastern side of Tahiti, which under the Chief of Papenoo — his brother — and Hitiaa had taken no actual part in all these struggles, and was now master of the entire eastern coast down to the isthmus of Taravao.

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<sup>47</sup> [Lemuel “Francis” Abbot \(ca. 1760–1802\)](#)





**Captain James Wilson <sup>48</sup> of the Duff**

But Temarii of Papara under wise old Mami Mami had countered all Pomare's strokes by a master one. He had adopted Pomare's son, Tu the Younger, who had married his cousin Tetuanui and had no issue. (She died in 1806.) Adoption of sons and daughters on Tahiti was as strong a tie as parentage. Between the now 2 fathers the young man much preferred Temarii and looked to him and crafty old Mami Mami to help emancipate himself from his father and drive him from the island later on.

When the missionaries landed at Matavai on Point Venus, they naturally fell into the hands of Pomare and Itia. In May Temarii appeared. The missionaries who had had no time to look into Tahitian politics or understand them bestowed royalty on Pomare.

An early "Journal" entry reads "*May 9. 1797. Temarii accompanied the King and Queen and stayed to dine with us. He is we find of the Royal race and son of the famous Oberea.*" Here as has been already noted, they erred, he being the son of her husband Amo by her niece. "*He is the first Chief of the island after Pomare by whom he has been subdued and now lives in friendship with him and has adopted his son. He is also high in esteem as a priest.*"

Tetuanui, the son's first wife, is often mentioned pleasingly in the Journal. She appears in the illustration *The Cession of Matavai*. (See *A Raw Deal* in the Appendix.)

Upon arrival, the missionaries found a large native house standing on the extremity of the Point which had been raised by Pomare for Bligh who he said would be returning to reside there but had so far failed to do so. It was of oval shape, 108 feet long, 48 feet wide, 18 feet high and thatched with palm leaf. Bamboo partitions were run up by the new tenants and doors to keep out the inquisitive natives.

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<sup>48</sup> [James Wilson \(1760–1814\)](#)

It soon contained beside the various sleeping apartments, a large store room, a library, a surgery, a dining hall and a chapel. Such was what was to become known as “The Bligh House”.

Pomare chose Cover as a brother out of the mission band, Temarii chose Main as an offset. Main and Clode went to Papara where Temarii entertained them, presenting each with a canoe. Later the same year 2 of the band on their way round the island called in at Papara and found Pomare there. After visiting him they went on to Temarii *“who enquired into the cause of our visit to Pomare in a way that bespoke jealousy, envy and fear of that Chief... It is said that he is meditating revenge on Pomare and has chosen M<sup>r</sup> Main as his brother whom he has heard spoken of as a military man.”* This custom was called Taio.

The Duff sailed for Home in August and the missionaries at once found life both uncomfortable and alarming. The helpless band were plundered by friends and opponents of their mission alike. They became increasingly dependent upon Pomare and Itia. Temarii was the only one who did not beg of them but they were soon to lose him.

As these and succeeding arrivals of missionaries played no small part in Tahitian Old time history, it may here be of interest to note that of the 30 men, 6 married women and 3 children who sailed from London in 1796, 4 of the men were ordained ministers, one was a surgeon, the rest were of various trades : 7 carpenters, 2 shoe makers, 2 smiths, 2 bricklayers, a gardener, a butcher, a weaver, even a hatter, among other trades. Of these 39 souls, 25 were left upon Tahiti, the rest went to Tonga, one alone to the Marquesas, his companion failing in courage at the last moment. Those on Tahiti were the 4 ministers, 13 of the tradesmen, 5 of the women and all of the children. The surgeon backed out and returned on the Duff to England.

Those of them who left their mark were Henry the carpenter, Bicknell the wheelwright and, far above all, Nott <sup>49</sup> the bricklayer who lasted till 1844. In 1801 a further batch of 9 arrived, Hayward the best among them and Davies, but it was not till 20 years after the first contingent, in 1817, that the greatest of them all arrived upon the scene, John Williams <sup>50</sup> of London whose story belongs to the whole South Sea.

The Duff in its second sailing for Tahiti was captured by a Buonaparte privateer, the missionaries aboard with their families returning to England after suffering many difficulties and privations. Their further attempt in another vessel was successful and along with them in the Royal Admiral, which arrived in July 1801, they brought seeds and plants of watermelon, vine, fig, peach, pineapple and vegetables. The papaya was introduced shortly after from Hawaii in 1803. Who brought the prolific orange is seemingly lost to record but the evidence is strong for Cook. (For this fruit and also tobacco, see below.) The Royal Admiral was not a missionary ship like the Duff though commanded by Captain William Wilson, the nephew of the Captain of the Duff. It carried convicts to Botany Bay.

In Cook’s First Voyage (1769) there reads *“M<sup>r</sup> Banks was engaged the 4<sup>th</sup> in planting on each side of the Fort, a quantity of the seeds of watermelons, oranges, lemons, limes and other plants and trees which he had brought from Rio de Janeiro. He gave these seeds to the Indians in great plenty and planted many of them in the woods.”*

The introduction of tobacco must be credited at least in a measure to the Spaniards of 1775 for the Journal of Maximo Rodriguez reads *“We brought brocoli and sowed rice, tobacco and garlic.”* But

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<sup>49</sup> [Henry Nott \(1774–1844\)](#)

<sup>50</sup> [John Williams \(1796–1839\)](#)

Ellis in his *Polynesian Researches* states that “*The tobacco plant is another exotic common now in all the islands : it was introduced by Captain Cook (1769).*”

#### NOTES

- (1) In Arué, off the Highway, handy to the lagoon and not far from “The King’s House” is a small, square, low walled enclosure wherein stand a couple of gravestones. The earlier one is of Australian sandstone and when first visited by the writer the inscription was hard to decipher but it was possible to make out that here lies

“... Rev Henry Nott  
... on the 2<sup>nd</sup> day of May 1844...  
for 48 years the faithful servant of the London Missionary Society... sent  
out... in the ship Duff... Captain James Wilson in the year 1796... He was  
translator of the... scriptures into the Tahitian...”

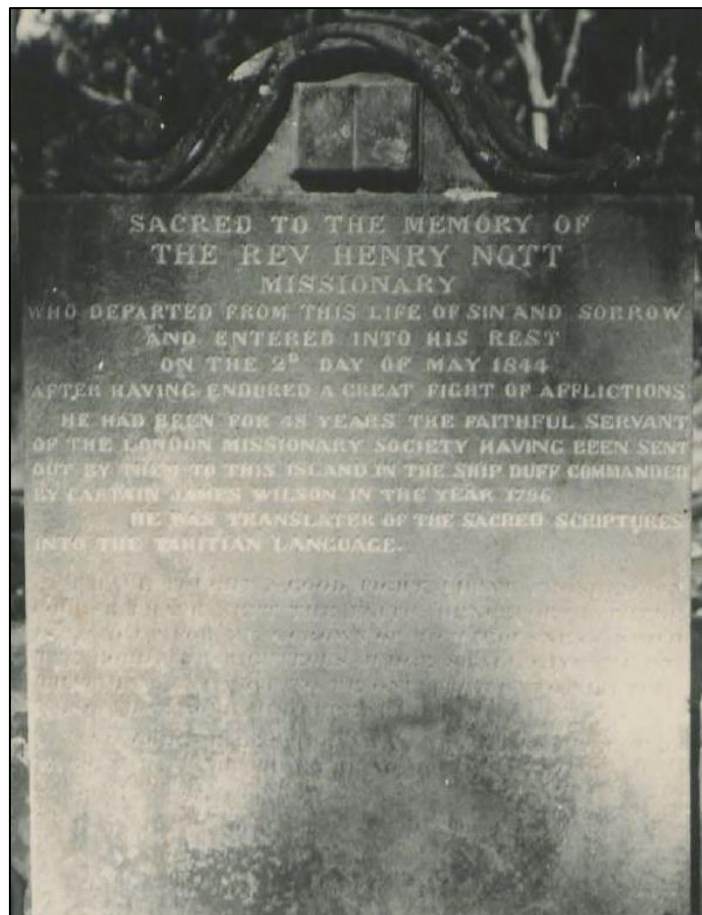
The latter reads

“ Rev. T. S. McKean M.A.  
Missionary of the London Missionary Society  
Shot at his door during the fight at Point Venus  
June 30. 1844.  
Aged 37.”

These graves are not readily to be seen as they are well nigh buried in the surrounding rank vegetation and few knew of their existence. In 1935 the historic portion of the Nott stone was resented. The McKean stone is of marble. (See *The Missionary Henry Nott* and *The Tragedy of T. S. McKean* in the Appendix.) <sup>51</sup>

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<sup>51</sup> See also WWB’s article, *How Rev. McKean Was Killed*, in the 15 February 1940 edition of PIM, pages 46–47, in Part VII.



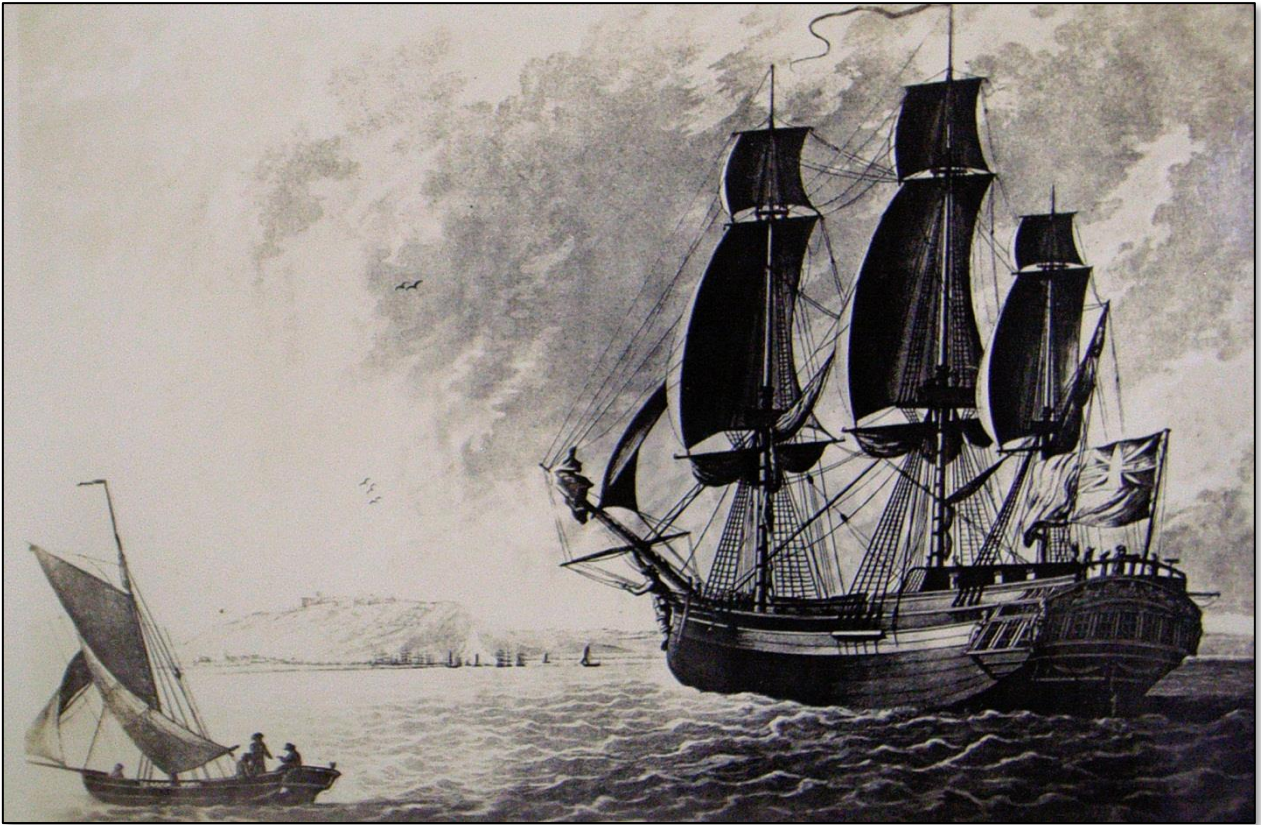
**Nott's inscription**

- (2) In revenge for the above — accidental — death, those in revolt against the French Protectorate at once turned their attention to Papeete, pillaging and burning the Catholic Mission that afternoon. The following morning they completed the business, destroying among other things the library of Father Caret,<sup>52</sup> then a resident — the one time instigator with the more notorious Father Laval<sup>53</sup> of the Gambier tyranny suppressed by the French Government — putting to the flames alike with his books his valuable manuscripts on the languages of Tahiti and the Marquesas.
- (3) The Duff. This historic craft was a vessel of 267 tons, had a length of 96 feet 6 inches and a beam of 25 feet 8 inches. She had 2 decks, 3 masts, a square stern and a “manhead”. Her flag was “*Purple with 3 doves argent, bearing olive branches in their bills.*” Her cost to the Society was £5,000. “... a first rate vessel, river built, 2 years old, copper bottomed and fastened.” After dropping her cargo of “missionaries and provisions” she headed for Canton (China) where tea was shipped for which the East India Company paid £4,800 in London where she arrived July 11, 1798, a 2 year voyage less one month. On her 2<sup>nd</sup> voyage she was captured of Cape Frio (South America) on February 19, 1799 and sold at Montevideo. Her end is unknown.

<sup>52</sup> [Francois d'Assize Caret \(1802–1844\)](#)

<sup>53</sup> [Honoré Laval \(1808–1880\)](#)





**The Duff.**

- (4) Of the 17 “Pioneer” missionaries left on Tahiti in 1797, the graves of only 3 are on the island, Bicknell lying on Moorea. Lewis murdered 1799 — Jefferson died 1807 — (Bicknell died 1820) — Nott died 1844.

The site of the graves of the first 2 are described in *The Graves at Matavai* in the Appendix : they adjoin the site of the first mission Chapel, the doorstep of which still remains in place — set in 1800.

- (5) The choosing of the “Taio”. The word means “Friend”. Pomare and Temarii made choice of set purpose beyond mere friendship. The custom constituted the visitor selected, “the special friend”, under the fullest protection of the native who chose him. This of course led to an exchange of presents. The natives naturally found this transaction with the white man very much to their advantage.

See in the Appendix : *The First Missionaries, The Missionary Henry Nott, Locating the Graves of the Pioneer Missionaries at Matavai and Papara, and Language Pioneering.*



## CHAPTER VI

August 1798, the same month one year from the departure of the Duff, saw 2 whaling vessels, the Sally and the Cornwall, drop anchor in Matavai Bay. From them Temarii secured some gunpowder and suspecting from the size of its grain that the white men were playing him some trick, he proposed to those about him to test it “*at the Great House called Nanu*” in Paré where he was staying. A pistol was loaded and unthinkingly fired over the poured out powder, a spark from the pistol’s priming dropping upon it and the whole barrel blew up.

The worst hurt was the Chief. News was brought to Matavai where Pomare was in residence and he called upon the missionaries to go at once and lend assistance. They applied ointment but the next day they were not allowed to give further treatment as Temarii declared it had but exaggerated the pain. Tu the Younger was present and from his scowling countenance the missionaries boded no good to the stricken man’s would be helpers. They quit.

Temarii lingered till early in September when to the consternation and grief of all but Pomare he died. With him went Papara’s hopes, but there were yet to be other blazes before they finally died out. The missionaries came under strong suspicion from some — being looked upon as Pomare men — of having cursed their medicine in order to kill the patient. They kept close at Matavai and already some had lost heart after an attack upon 4 of them prior to Temarii’s death.

March 1798 had therefore seen eleven of the band leave in a calling brig, the Nautilus, for Botany Bay taking with them a native by name Taia, thus reducing their number to 6. Two of these fell out of the remnant, Lewis being murdered on account of his seeming foolishness, another losing faith and sailing away in one of the passing brigs and is said to have later died at sea. The 4 were reinforced by the arrival of the 9 new men in 1801 : now in all 13.

Pomare promptly used the death of his rival to further his own ends. He allowed, without any protest from him, Tati, the grandson of that younger brother of Amo who had wiped away Purea’s blood feud, to assume Temarii’s post. Tati was markedly from the very first a man of peace working by diplomacy rather than by force and one whom Pomare felt he could control. The body of the deceased Chief, as was the custom, was borne in great state throughout the Tevan districts, the skull and bones at a later stage being secreted in a cave in Papara’s mountains, lost to memory today, but before that happening, an unexpected crisis suddenly arose.

The younger Tu had lost his adopted father and loathed to return to his father’s tutelage. He saw that submission to his father or driving him off Tahiti were now all the more the only alternatives. Tu gathered his forces in Papara and started northward for the attack, old Mani-Mani at his right hand. Pomare, ever at heart a coward, did not wait but fled to Tetiaroa, the atoll some 20 miles off Arué and Family property, leaving his wives Itia and Tetua to face the storm. Though in poor health Itia was quite equal to the occasion. Tu arrived prepared to fight it out upon the spot but Itia struck a bargain with her stepson, ceding to him the Authority he wanted, loose free from his father’s Regency, but obtaining the one guarantee she saw she needed to keep him still under her power. It was the life of the old High priest. It was given.

Old Mani-Mani was murdered by Itia’s men on his way from Matavai to Paré. Tu thus rose to a halfway supreme power on Tahiti by the treacherous murder of his friend and counsellor.

Itia was in the Mission house when the news came — “the British House” lately erected — and “*at once came to Brother Eyre’s door, she had a cartouch box buckled round her waist, a musquet she*

*had been seen with in her hand a little before was now laid aside, with a settled air of triumph on her brow, she shook hands in a friendly way with the Swede saying unto him, "It is all over," meaning the war and retired immediately to the Point" where Pomare had one of his many residences. There was little to choose between Pura and Itia, aunt and niece.*

Mani-Mani's calling made him of a truth sacrosanct. His Order was respected by all. They represented Learning and their training was long and arduous. None with any personal defect could be admitted, they must also be deft of hand for the service of the gods. There were long prayers to be committed to memory, and mystic rites, set speeches for great occasions, war songs and enchantments, invocations and counter blasts to witchcraft. The Order as a rule descended from father to son and the young novice had already been long at school, for there were the professional schoolmaster and school mistress in the land. Here were taught, orally, history and geography, mythology and numbers. Upon the young priest's graduation he was well paid in kind for his services and had servants to do his bidding. To be a High priest was to have reached a very pinnacle of renown, respect and Security. But it did not save Mani-Mani.

Pomare returned, the storm over, and father and son now combined from 1798 till the father's sudden death in 1803 in terrorizing all Tahiti save the indomitable Papara, the missionaries still adhering to them for which later on they paid dearly. The two Tus had now developed into tyrants pure and simple. The missionaries have recorded it in their Journal but as if it did not concern them. The first Pomare was a thorough savage throughout, though at heart a coward, but he was gentle when compared with his son who was both heartless and cruel.

In 1797 — to revert — even with his son and Temarii against him he had been far from idle. Paramountcy his life long aim still chiding him, he made one more effort to secure it. His gods were evidently against him but Oro, god of war, might be propitiated if he did Oro special honour. He would fain have with him the image of the god which had been stolen from Paré and was under the special care of the marae Taputapuata at Punaauia — also named Atehuru, a District now under his control. So first for the idol.

He went seemingly on his way to Tautira where his brother was still Regent for his younger son. Going by water with his warriors he took the Atehuruans in charge by surprise, seized and carried off the idol, a mere elongated piece of wood wrapped in a tapa cloth and adorned with feathers, housing it in his great double-canoe and headed for Lesser Tahiti, halting however at Papara where he had some family property in the home of his enemy in order to offer a human sacrifice to please his god, the victim one of his own servants as he could lay hands on no other.

But Punaauia was at once on the war path with Rua as their Chief and "The War of Oro" was on. It was savage and ruthless while it lasted. Rua laid waste all the east coast of the peninsula, totally defeated Pomare's forces and recovered the idol. Pomare escaped by water to Matavai.

Awhile later he again swept down on the Atehuruans, taking them again unawares and alone, for the strong forces of Lesser Tahiti's west coast, who had come to their aid, had by then returned to their homes. By massacre and laying waste he sought to terrorize that people into submission. He left the district bathed in the blood of old men, women and children. Its warriors escaped to the mountains ready to fight again when on an equal footing and the idol was still in their keeping.

Now once again he went — early in that year of 1798 so full of incident — this time re-enforced by 3 and 20 white men, the Captain and crew of the Nautilus soon to bear off the fear stricken ones of the mission band, these well armed, with a cannon to boot. Victory was his at his 3<sup>rd</sup> attempt, Rua falling in the fight and Oro at last in Pomare's hands : but he recognized that it was but an empty

victory, his enemies far from mastered and his position as uncertain as ever, with Papara heading the resisters.

That idol found a safer resting place for the future on Moorea. "The War of Oro" was over but paramountcy still beyond the idol's present owner. Death settled the matter for him in 1803 as in his canoe he was being paddled to the brig Dart lying in Matavai Bay.

Tu the Younger was then about 23 years of age and as he grew in years he developed a character such as the natives could not recognize as theirs but put down to his savage Tuamotu ancestors. (For his portrait see the *Pomare Family of the Past* in the Appendix.) For 5 years he ran riot until the crash came, as we shall see later. The second Pomare fled like his father before him, but to Moorea, his first wife's home. The missionaries abandoned the field in despair, most of them fleeing to Huahine in the Leeward Group by the brig Perseverance, while Nott, Hayward, Scott and Wilson sheltered with Pomare.

Awhile later those on Huahine sailed for Botany Bay as had those of 1798, recognizing as their penmen show their utter failure. They had backed up tyrants from the start. Of the 4 left with Pomare, Scott and Wilson left for Huahine in April 1809 and Hayward followed them in July. All on Huahine except Hayward, who determined not entirely to forsake his duty, sailed from thence on the brig Hibernia. Nott therefore stood alone at Pomare's side.

Here it would seem best for the clearer grasp of the reader to give a short summary of the last years of this Period of Violence, the details to follow.

In 1812 Pomare II declared himself a Christian and returned to Tahiti unmolested by his old enemies but scheming as ever for a return to power and the attainment of supremacy. In 1814 he went again to Moorea and the next year returned thoroughly prepared to fight it out. War ensued and Pomare won. In 1815 till his death in 1821 he was the undisputed "Paramount Chief" or (in English parlance) "King" on and of Tahiti. His father was the First Pomare but he, Pomare II, was the First King.

He left 2 children by his second marriage, the eldest a girl of 7 years — Aimata — born on February 3, 1813 : and a boy, an infant in arms — Teriitaria : the other child, a boy named Teina, born on Tetiaroa November 21, 1817, dying on March 20, 1818 at Afareaitu (Moorea) and buried there. The girl was never a favorite with her father who named the infant boy born on June 25, 1820 as his successor.

This Pomare III died January 8, 1827. Aimata succeeded him as Pomare IV and was Queen of Tahiti for 50 years, 1827–1877. She died September 17 of the latter year. Her eldest son dying during his lifetime unmarried, her second son followed as Pomare V till 1880 when he handed his kingdom over to France. This of the Pomares.

Of the people as the century opened as poor a record must be made. They had been more than decimated not by these wars alone, which had been carried from time immemorial, but by sickness and diseases hitherto unknown. Tahiti did not alone suffer. What happened there, happened throughout the entire South Sea. For untold generations these people had been isolated in the Pacific Ocean as though they were in a sanatorium, protected from all European ailments, living mainly on fish, fruit and root crops. Now fever entered of slight or of severe kind, and comparatively harmless epidemics, like measles, became frightfully fatal when the natives, to allay the fever, plunged into cold waters. Ordinary colds and dysentery took the aspect of plagues.

Ships, even men-of-war with doctor on board, were not beds of health nor were missionaries exempt from the ordinary sickness of white men. These ailments and the still more deadly ones (venereal) found rich field for their germs in the South Sea. Just as such pests as the Lantana and Guava, brought in by white folk, have overrun the islands where the field was wide open to them, so did disease spread through the Tahitian people. Whilst one cannot hold foreigners wholly responsible for what was inevitable, seeing that nations were expanding each their territories for bigger room and trade, yet for much of the political misery on Tahiti at this time they were the cause. They insisted upon backing up an ambitious Chief. All previous local wars were caused by ambition and all had ended in restoring the balance. Tahiti had punished Purea and others before her and the First Pomare would have been put in his place if Englishmen had not steadily supported him, given him guns, fought for him and renewed his strength when he was practically overthrown. Tahitians would never have anything to do with Tyranny, their tribal system was their answer to it. The Pomares, father and son, knew that their only chance lay in destroying that system and their quickest way was by wholesale destruction. For that end they had to win outsiders to their aid. They were successful only by that means. The old century had closed in fears, in blood and tears.

In 1798 father and son had combined to set out to do or die. Their course lay through means fair or foul, no matter which. Never in the memory of the islanders had there been so great a number of human sacrifices as the Pomares took upon themselves to offer to their gods previous to some planned attack on their fellows. Such victims were no longer only of the criminal class. The common people were panic stricken. The Old time courtesies between Chiefs were thrown aside and the Pomares terrified those of lower rank than themselves even as they did the lower grades. There was but one District which defied them resolutely, the indomitable Papara.

The "Journal" of the missionaries bears full witness to all this but their only comment is "*Our peaceful situation in the midst of them is truly marvellous in our eyes.*" Their disillusionment was to come. The Pomares dared even to threaten death to the Chieftainess of Papeari, Head of Island Society for the marae "O'Tahiti" still held amid all the chaos that superiority which nothing could lessen. This threat was a climax, it was in Tahitian eyes to be guilty of the supreme offence, beyond it Tahitian thought could not travel, but even that seems to have made or left no impress on these blind Englishmen.

Some excerpts from their letters and daily Journal in addition to those already given may be of interest :

February 4, 1799. In a letter to the Captain of a Spanish brig : "*The King is desirous to have a musquet from the ship through our hands. We find it necessary for us, in order to preserve peace, to solicit you to grant us a musquet... any return in our power to make we will gladly give.*"

October 16, 1799. "*Heard that 5 human sacrifices have, within a few days, been brought over from Eimeo to this island; also that many of the inhabitants of Opare have fled to the mountains to avoid being seized for human sacrifice... Pomare is labouring to bribe his idol god to be propitious to him.*"

January 1, 1800. "*At one in the afternoon Otoo, Pomare and Edea assembled before Brother Eyre's apartment and the Brethren presented unto each a musquet and one four pound cartridge.*"

January 14, 1800. "*From the Eliza has been landed on Pomare's account, without any interference of ours, one 18 pound carronade, 2 swivels, several musquets and a great deal of ammunition.*"

January 31, 1801. *“It is surprising what havock disease has made since we have been on the island. Matavai is almost depopulated in comparison to what it once was according to the accounts given by the natives, and not only this District but the whole island.”*

February 2, 1801. *“Brothers Eyre and Henry bring a melancholy report : the country very scantily peopled, the low lands over run with long grass, and the under woods which form swamps stop the circulation of air and tend much to the unhealthiness of the people.”*

March 6, 1801. *“This day 4 years we arrived at Otaheite... at present we see no good arising from our residence.”*

They appear to have been ever praying for Peace and at the same time helping to make War. But their hands were largely forced.



**Moorean native homes**

## NOTES

- (1) Moorea — “Eimeo” to the earlier white men — is a mountainous island, over 36 miles round its coastline, lying across a 10 miles Strait from Tahiti. It forms with the latter together with Mehetia, a single volcanic cone, and Tetiaroa, an Atoll, the Windward Islands of French Oceania.

“Moo-rea” = “Off-shoot” from the larger island Tahiti. “Ai-meho” = “Food in retreat”, the former Refuge island for fugitives from Tahiti.



Moorea becoming sacred as a word in the Long Ago had to be dropped (see Pii) : but when Christianity triumphed the natives restored it as the name of their home.<sup>54</sup>

- (2) The immediate cause of the first flight of the missionaries was owing to an attack on some of them as follows.

Twelve months from the day they had first landed, the brig Nautilus arrived. Some Sandwich islanders were aboard and 5 of these absconded. The ship left without them, 3 Tahitians taking their place, but had to put back owing to bad weather and 2 seamen likewise now left the vessel. Shorthanded, the Captain appealed to the missionaries who agreed to use their influence to enduce the Pomares to secure and return the men. Four of them walked to Arué, where Tu the Younger was in residence. Receiving but surly looks and no assistance they proceeded along the trail to where his father was dwelling at the time, some 30 natives accompanying them. When about to wade across a mountain stream which crossed their path, they were seized, stripped, dragged through the rushing water and threatened with death, some of their rough handlers exclaiming that as they had been treated so would those be in their home at Matavai. But others had compassion and rescuing them led them before Pomare I who promptly returned with them to his son expressing indignation at their treatment. The deserting seamen were cavalierly present and despite their determination not to be handed over to their Captain voluntarily went aboard the next day, but returned ashore after being assured of prosecution on arrival at Botany Bay. This rough experience thoroughly frightened the more timid of the mission band and despite the pleading of Pomare I they sailed away on the Nautilus on March 30, 1798. The four thus roughly handled were Jefferson, Broomhall, Main and W. Puckey and the last 2 decided to quit Tahiti. Two of the ringleaders in the assault were slain by Pomare's order.

The arrival in the following August of the Cornwall and the Sally caused consternation ashore : *"On seeing the vessels all the local Chiefs and people fled to the mountains, fearing they were to be punished for the outrage committed on the brethren."* The remaining missionaries followed them *"but much persuasion was required to induce them to return."* Once however returned, they supplied the vessels with far more provisions than were needed or could conveniently be stored but the natives would not desist.

- (3) In Rua's last fight, the native warriors had retired to a natural fortress in the adjoining hills some distance from the shore. Arrived at the foot of this rocky barrier the white men volley-fired which scared but did no harm. The day wore on and towards evening, failed in their aim, the assailants retired, followed by the loudly taunting enemy and a close up fight took place on the shore of the lagoon. The white men's weapons at short range took heavy toll, over 60 of the warriors lay dead, the rest retired to their fortress but they had lost the idol. The white men thinking they had taught the Atehurians a lesson counted upon capitulation on the morrow but Pomare knew better. There was none.
- (4) The attitude of his brethren to Lewis in casting him out of their midst, owing to his taking to wife a native woman to whom they refused the religious ceremony as *"contrary to Holy Scripture"*, would certainly not have been countenanced by the man who practically brought about the Society which sent them out and was one of the leading Directors at Home.

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<sup>54</sup> See the reference to the law of Pii in Note #2 to Chapter VII.

D<sup>r</sup> Haweis <sup>55</sup> in his Instructions to Captain W<sup>m</sup> Wilson of the Royal Admiral wrote as follows in March 1800 : “*I am apprehensive that it is very probable that some of our brethren may have thought it absolutely necessary to have taken wives from among the natives, and should that be the case it would be no doubt one further tie of Union and probably facilitate our civilization off those with whom they are so nearly connected. In the circumstances in which they are placed I confess I could not regret such a step, supposing they cleaved only to one woman and that she could be brought under any sense of obligation to her husband as to be for him alone... Should the experiment have been tried and in any measure have proved desirable, nothing would have a more effectual tendency to carry on and accomplish our designs. The Chiefs with whom we might be thus related would bear our name and they would become our close friends.*”

When D<sup>r</sup> Haweis penned the above broadminded words “the experiment” had been tried and the unfortunate Lewis — the victim seemingly of a jealous and disappointed lover — was dead. Today he and his chief denouncer, his fellow minister Jefferson, lie side by side at Matavai. (See *The Graves at Matavai* in the Appendix.)

- (5) The end of the idol of Oro was ignominious. Bicknell writing from Moorea April 12, 1816 to Hassall in Sydney, N.S.W., says that Pomare II “*fired musquet balls through Oro the principal god and burned a great part of it.*” Elsewhere it is related that for some time it was used as an upright for Pomare’s outside kitchen and when shot to death as above was cut up for firewood. It is described as “*A straight log of hard casuarina wood, 6 feet in length, uncarved but decorated with feathers, being wrapped around with sennit or coconut fibre.*”
- (6) “The Great House” called “Nanu” is “The Long House” of the maps of Cook and Wilson. This name “Nanu” was given generally to the waterfront and site where Papeete now stands, “The Great House” its distinguishing feature. Therein on ceremonial occasions a vast concourse could assemble. “Nanu” appears at times recorded as Nannoo and Nawnoo.
- (7) Pomare II writes to the Brethren on Moorea : “*Matavae. February 17. 1813... I have a daughter born February 3. I did not know of her birth being at Heteaa. By the time we came here she was born.*” He asks for “*sugar, 2 small cups and also 2 small spoons to feed her with.*” Aimata was therefore within one month of her 14<sup>th</sup> year when she became Queen of Tahiti.

See Appendix for “*Character of Pomare I*”.

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<sup>55</sup> [Thomas Haweis \(1734–1820\)](#). Haweis rhymes with *Pause*.

## CHAPTER VII

So passed the opening years of the new century till Pomare II stood alone, and in 1808 the crash came which obliterated his ambition for a time. In June of that year he committed an act which made the whole Tahitian people and particularly the Teva Clan deadly enemies not only to Pomare but to the missionaries and to Christianity. That act was a massacre. One more clash of arms has also to be related, a straight fight this, and the story is told so far as this Pomare is concerned. With 1815 the Period of Violence upon Tahiti passed. Pomare III was but an interlude between the 2 Periods, a child of tender years who quickly passed from the scene. The succeeding Pomares belong to another Period — the French.

It seemed that the people of Punaauia, the Atehuruans, had taken some of the bones of the Chief Mataha, who was killed in a war of the long past on Lesser Tahiti, and had made fish hooks of them, a common practice, but in this case Pomare declared that it was to show their contempt for him who was related to the dead Chief's descendants. Pomare cleaned his musquets, gathered his forces and swept down from Arue through Faa to Punaauia taking that District completely by surprise, for hearing of his anger they had hastened to send him the customary Peace offering — a bunch of red feathers and a sucking pig — in the hope of pacifying him. He handed them to his stepmother Itia, himself turning the offering down.

Slaying right and left, he burned the dwellings, destroyed the plantations and seized all portable property. The missionaries report : *"Cloth and other things were sent up today in great quantities to Oparee and Matavai."* Again, *"The Atehuruans are entirely subdued and destroyed. Pomare requests us to send him some paper to make cartridges and 2 bottles of rum. A little of the former was sent him but the latter was denied."* Some of the band proceeded to Pomare's camp. *"He was standing by the dead bodies on the seaside, giving orders to the people... the district presents a horrid scene."* A few escaped, fleeing to the mountains at the back.

But Pomare was not yet satisfied. He pushed on to Papara where the peaceloving Tati was Chief. A man who had escaped the carnage had hurried down the trail through Paea to give warning. Those who could, fled; the rest, old men, women and children were slain. Tati had escaped across the mountains to find refuge far from the scene. The brother of Tati — by name Opuhara, a warrior of the first rank — had no force ready to meet the sudden attack and also escaped out of Pomare's reach. Two of their sisters perished, and near the isthmus past Papeari the widow and children of Temarii, who had been his adopted father and friend, were pitilessly slain with all their attendants. Pomare returned to Arue gluttoned with blood and loot.

But now the whole island rose, including his 2 chief ministers Tooti and Tamihuteia, determined to make an end of him. They needed a Leader and called upon Opuhara who, gathering a force from all quarters, advanced by way of the east coast to Papenoo. The avengers were now within striking distance.

At this crisis the majority of the missionaries fled in a brig which opportunely called during November (1808). The next month Pomare attacked and was totally defeated. Without waiting for another effort, he, his household and the 4 remaining missionaries fled from Matavai to Moorea. Point Venus was completely wrecked, the Mission buildings burned, the gardens destroyed, the cattle seized and all the property and stores left behind in the hurried flight of the white men was carried off by the wreckers.

Till 1815 Opuhara was the greatest personage on Tahiti. He was a thorough pagan and had been always opposed to the missionaries but they always spoke well of him and were convinced that he meant them no harm. Papara, feeling that Tati was too complacent for his office, now gave it to the younger and the stronger one. Papara was on top at last, seemingly triumphant.

Except for another effort on Tahiti made by him in October 1809 which again ended in defeat, Pomare lay low on Moorea till July 1812 when he suddenly announced to those of the Mission band who had returned to their duty — his faithful friend Nott being unfortunately absent, having sailed to Sydney for his marriage — that he would be a Christian and had done with idols and with war. His conversion was a masterpiece of strategy.

His old District of Paré-Arué took him at his word and invited him to return. He went, his perfidious friends Tooti and Tamihuteia had died, and for 2 years dwelt on and off in his own home alone, an avowed Christian, unmolested by his former enemies. No missionary returned.

Tati now reappears. He had escaped from the island and gone to Pora Pora where he had married. At the second marriage of Pomare which took place on Moorea in 1812 with a daughter of one of the Opoa Chiefs on Raiatea Tati returned along with her. Even in this second marriage Pomare could not act straight. He had promised to marry the eldest daughter Teriitaria. Her younger sister Terito, ambitious for position, managed to reach Moorea first and was installed as consort. The breaking of faith was however so flagrant that Pomare gave to the elder sister the same position, under the title of “Pomare Vahine” and 2 consorts ruled his now Christian household.

Tati returned to Papara, Pomare and his wives to Arué. The missionaries now crossed and recrossed the Strait and conversions became very numerous on Tahiti. Moorea declared for Christianity. Pomare was working hard to form a Christian party with which he would proclaim a war against Paganism. The more converts, the more on his side.

In 1814 he again crossed to Moorea accompanied by a large body of adherents, all Christians and having been trained to arms. A similar large body joined him there from the Leeward islands where the majority had given up the Old time gods. Those Christians left behind in Paré-Arué banded themselves together and all saw a fresh clash coming.

Pomare felt it wisest to leave it to his wives. If they succeeded all would be well, if they failed he would have to act for himself. The 2 women crossed over to Arué in May 1815 with a strong force well prepared for the overthrow of the Pagans on Tahiti. These had no choice but to accept the challenge. Opuhara led the Pagans, he marched as far northward as Paré sending notice ahead to Arué to the 2 women there, thus giving them time to escape if so they desired. He declared that he was no woman fighter. The women’s courage failed them and they fled back to Moorea, their main force with them. Opuhara however sacked Arué and was again master of the island.

Tati saw the inevitableness of Christianity gaining the mastery. If at that price war could be prevented he was in favour of it though it meant the supremacy of Pomare who however could possibly be held within bounds by diplomacy, by his new Creed and with the help of the missionaries. Opuhara, with the usual Tahitian readiness to forget a quarrel, yielded to his brother’s ideas so far as to allow not only the Christians of Arue to return from Moorea if so they wished but Pomare himself. Tati would keep him within bounds. There he greatly erred.

Pomare upon his return did not take long to act for himself. On November 12, 1815 with both land and sea forces he suddenly took up a position at Narii near the village of Punaauia. Here had been the massacre of 1808. This time he was in a far stronger position with all the Christian forces of Tahiti

and other islands at his back. He wanted a fight this time, a fight to the finish not first for his new Creed, which ever sat lightly upon him, but first for himself. It came.

Opuhara, fearing another massacre, rushed from Papara with but half his forces. On the trail he met Tati coming from Pomare's camp, sent by him to secure the submission of the Pagans without a fight as Tati had pleaded for with the Christians' leader. "*Peace I seek with you my brother,*" said Tati : Opuhara turned on Him. "*Go! traitor! Shame on you! You whom I knew as my brother I know no more, and this day I call my spear Ourihere (Brotherless). Beware of it, for if you meet it hereafter it meets you as a foe. I bow to no other gods but those of my fathers : these I shall stand by to the end : never will I bow to Pomare or the God of the white faced man.*"

The fight known as the Fei-pe — from the "ripe plantains" (wild bananas) where the forces met — followed close upon this meeting. It was indeed a real fight till Opuhara, breaking through the front ranks of the Christians made for the beach where the leading warriors were grouped. Beyond them, in a double-canoe, stood Pomare his foe. An outsider, a Christian native not of Tahiti, raised his musket from the platform, fired, his aim true, and Opuhara fell to rise no more. With his death, his men broke and retired unpursued. The fight was over, their Leader gone.

By the death of this one man Pomare had gained his aim. There was now no longer any choice on Tahiti between Leaders, he stood alone, paramount, supreme. With Opuhara, Papara at long last, as well as all other opposition, fell for good. Pomare was not only the chief of Chiefs but in European parlance Royal, the King of Tahiti in very truth. What his father long had sought but failed to win, he his son attained.

"The Brotherless," Opuhara's spear, is said to be in the Museum of the Louvre today. Even on those days there were among all his warriors but two who could wield it. Among the Tevas even to this day he is still regarded as their greatest hero for they are clannish still though nominally but part of the native population and as Ariitaimai, one of them, records as she recounts the Past, if the missionaries have sometimes doubted whether among the Tevan Districts the blessings of their Creed have been rightly appreciated, one reason may well be that Tevans cannot forget how the missionary converts fought for Pomare and slew their hero Opuhara.

Tati was now restored to his post as Ariirahi and during the next 40 years till his death when 84 years of age in 1854 his influence was the strongest of all men on the island. He had seen Cook when a child, had lived through all these troublous years and saw another Era open in his island's history bringing its own special troubles. His great aim was to further Peace and despite his great influence his hands were ever full. Between the Pomares, the now lesser Chiefs, the missionaries and the French, he was seldom without anxieties and cares.

Diplomatically he began by binding Pomare to him by the strongest possible tie. A marriage was arranged which meant much for security. Marama, Head Chief of Moorea, who was the descendant of Auri, the brother of the redoubtable Pureau, had only one heir, a daughter, to bear his name and inherit his extensive possessions. This great heiress was given, with Pomare's consent, in marriage to Tati's son. Pomare possessed no son of an age to win so great a prize. To secure himself however against any risk that this powerful combination of Papara and Moorea might later turn against him, Pomare claimed as his own the first child that Marama's daughter might bear and contracted — though in vain — that all children of this marriage should marry Pomares if such there were. Tati's plan thus worked out well, both sides being satisfied.



How the Marama family came to hold so high a position on Moorea and by this marriage bound Moorea up with the Pomares who already had both lesser right and property there will be read of in the following chapter.

## NOTES

### (1) Tati and Royalty

Tati I — Taura atuaipatea — born 1770, married Tehea of Pora Pora. Tapua ta'aroa, his son, married Marama. Tapua's eldest child, Ariioehau (Ariitaimai), repudiating the contract, married Alexander Salmon, an Englishman, and had 8 children, of whom the eldest, Titaua Salmon, married a Scotsman, John Brander, whilst the sixth, Joanna Marauta'aroa Salmon, married Pomare V and had no "recognized" issue. Their brother, Tati II, also had 8 children of whom one son — Opuhara — married as had his Aunt Marau into the Royal Family, his wife being Teriina vahoroa, one of the daughters of Tamatoa, a son of Queen Pomare IV. The contract with Pomare was thus very limited in its fulfilment.

In these Periods there was a recognised Table of Affinity or prohibitive degrees as to matrimony but Chiefs and Chieftainesses were not always deferent to such rules in eugenics. Such unions however shocked Society and the people in general. These rules were broken upon Opuhara's death, he leaving 2 children : his brother Mote becoming the widow's second husband and thus also managing to link himself with Royalty. He left one son. The rest of the numerous Salmons of today are of course commoners.

### (2) Ariitaimai

At her birth in 1822 she was named (in English) "Chieftainess of Peace" but assumed the name by which she is universally known on her marriage in 1840. This name was the native one given to Salmon by Queen Pomare on his first arrival on Tahiti — Arii = Chief : tai = sea : mai = from = The Arii who came from over the sea. In accordance with Tahitian custom at the marriage feast of him and Ariioehau, his name was formally announced as the name of both of them with the addition in speaking of them, of Tane (man) or Vahine (woman) to distinguish one from the other.

Marama, also mentioned above, was the ancient Tahitian name for the Moon but becoming sacred according to the law of Pii, another name was given to that Orb which is in general use today.

### (3) Heraldry and Tahiti's Princes and Princesses

By perusal of the Pomare Family tree (see *The Pomare Family* in the Appendix) there will be seen all who rank as "Members" of the Royal Family of Tahiti. The "Titles" of that Family are a wholly different matter. These Titles were borrowed from England and became Tahitian. They are not affected by any change in sovereignty any more than are other Tahitian customs.

With the borrowed Titles came Regulations governing them as to who are entitled to them and who are not. These Regulations are very definite in different Continental Europe and also widely different.

Dealing alone with English Heraldry — now also Tahitian — there are the following definite Regulations.

1. They can only descend through a sovereign King : not a Queen unless she is a sovereign reigning in her own Right (as was Queen Pomare). The Consort of a King cannot transmit them.
2. They are limited to the 2<sup>nd</sup> generation from the sovereign (the son and the grandson) : then they cease.
3. If the 1<sup>st</sup> generation from the sovereign is a woman they cease with her, since a woman cannot transmit them. There is no 2<sup>nd</sup> generation.

With these Regulations it will be seen as to Tahiti

- (A) That all the children of Queen Pomare were Princes — one a Princess.
- (B) That only 2 of them left surviving issue.
- (C) Tamatoa's many daughters were Princesses (the 2<sup>nd</sup> generation) and the end would have been reached : but owing to the fact that he was a sovereign (King of Raiatea) his issue would have had 2 generations of the Titles from him (not his mother) but all being women, again they ceased.
- (D) Teriitua left a son — Hinoi. He was the 2<sup>nd</sup> generation from his sovereign Grandmother. With him the Title also ceased.

The only way to revive these Titles is a Sovereign's (The Fount of Honour) action. There is no sovereign today on Tahiti.<sup>56</sup>

- (4) In 1806, before the flight of one and all with Pomare II in 1808 and before the latter had declared himself a Christian, but after the flight of those in 1798, the whaler Alexander arrived at Matavai on board of which was a Dane named Jorgensen who some 3 years later was to become temporarily famous as the man who seized power in Iceland and proclaimed himself its King.<sup>57</sup>

The stay of the vessel was for a couple of months as the captain collected provisions, pork in special. Jorgensen kept his eyes open and a book by him appeared in London in 1811 dealing with "*The State of Christianity on Tahiti.*"<sup>58</sup> He is very hard on the missionaries, their evident lack of education galled him, they seemed a timid lot alike with natives and strangers. He marks out Jefferson as different from the rest by reason of his education and his determined solitude, save of necessity not mingling with the rest. He was never seen to smile, looked like a ghost, his skin a deadly hue. Jefferson died shortly after (1807) presumably of jaundice.

He deals heavily with Pomare II, exceptionally tall, giving his height as 6 feet 4 inches, and exceedingly intemperate, cursing the God of the Christians and lauding his idols. He kept around him 200 warriors ready for emergencies.

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<sup>56</sup> See also WWB's article, *Pomares of Tahiti and Heraldic Law*, in the 15 December 1938 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 38–39, in Part VII.

<sup>57</sup> [Jørgen Jørgensen \(1780–1841\)](#)

<sup>58</sup> [State of Christianity in the Island of Otaheite](#): and a defence of the pure precepts of the gospel against modern antichrists : with reasons for the ill success which attends Christian missionaries in their attempts to convert the heathens (Snare and Man, 1811).

Jorgensen took 2 Tahitians of Chiefly rank away with him but within a year they died in London despite every care and kindness.

See the Appendix for “*November 12, 1815, When Pomare Won Kingship*”

## CHAPTER VIII

On Moorea today the outstanding villages are, on the north Faatoai <sup>59</sup> at the head of Papetoai Bay, Maharepa near the head of Pao Pao Bay — Cook's so-called Bay — the two largest bays on the island : Haapiti on the western side and Afareaitu on the eastern. In earlier days adjoining Haapiti there was Nuurua whose Chief when the story opens was Punua. The Chief of Haapiti was Marama.

A small subdistrict of Punaauia on Tahiti was occupied by the Atiroo whose leading men were relatives of both these Moorean Chiefs. The Atiroos therefore had the right of hospitality being extended to them at any time, and many crossed over to Nuurua and were kindly received.

A visit of this sort was always a serious matter, for such guests might choose to remain permanently and Tahitian custom then required that land should be given to dwell on. These Atiroo did remain but Punua of Nuurua gave them no land. It was from Marama of Haapiti that they received it.

As Marama's guests they settled down and in course of time spread also to Nuurua. Then their Chief thought himself strong enough to declare his entire independence of his relatives and set up a marae of his own instead of having a seat in Marama's at Haapiti. This was not only a great insult but practically a declaration of war. Marama at that time was a woman and she had no wish to take up the quarrel but their next insult created a bloodfeud and forced her hand.

Kite flying as we have seen was a favorite pastime both for men and boys. The Atiroo were to hold a great Feast with flying of Kites. In a spirit of mischief 4 boys of Marama's people, the sons of one mother, planned to take part in the kite racing though uninvited.

When the Feast day arrived, the Atiroos flew their kites and whilst eagerly watching to see which flew best under the strong Trade Wind, 4 kites started up from a neighbouring hill more powerful, more beautiful and faster. These soon caught up with the Atiroos' kites and quickly passed them.

The elders present were furious and gave orders to their young men to follow these outsiders' kites till they fell, there to lie in wait for their owners who would surely reclaim them and slay the daring ones. The kites flew far, the young men had to cross from their own District into that of Nuurua before those stranger kites fell close to Punua's marae. The Atiroos were first on the ground and when the 4 boys appeared not only slew them but savagely mutilated their bodies.

Their mother, anxious over their prolonged absence, scented trouble and followed. When finally she came across the bodies, she bathed her face and her breasts in their blood and swore revenge. But she was no Chieftainess and could do nothing unless some Chief took up her quarrel. The nearest was Nuurua's. He refused. She then made her way of Faatoai's and was again refused. Then past her own home, where but a woman ruled, she made for Afareaitu. Here yet another refusal. None dared seemingly to take up her cause.

She now returned to her home where her husband, hearing her tale of war, and of refusal, told her to appeal to her own Chieftainess, a woman like herself. Though she affirmed it was a man's job she went nor was her appeal in vain.

Marama ordered the mother to be taken to her own sacred pool, there her boys' blood to be washed away. The drums were beaten for a General Assembly and Marama took her seat at her stone within

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<sup>59</sup> Also known as Papetoai.

Haapiti's marae. Her address was short : "The time has come long waited for. Today has come one of our own people asking for revenge for the slaughter of her boys. I have taken up her quarrel. I call upon you to avenge their deaths and this insult to my marae." It was effective. En masse her men responded, "Your will shall be done. Death to the Atiroos wherever they may be found."

Marama's leading warriors were twins. They pulled down their home, showing thus that they gave themselves to the cause nor thought of return till it was accomplished however long, shaped its 2 main props into spears and calling the men of Haapiti together came the very next morning as day broke upon those Atiroo nighest who, warned on what was coming, were massing on the sea shore. Not an Atiroo escaped, men, women and children were massacred. From there the avengers swept clear round Moorea, killing every outlying Atiroo they met upon the way save a few who had made their escape to the hills. Those guests of Old time were made an end of at last : but Haapiti had not yet finished with the Clan.

Collecting their war canoes those avengers now crossed to Tahiti, attacked the Atiroo's headquarters at Punaauia, wiped them out, then pushed on to Lesser Tahiti where still other of the Clan abode, and made such slaughter that that same District has been known since that far off day as Teahupoo, "A pile of skulls."

As there was, as has been seen, a Helen of Troy in Tahitian history, so was there a Delilah. The handfull of Atiroos still left, unable to master the revengeful leader-twins, sent a woman to do the job. They fell to her beauty and her seeming readiness to help them against her own people. She spread a feast before them and poured out kava till they were drunk with it and slumbered. Then, when she should have given the signal to the hidden force close by, she hesitated. Her heart refused the deed, those twins were her ideal of perfect manhood. She kept her oath to her people but with the same spear which slew them she slew herself.

Marama's power grew steadily after this crisis till it extended over all Moorea save Nuurua and Afareaitu.

Marama was now a man and to him despite himself these 2 were added, he thus becoming paramount on the island. Three lesser Chiefs of Afareaitu built a marae for themselves. They desired to give it Toue and to that end must secure an Ariirahi to perform the ceremony of Dedication which of necessity would entail an acknowledgement of overlordship. As Nuurua's Chief appeared to them to be the least aggressive of the then Moorean leaders they made appeal to him. He showed indifference but would consider the matter. From him they went to Marama, more powerful but very popular with all. Finding him however strongly under the influence of kava they were so determined in their quest that they bore him off bodily despite his protests. Arousing later to his full senses he declared himself as not averse but would have preferred to have come amongst them with more seemly ceremony.

When the drums were beaten and Marama took his seat with the sacred enclosure, Nuurua's Chief appeared to do as asked. Too late. Afareaitu was in Marama's hands, not his, for the day. "Marama is worthy" was the general acclaim, and the late comer joined therein, adding his own willingness to look to him for the future as Chief of Chiefs, nor did Afareaitu's Head Chief refuse to join him and the rest.

Little wonder therefore that Marama of Pomare's day was a great heiress and a prize and that he thought to consolidate his own power and that of his dynasty by intermarriage of his own family with hers. His successor seemed then to be a woman, his daughter of 7 years, but a son was born to him on June 25, 1820 and to him went the position.



Affairs political were moving smoothly at last. The final action of this Ruler was the drawing up of a Code of Laws in 1819 – with the assistance of the missionaries — which was promulgated at the opening of the Royal Mission Chapel in Papaoa (Arué). For the times and considering the people it was a good beginning. It would have been better but for the refusal of Pomare to limit his personal authority which he had so hardly won.

The Royal Mission Chapel was an astonishing structure 712 feet long and 54 feet wide : 36 pillars of the breadfruit tree supported the roof down the centre, whilst 280 smaller pillars of the same wood supported the wall-plate along the sides and the circular ends. The walls were planks of the same tree. The windows numbered 133 <sup>60</sup> and all were furnished with shutters. There were 29 doors. The roof was of plaited pandanus leaves, whilst the floor was of broken coral upon which stood benches. There were 2 pulpits, 200 feet apart and there was room for 2,000 hearers — so recorded by those who saw it — in front of them. At the opening 7,000 gathered around and within. Crossing the floor obliquely was a water-course, at the dry season 5 feet wide, its sides walled with coral and its bottom paved.

The building did not last long, as the constant necessary repairs cost too much. It had been erected against the wishes of the missionaries who considered it a waste of materials and money. But Pomare insisted that “a House for Jehovah” should be erected far larger and superior to any that had ever been raised to the worship of their former heathen gods. The actual site remains a problem difficult to solve today, the water-course having been diverted by the French.

The end of this troublous period <sup>61</sup> came in December 1821 at Faava. Pomare on his deathbed wished Tati of Papara to take over the Government for his babe. The missionaries and the other leading Chiefs preferred however to take charge of the boy and the Kingdom and Tati was relieved at escaping the responsibility : he had borne enough. Hitoti became Regent, succeeded in 1825 by the Pomare Vahiné Teritaria, the infant’s Aunt. <sup>62</sup>

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<sup>60</sup> WWB overwrote the middle digit, making number difficult to determine; however, several references online refer to 133 windows. The source appears to be the [report](#) of the Windward Division of the Tahitian Mission, May 18, 1819.

<sup>61</sup> WWB is missing *period*.

<sup>62</sup> The end of WWB’s account of the Period of Violence is perhaps the appropriate place to quote the memo regarding the Tevas written by James Lyle Young, one of the founders of the Polynesian Society in Wellington in 1893, to an unknown author, dated 30 June 1921, which was published in [Robert Langdon, A View on Ari'i Taimai's Memoirs, The Journal of Pacific History, Vol. 4, \(1969\), pp. 162-165:](#)

*Re Tevas*

*Memo:*

For your information and *not for publication* I may say that it is not historically correct that the people of the Teva districts on the southern part of Tahiti held a predominance at the time of the arrival of the Whites. There can be no doubt that Tu Pomare was the Lord Paramount of Tahiti when Wallis arrived in 1767.

The fiction of the predominance of the Tevas and of the descent of the Salmon family from a chief of the first rank was invented by Marau, the divorced wife of the last King Pomare, who is a half-caste Jewess and the sister of the late Tati Salmon. This woman wished to exalt the Papara people and her mother’s family at the expense of the Pomare family, partly from spite against the latter and partly to assist in the claims of the Salmon family to lands in the Papara district.

It was she also who compiled the so-called *Memoirs of Ariitaimai*, her mother, for the purpose of establishing the descent of her said mother from a chief of high rank. This claim has always been denied and ridiculed by many natives and is at this moment being disputed in the courts here by descendants of the old chief Tati of Papara in connection with land titles, it being held by the latter that Ariitaimai was not of chief blood, but the daughter of one of old Tati’s wives — the original Tati, the late Tati’s reputed grandfather — by a man of low birth.

It is also not correct that Tu Pomare was of low descent. He came from a family of high rank, originally of the Paumotu (now called Tuamotu) Islands to the east of Tahiti.

With Pomare II, who was the last to hold the highest post therein, came the decline and passing of the Arioi Society, a widely spread company of Strolling Players who had caused no end of horror, anxiety and trouble to the missionaries. They had played no small part in the life of Tahiti and neighbouring islands. Its members were chosen from all ranks of society and their influence and power were very great. Containing both sexes it was a reckless and licentious organization. Offspring of the lower ranks within it, and all base born infants of the higher ranks, were killed at birth. If any such parents spared their babe they were dismissed forthwith. They travelled from place to place in flotillas of canoes as grand as those of Ariirahis, and were joyously received into Reception Homes of immense size, specially erected for them on all islands.

There were 8 Orders in the Society, distinguished by tattooing and either dress of a burlesque character for those in the higher ranks or with girdles or wrappers for the lower. Their heads were encircled with garlands. As they rose in rank the tattooing increased, till those who passed through all promotions had but little of the body unmarked. Novices were called Flappers and the novitiate lasted 2 to 3 years till they were accomplished dancers, actors, reciters and musicians. Their Plays usually took place at night beneath the flare of flambeaux, and lasted many days, their stay impoverishing the district. The members were safe in times of war and at death were buried with much ceremony. They brought brightness wherever they went, but when Christianity triumphed their lack of morals proved their undoing.

Whilst with Pomare II there came an end to the Period of Violence, the child Pomare III may be dealt with here. His story is soon told. A babe in arms he was not yet 4 years old when the missionaries went through the formal and hitherto the unknown ceremony of Crowning the child, which took place in an open space nigh the Royal Mission Chapel. He was robed in the home of a missionary, missionaries with the Hivas (Judges) walked at the head of the procession, a Chief leading them with a Bible in his hands. The Anointing was performed by the missionary Henry, the Crowning by Nott, he handing the child that Code of Laws lately adopted, explaining to one and all "*the importance and advantage of being governed by just laws.*" The missionaries shortly afterwards bore him off to their school "The South Sea Academy" recently opened by them on Moorea where he was to be educated. He thus acquired English in addition to his native tongue, but he was not quite 7 years of age when he fell ill and being carried over to his mother at Papeete (in Paré) died on January 8, 1827.

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Therefore it is best not to refer to the predominance of the Tevas, nor the lower origin of Tu Pomare, nor the chiefly descent of the Salmon family, *for these are all debatable points*. From the Diary of Maximo Rodriguez, the young Spaniard who lived in Tahiti in 1772, 1774, and 1775, which is contained in the third volume of *The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti* translated by Dr B. G. Corney and published by the Hakluyt Society in 1919, it is quite clear that Tu Pomare was in 1772 the acknowledged supreme chief of all Tahiti. It is true that Dr Corney asserts the importance of the Papara chiefs but it must not be forgotten that he obtained *all* his information on that subject from Tati and Marau, and was thus misled.

If you have not yet perused *The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti* you should do so — it is a monument of careful analysis, and painstaking work, and earnest desire for accuracy, and a most valuable contribution. Papara was really one of Tu Pomare's districts. Amo, the complaisant husband of Purea, was a henchman and messenger of Pomare and in effect his representative at Papara — not at all an independent chief. Evidently Maximo did not consider Papara or its chiefs of much importance. (See page 173, Vol. 3, *The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti*)...

In a footnote to the text referred to by Young in [The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti, Vol. 3, page 173](#), Corney writes: "*Máximo describes Papara very inadequately. He appears to have arrived on this night [14 July 1775] at Terehe, and to have been made welcome by the Chief Tevahitua-i-Patea, better known to Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks as "Amo," the husband of "Oberea" (Purea), Wallis' "queen." That our diarist did not record full details of his two nights' sojourn under the Chief's hospitable roof is disappointing — and surprising, considering the prominent position Amo and Purea had occupied in bygone years, when their son Teri'i Rere was as yet unborn.*"

A miniature,<sup>63</sup> from an etching, of this young King will be seen in *The Pomare Family of the Past* in the Appendix.

Now all eyes turned to a Queen of 13 years old, officially called Pomare IV but Aimata (Devourer of Eyes) by the natives. She was already “married” to Tapoa<sup>64</sup> the paramount Chief though but also in his ’teens of Pora Pora and Tahaa. The seeming incongruity of her name both for her sex and her high post is to be explained by the Old time custom of presenting the Ariirahi at human sacrifices with an eye of the victim offered to the gods. The head was considered as the sacred portion of the human body and the eyes as its most precious possession. The proffered eye was formally accepted and a pretense was made to consume it.

## NOTES

- (1) The sites of the South Sea Academy were as follows:
  - (a) Afareaitu in March 1824 — Orsmond Headmaster<sup>65</sup>
  - (b) Opunohu in August 1831 — Simpson Headmaster
- (2) The Code of Laws promulgated on Tahiti in 1819 was promulgated on Raiatea in 1820 and on Huahine in 1822. These laws covered a wide circle, from murder to dogs. Women were given protection in many ways : tattooing was a crime as was also Sabbath breaking and drunkenness : whilst pigs and breadfruit trees had each their special section among the 25 enactments which were revised, amended and added to for Tahiti both in 1824 and 1826 : Raiatea and Huahine following suite as time went on.
- (3) There was no Crowning of Aimata as with her infant brother. She was running wild at the time of her Accession and the missionaries who would of necessity have had to have the matter in their hands were scandalized at her conduct. They hoped for better things in time, but the years slipped by and the chance was lost.
- (4) Tapoa the destined Consort of Aimata received from Pomare II the surname “Pomare” as a mark of special favour. In 1822 Aimata was 8, Tapoa was 16. The ceremony unifying them was a Public Betrothment, the custom with those of tender years, but in this instance recognized as a formal “marriage”.
- (5) The Family of Queen Pomare IV.

Aimata and Tapoa though not separated till 1834 had no issue, Tapoa residing mostly in Pora Pora and seemingly wholly indifferent in the matter.

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<sup>63</sup> WWB has *minature*.

<sup>64</sup> See *Tapoa II* under « Souverains de Bora Bora et dépendance (1821–1895) » [here](#).

<sup>65</sup> WWB has *Orsmund* here and elsewhere. Both *Orsmund* and *Orsmond* are common in the literature. According to the account of his ordination as *Missionary to the Heathen* in King Street Chapel, Portsea, England, on December 22, 1815, which can be found in [Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle, Volume 24, p. 117](#), the correct spelling is *Orsmond*. See the footnote to WWB’s article, *The Pomares of Tahiti*, in the 22 April 1938 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 17 and 19, in Part VII.

She then married her cousin Tenania of Raiatea — generally known as Ariifaaite.<sup>66</sup> He died in 1873 aged 53. They had 9 children but the first 3 died in infancy. There were then born 5 sons and one daughter.

1. Ariiaue (son) born on Motu-uta in Papeete's lagoon in 1836 who died of profligacy and consumption when 18 on May 13, 1855.
2. Teratane (son) born on Moorea November 3, 1839 who assumed his brother's name upon his death and became Pomare V.
3. Teriimaevavua (daughter) born on Raiatea May 23, 1841. She was adopted by Tapoa and became Queen of Pora Pora.
4. Tamatoa (son) born on Moorea September 23, 1842 who became the King of Raiatea but was deposed by the natives.
5. Teriitapunui (son) born on Raiatea March 30, 1846, known also as Tirae and Punuarii. Died as Chief of Moorea in 1888.
6. Teriitua Joinville (son) born at Papaoa December 17, 1847 whose son was known as Prince Hinoi. Died April 10, 1875.

Aimata by formal adoption added to the above a granddaughter *Terii nui ounu ma'ona* whom she named as her successor in place of her own children.

(See The Accession of Pomare V and the Succession in the Appendix.)

See Appendices

*Pomare II's Correspondence*

*Character of Pomare II*

*The Tomb of Pomare II*

*The Coronation of Pomare III*

*The Pomare Family Tree*

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<sup>66</sup> WWB has *Ariifaaite* here, but not elsewhere.



A group portrait of Queen Pomare's family. <sup>67</sup>

Queen Pomare :

Ariifaaite :

and 2 of their 5 sons

Teratane :

Teriitapunui.

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<sup>67</sup> The actual photo, which should be opposite page 123 in Volume 17 of the Bolton Papers, *Old Time Tahiti*, in the Mitchell Library, is missing. The [photo shown above](#), taken in about 1864, may be the same, except sources [here](#) and [here](#) identify one of the sons as Tamatoa, rather than Teriitapunui. The photo of Teriitapunui (Punuarui) that can be found [here](#) suggests that the young man of the left in the photo above is indeed Teriitapunui and not Tamatoa.



THE PERIOD OF THE FRENCH <sup>68</sup>

## CHAPTER IX

The Quotations are mostly from the “Command Papers”.

Vessels of various kinds and nations were now steadily calling. During the Regency for the minor King, the French corvette La Coquille appeared, the Russian frigate the Cruiser, Kotzebue <sup>69</sup> visited Tahiti, de Thierry <sup>70</sup> the French adventurer called in on his way to attempt a coup in New Zealand : and a Treaty with the U.S.A. had been secretly drawn up and signed on board the U.S.S. Peacock — Commander Jones <sup>71</sup> — by 4 of the Chiefs, on Moorea, with the use of the Boy King’s name in the month of September 1826, the Regent Strenuously objecting. The Council naturally became uneasy, and doubtless the missionaries whose close preserve was Tahiti.

A Petition from the Council was sent to England in 1825 which the missionary Henry Nott, home on leave, personally handed to the Foreign Office. They wrote : *“We wish you to be our friend and for you to protect us. Let not our land be molested by British subjects now or at any other time; and should we be invaded by any others do you then befriend us. Should it be agreeable to you to grant this petition, we then wish to have for use the British Flag. If we hoist the British Flag we are in fear, and if we hoist our own Flag we are also in fear lest we should be invaded from some other country. Another petition also is that you will never abandon us but regard us with kindness for ever.”*

Here was England’s opportunity, not to possess but to protect. It was turned down. Canning <sup>72</sup> replied that *“While the King feels every disposition to comply with your wish as far as he can do with propriety, he regrets that consistently with the usages established among the nations of Europe, it would be improper to grant the permission you solicit to use the British Flag.”* His Majesty would however be glad *“to extend all such protection as His Majesty can grant to a friendly Power at so remote a distance from his own Kingdom.”*

Save for some grave matters — a wild religious movement, the personal conduct of the Queen, and the plundering of vessels in the waters adjoining Tahiti, as also much litigation and hot dispute over land claims provoked by a law of 1825 intended to protect the humble natives from the unjust ravages of the Chiefs — Queen Pomare IV had reigned more or less peaceably for 9 years when in November 1836 the schooner Eliza, Captain William Hamilton, arrived at Tahiti from the Gambier Islands (Mangareva) lying 900 miles to the south-east, with 2 Roman Catholic priests aboard, fathers Laval and Caret. These men had been landed on Lesser Tahiti and walked from thence to Tahiti : Vincent, a carpenter and of the same Faith, who hoped to find work at his trade on the island, going on by the vessel to the port of Entry.

<sup>68</sup> Much of this section has been borrowed from [G. H. Scholefield, \*The Pacific: Its Past and Future\* \(J. Murray, 1919\).](#)

<sup>69</sup> [Otto von Kotzebue \(1787–1846\)](#)

<sup>70</sup> [Charles Philippe Hippolyte de Thierry \(1793–1864\)](#); WWB has *Thiery*.

<sup>71</sup> [Thomas ap Catesby Jones \(1790–1858\)](#); *Thomas, son of Catesby Jones* in Welsh.

<sup>72</sup> [George Canning \(1770–1827\)](#)

The Association of Picpus,<sup>73</sup> a missionary organization, had been founded in Paris in 1814 with the benediction of the Pope, for the spread of the Faith in heathen lands : and in 1833 one of its priests was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Oceania. That same year this Bishop — Rouchouze<sup>74</sup> — and 5 priests together with Lay Brothers left for Valparaiso, hopeful to forestall the Protestants in any of the islands and also “*that all whom heresy had led astray and brought under its iron yoke, may be freely brought under the mild and gentle yoke of the Catholic doctrine.*”

These 5 started with the Gambier Islands which had been discovered by the Duff with what lamentable results can be seen today, the saddest Group in the Pacific. In 1830, 5000 souls, in 1930, 5 hundred and one.<sup>75</sup> “The mild and gentle yoke” was Tyranny which had to be suppressed by the French Government (see Note #2 to Chapter V). Here they would master the language as the first step towards the spiritual conquest of the Eastern Pacific whether others had been already at work or not.

According to Port Regulation, aimed at “undesirables”, passengers could not be landed without permission from the Queen’s headquarters. In this case permission was not applied for, save by the carpenter, but a few days later the priests waited upon the Queen and tendered the amount of the fine incurred, the carpenter proffering his licence fee. The monies were refused and all were told that they could not remain on the island.

They were determined however to remain, and the priests secured a haven in a house which belonged to the American Consul — Moerenhout<sup>76</sup> — but as there were signs of serious trouble arising, they were laid hands on and forcibly carried aboard the Eliza — which was under another captain found willing to return the vessel to the Gambiers which Hamilton apparently was unwilling to do — and compelled to depart. The carpenter was allowed to remain.

Foreseeing trouble, the British Consul — Pritchard<sup>77</sup> — wrote at once to Lord Palmerston,<sup>78</sup> and with his letter went one from the Queen. The Consul wrote : “*Her Majesty is anxious to know whether the British or any other Government can compel Her Majesty to receive any body of foreigners that may be disposed to settle in her dominions. Tahiti is acknowledged by the British Government as an independent nation, hence she hoists her own Flag. If she be considered as an independent nation has she any power to enact laws for her own government so long as those do not interfere with nor are contrary to the laws of Nations?... At present there are several Frenchmen who are determined to land and reside on this island as Roman Catholic missionaries.*”

These priests had made claim to have the sanction of the British Government for entering Tahiti (Command Papers pp. 53, 54, 57).

The Queen was very emphatic. Referring to their claim, she wrote : “*Is it suitable that they should come here and disturb the peace of my government? It is by no means agreeable to us to receive these Roman Catholic missionaries. We have a sufficient quantity of teachers in our land : we agree well with them : they do not trouble us. We conceive these Roman Catholic missionaries have nothing to do with our island and hence we are determined not to receive them.*”

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<sup>73</sup> [Les Pères et religieuses des Sacrés-Cœurs de Picpus](#); Picpus is the name of the street in Paris where the congregation was established.

<sup>74</sup> [Etienne Jerome Rouchouze, Vicar Apostolic of Oriental Oceania, 1833–1843](#)

<sup>75</sup> WWB has 500 hundred and one.

<sup>76</sup> [Jacques Antoine Moerenhout \(1796–1879\)](#)

<sup>77</sup> [George Pritchard \(1796–1883\)](#)

<sup>78</sup> [Henry John Temple, 3rd Viscount Palmerston \(1784–1865\)](#)

H.M.S. Actaeon — Captain Lord Edward Russell <sup>79</sup> — arrived opportunely and approved the Queen's action. Shortly after he had left, Father Caret and a new companion — Father Maigret <sup>80</sup> — made a fresh attempt to land — January 1837 — this time applying in the regular manner. Permission was refused though they affirmed they were only on their way to Valparaiso, their vessel an American one, the Columbus under Captain Williams.

Lord Palmerston's reply was not very helpful. So far from having sanctioned the coming of the priests, the British Government had no knowledge of them whatsoever. *"Neither would the government of this country have any right to give or to withhold their sanction to the residence of the subjects of any other nation in territories which do not appertain to Great Britain. Of course every government has a right to refuse any foreigners permission to reside within its dominions, if the presence of such foreigners is considered hurtful to the State : but if no such reason exists for requiring foreigners to depart, it is contrary to the usual rules of international hospitality to force them to leave a country in which they may wish to take up their abode provided they do not infringe the laws of the land."* There things rested.

In September of the same year — 1837 — the Vicar Apostolic, this time, of Western Oceania, Bishop Pompallier <sup>81</sup> appeared and, granted landing, waited upon the Queen : and *"all the Royal Family except the Queen herself came onboard to visit me."* This cordiality was probably grounded upon learning the policy of this Bishop which was not to settle missionaries on islands where Protestants were already established, this grounded on the obvious advantage these Protestants had in knowing the language and the customs of the islanders. But his policy did not last. It was over ruled by the Powers at Home, not at first from a religious point of view but from a purely political. Chartering the Raiatea he sailed from Botany Bay. The opposition shown to Roman Catholics in more than one Group in the South Sea had come to the notice of the Royal Government, and King Louis Philippe <sup>82</sup> saw in it an excellent means of gaining popularity with the religious section of his people. Apart from this, France had recovered from the blow of Waterloo <sup>83</sup> and was again a vigorous rival to England for World power. Under Orders, the French naval Commanders in the Pacific were to show an aggressive zeal in defense of the Catholic missions. This they did in high handed fashion, first for France and as a secondary object for religion. Hawaii's story shows their zeal, the Loyalty Islands also : Tahiti was to know it very soon.

On August 29, 1838 Commodore Du Petit Thouars <sup>84</sup> in the French naval frigate Venus dropped anchor at Papeete, and the day after his arrival an Ultimatum was sent to the Queen, the frigate at the same time preparing for hostilities. The Queen answered begging for time to comply with the demands of the Commodore and to make an explanation. To Pritchard, however, who acted as Intermediary, *"the only alternative to devastation and death was to comply with the demands"* at once.

These demands on behalf of the French King were :

1. An apology in French and Tahitian within 24 hours.

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<sup>79</sup> [Edward Russell \(1805–1887\)](#)

<sup>80</sup> [Louis Désiré Maigret \(1804–1882\)](#)

<sup>81</sup> [Jean Baptiste François Pompallier \(1802–1871\)](#)

<sup>82</sup> [Louis Philippe I \(1773–1850\)](#)

<sup>83</sup> The [Battle of Waterloo](#) was fought on Sunday, 18 June 1815.

<sup>84</sup> [Abel Aubert Du Petit Thouars \(1793–1864\)](#)

2. An Indemnity of 2000 Spanish dollars for “*the bad and cruel treatment which some of the priests had suffered who had come to Otaheite*”.
3. A Salute of 21 guns to the French Flag from Motu-uta (the islet in Papeete’s lagoon).

It was clear that Du Petit Thouars intended to carry out his threat. The demands were met. The Treasury not being in affluence, Pritchard and Bicknell (a sugar planter)<sup>85</sup> with Vaughan (a resident surgeon) found the money : and the difficulty of the Salute was surmounted by the use of some old and odd cannon lying on the islet, the Commodore supplying the powder and the natives very timidly setting the blasts off.

His supports, the corvettes Astrolabe and Zelee now arrived and the Heroine was on its way. With this great show of force the Commodore next demanded a “Treaty of Friendship and reciprocal Freedom of nationals” with France. The Queen offered the objection that as all Tahitians were Protestant she did not desire the Roman catholic doctrines to be taught at all. To this he replied that “*as Frenchmen*” all priests must receive full protection under the Tahitian Government, but at the same time “*it was competent to Her Majesty to enact a law forbidding the teaching of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church in her dominions*”.

We shall see however that this very thing being done, the French demanded its repeal at the cannon’s mouth.

Relying on this important point and under the threat of the small armada, a formal Treaty was drawn up and signed.

*“There shall be peace perpetual between the French and the inhabitants of Otaheite : they shall be received and protected as the most favoured strangers : the French whatever their profession can come and go freely, establish themselves and trade in all the islands which compose the Government of Otaheite. The subjects of the Queen of Otaheite can equally move in France, they shall be received and protected as the most favoured strangers.*

*“Made and signed at the Palace of the Queen in Papeete, the 4<sup>th</sup> of September 1838.”*

On the 5<sup>th</sup> a Consul for France was appointed, the Belgian Moerenhout who had been the American Consul but who was on the point of being dismissed by Washington, at the request of the Queen and her Council for openly defying the local laws as to liquors. He was named by the Commodore for the post who refused to listen to objections. His appointment had to be accepted, S. R. Blackler<sup>86</sup> replacing him as Consul for the U.S.A.

Du Petit Thouars had lost no time, all was over in under a week, and now proffering sundry courtesies he sailed : he had taught Tahitians the Might of France.

Commodore Wilkes<sup>87</sup> of the U.S. Exploring Expedition, who came upon the scene, expressed himself strongly in his Report home as to this action of the French Commodore.

*“It was high handed and hardly admits of justification. The French Commander in thus bullying a defenceless people into payment of an exorbitant indemnity and into a relinquishment of the right of*

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<sup>85</sup> Bicknell, the planter, was the nephew of L.M.S. missionary Bicknell, who arrived on the Duff.

<sup>86</sup> Samuel R. Blackler (died 1844); WWB has *S. N. Blackler*.

<sup>87</sup> [Charles Wilkes \(1798–1877\)](#)

*admitting or excluding foreigners or strange religious Creeds by municipal regulation, appears in a light far from advantageous.”* As he looked at the cause of offense, the French had no excuse for intruding upon a missionary ground already occupied, whilst the Tahitians were precipitate and rough.

This, however, was only the beginning of things.

## NOTES

- (1) The following interesting letter from the Boy King was addressed to Elley, the British Vice Consul who along with others was greatly disturbed lest the Treaty mentioned in the Text, arranged without their knowledge and consent, might offend Great Britain. The Peacock had sailed away a month before. (See *U.S. Sloop of War Peacock* in the Appendix.)

*Griffin Town. Afareaitu.  
Moorea. October 13. 1826.*

*E hoa ino e*

*Aore au i faarue Arii George IIII. E hio â vau iana, E faaroo â vautina, o oia tau haapu raa. E peu râ na tau Metua e e ite maitai atu te taata afoa i papai, ae au tana parau râ ia Cap<sup>n</sup> Jones.*

*Pomare III*

Translation

*Dear Sir*

*I have not abandoned King George IV. I still look to him, I still regard what he says, he is still my refuge. But it was a custom of my father to be kind to all men, therefore I wrote that paper for Captain Jones.*

Less than 3 months later, the Boy King died.

- (2) In 1828 a sect named Mamaiâ was formed in Tahiti, its object being to abolish the new laws promulgated by Pomare II, under the guidance of the missionaries and the various customs introduced by the latter. This sect sought to revive the old time savage practices under a cloak of religion, part Christian, part heathen. They were given to much prayer to the Unseen, the while being grossly immoral. The young Queen came under their influence for awhile, and only after strenuous and drastic efforts of the steadier Chiefs and the L.M.S. leaders was the movement finally suppressed.
- (3) That the Queen and the resident missionaries were not unaware of the possible arrival of Roman Catholic missionaries from the Gambiers is clear from their knowledge of their work in that Group then current in Papeete, gained by the coming of one of the band — the Irish Catechist Columba Murphy,<sup>88</sup> who landed on Tahiti on his way to missionary labour in the Hawaiian Islands, May 21, 1835, over a year before the arrival of Laval and Caret. Brother Murphy had

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<sup>88</sup> [Columba Murphy](#) is mentioned in Chapter XXXVII, *The French Priests Pay Their Respects*, in [Omoo](#), by Herman Melville.



an interview with the Queen after he had been told by Pritchard and others that he could not land. Her statement to her passing visitor, waiting for his boat to proceed was “*If you wish to land, it is necessary to secure the authorization of the Chiefs and missionaries. If they consent I have no objection to make.*” The Chiefs consenting, the missionaries did not force the issue. He remained 2 months. From Papeete he wrote to his Bishop in Valparaiso telling of all that had passed, and followed it by another letter, this from Hawaii, assuring him that many of the Tahitian Chiefs would welcome his arrival, but the consent of the Queen and the leading Chiefs was necessary — he ignores the missionaries — and suggests that a good way to secure a permanent base would be to get some Chief to donate land to him on which to build a home. The Bishop did not come but sent the 2 priests instead. By this time the missionaries were clearly determined not to be ignored, with what results to themselves the sequel unfolds. (See also *Untempered Zeal* in the Appendix.)

- (4) The following is a copy made by Pritchard of Du Petit Thouars’ letter to Queen Pomare. It is his translation, now in the possession of the Mitchell Library, Sydney, N.S.W.

*Aboard the French frigate Venus  
Papeete the 30<sup>th</sup> of August 1838 at  
10 o’clock in the morning.*

*To The Queen of Otaheite*

*Madame*

*The King of the French and his Government justly irritated for the outrages offered by the natives’ bad and cruel treatment which some of His members who had come to Otaheite have suffered, and especially Messrs Laval and Caret, Apostolic missionaries who called at this island in 1836, has sent me to reclaim and enforce if necessary, immediate reparation due to a Great Power and a valiant Nation who have been gravely insulted and without provocation.*

*The King and His Government demand : 1<sup>st</sup> That the Queen of Otaheite write to the King of the French to excuse for the violence and other insults offered to Frenchmen whose honourable conduct did not deserve such a treatment. The letter of the Queen will be written in Tahitian and in the French language and both will be signed by the Queen. The said letter of reparation will be sent officially to the Commander of the frigate Venus within 24 hours after the present notification. 2<sup>nd</sup> A sum of 2,000 Spanish dollars will be paid, within the 24 hours of the present notification, to the cashier of the frigate Venus as an indemnification to Messrs Laval and Caret for the loss occasioned to them by the bad treatment they received at Otaheite. 3<sup>rd</sup> After having complied with these two first obligations the French Colours will be hoisted the 1<sup>st</sup> day of September on the island Motu-uta to be saluted by the Tahitian Government with 21 guns.*

*I declare to Your Majesty that if you do not subscribe to give the reparation asked for, I will see myself in the obligation to declare war, and to commence hostilities immediately against all the places of Your Majesty’s dominions, and which will be continued by all the French vessels of war which will successively call here, and will last to the time when the French will have obtained satisfaction.*

*(Signed) A. Du Petit Thouars.*

- (5) H.M.S. frigate Imogene arrived from Hawaii in November 1838 and shortly afterwards H.M.S. Conway dropped anchor at Papeete. From the London Times of February 26, 1938 the following excerpt is taken from the Imogene's Captain — Henry Bruce <sup>89</sup> — in his correspondence with his brother-in-law Sir Thomas Trowbridge, a Lord of the Admiralty.

The political troubles of the island do not appear to have concerned him deeply, but his fellow countrymen on Tahiti called for notice in the main condemnatory as will be seen.

*The Conway brought presents for Queen Pomare from our Government, so that while I was lecturing Her Majesty and Her Authorities for breaking into the houses of British subjects and otherwise ill-treating them — and vice versa — the Conway was presenting her with 2 soiled gowns, a handsome pink bonnet, an ugly soiled cap and some ribbands cut into 5 fathom lengths. Pomare is an interesting woman, she is a decided Christian and very well conducted : is married and has had 3 children who all died young : she is warmly attached to the English who I am sorry to say behave very ill and give her the greatest trouble in her own country. Ships ought to be sent more frequently to protect her from British insult as well as to look after British interests : she dined on board with me and wrote me a letter, besides giving me one in charge for our King.*

(For further Gifts see Note #4 to Chapter X and *The War of Independence* in the Appendix.)

- (6) During the decades of the 20s and 30s of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, Papeete was also known to British folk locally and abroad as “Wilks’ Harbour”. This title arose from the custom of the earlier missionaries to give the names of their Leaders at home to their “stations” both on Tahiti and Moorea. Matthew Wilks <sup>90</sup> of the Moorfields Tabernacle, London was one of the originators of the London Missionary Society and among its first Directors.

Thus Crook <sup>91</sup> in October 1822 writes to Hassall in Sydney from “*Mount Hope, Wilks’ Harbour, Tahiti*”. His station from 1818–1823 was Papeete : whilst Blossom writing to Hassall in May 1825 speaks of “*Papeete or Wilks’ Harbour*”. <sup>92</sup>

See Appendices

*The Consul Pritchard*

*The Consul Moerenhout*

*The Beginnings of Papeete*

*The Boy King’s Treaty*

<sup>89</sup> [Henry William Bruce \(1792–1863\)](#)

<sup>90</sup> Rev. Matthew Wilks (1746–1829)

<sup>91</sup> [William Pascoe Crook \(1775–1846\)](#)

<sup>92</sup> Regarding places named after L.M.S. functionaries, see also WWB’s article *The British Consulate on Tahiti* in the 21 December 1937 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 45–47, in Part VII.

## CHAPTER X

A second Petition went forward without delay. On November 8, 1838 the Queen and her leading Chiefs wrote direct to King William though Queen Victoria was then upon the throne.

*Accustomed from childhood to cherish the English name we are following the impulse of our hearts. Since the first Englishmen neared our shores in one of your vessels we have praised you as the only nation which showed us a Christian heart... Take us under your protection. Let your Flag cover us and your Lion defend us. Determine the form through which we could shelter ourselves lawfully under your wings. Cause our children to bless you and to cherish your Christian feeling as we do.*

On the same day the Tahitian Council with the Queen presiding passed a Law on the line suggested by Du Petit Thouars declaring Protestantism the only lawful religion, and any person coming to Tahiti with the purpose “*of disturbing the Gospel*” or to teach any other form of religion was to be deported. It reached out also to include any native Tahitian guilty of like act. Tahiti was well within its rights in passing such a law but it was certainly unwise under the circumstances. It looked too clearly to be the work of the Protestant missionaries to keep their preserve intact and a challenge by them to France.

No sooner was it law then Cap<sup>t</sup> La Place<sup>93</sup> who had visited Tahiti in 1831 put into Papeete not in La Favorite but with L’Artémise<sup>94</sup> in distress. As he was refitting he observed the course of affairs and as soon as his vessel was ready for sea again he demanded, under threats, the repeal of that law. Tahiti pleaded that it was passed at the suggestion of the Commodore. La Place would accept no excuse : repeal or suffer. It was repealed. He then demanded a portion of land in Papeete as a site for a Roman Catholic church. It was given. Then followed a demand that in every village where there was then a Protestant church, there should be built a Catholic one by the natives. This also was promised. Finally La Place presented a document which the Queen, under threats, was forced to sign promising that no Frenchman should be molested in his religious duties, and that the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion should be permitted throughout Tahiti. He then sailed. He had gone many steps further than the Commodore and flung the challenge of the missionaries in their face.

There was just one hope : that England might step in. Queen Victoria’s reply was eagerly awaited. It was again from Palmerston and directed to the British Consul Pritchard. England turned Tahiti down a second time. It was full of deep concern over the troubles that had arisen, but none could fail to see that England was a broken reed to lean upon.

*Considering the great extent of the present Dominions of the British Crown in the Southern Ocean and the difficulty of adequately providing for the defence of the persons living in allegiance to Her Majesty in a quarter of the Globe so distant from Great Britain, Her Majesty feels that it would be impossible for Her to fulfil, with proper punctuality, obligations which Her Majesty might contract towards the Government of Tahiti. And therefore, however strong the interest may be which Her Majesty takes in the prosperity of the Society Islands and in the happiness and welfare of Queen Pomare, Her Majesty is bound in good faith to decline to enter into a specific engagement of the kind which has been suggested. But you will assure Queen Pomare that Her Majesty will at all times be ready to attend to any representations that Queen*

<sup>93</sup> [Cyrille Pierre Théodore Laplace \(1793–1875\)](#)

<sup>94</sup> WWB has *L’Artimise*.

*Pomare may wish to make and will always be glad to give the protection of Her good offices in any differences which may arise between Queen Pomare and any other Power.*

One thing was now clear : that when this decision of Great Britain became known, Du Petit Thouars' and La Place's demands not only must stand but Tahiti must prepare for more.

For some 4 years things political were quiet but religious far from so upon the island. Roman Catholics, both priests and lay, were very active but steadily and jealously resisted and feeling grew so strong that something ere long was bound to happen.

It came with the reappearance, in September 1842, of Du Petit Thouars in the La Reine Blanche of 50 guns. The British Consul Pritchard was at Home on leave and the Queen in the islands. The bullying went on and Tahiti was defenseless. Much happened within 10 days.

After consultation with Moerenhout, the bitter enemy of the Queen and the missionaries, Du Petit Thouars, now in rank an Admiral, complained to the regent — Paraita — that the French Flag had been insulted, and that there was not one Frenchman on the island who had not some complaint to make of the iniquities and overbearing conduct of the Government : *“Ill advised, submitting to all things fatal to her true interests, the Queen will learn a second time that the faith and loyalty of a Power such as France is not with immunity to be trifled with.”*

He refused to have anything to do with the Protestant missionaries either as intermediaries or interpreters and there was a long conference on board the frigate with the Regent and 3 of the leading Chiefs — Tati, Utomi and Hitoti. It was extended well into the night, being transferred ashore to Moerenhout's residence, and when day dawned it was announced that a Document had been signed, asking the King of France for a Protectorate.

The Admiral now demanded a still larger Indemnity than before, Ten Thousand Spanish dollars, not however for individuals affronted but as a security for good behaviour, and threatened that if not received he would occupy the forts round Papeete.

It appears that the Queen was by this time in Moorea, near her confinement, and in dire fear was compelled by the 4 Chiefs to add her signature (Command Papers pp. 130, 131, 173).

The Petition requested the Admiral to solicit from his Government French Protection on the following terms : <sup>95</sup>

1. The Sovereignty of the Queen and the Authority of the Queen and High Chiefs over the people to be guaranteed.
2. All Laws and Regulations to be issued in the Queen's name and signed by her.
3. The possession of lands belonging to the Queen and to the people to be secured to them : and all disputes as to ownership of land or property to be decided by the tribunals of the country.
4. Everyone to be free in the exercise of his form of worship or religion.

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<sup>95</sup> For the exact text, see the addendum, *Tahitian Chiefs and Treaty Making*.

5. The Churches already established to continue to exist and the English missionaries to continue their labours without molestation. The same to apply to every other form of religion and none to be molested therein.
6. All Foreign policy to be in the hands of the French King.

Du Petit Thouars accepted the terms on the 9<sup>th</sup> of the month (September 1842) subject to his King's approval. He seemed thoroughly satisfied and wrote to the Signers "*a decision so honourable removed every symptom of dissatisfaction*".

He at once set up a Provincial Government, to regulate the affairs of foreigners, consisting of 3 members, a Commissioner Royale, Moerenhout; a Military Governor, years later properly altered to "Commandant", by name Reine, succeeded shortly afterwards by Mallet; and a Captain of the Port named De Carpegna, alike succeeded by D'Aubigny, the last 2 his own Lieutenants.<sup>96</sup> It was practically a Protectorate before his action had been confirmed by his own Government. The Tahitian Flag was changed to bear the French colours in addition in the upper part next to the staff and prior to the departure of the Admiral was saluted by his frigate.

It was a full year before he returned with the announcement that Louis Philippe had accepted the proffered Protectorate and bringing with him as "Governor" the naval Captain Bruat,<sup>97</sup> named by the King for the post. There had been much searching of heart for both in Paris and London before the decision was come to, but England could not go back on the signatures though word had reached its Government of the 4 Signers regretting their action (Command Papers N° 130). And things meanwhile had been happening at Papeete.

In January 1843 when H.M.S. Talbot — Captain Sir T. Thompson<sup>98</sup> — arrived, the customary Royal courtesies were observed, the Captain pending Instructions from his Admiral being unable to recognize this new provisional regime. The Queen was rowed out to the vessel in the state barge flying the old Tahitian Flag, the Talbot hoisting the same and firing a Royal Salute. The Provisional Government of 3 was furious. Thompson having looked into matters remained in a watching attitude till he was relieved by the Vindictive in February, which stayed in the harbour for six months. This sloop of war brought gifts from one Queen to another, from the young Victoria to Aimate, now 31.

Commander Nicolas<sup>99</sup> at first took the same position Thompson had, and under his inspiration the Old time glories of Tahiti flourished once more. The Tahitian Flag once again flew over the Royal residence with a Crown in its white stripe — this on the direct suggestion of the Commander. A demand was made by the Provisional Government for its prompt removal as an insult to France but the demand was denied. Though a French frigate had put in appearance, the Vindictive held the situation. The Tahitian Legislative Assembly met, the Tahitian Code was put again into force and all things moved on the old lines. Against the detested 3 French officials a native rising simmered, but the Vindictive stood for fair play all round. Nicolas later changed his attitude. At first he was under the impression that the Queen had merely lent her name to the request for the Protectorate. He learned however that she had signed a formal document. She must keep to her word. But despite this their friendship stood fast (see their letters in *Extracts from Some "Human" Documents* in the Appendix). With the Vindictive's departure and the Dublin's arrival, Du Petit Thouars also came upon the scene

<sup>96</sup> Dominique-Edouard Reine (1809–1847); Stanislas Louis Mallet (1796–?); Edouard Jules Gabrielli de Carpegna (1816–1883); J.M. D'Aubigny.

<sup>97</sup> [Armand Joseph Bruat \(1796–1855\)](#)

<sup>98</sup> Thomas Raikes Trigge Thompson (1804–1865)

<sup>99</sup> [John Toup Nicolas \(1788–1851\)](#); WWB has *Nicholas* here and elsewhere.



in the Uranie of 60 guns. The news he brought completely changed the situation and he was not the man to let the late happenings pass without reprisal. Pritchard had returned on the Vindictive and had written Home in such terms as to cause grave anxiety in London. Both in June and July he was urged by Lord Aberdeen “*to adapt your conduct and language with the tenour and spirit of the policy of the Instructions*” sent to the British naval Captains in the Pacific. Again in September a definite setback to his belief that England would step in was sent him but before it reached him he had impatiently delivered himself into the hands of his bitter opponents. He had been warned by Nicolas that his attitude was untenable and in measure had agreed but the Queen was inflexible in her hostility to the Protectorate and the Vindictive gone, Pritchard’s sympathy with the unhappy woman had its influence upon him to his own undoing.

Du Petit Thouars after announcing the acceptance of the Protectorate demanded an audience with the Queen. On being granted he complained of the use of a Crown in her flag and demanded that she abandon the practice. On her refusal he shot his final bolt. He wrote her and also informed Pritchard officially that “*in consequence of actions alike hostile and offensive to the dignity of the King of France*” he found himself “*under the necessity no longer to recognize Queen Pomare as the Sovereign of the lands and people of the Society Islands*” and that on the morrow “*in the name of the King and of France*” he would “*take possession of the islands*”. This was the penalty for the last six months’ joy.

On the 9<sup>th</sup> of November 1843 a strong force was landed from the frigate, a square was formed about the Queen’s flagstaff, her Flag was lowered, and Du Petit Thouars took possession of Tahiti. The keys of the Queen’s native built “palace” were demanded and delivered up. The Queen had already taken shelter in the British Consulate, from thence shortly afterwards repairing on board H.M.S. Basilisk, a ketch attendant on the Dublin, on which she remained for 5 months, from thence transferring to the Cormorant during its short stay in port, returning to the ketch till the arrival of the Carysfort — Captain Lord Edward Paulet <sup>100</sup> — on which she was taken to her mother’s home on Raiatea in July 1844.

Meanwhile Captain Bruat had taken up his Quarters in the “Palace” as Governor of Tahiti with D’Aubigny as his Assistant. The Dublin’s Commander, Captain Tucker, formally entered a protest against these proceedings, and Pritchard impatiently wrote that same day to inform Du Petit Thouars that his post as Consul must now cease. He held his appointment to a Protectorate only : “*I have accordingly struck my Flag, not having been accredited to a French Colony.*”

The French Admiral then sailed.

## NOTES

- (1) The British Consulate in Papeete was built on land given by Queen Pomare to the British Government as British soil, as already she had given land for a similar purpose to the United States Government on its present site, both sites portions of her Family properties. It was given during the Consulate of Pritchard and not to him personally as he later on mistakenly claimed when on leaving Tahiti for Samoa he sought to hand it over to the London Missionary Society. Such claim failed.

The site was a portion of the large site on which the native Church stood which had been given many years before — 1817 or 1818 — to the native public of Papeete and which ran along the

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<sup>100</sup> [George Paulet \(1803–1879\)](#)

waterfront up to a fence marking off the Pastor's residence standing on a further portion of the land given to the L.M.S.

A portion of the Church's site became by the Queen's orders the Consulate and today a road further divides the Church from both Consulate and the Pastor's residence. Next to the latter stood another house of the L.M.S. in its own ground, next to which stood the Printing Office of the L.M.S. also in its own ground, and next to the Office the native cemetery of the L.M.S. for their converts, not the general public : the last 3 being private property today. The donor of this valuable waterfront property whether Chief Paofai or King Pomare II is not yet definitely known. It stands in Paofai, one of the sections which today compose Papeete.



**The British Consulate office**

- (2) The arrival in 1829 of H.M.S. Satellite, bringing the information that the request to use the British Flag could not be acceded to, a Tahitian flag of 3 horizontal bars — Red — White — Red — was resolve upon in March of that year for "The Georgian Islands," as Tahiti and its adjacent islands were then named. A crown was not then a part of its design. The original Tahitian Flag from the days of Pomare II was wholly of Red Fustian, with a 5 pointed star in white on the top side near staff and cord.

- (3) The British Consuls at Tahiti since 1825 were as follows : the list supplied in 1938 by the Foreign Office.<sup>101</sup>

Name	Date of Appointment	Vice or Acting Consul
1. Charlton, R.	September 23, 1824	Thomas Elley
2. Pritchard, G.	February 14, 1837	C.B. Wilson <sup>102</sup>
3. Miller, W.	August 16, 1843	G.C. Miller
4. Miller, G.C.	April 9, 1856	A. Gibson John Brander G. Miller J <sup>r</sup>
5. Talbot, C.A.P.	November 24, 1885	
6. Hawes, A.G.S.	October 1, 1889	Arthur Brander
7. Simons, R.T.	September 27, 1894	John Hart J.A. Phillips A.J. Du Temple
8. Rowley, A.L.S.	December 11, 1908	
9. Richards, H.A.	January 8, 1912	W.J. Williams
10. Fisher, G.A.	February 18, 1920	W.J. Williams
11. Williams, W.J.	May 11, 1921	I.E. Walker S. Russell
12. Gorton, F.G.	March 2, 1936	D. O'Brien
13. Edmonds, E.	October 1, 1938	
14. Cameron, D.	December 7, 1941	

- (4) The Gifts brought by the Vindictive are thus named in a letter to the Queen from Governor Gipps dated from

*Government House. Sydney. 20<sup>th</sup> January 1843*

*To Her Majesty Queen Pomare, Tahiti.*

*... I request the gracious acceptance by Queen Pomare of an engraving of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and some articles of furniture forwarded on board the Vindictive, together with a dress which I desire to offer to Queen Pomare's Royal Consort and a few small presents*

<sup>101</sup> The list does not include Busvargus Toup Nicolas (1819–1859), who was British consul for Tahiti in 1849, perhaps because he was at Raiatea; see Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters, The Island Of Despair (III) : The Coming Of The Pitcairners, Norfolk a Possible Site*.

<sup>102</sup> Wilson is the protagonist in Chapter XXI, *Proceedings of the Consul*, in [Omoo](#), by Herman Melville.



*intended for the Royal princes and princesses... M<sup>r</sup> Pritchard will have the honour of delivering them to Your Majesty.*

These were probably more useful and acceptable than previous gifts, as in a former letter to the Queen dated September 22, 1838 the Governor appends a note to the draft copy for his Secretary General requesting therein “*her gracious acceptance of the accompanying presents*” informing him “*that a bonnet has usually been sent or some other articles of dress. Let this be obtained*”.

- (5) The Pape (water) at the back of the Pomare Family property in present day Papeete had around and about its spring abundant rushes from which the Ete (baskets to hold the gourd calabashes) was made. Hence from unknown times came the name of that portion of the waterfront of the lagoon into which the stream empties.

The Queen’s “Palace” of the 1840<sup>s</sup> was to one side of that stream. Her father had raised that native “home” which correctly became a “Palace” in 1815 when at last he won kingship. His daughter had renovated it in 1838. A lofty and commodious wooden building was designed and begun in the 60<sup>s</sup> hard by, at an estimated figure of Francs 100,000, but financial difficulties greatly retarded the work and it was not fully completed till June 1883, nor was it ever furnished for Pomare V who lived and died in the old Palace. That new erection as it stands today is the Government Treasury Building dating from August 1901. A vacant space between it and the Governor’s Office is where the Old time building stood.



**Site of the original Palace 1815—1880**

**Vacant centre.**

**The Governor’s Office to right of picture.**

**The Treasury Building to the left.**

See Appendices

*French Residents on Tahiti in 1842*

*The Missionary Orsmond*

*Divided Counsels*

*A Raw Deal*



## CHAPTER XI

January 1844 opened with H.M.S. Dublin again in port with Instructions from the Admiral of the Pacific Station to its Captain — Tucker <sup>103</sup> — to acknowledge the Protectorate alone. Bruat acknowledged the propriety of the reservation of being thus unable to salute the French Flag, but countered by refusing to accept Tucker's proposal for the temporary reappointment of Pritchard as Consul.

There was trouble on the island. Chiefs and natives had risen in revolt and had gathered in force on the eastern coast. There was fighting at Hitiaa and Arue with loss of life on both sides. The Protestant missionaries wanted to avoid bloodshed and approached Bruat on behalf of those whom he had outlawed. He was willing, but insisted that the first step towards pardon must be a full and frank submission of the missionaries themselves (Command Papers N° 199 H.).

But the “rebels” who termed themselves “Patriots” were not at all disposed to submit, and the French had further fighting on their hands both at Faaa and Taravao. Men on both sides were killed or wounded. For this continuance Bruat held the missionaries — and Pritchard especially — responsible. The continual coming and going of British warships in Tahitian waters was also held by him to encourage the natives' resistance.

The Dublin had gone but the Basilisk remained and later the Cormorant arrived.

To its Captain — Gordon <sup>104</sup> — Queen Pomare wrote:

*On board H.M.S. 's ship Basilisk*

*February 20. 1844*

*... Health to you. I feel great joy at your coming. My heart feels delight while I think of my friend Queen Victoria. She has sent you O! Captain to see me in my troubles. My lands have all been confiscated, my government and my sovereign power have been taken from me, my Flag has been hauled down. The French Governor had determined to put me and those attached to me in irons. I have escaped by taking refuge on board this little vessel. If this little vessel had not been here you would have found me in irons, transported to some other land. Remain near me. Do not leave me. Watch over me.*

*Pomare*

The French corvette the Meurthe lay in the harbour and the Governor was absent from Papeete with his troops at Taravao when more trouble arose. As Pritchard was about to leave the shore to go on board the Cormorant, the Captain of the Port — D'Aubigny — ordered the arrest of the former Consul. He was thrown “into the unfloored dungeon of a Block house”. Captain Gordon demanded his immediate release but this was not complied with till Bruat returned 6 days later. He ordered Pritchard to be taken on board the Meurthe and held there.

Bruat acknowledged later that though he considered Pritchard a menace and his arrest a necessity he could not approve the manner in which he had been handled. He did not hesitate however to deport

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<sup>103</sup> Jervis Tucker

<sup>104</sup> C.T. Gordon

him by means of a request to Captain Gordon that he also would take his departure and give Pritchard a passage. The requests were acceded to in March 1844 and Pritchard transferred from the Meurthe and joining the Cormorant, transferred again to the Vindictive at Valparaiso and sailed for England.

That May, the last of the Pioneer missionaries — Nott — died at Arue, a saddened man.

Pritchard's story, on arriving Home, which he at once proclaimed far and wide, threw England into a ferment, and relations with France immediately became strained. The matter was carried into Parliament. The missionary element were, besides, furious at the overthrowing of Protestantism in a field so long peculiarly their own. A serious rupture was averted only by mutual goodwill and common sense of Peel <sup>105</sup> for England and Guizot <sup>106</sup> for France. No insult had been offered to a British Consul as had been claimed, Pritchard had voluntarily resigned. He was but a foreign resident. The Protectorate had power to deport obnoxious persons : but his imprisonment was illegal and his treatment greatly deserving of blame. Such was the French view. An Apology was due and compensation. These made, the matter was closed. Pritchard was moved to Samoa as Consul at Apia : G. C. Miller being appointed as Acting Consul in his place : but along with the Apology went the welcome and important announcement that France had refused approval of Du Petit Thouars' high handed act of Annexation. He had carried out his Country's policy too fast. It took nigh 40 years more and a new Pomare to see the matter through.

England had to be considered. When the French Government learned of their Admiral's action — he then a Commodore — as to a Tahitian Protectorate a few years previously, it realized as Guizot wrote "*that some difficulties might result from the proceeding in regard to our relations with England*". These difficulties were surmounted but "the Pritchard affair" had roused too high a feeling to confirm a far more serious thing. Bruat was therefore informed in 1844 that he was not a "Governor" of a French Colony but "Commandant" of a Protectorate.

This however was very far from satisfying Queen Pomare and all attempts on Bruat's part at coming to an understanding were met with prompt refusal. A full year after he had received his orders from France the deadlock was still on, as can be seen from the following letter to him from the Queen, then on Raiatea :

*(Excerpt) I have been informed that the King of the French and his wise counsellors have disapproved of the proceedings of Admiral Du Petit Thouars in seizing my Government, my home and my lands because my personal flag did not please him. The great King of the French and his wise counsellors have also said that Admiral Du Petit Thouars acted without being commanded and with injustice and without wisdom and that they have commanded you to restore my Government and my lands. I thought, and wise men also thought, that you would regard the commands of your Master the King and restore quickly to me my Flag, my house<sup>107</sup> and my lands. But you have not done so, you are still obstinate in building barracks and erecting forts upon my land and upon my people's land and you interfere with my people in appointing Judges and other officers which you have no right to do. I write this word to you that you may know that I throw all the evils of these things upon you, and to make known to you that until you restore to me my Flag, my lands and my property and rehoist the proper Flag agreeably to the command of your King I can place no confidence in what you say or even listen to you.*

<sup>105</sup> [Robert Peel \(1788–1850\)](#)

<sup>106</sup> [François Pierre Guillaume Guizot \(1787–1874\)](#)

<sup>107</sup> WWB has *hous*.

*And now may you be kept and saved by the true God.*

*Pomare.*

“The War of Independence” was now going strong. Throughout 1845 Bruat had had his hands full. The year 1846 saw specially stubborn fighting on both coasts, Papenoo on the east coast and Papeete itself on the north.

And as if there was not already enough cause for dissension, a Proclamation was issued in November 1846 announcing a change in the Sabbath day. From 1797 the day had been as it was miscalculated by the pioneer missionaries on their arrival who had gained and not lost a day on their long journey by coming from the East via the Cape of Good Hope. As the many French now on Tahiti and Moorea were observing a different Day of Rest from the native population, confusion followed and Bruat had won over the Regent and many of the Chiefs to a change. The missionaries saw the point, but with many of the natives there was great unwillingness “*some having conscientious grounds whilst others were too superstitious to think of a change being made*”. Threats of being confined in irons did not help matters, but the Will of those in command prevailed and Tahitians henceforth knew a new Seventh Day.

Then what men could not accomplish a woman did (Command Papers Part III pp 190, 191). She interposed to bring about peace, the submission of Tahitians to French rule under the Protectorate and the return to Tahiti of their Queen who had steadfastly refused to return till both her Sovereignty was restored and the Protectorate annulled. It was a difficult business.

She was Ariitaimai, the granddaughter of Tati, the first born of Tapua and Marama and — as has been noted had been “adopted” before her birth under the marriage contract with Pomare II. She was the most intimate friend and companion of her foster sister the troubled Queen — nine years her senior — and was looked upon throughout Tahiti as a high and great personage. (See Note #2 to Chapter VII.)

The Queen was still with her mother’s people on Raiatea and the Commandant was preparing to attack in force the patriot Chiefs and their followers who had gathered at Papenoo and so to finish the “rebellion” for good. Moved to action by the appeal of an old woman friend, after the report of a futile visit to the “rebels” assembled there in October (1846) by a Papeete merchant — E. Lucett <sup>108</sup> with his half caste wife as interpreter — Ariitaimai called upon Bruat and requested that she be allowed to pass through the lines beyond Point Venus to appeal personally to the “insurgents” to submit. She had learned that both the Uranie and the Phaeton were about to be sent round the coast from Papeete transporting troops for the attack and others were about to take the road thereto. Her request was readily granted, she herself setting a time limit.

Accompanied by only one relative, Ariipaea by name who had gone over to the French and was therefore looked upon as a traitor, but who was safe under Ariitaimai’s protection, she set out on her mission, Bruat lending her his own horses for transport. Passing through the French outposts she reached those of the natives, and soon saw many hastening into the bush, together with their goods and chattels, thinking they foresaw an attack.

Reaching the village she got the Chiefs together in the Church. Here were gathered practically all the “insurgent” leaders. There was prolonged discussion but she won her way. They would submit but not without their Queen at her home again, she had first to be back in her little capital.

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<sup>108</sup> Possibly of the British firm, Collie and Lucett.

Early the next morning the Peacemaker set out on her return and before the expiration of her time limit reported to the Commandant. He thanked her and urged her to sail for Raiatea, bring back with her the Queen and so finish the trouble. She assayed so to do.

The Phaeton was ordered to convey her, Ariipaea and her husband Alexander Salmon. Arriving they were at first refused a landing by those surrounding the Queen but the following day the order was relaxed and the women met.

Said the delegation, "*Return and all will be forgotten.*" But Pomare was obdurate. She still clung to Great Britain. "*I will not be under the French.*" They returned without the Queen.

A few days later the Commandant requested her to make another attempt, this time via local schooner not a French man-of-war. She found the Queen alone, who said that for the sake of peace for her country and people she would put herself under the obnoxious French but that Ariitaimai should not be in so great a hurry as to bear her back forthwith. For full 2 months the foster-sister kept close to her side and unfortunately the "rebels", their Queen having not returned, broke out afresh. There was a clash of arms at Punaauia and no clear mastery by the French (see *The War of Independence, May 1846*, in the Appendix). The news reached the Queen and fancying that her people might yet master the foreigners she changed her mind. Ariitaimai for a second time had to return without the Queen.

Bruat was now weary of the whole matter of this obdurate Queen. He "proclaimed" — as Life Regent — Paraita and a while later pressed the Peacemaker herself to consent to be proclaimed Queen under the Protectorate. This she refused. Weeks passed, then a letter from Pomare reached her, stating her regret at not following the conseil of her lifelong companion. It was clear that at long last she had realized that England and England's Queen were once again weak reeds to lean upon.

Once again Ariitaimai saw the Commandant whom she found preparing a Proclamation absolutely repudiating Pomare as having anything further to do with Tahiti : and her Chiefs as "rebels" to be crushed for good. With reluctance he consented to one last effort : "*Bring her to Moorea and let me know.*"

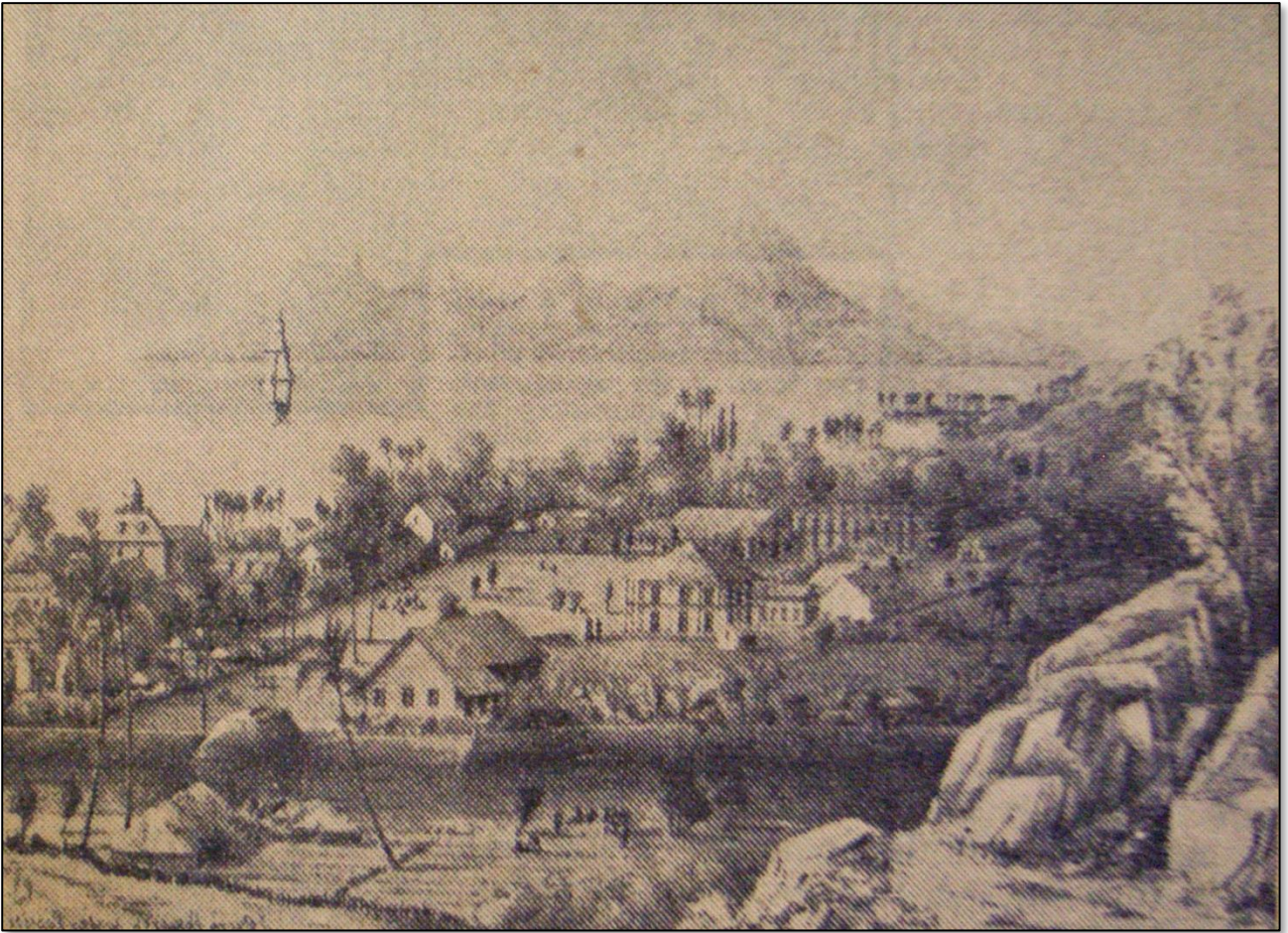
The Phaeton again bore Ariitaimai and Salmon (later to become for awhile Secretary of State) to Raiatea, and this time brought Pomare back "*her long captivity and lack of any assistance*" leaving her no alternative. The sloop of war left her on Moorea, proceeding to Papeete for Bruat.

The following day February 6, 1847 he reached Moorea and on the 9<sup>th</sup> took the Queen aboard the war sloop, flying the Protectorate flag. On reaching Papeete that afternoon the Forts around broke out into a Royal Salute, soldiers onshore lined up, the Queen was conducted first to the Commandant's residence — which had been brought out, ready made, from France in 1844 — thence to her own home and Palace : her submission a thing at last accomplished, the long drawn out "rebellion" broken, and most properly Ariitaimai publicly thanked by Bruat for her invaluable services.

Things now being settled, Bruat was as a Rear Admiral retired from his post in May 1847 and Captain Lavand arriving from France took the post of Commandant : Pritchard had gone, Moerenhout also : those banished by Bruat to the Austral Isles to the south were brought home : and Quiet rested on Tahiti after a Ten Years' struggle.

But the Queen, still only in her 30<sup>s</sup> never wholly recovered from the shock and the treatment received. She bowed to the inevitable, but for her the Joy of Life was gone. She died September 17, 1877 a Queen for 50 years.





**As Papeete appeared to Lieutenant Conway Shipley in 1848.**  
**In the distance is the island of Moorea. In the immediate foreground, within the fortification, is Queen Pomare's palace. The French Governor's house (with the veranda) is immediately behind it.**

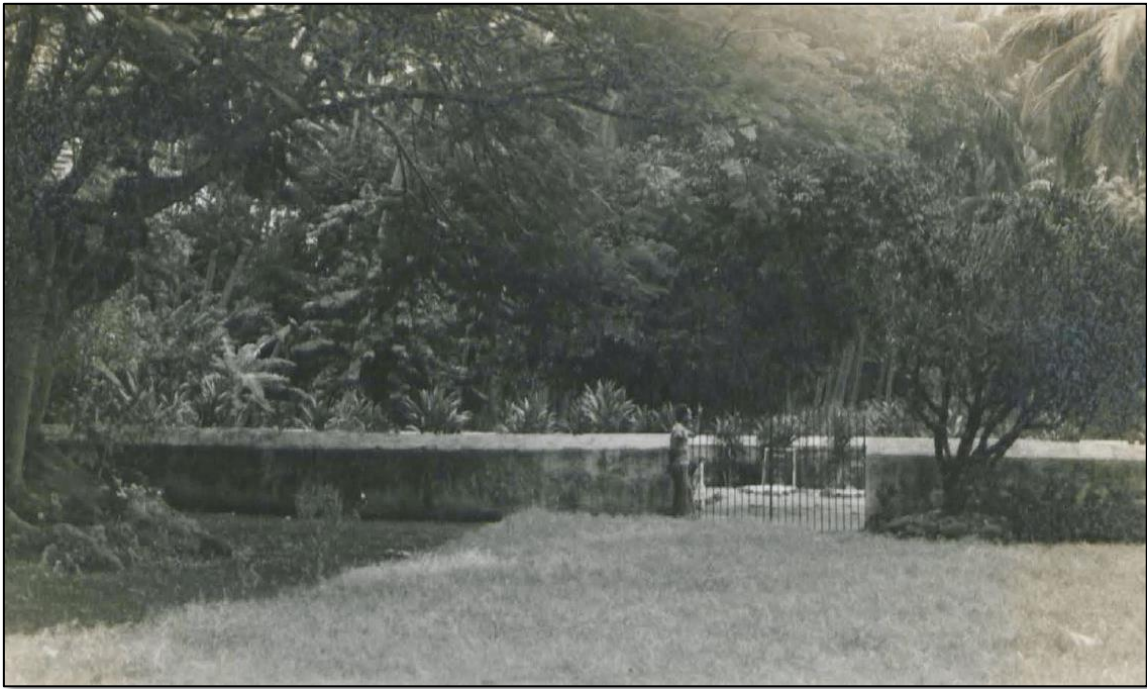
The scattered happenings of any interest to the reader during the Queen's return and death and her son's short rule are more fittingly dealt with in the Appendices. The French naturally dominated the scene, the purely Old time Tahiti was slowly passing.

It was in 1880 that the son of this Queen so stoutly anti French handed over his Sovereign rights to that Power. He had passed all his life among the French, was easy going, a free and a fast liver, nor cared at all for the affairs of State, and gave away complacently his birthright and his people.

Hard by "The King's House", once the Pomare's residence in Arue 5 kilometres from Papeete, there is Ahu-Toru, not the aforementioned Marae in Chapter II but a low walled enclosure some 30 yards by 20. Usually, as in 1928, through the natives' fear of disturbing the "spirits" it, like other graveyards, is overgrown with rankest vegetation and difficult to move about it. There was till 1934, since when the spot is carefully tended, a fair sized bushy tree nigh the centre and thereabouts lie all but one of Tahitian Royalty with neither monument nor headstone. Hinoi (II), since dead and lying there, a giant of a man in height and of huge proportions pointed out to the writer in 1928 where each lay, the Savage with the Christian. By the Tahitians they seem to be forgotten. They were never loved. The men, the woman, the child King lie as undistinguished beneath the sod as the humblest of their people in forest, cave or vale.



**The Pomare graveyard**



**The Entrance.**



**Within**

The exception is the last of them, Pomare V, who not far off lies alone in a foursquare Mausoleum of coral tapering upwards with an overhanging roof. Above the doorway a shield is embedded bearing on its face but one letter, “P”, and above it yet other, a Crown. He died a Frenchman as he himself affirms (see his Proclamation of 1880) and this his lasting reward.



**The tomb of Pomare V.**

**Erected (and body transferred) 1892.**

**There will be seen on its summit not a cross but at his own special order a huge earthenware replica of a Benedictine bottle, a liquor of which he was inordinately fond.**

The following appeared in Papeete on July 2, 1880.

*Proclamation de Pomare V aux Tahitiens*

*Tahitiens :*

*Je vous fais savoir que, de concert avec M. le Commandant Commissionnaire de la République et les Chefs des districts, je viens de déclarer Tahiti et ses dépendances réunis à la France. C'est un témoignage de reconnaissance et de confiance que j'ai voulu donner à la nation que depuis près de quarante années nous couvre de sa protection. Désormais notre archipel et ses dépendances ne formeront plus avec la France qu'un seul et même pays.*

*J'ai transféré mes droits à la France, j'ai réservé les vôtres c'est à dire toutes les garanties de propriété et de liberté dont vous avez joui sous le gouvernement du Protectorat. J'ai même demandé de nouvelles garanties qui augmenteront votre bonheur et votre prospérité.*

*Notre résolution, j'en suis certain, sera accueillie avec joie par tous ceux qui aiment Tahiti et qui veulent sincèrement le progrès.*

*Nous étions déjà tous Français de coeur, nous le sommes aujourd'hui en fait.*

*Vive la France.*

*Vive Tahiti.*

#### Translation

*Tahitians :*

*I would have you know that in agreement with Monsieur the Commandant Commissioner of the Republic and the Chiefs of the Districts, I have declared Tahiti and its dependencies united to France. It is a testimony to the recognition and confidence which I desire to give to the Nation who since nigh 40 years has covered us with its protection. Henceforth our archipelago and its dependencies form with France but one and the same Country.*

*I have transferred my Rights to France : I have reserved yours, that is to say all the guarantees of ownership and liberty which you have enjoyed under the Government of the Protectorate. I have even required new guarantees which increase your happiness and prosperity.*

*Our resolve, I am sure, will be received with joy by all those who love Tahiti and sincerely desire its progress.*

*We were all already Frenchmen at heart, today we are that in fact.*

So was the curtain rung down for good upon Old time Tahiti. A new Era began. <sup>109</sup>

#### NOTES

- (1) The Struggle's End. Armed resistance came to an end with the capture of the Fautaua fort. Despite the very fair success of the "insurgents" at Punaauia which buoyed up the hopes of the Queen in distant Raiatea, Bruat next led an attack in person on the forces gathered at Papenoo which had promised Ariitaimai to give up the struggle if the Queen returned. She was of two

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<sup>109</sup> The photographs below of the Pomare Cemetery and the tomb of Pomare V in Arué were taken in November 2014.





minds as the record shows, and the Commandant grew tired of waiting. He attacked and drove his opponents up the valleys nearby to make another stand in what seemed an absolutely inaccessible spot.

To take the fort which the natives had carefully erected — and the remains of which are to be seen today — it was practically impossible to make a frontal attack, as a sheer precipice prevented, down which the Fautaua rivulet falls. A goat track along one mountain side and a sharp turn on the edge of the precipice made every man who should attempt it — and it must needs be in single file — an easy mark for musket, spear or stone. At their back the “insurgents” had the rocky mass known as the Diadème from its rugged summit’s appearance. They felt secure.

X



**Fautaua Fall.**

**The Diadème in the background :**

**The Fort site on the left – marked X.**

But Bruat gained over to his service a native of Rapa island named Mairoto who for years had hunted round the base of the Diadème for a bird's special feathers whose habitat was that wild district. He had his secret ways of approach and consented to act the traitor to his kinsmen. He led a strong force through dense undergrowth and rocky fastnesses, necessitating rope work and ladders in places, whilst a feint was made in front of the fort to hold the attention of the enemy in that direction. The plan was entirely successful : the date December 17, 1846.

Those holding the fort, in number nigh a thousand, were suddenly rushed from behind. They made no futile resistance. There and then came an end of all opposition.

A general amnesty was now proclaimed, muskets were handed over, and the Chiefs one and all tendered their adherence to the Protectorate. There remained then but the return of the Queen which took place as already described and peace came at last to a distracted land.

- (2) The Terms offered by Bruat on behalf of the French Government for the Queen's acquiescence in and submission to the Protectorate were as follows :

(a) A lump sum of 25,000 francs as compensation for the loss of her Harbour dues — her personal perquisite — during her 2½ years flight from Papeete. Bruat on November 9, 1843 had declared it a Free Port.

(b) An annuity of 25,000 francs for life.

(c) A residence to be erected for her in Papeete or elsewhere at her choice, once Quiet had settled on the island.

- (3) By a census taken shortly after these events, the Returns made — dated March 21, 1848 — were as follows :

Tahiti : Natives 8082 : Strangers 475 : Total 8557

Moorea : Natives 1372 : Strangers 40 : Total 1412

Grand total : 9969

In this connection and recalling the estimate of the Duff's Captain in 1800 of 16,000, a note in Crook's Journal may be noted.

Writing in 1826 he says "*The missionaries families are increasing fast 101 in number, the numbers of natives decrease as fast. There is not one third of the inhabitants on Tairapu (Lesser Tahiti) that there was in the year 1802 when Brother Nott made a preaching tour.*" In 24 years two thirds of one portion of Tahiti had been eliminated, it was altogether likely to be the same elsewhere, hence only 8082 left on the island 22 years later still.

This decimation of a native race from 1767, Wallis' day, when both he and Cook calculated the number to run into the hundred thousands may well be compared as a possibility with what happened in Haiti under the Spaniards. The number of natives there in 1492 was reckoned to be 100,000. In 1514 — 22 years later — the reckoning was down to 30,000. On Tahiti the heaviest mortality seemingly took place in the first 33 years contact with the white race (1767–1800).



Compare also the Australs. In 1829 over 5,000 : in 1859 down to 1700 : Raivavae from 3000 to 800 and Rapa from 2000 to 500.

- (4) That those arriving on the Duff were long ignorant of their error in the calendar is shown by the entry in their Journal made upon the arrival of the Betsy in 1799 : “*Sunday December 22. By the ship’s reckoning tomorrow is the Sabbath.*” The arrival of the Royal Admiral in 1801 under Captain William Wilson must have confirmed the Betsy’s statement as to their error, but evidently no attention was paid. Having committed the error they stuck to it stolidly for 50 years, evidently the natives the cause, they dared not change the holy day they had so impressed upon their converts.
- (5) “The Royal Georgian Order of Polynesia” (Command papers N° 142)

Just prior to the second visit — in November 1834 — of Du Petit Thouars whilst the Sovereignty was undisturbed, though the Protectorate held sway, Queen Pomare wrote as follows to Rear Admiral Thomas, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Station <sup>110</sup> — the date June 15, 1834.

*Wishing to testify to you, O Admiral, my great satisfaction for all the good services that you have rendered to me in my distress, I send to you by the first opportunity, the highest proof that I can give to you of my gratitude and pleasure. This to make known to you that I have conferred upon you the first and highest honour of Tahiti, and which I had determined upon establishing and did establish so as to reward my kind friends of Britain who had come to my help in this time of my trouble, as well as to reward my High Chiefs who had been faithful to their Queen.*

*The Emblem of this Order of Merit shall be sent to you very soon, as I have sent to Britain for them. According then to the Rules in your and in other lands, I hereby nominate you a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Georgian Order of Polynesia as a perpetual testimony of my great satisfaction, and I shall write to my sister Queen, the great Victoria, to grant to you permission to wear this token of my gratitude for the services you have done for me and my dominions.*

*Pomare. Queen of Tahiti.*

There is no record known as to whether Rear Admiral Thomas became a K.G.C.

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<sup>110</sup> [Richard Darton Thomas \(1777–1857\)](#)

See Appendices

*The Protestant Viewpoint of 1846*

*A French Viewpoint of Tahiti's Troubles*

*The War of Independence*

*Extracts From Some "Human" Documents*

*The Accession of Pomare V and the Succession*

*The Abdication of Pomare V and His Queen's Children*

*Characters of Pomare I, II, IV, V*



**Pomare, Queen of Tahiti.**

**From an oil painting by Caroly Spitz.**

## APPENDIX

## List of the Pioneer Missionaries

who landed on Tahiti from the Duff March 7, 1797

	Aged
1. Jefferson, The Rev. J. Died 1807. Buried at Matavai.	37
2. Lewis, The Rev. T. Murdered 1799. Buried at Matavai.	31
3. Cover, The Rev. J. F. Fled to Botany Bay with wife and boy : returned to England.	34
4. Eyre, The Rev. J. Fled to Botany Bay with wife : buried at Parramatta, N.S.W.	28
5. Bicknell, H. (later the Rev.) A wheelwright : fled to Botany Bay : in 1810 returned : died at Papara 1820 : buried on Moorea.	29
6. Broomhall, B. A harness maker : lapsed : left for Botany Bay in 1801 : in Calcutta in 1811 : said to have been lost at sea with his ship.	20
7. Cook, J. A carpenter : fled to Botany Bay and resigned.	23
8. Clode, S. A gardener : fled to Botany Bay : murdered by a soldier : buried at Port Jackson 1799.	35
9. Gillham, Doctor J. A. Also a surgeon : returned to England on the <u>Duff</u> .	28

10.	Henry, W. (later the Rev.)	23
	A carpenter : fled to Botany Bay with wife : in 1800 returned : retired in old age : buried at Ryde, N.S.W. 1859	
11.	Hodges, P.	29
	A brazier : fled to Botany Bay with wife and resigned.	
12.	Hassal, R. (later the Rev.)	27
	A weaver : fled to Botany Bay with wife and 2 boys : a Pastor thereby : buried at Parramatta 1820.	
13.	Main, E.	24
	An army tailor : fled to Botany Bay and resigned.	
14.	Nott, H. E. (later the Rev.)	22
	A bricklayer : held fast : buried at Arue 1844.	
15.	Oakes, F.	25
	A shoemaker : fled to Botany Bay and resigned.	
16.	Puckey, J.	25
	A carpenter : fled to Botany Bay and resigned.	
17.	Puckey, W.	20
	A carpenter : fled to Botany Bay and resigned.	
18.	Smith, W.	30
	A linen draper : fled to Botany Bay and resigned.	

Crook and Harris aboard the Duff were not Tahitian “Originals” though Harris rejoined his brethren on Tahiti shortly afterwards in lieu of the Marquesas : and Crook did the same in 1816.

	Harris, J.	40
	Subsequently returned to England.	
	Crook, W. P. (later the Rev.)	22
	Buried at Melbourne 1846.	

## **The Missionary Henry Nott**

From the “Register” of the London Missionary Society.

*Number 23. Nott Henry. Born 1774. Appointed to the South Seas. Single. Sailed August 10, 1796. Arrived at Tahiti March 6, 1797. Removed to Moorea December 22, 1808. In 1812 he visited Port Jackson where in July he married Miss A. Turner and returned to Moorea October 5, 1812. Removed to Huahine July 1818 and to Matavai Tahiti June 1819. Left for England March 4, 1825 and arrived in London July 7, 1826. Returned to Tahiti arriving August 24, 1827. Having on December 18, 1835 after 20 years labour completed the Tahitian version of the Scriptures, and being in ill health, he left Tahiti February 20, 1836 and returned with M<sup>rs</sup> Nott to England arriving June 19, 1836. He there revised the MS of the Tahitian version of the entire Bible and carried it through the Press at the expense of the Bible Society. Taking the Bible with him, he with M<sup>rs</sup> Nott returned to Tahiti. Sailing August 18, 1838 he arrived at Tahiti on September 12, 1840 and soon after retired from active service. Died at Tahiti May 2, 1844.*



**Henry Nott**



## NOTES

- (1) He suffered greatly from elephantiasis.
- (2) He was the first to master the language. On August 10, 1801 Jefferson writes Home, "*We have the satisfaction of informing the Missionary Society that by the Grace of God we hope for the first time to address the natives on the next Lord's Day. Brother Nott will be the speaker.*"
- (3) The Tahitian Bible was begun by Nott in 1813 and occupied him, assisted by others both white folk and natives, during an actual period of 22 years. Writing Home he announced the goal achieved. "*That work I am happy to inform you was finished on Friday December 18, 1835 at half past one o'clock.*" Before returning from Home with the issue printed, he was granted an audience with Queen Victoria to whom he presented a copy.
- (4) From the "Sydney Gazette" July 18, 1812.

*Marriage. By Special Licence on Thursday last by the Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Marsden at the Church of S<sup>t</sup> John, Parramatta, M<sup>r</sup> Henry Nott, missionary from Otaheite to Miss Ann Charlotte Turner from the London Missionary Society.*

From the L.M.S. Records :

*Miss Turner whom he married was one of the 4 sent out by the Society at a venture, to provide helpmates for the young missionaries.*

They made the selection in order of their arrival on the scene, and Nott being the last to arrive at Port Jackson secured the last one left : an unfortunate partner as it turned out to be. In a letter to Marsden then in Sydney, dated from Moorea February 18, 1813 Nott commented thus :

*I hope he (Brother Henry whose first wife had died) may find some person in the Colony that will make him a sensible wife in some respects, but for him to obtain one in every, or even in the most material things suitable, seems to me to be impossible.*

Nott had not been a 12 month married.

The other 3 women respectively married Davies and Scott at Port Jackson and Hayward on Moorea. Both M<sup>rs</sup> Davies and M<sup>rs</sup> Hayward died on Moorea in 1812. Their graves are at Papetoai.

- (5) The full Inscription on Nott's grave is as follows :

*Sacred to the memory of  
Rev. Henry Nott  
Missionary,*

*who departed from this life of sin and sorrow and entered into his rest on the 2nd day of May 1844 after having endured a great fight of afflictions. He had been for 48 years the faithful servant of the London Missionary Society, having been sent out by them to this island in the ship Duff commanded by Captain James Wilson in the year 1796. He was translator of the Sacred Scriptures into the Tahitian language.*

*I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that Day : and not to me only but unto all them also that love His appearing.*

*And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes : and there shall be no more Death.*

It is to be noted to his lasting honour that when all others fled, he — alone of the Originals — stood fast.

- (6) Nott and McKean lie side by side at Arue but the site may well have been lost. Prince Hinoi, grandson of Queen Pomare, determined on his sole initiative to remove these bodies and the grave stones to another site, the Point on which the Mausoleum of Pomare V rises — his Uncle and his “Father” by adoption. He moved the grave stones but died before the task was finished. That was in 1916. Those grave stones were found, by an American resident, in 1918 lying loosely about, and awhile later were seen to have been used as an adornment to an ancient native grave nearby. The American, together with a fellow countryman and an English resident got busy and — lest another such happening should occur — cemented the grave stones to a low wall which they built around the graves. Alongside Nott, but outside the wall, lies Nott’s devoted native servant.



**Graves of McKean and Nott**

## Locating the Graves of the Pioneer Missionaries at Matavai and Papara

### The Graves at Matavai.

Lewis buried 1799 : Jefferson buried 1807.

Grave stones suitably inscribed placed thereon December 30, 1936.

Matavai is a fairly long and broad neck of land, flat and running north towards the sea from Haapape village, ending in Point Venus. Matavai Bay lies on its western side. The Records of the L.M.S. show that the graves were “*near their Dwelling*” and that their first church — or Chapel — stood “*near the grave of M<sup>r</sup> Lewis*”. The Quest therefore resolved itself into where was the Dwelling and where the Church?

The first Dwelling of the missionaries was the building raised by the first Pomare for Bligh’s expected return. It stood on the west side of Matavai; not of the Bay but of the neck of land so called even to this day. That was in 1797 and here men thought to have found the answers and let the graves themselves go at that.

But in 1798 they had removed to another location on Matavai, on its northern end but its east side. Here they raised their new Dwelling, apportioned off with Apartments for bedrooms, living room and study : and “near” thereto they raised in 1800 the first Christian Church — or Chapel in their view — on the island and indeed in the whole South Sea, which however they had to pull down in 1802 in self defence fearing an attack by the Atehurians : a 2<sup>nd</sup> being raised in 1803 on the same site, and a 3<sup>rd</sup> being raised in 1822, not on the same site, yet but a short distance off.

The first site has always been known to the natives of the neighbourhood and moreover has been marked from the first by a stone used as a stepping stone to the Entrance — the Chapel being raised somewhat above the ground in case of flood — and which they state was taken from a neighbouring marae, an unlikely thing since not till 1815 had Pomare II ordered all maraes in the District as elsewhere to be destroyed. In 1800 to have removed it would have been sacrilege and death. But that fairly upright stone proved useful in locating the graves. The sites of both Dwelling and Church being thus definitely assured, the 2 graves were therefore “near”, a term which allows to itself all reasonable latitude as to distance.

The records speak of a stone marking the head of the Jefferson grave but no mention is made of one at the head of the Lewis grave which was the one first dug, the work of Brothers Nott and Bicknell “*with the assistance of 2 or 3 natives*”. It must however be recalled that Lewis died an “Outcast” from his brethren and as they would have expressed it “in sin”. They were in duty bound to inter the body reverently but there matters would end, his remembrance by the natives had best die out. So was it with Ellis who “*stood by the grave of Jefferson*” in 1821 and commented thereon, but quietly ignores the grave close by.

It becoming known that an age-ing native of Haapape knew of the Jefferson grave, he was approached and leading to the spot pointed out the headstone where he said that “a Duffie missionarie” lay. The name he did not know nor had the memory of the “Outcast” been handed down the years. He marked the site and the boulder at its head — far sunk and without his aid impossible to have been discerned — by their distance from a tamarind tree said to have been planted by Cook, the stump of which he had seen as a youth and its site still marked by a large depression. The grave lay in a direct line and

a short distance from the stone of the Chapel's site. Of the Dwelling neither memory nor vestige remains.

**Stepping Stone to the first Christian Church in Polynesia : Matavai. Tahiti.**



**Stone marking the site of the first Christian Church on Tahiti**

**A.D. 1800.**

**And also the first House of God throughout Polynesia, Melanesia and Micronesia. The first Church in Australia was raised at Parramatta near Sydney by Marsden in 1803, a temporary structure “*of posts, wattle and plaster*” was raised in Sydney in 1793 and was burned by an incendiary convict in 1798.**

In confirmation of this native's knowledge of the site he made the following statement. In his boyhood a foreign Training ship — the name he had forgotten this long while — arrived at Papeete, and from it 2 young officers — evidently Ensigns were meant — appeared at Matavai. He understood from them that “a Duffie missionarie” had either married into their family or had some other special connection with them and that they had come to Matavai to report to their home of his grave. They had a chart with them of the ground and surveying instruments. They knew of Cook's tamarind tree and used it as their base. Their measurements brought them to 2 stones, a pure black boulder and a reddish black. They had found their quest even as the lad beside them had always known it. They marked the black.

Ellis' (whose early training was that of a gardener) “*rustic hillock*” where lay the grave would seem to be a poetic licence he took in 1829 when he wrote of his missionary roamings of 1821. Matavai is a dead flat with sluggish streams intersecting it, along with swamps. It has a very slight rise from the sea.



**Graves of Lewis and Jefferson at Matavai.**



**Lewis 1799**

**Jefferson 1807**



**1936.**

As noted, both graves were dug “near” the Chapel : where Jefferson was laid, Lewis had been laid. There are stones and stones : those used for grave stones, headstones — for stones at the foot are not



even today the custom — are of a special kind, familiar today to the natives for that purpose and are either pure or reddish black.

Those 2 boulders close together mark 2 graves, and knowing one there can be no doubt whose is the other. They were 2 of the Pioneer band, separated in life but in death no longer divided, and today alike full worthy of remembrance.

### **The Graves at Papara.**

Here lie 2 of the second contingent of 9 who arrived on Tahiti by the Royal Admiral

July 10, 1801.

Tessier buried 1820 : Davies buried 1855.

Two full length grave stones, suitably inscribed, were placed thereon May 29, 1936.

Through Uramoae, who for over 30 years had resided in Papara as schoolmaster, it was learned that in his first years he had known a native woman close to or over a century old who not only often talked to him of a “Duffie missionarie” who had resided in her parents’ home — which renovated she still occupied — and whom she had waited upon as his little serving maid, but of how he had died in their home. The name she gave him began with a “P” with of course a vowel ending, the rest a mere jumble of letters which he could not decipher. She was recalling Bicknell : there is no pure “B” in Tahitian.

So far her memory had not failed her but she confused his burial “opposite” her home with that of another missionary — Tessier — who had died but a fortnight before. He was the Assistant of Bicknell, his home a short distance away. The body of Bicknell was carried over to Moorea to lie beside the grave of one of his children. Tessier’s body was buried by Bicknell across the way from the latter’s residence, the grave pointed out to Uramoae by the aged woman, and easily recognized under his direction when good fortune brought him and searchers together. This for Tessier.

#### **Of Davies**

Natives now met the investigators and pointed out not only the site of the first Chapel, of which the coconut plantation of today was the burial ground, but a second grave near to Tessier’s covered with large square slabs of coral. They had the first letter of the name as “T” there being no “D” in Tahitian save in their Holy Writ, the rest a jumble as was with Tessier’s name. But though he was of the Long Ago he was not “a Duffie missionarie”, of that they were quite certain. And they were right. Davies took Bicknell’s post in 1820 and held it till 1855. He died in August of that year and was buried hard by his House of God but a few yards from his fellow voyager on the Royal Admiral, 35 years the gap between their deaths.

These 2 graves lie about half a kilometre past the village on the way to Atimaono, on the sea side of the Island Highway which encircles Tahiti.

**Grave of Tessier at Papara.**



**Tessier 1820.**



**1936**

**Grave of Davies at Papara.**



**Davies 1855**



**1936**

## NOTES

- (1) Ellis has confused his readers by recording only by inference the removal of the first contingent to a new site in 1798, and giving as a lead to the Jefferson grave “*near their dwelling on the north side of Matavai Bay*”. The north side is the Ocean. The dwelling was on the north end but east side. His date for the first Chapel must be a slip of the pen. He gives it as on the “*5<sup>th</sup> of March 1797*” which was the day on which the Duff arrived in the Bay, the landing taking place on the 7<sup>th</sup>.
- (2) The site of the Matavai graves and the Stone was in 1934 owned by Monsieur Villierme, a French resident in Papeete. The name of the agèd native who from childhood knew the sites sought for, was Outuaata. The once missionary property is today known as Tetiarahi.
- (3) As to the Church stone. Coral slabs were mostly used in the construction of maraes but also extra large boulders which were to be found, and still are to be found in the many streams of Tahiti, these roughly shaped to suit. This would have caused neither difficulty nor danger to the Brethren once they had “*fixed on the spot for the intended place of worship*” as Jefferson notes down in the Journal as being decided upon on February 6, 1800.
- (4) The site of the Papara graves was in 1934 owned by the native Tetu Ourima, the descendant of the “adopted” son of the centenarian whose Family owned the property and donated it for the purposes of their new found Faith.
- (5) Jefferson reported Home as follows of the work done in 1798: “*Our time has been much employed in various duties, some have been occupied in constructing our habitations.*” This plural form is confusing as against the constant use of the word “dwelling”. That raised in 1798 was a Community House such as they had converted the “Bligh House” into. We read of Itia going to “*Brother Eyre’s apartment*”. They herded together for greater security. An earlier entry in the Journal is “*January 23. 1798. A meeting was held to discuss the inconvenience of our present habitation (“the Bligh House”). It was unanimously agreed : That a house should be erected 2 stories high, 132 feet long, 18 feet broad, each room to be 10 feet long and 18 feet wide : in the middle a public dining room, 20 feet long by 18 feet, upon the lower floor, and over that a preaching and schoolroom of the same dimensions : That 5 lower and 5 upper rooms be for the married brethren at one end, and 6 lower and 6 upper be for the single brethren at the other : That a balcony about 4 feet wide surround the building upon the upper flat. As much time had been spent before in examining the district for the most convenient place to build, the spot now determined upon is on the other side of the river, about 80 yards from our present habitation.*”

Unanimity however was not quite complete. We read later “*The principal of the brethren engaged in flooring our apartments. Brother Main with some natives erecting his house.*” And on November 20, “*Brother Main’s house finished and occupied by him.*”

- (6) The upper story proved useful. In 1802 we read “*The Mission house (British House) was converted into a garrison : 4 brass cannon were fixed in 2 of the upper rooms*” : and Pomare II writing to them on March 11, 1806 says “*Friends! Give me the room above... let the room above be for me.*”

The end of that dwelling or habitation came in that disastrous year 1808. When the mission returned to Tahiti in 1818 they went back across the river to “*the west side of Matavai*”, raising a fresh dwelling near the Bligh House site. Ellis gives a picture of this new home. Tessier and

Wilson were there, and Nott took up his residence there for awhile, close to where he first set foot on Tahiti. Later he removed to Papaoa (Arue) to be nearer his young charge — the boy King.

The east side of Matavai was deserted and no stones marked where once their Dwelling stood but happily one where their first Chapel rose. If not a dwelling for themselves, another House of God should rise and by 1822 so it was : “*some 200 yards from the original*” as they reported Home. Yet “near” were the graves well known to them but long forgotten. Today they are marked so that none who would can fail to see them.

The 3<sup>rd</sup> Church was a plaster building 98 feet by 42 feet, “*well floored and seated and has a neat plain pulpit made by M<sup>r</sup> Blossom*”. It was opened for use in October 1822. Till that time 2 temporary meeting houses were built “*one at each end of Matavai, having bamboo walls and thatched with palm leaves, furnished with benches made of breadfruit planks. One raised on the beach near the new residence used only as a school and for weekly prayer meetings, the Sabbath services being held in the larger of the two near Haapape.*”



## November 12, 1815, When Pomare II Won Kingship

Having given the “pagan” account of events leading up to the final fight and the fight itself, it is but just to record the account as given by the Puré-Atua (“Praying People”) or Christians, together with that sent Home by the missionaries who were not present at either time but heard of these from their Christian native friends. All accounts are naturally prejudiced and we of today must judge between the record given by the Vanquished and the Victors as to the actual truth.

After the flight of the 2 Queens back to Moorea and the sacking of Matavai by Opuhara, a determined effort by the Pagans to annihilate the Puré-Atua on the northern end of Tahiti was only avoided by the news leaking out and the intended victims escaping to Moorea. The disappointed Pagans fell out among themselves and set to work plundering and killing one another. Some of them, disgusted at the chaos, crossed over to Moorea and joined the Praying People, thus strengthening that Party. The events following hard upon these are told in a letter dated August 13, 1816, nine months later and before the missionaries yet ventured to re-establish themselves on Tahiti.

*“The people at Tahiti who had embraced Christianity having providentially made their escape and joined us at Eimeo, their enemies as we mentioned before, quarreled among themselves. The Atehuru (western coast) party having fought with and vanquished the Porionuu (the north and eastern coasts); Teharoa etc. (the southern coast and Lesser Tahiti) who had assisted them quarrel’d also amongst themselves and fought, when Tairapuans (Lesser Tahiti) were conquered and driven to the mountains. After this there was a prospect of peace being established; and the people, who on account of their religion had fled to Eimeo to save their lives, were invited to return and take re-possession of their respective lands. This made it necessary for the King and his people and most of those about us to go over to Tahiti, in company with different parties of refugees, and according to an ancient custom of the country to re-instate them in a formal manner in their old possessions.*

*“On the arrival of the King and those who followed him at Tahiti (Papaoa in Arué), the idolatrous party appeared on the beach in a hostile manner, seemed determined to oppose the King’s landing and soon fired on his party, but by the King’s strict orders the fire was not returned but a message of peace sent to them which was productive of the exchange of several messages and at last apparently issued in peace and reconciliation.*

*“In consequence of this, several of the people returned peaceably to their different lands, but still fears and jealousies existed on both sides. This state of things continued till Sabbath Day November 12. 1815 when the heathen party taking advantage of the day and of the time when the King and all the people were assembled for worship (nigh Punaauia), made a furious, sudden and unexpected assault thinking they would at such a time easily throw the whole into confusion. They approached with confidence, their prophet having assured them of an easy victory. In this however they were mistaken. It happened that we had warned our people before they went to Tahiti of the probability of such a stratagem being practised should a war take place, in consequence of which they attended worship under arms; and though at first they were thrown into some confusion, they soon formed for repelling the assailants, the engagement became warm and furious and several fell on both sides. In the King’s party there were many of the refugees from several parties who had not yet embraced Christianity, but our people not depending upon them took the lead in facing the enemy; and as they were not all engaged at once, being among bushes and trees those who had a few minutes of respite fell on their knees crying to Jehovah for mercy and protection and that He would be pleased to support His Cause against the idolatry of the heathen. Soon after the commencement of the engagement Upufara, the Chief of Papara, the principal man on the side of the idolators, was killed : this when known threw the whole of his party into confusion and Pomare’s party quickly gained a*

*complete victory. The vanquished however were treated with great lenity and moderation and Pomare gave strict orders that they should not be pursued and that the women and children should be well treated. This was complied with, not a woman or child was hurt nor was the property of the vanquished plundered. The bodies also of those who fell in the engagement, contrary to the former barbarous custom, were decently buried, and the body of the Chief of Papara was taken in a respectful manner to his own land to be buried there.”*

## Pomare II's Correspondence

His first recorded letter is dated December 9, 1804 and was written to Governor King at Sydney N.S.W. requesting firearms.

*“(Extract) From the friendship you showed the late King my father, and the expense the English have been at in sending missionaries into the parts for the impriving of myself and ignorant people I’m sure it will give you pleasure it has not been thrown away as it has enabled me to address myself to you by letter what I should have been incapabell of, but for these gentlemen.”*

His letters show no timidity as to requests as has been seen in his request for the “room above” at Matavai in 1806. A letter of his written to the Directors of the L.M.S. in London from “*Matavae Otaheite January 1. 1807*” shows no abatement and must certainly have surprised them.

*“(Extract) Friends, I hope you also will consent to my request which is this : I wish you to send a great number of men, women and children here. Friends, send also plenty of musquets and powder for wars are frequent in our country. This also I wish, that you would send me all the curious things you have in England. Also send me everything necessary for writing, Paper, Ink and Pens in abundance, let no writing utensil be wanting. Friends, I have dome and have nothing at all more to ask you for.”*<sup>111</sup>

He was fond of the pen and a very neat writer for he not only assisted Henry Nott in his translating but copied out the entire “Gospel of S<sup>t</sup> John” for the Press. This MS is to be seen in the archives of the Bible Society at Home. He also wrote out the Code of Laws promulgated by him and handed his copy to the missionaries’ Press.

The same day as his letter to the Directors, he wrote the following to Hassall at Sydney N.S.W. from

*“Matavae Otaheite January 1. 1807.*

*“Sir, I shall esteem it a favour if you can procure me a Still, in return for which, if hogs will be acceptable please to write to me that I may know how many. I am Sir Yours etc. Pomare.”*<sup>112</sup>

He was inordinately fond of the flowing bowl. Hassall replied diplomatically that the laws of the country prohibited under heavy penalty any person from making a still, but if at some future time circumstances permitted he would forward one.

On February 17, 1813 writing from Matavai to his friends at Ueva on Moorea he defies the Old time gods, granting permission to cut down both Tamanu and Amae trees for boats.

*“(Extract) Cut them down, without regarding consequences, for the keels of our vessels. What will be the consequences? Shall we be destroyed by the Evil Spirits? We cannot be destroyed by them. We have a great Saviour, Jesus Christ. Where you lead, regardless of consequences, I this evil man will follow.”*

The work went forward, none afraid.

<sup>111</sup> This extract also appears in WWB’s article in the 16 April 1940 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 34–36, *Pot-pourri of Tahitian History*, in Part VII.

<sup>112</sup> This letter also appears in WWB’s article in the May 1942 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 32–33, *Some Old-Time Tahitian Customs*, in Part VII.

On February 19, 1816 he next contemns his Old time gods. He writes to the missionaries at Ueva, handing over to them the special idols of his Family. He was in his summerhouse Motu uta, the little islet in the Papeete lagoon, lying opposite the strip of Family property “Papeete” on the waterfront.

“(Extract) *I wish you to send these idols to Britain for the Missionary Society, that they may know the likeness of the gods that Tahiti worshipped. These were my own idols belonging to our Family from of old, and when my father died he left them to me. That principal god that had the red feathers of the Otuu is Temeharo that is his name, that was my father’s own god. If you think proper you may burn them all in the fire or, if you like, send them to your Country for the people of Europe to see them and know Tahiti’s foolish gods.*”<sup>113</sup>

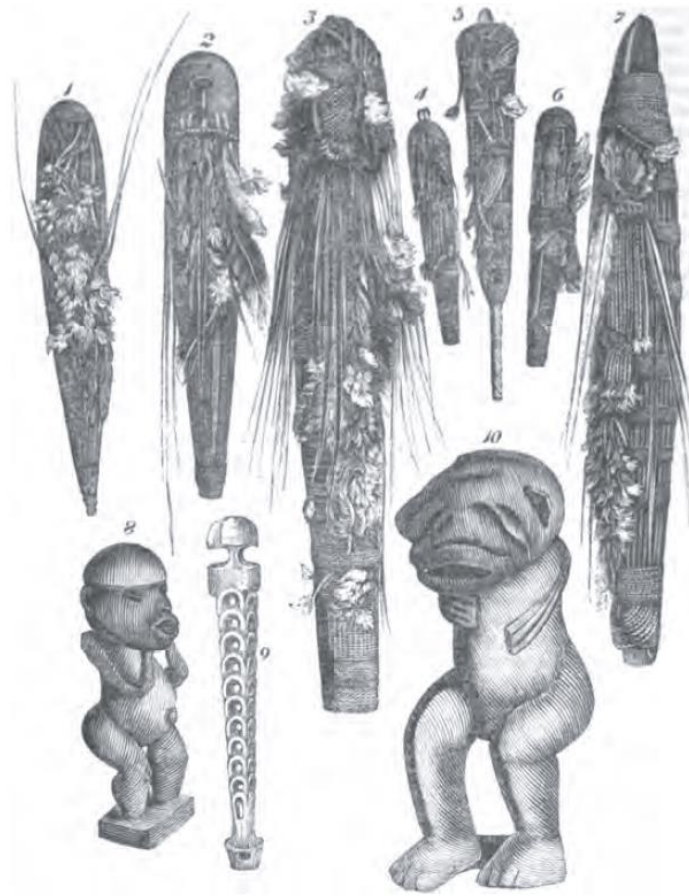


**Idols worshipped by the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands.**<sup>114</sup>

<sup>113</sup> For an account of the Pomare’s rejection of the idols, see [Tyerman and Bennet \(1841\), pages 23–25](#).

<sup>114</sup> The idols in this plate are not Pomare’s. An illustration of the idols given by Pomare to the London Missionary Society on 19 February 1816 can be seen in the plate on page 24 of Tyerman and Bennet (1841), which is reproduced below; alternative spellings of the names of the idols, based on *Extracts from the Quarterly Chronicle, Volume I*, in *Pioneer Missionaries of Tahiti*, are given in parentheses. This illustration was originally published on the title page of [Missionary Sketches No. III \(August 1820\)](#), which also contains the complete letter of 19 February 1816 written by Pomare to the missionaries at Ueva. See also [S. Kooijman, 1964, Ancient Tahitian God-Figures, The Journal of the Polynesian Society 73\(2\): 110–125](#). The idols were subsequently sold to the British Museum in 1911; information is available on the British Museum’s website for [Idol #3 \(objectId=489220, Museum number Oc1981.Q.1552\)](#), [Idol #7 \(objectId=502698, Museum number Oc.LMS.102\)](#), [Idol #8 \(objectId=502702, Museum number Oc.LMS.98\)](#) and [Idol #9 \(objectId=502744, Museum number Oc.LMS.57\)](#). The location of the other six idols is currently unknown; however, they may have been obtained by private collectors prior to the sale of parts of the LMS collection to the British Museum. See ‘*Scarcely more than a Christian trophy case?*’ *The global collections of the London Missionary Society museum (1814–1910)*, by Chris Wingfield, in *Journal of the History of Collections*, Volume 29, Issue 1, 1 March 2017, pages 109–128. [Link](#)





Pomare's Idols

- No. 1.    **Termapotuura [Teriitapotuura], said to be the son of the great god, Oro.**
- No. 2.    **Name not known.**
- No. 3.    **Temehare [Temehara], the principal god of Pomare's family.**
- Nos. 4, 5 and 6. **Called Oromatuas.**
- No. 7.    **Tüpa [Tiipa], a god of Otaheite.**
- No. 8.    **A family Tü [Tii].**
- No. 9.    **Tahivi Anunaehau, the handle of the sacred fan with which the priest drove off the flies, while about his prayers and sacrifices.**
- No. 10.   **An ugly wooden image called a Tü [Tii].**



## The Tomb of Pomare II at Papaoa

In the Pomare graveyard lie all the Pomares and their close kindred save Pomare V. Within that walled space there are numerous fair sized black boulders, the usual sign of an Old time grave but here they are placed not only at the head but also at the foot. Beyond these there is no aid to recognize of whose grave they tell.

But some confusion is caused by Ellis' allusion to the elaborate tomb of Pomare II of which not only a sketch exists made by Captain R. Elliott, R.N., in 1822 appearing in Ellis' "Polynesian Researches" but also the following detailed description by 2 eye witnesses, Mss<sup>rs</sup> Tyerman and Bennet sent out as a Deputation from the L.M.S. in London to inspect and report upon every Missionary and Station under its control the world over. These men were on Tahiti in 1823 and describe the Tomb as follows:

*"The tomb consists of a stone building 10 feet long by 8 feet broad and raised above the ground about 4 feet : over this is raised a roof of wood which rests on the walls of the Tomb on the 2 sides. In one of the gable ends, which are filled up with boards, is a door through which the coffin has been introduced and which now stands within covered with black cloth and supported by a scaffold. This Tomb is enclosed in a wooden built and plastered house, the door of which is carefully nailed up. There is a small window."*

They made no mention of the surrounding fence which the sketch shows, an oversight probably.

It must be recalled that the First Pomare died suddenly in a canoe on Matavai Bay and was buried in 1803 at one of his several residences in "Opore". He had one residence at Papaoa facing the lagoon where he met his death. It seems altogether likely that his grave was dug there, and possibly then — though the custom was against it — and when his son died the intention was to bury him nigh where his father lay. That was in 1821, but not for the present was it the purpose to commit the body to the ground.

We read of the elaborate erections made for previous Great Chiefs such as Vehiatua at Tautira, and a Tomb as described above was raised for Pomare II. It would not last long, it was not expected to as with others like it. We see by the constant rebuilding of the various Chapels how the weather and the poor materials played havoc with buildings in those days. The time came when that tomb was falling to pieces. Something as usual had to be done. The coffin therefore was interred in the ground beneath it — no year as yet come across when this was done. Nearby was his father's grave, still more probably having gone through the same process. The son's tomb was the last of its kind to be raised on Tahiti.

Shortly after his own death, his son the Boy King was interred close by, then came in due course the interment of the wives of Pomare II : his kin would claim the right, as we white residents have seen it today, and privilege : the Pomare Burial Ground became a recognized fact. To safe guard these graves from roaming animals, especially the uprooting pig, a wall was necessary and stands today encircling the various graves as a whole, not scattered more or less amid the underbrush.

The Tomb as reported by the Deputation was raised "within 2 or 3 yards" of the dwelling shown in the sketch to the left side which Pomare Vahine and her baby nephew — now a King — made their home. No Papeete for her. She, not her sister, was both Mother and virtual Queen. The pleasures of life appealed too strongly to Terito.

“The Queen’s House” was also reported by the Deputation as “*very near*” the 200 yards long Royal Mission Chapel so all 3 were close together. Vain search had long been made for any evidence of the actual site of that weird building. The Pomare Burial Ground today settles its position : first the graveyard nigh the seashore, next the Queen’s House close thereto, next the Chapel “*very near*”, all 3 in line along the shore of the lagoon.

The last named stood on property then known and still known as Outuaiai which extends to the Point on which the marae Ahutoru once stood where now is a native Church and the Mausoleum of Pomare V.

“The Queen’s House” was in course of time falling to pieces and not renovated. In place of it the building on the opposite side of the Tomb, once the home of both the first and the second Pomare, was repaired for use. It is still known to all as “The King’s House”. Here Prince Hinoi died in 1916.



**Tomb of Pomare, at Papaoa**

## The Coronation of Pomare III

April 21, 1824.

From a contemporary native witness :

*There were two classes of people in that ceremony, some were ungodly and others were godly.*

1. *Those who carried the Tiari and the Oroa (flowers) were Mauihiuiti Vahine, Teraimano Vahine, Tuehau Vahine (women), and Tehapai. They threw the flowers along the road.*
2. *Next were the children of the missionaries and their wives.*
3. *Next was Mahine. His office was to carry the Word of God. Mess<sup>rs</sup> Tyerman and Nott were on his right; Mess<sup>rs</sup> Bennet and Henry on his left : they assisted Mahine.*
4. *Next were the missionaries.*
5. *Next to them was Utomi. He carried the Laws : he was assisted by Paofai on his right and by Paraita on his left.*
6. *Next was Tati who carried the Crown <sup>115</sup> : Hapoto on his right, Onee on his left.*
7. *Next to them was Pomare and the people who carried him, namely Taitu mataata, Heivae, Uoho and Laaviri on his right, Teupoopaari, Piriui, Roura and Tehope on his left. Aita Vahine, Maihara Vahine, Tenania Vahine (women) were also on his left : and Ta'aroa Vahine (mother), Aimata (sister) and Teratane (aunt) on his right.*
8. *Next was Pomare's hunoa (the betrothed of his sister), Tamatoa on his right hand and Tahitoe on his left.*
9. *Next was Fenuapeho. He carried the table to place the Crown upon : Pahititia carried the oil (coconut) for anointing the King : all the Governors and District Judges assisted them.*
10. *We went inland by way of Taipu : it was there where Pomare III was crowned.*
11. *Then all the Royal party, the Governors, the missionaries, all the Judges and the society were assembled together.*

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<sup>115</sup> Tyerman and Bennet (1841) note that “The crown was somewhat in the form of the English royal crown, very neatly made of purple velvet; the fillet and wings covered with broad gold lace enriched with some very fine pearls and valuable stones.” This description differs somewhat from the crown in the *Musée de Tahiti et des îles*, shown below, which has been attributed to Pomare III. WWB states below that “The Museum exhibits are those of Pomare V.”



12. *After M<sup>r</sup> Crook, the priest, finished prayer, M<sup>r</sup> Henry anointed the King and placed the Crown upon his head.*

13. *M<sup>r</sup> Nott read the Laws and pardoned all the guilty. M<sup>r</sup> Wilson exhorted the King. M<sup>r</sup> Davies prayed and M<sup>r</sup> Jones read a hymn. M<sup>r</sup> Wilson prayed. When finished we returned to Outuaiai. There M<sup>r</sup> Henry prayed. These were the Words of God, "Exalt the King and fear God." There it finished.*

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Ellis however states that it was Nott who placed the Crown on the child's head. Henry moreover states, writing from Moorea on October 15, 1845 (21 years later), "*King Pomare III that young Prince whom I anointed on the occasion and on whose head my late reverend Brother Nott placed the Crown.*"

From a very full and detailed description which appeared in the "Sydney Gazette" of February 17, 1825 and which was taken from the publication "Missionary Report" of 1824 the following excerpts are taken :

*This was an event which excited great interest among the people of Tahiti, Eimeo and the Leeward islands, it being the first Coronation that has taken place since they embraced Christianity and should consequently be a precedent for time to come.*

*All the Kings and Chiefs of the 5 Leeward islands with their attendants were present.*

*The entire number of the natives was computed at 8,000. Brother Darling was the Master of Ceremonies having been appointed to take the direction of the whole matter.*

(He appears to have been highly efficient.)

*In a field about half a mile distant from Brother Nott's house were 2 stone platforms, one raised higher than the other, which had been erected for the convenience of performing the ceremony. The upper platform was occupied by the little King (3 years and 10 months old) seated on his chair in the middle with the Canopy over his head, the table placed before him upon which the Crown was placed in the centre, the Bible on its right side, the Laws on its left, with a small vial <sup>117</sup> containing the anointing Oil.*

*The Queen (mother), and her daughter (Aimata) as also their Aunt (Pomare Vahine) were seated close at his hand. The missionaries and the Supreme Judges were seated on either side of him. Brother Davies who was appointed to act as Speaker for the infant sat close by him. The white women and their children were seated at each end of this platform.*

*On the lower platform sat the Governors, the District Judges and the magistrates with their wives. Singers were placed on either side of both platforms. The people stood around.*

*The King was conveyed to the scene seated on his chair which was carried by 4 stout boys, sons of Chiefs, 4 others supporting the Canopy over his head.*

<sup>116</sup> The translation is also found in WWB's article, *The Boy King of Tahiti and His Crowning*, in the 23 June 1937 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 45-46, in Part VII.

<sup>117</sup> WWB has *viol*.

*The Crown and all the King's dress was made by M<sup>rs</sup> Nott and does her great credit, especially when it is considered the difficulty she had in collecting the materials.*

*Brother Nott now took the Crown from the table and put it on the King's head saying "Pomare! I crown thee King of Tahiti." Here the people gave 3 shouts, saying "Long live the King."*

There is a naive

*N.B. The king looked exceedingly well in his robe and Crown : but it was with difficulty that he was kept still.*

In the Papeete Museum there is preserved a Crown of gold-washed metal, as also a Sceptre and a Sword of State. These clearly have no connection with the infant, for, as we see, M<sup>rs</sup> Nott made the Crown, most likely of whale-bone and flowers. The Museum exhibits are those of Pomare V.

"The field" is still known as Taipu, close adjoining Outuaiai whither the King and the crowd went after the Crowning for the inevitable Sermon of which the Text is given.



## The Boy King's Treaty

In the "Australian" for March 10, 1827 there appeared a long letter dated from the island of Huahine January 16, 1827. It was sent forward by the ship Rolla. The name of the writer is not appended. The visit of Captain Jones in the Peacock is referred to in the following excerpt :

*That Uncle Jonathan has an idea that these islands with their matchless harbours and abundance would be a very fine thing for his ships to run into in case of war, he has accordingly tried a piece of cunning with the Tahitian chiefs to get them to place America on the same footing with the most favoured nations and to pledge themselves to protect these ships in case of being followed by an enemy into these ports, on failure of which he would then turn round and say you have promised so and so, you have failed to perform, and now as you cannot afford us protection we must take possession of your lands, build batteries and of course colonize the islands.*

*The sloop of war the Peacock came to Tahiti with this object, whose Commander, Captain Jones, a very quiet kind of a man, first anchored here, then there, till he met with a missionary whom he could mould and handle to his purpose, not divulging his project to the rest. Such a man he found whose vanity was greater than his judgement and prudence, and who imposed upon by sophisticated constructions of what he knew nothing about and had no business with, induced 2 chiefs and the young King to sign the instrument which will probably breed a serious difference between England and America. At Raiatea he was decisively repulsed through the manly and enlightened conduct of the Reverend Williams.*

It was undoubtedly Orsmond who was the missionary referred to, as he alone of the Band dabbled in politics, and had charge of the Boy King at his school at Afareaitu on Moorea.

In Crook's Journal, under date of August 30, 1826 we read, "*I proceeded by boat to Wilks' Harbour. Brother Orsmond had just arrived on board the Peacock with the young King, and a number of cannon were fired on the occasion.*"

The Boy King evidently paid a Courtesy Visit soon after, and the following is taken from the Farewell letter to him from Captain Jones :

*U.S. Sloop of war Peacock*

*Papeete. September 1<sup>st</sup> 1826*

*"... I congratulate myself of having the first ship of war belonging to the United States of North America which has ever visited the Kingdom of Tahiti, and return you my sincere thanks for the honour you have conferred upon me by your visit to the Peacock this day.*

*"At your tender age you cannot justly appreciate the inestimable blessing which the propagation of the Gospel has poured upon your people, but it will be a proud theme of future contemplation to know that your late illustrious and lamented father was an able instrument in the hands of his Maker to bring about this great work of the Lord.*

*"King Pomare, it is with the deepest interest I contemplate your high calling. Never forget that kings were made for and by the people and the people for kings.*

*“The time is now approaching when I must bid adieu to you and your people most probably for ever. Be assured that the very kind attention I have received from the people of Tahiti will never be effaced from my recollection.”*

He asks the young King to use his influence in favour of

*“those faithful missionaries of the Cross to which you owe everything : above all the kind friend, who has adopted you as one of his own family, is entitled to your boundless and unceasing gratitude.”*

He forwards

*“a likeness of the great Father of my Country the illustrious Washington, a man whose character you would do well to study and whose virtues the most favoured may be proud to imitate.”*

The paper used by the Captain was evidently supplied to him by his missionary friend. It bears the British Crown on its watermark.

Nott had the supervision of this child at Papaoa (Arué) till he became a schoolboy. It was Orsmond who was his Teacher : it was Orsmond who carried the dying boy from his home at Papeete and it was in Orsmond's arms that the Boy King died.

## The Beginnings of Papeete

### References

“Transactions of the Missionary Society” 1795–1815

“Polynesian Researches” Ellis. 1817–1822

“Voyage to the Pacific” Captain Beechey. 1831.

“Sea life 60 years ago” Captain Bayly. <sup>118</sup> 1885

“Command Papers presented to the British Parliament” 1822–1847.

### Maps.

Captain Cook’s — The Duff’s — Boenechea’s.

Research in the above answers the following Questions :

1. Was “Papeete” the original name of the general site where the present Town stands?

It was not. The general site was known colloquially as Nanu. The town is a growth from a straggling collection of native homes on various Family properties. It was to that straggling assemblage, with the Nanu — the “Long House” of the maps — its predominant feature that the name Nanu applied. It dropped out of use as a town developed.

2. How then did the name Papeete come about?

Alike from past Records and present day usage it is clear that stretching round the shore line of Nanu — from the present day ship yards to the Colonial Prison — were strips of Family property running back from the waterfront to a line which may be roughly outlined as the Rue des Remparts, thence to the Barracks and so to the Prison. These Family strips of property were as follows : 1. Fare-ute. 2. Vai nini ore. 3. Arupa. 4. Toruparé. 5. Pape-ete also known as Vai-ete. 6. Paofai. 7. Tipaerui.

Number 5 was wholly the Family property of the Pomares and roughly extended from the Diadème Hotel of today to the Hospital in its width and from the waterfront to the Barracks in depth. The Pomares had proprietary rights in some of the others. Number 2 was “Swampland” and was reclaimed for a habitable site by the “Embankment” later made under the French to divert the streams from the hills at the immediate back of the town into one channel and so to the sea.

The “Orovini” of today, lying at the back of N° 4 did not reach the waterfront whilst the present day “Umupua” at the back of N° 6 is clearly from its meaning “Lime Kiln” a much later addition.

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<sup>118</sup> WWB has *Bailey* here and elsewhere.

These 7 Family properties were distinct parcels of land and are still used colloquially by natives and many white folk to indicate where they reside in the present town, whilst Fare-ute, Paofai and of course Papeete are in constant use. When a town began to develop, business alone required one name, not seven, and the property of the now Royal Family naturally took precedence. Nanu was lost by the frequent use of the seven and the seven were absorbed into one — Papeete.<sup>119</sup>

3. Who brought about the change of centre from Arue?

It was gradual. Begun by Pomare II and hastened during the Regency for the Boy King, Pomare III, whose mother and the Regent Hitoti were living on the Pape-ete property of the Family in a house raised there by Pomare II.

4. When was Papeete finally established as the Capital?

It came when the “Parliament” in 1827 was held there in place of Arue’s Royal Mission Chapel as heretofore.

Making research by dates for proof of the above, we find — As to Nanu —

1. 1797. Maps. Captain Wilson of the Duff reporting his voyage with the missionaries entitles his map “*according to the survey taken by Captain Cook in 1769 and corrected by his later observations. The names of the places near the sea by W. Wilson*” who was on board and the Captain’s nephew. Cook’s earlier maps show “*Mattavai Bay*” also “*Papaouah*” and where Papeete now stands is marked “*Nawnoo*”. Wilson lets these stand.
2. The missionaries report a party of refugees from Eimeo (Moorea) having taken refuge “*on the small island that stands in Nannoo Bay*” — Motu-uta which maps write Motootoo.
3. The Spaniard Boenechea’s<sup>120</sup> map of 1772 is an entire blank as to both harbour and Papeete though he sent his armed launch under the command of Lieutenant Gayangos<sup>121</sup> on a complete circuit of Tahiti, starting from Tautira. The trip took from the 5<sup>th</sup> to the 10<sup>th</sup> of December. Gayangos touched at Matavai, then he “*brought up in a bay having 14 fathoms and fine black sand*”, Arue today, thence “*proceeded to coast along inside the reef until we saw an opening*”, the Taunua Pass today, and “*thence kept to the open sea*” missing the adjoining harbour — Papeete’s of today<sup>122</sup> — altogether.

As to the waterfront properties.

1. 1775. The Diary kept by Maximo Rodriguez, the young and enterprising Spaniard left by Boenechea with the priests. He made a complete tour of Tahiti starting from Tautira and reports that on July 5 he reached Matavai, on July 6 he reached “*Oparre*”, on July 7 and 8 he stayed with Tu — the first Pomare. On July 9 he writes “*I started off by land. I saw the whole of Oparre. We arrived about midday at the place they call E-fare-ura. I had to stay the night there (Fare-ute) owing to rain coming on.*” On July 10 he reached Faaa. He must needs have passed through present day Papeete but makes no mention of its existence.

<sup>119</sup> See also *The Story of Papeete’s Name* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

<sup>120</sup> [Domingo de Bonechea Andonaegui \(1713–1775\)](#)

<sup>121</sup> Tomás Gayangos

<sup>122</sup> WWB has *the Papeete’s of today*.

As to E fare ura, the E is a prefix, a Tahitian custom, the name itself following. Ura and Ute with the accent on the U alike mean Flame, Fire, Red : Ute with the accent on the E means Song, Fare means house. The Nanu — The Long House — was there, either stained red with the juices of the mati and the tou plants or once burned down. The use of Ura prohibits the interpretation of Ute as the house of Song nor is it so pronounced today.

2. 1838. Until the French Protectorate “Ordnance maps” were unknown to Papeete. When the French commenced to lay out the town, “Papeete” had for many years absorbed the other 6 names. Other portions added to the original ones, though correct at the time of their drafting and no “proof” of what was long years before.
3. 1844. The British Consulate stood in Paofai where it stands today. Queen Pomare wrote an Appeal to her people from there, dated January 10 heading it “Paofai” though she lived in “Papeete”. This custom continues to the present day, the waterfront properties retain their individuality though they have long passed from the possession of the original Family owners.

As to the town’s gradual development.

- 1797–1803. Years of the first Pomare. Throughout these years as recorded by the missionaries, Nanu was the name by which alone Papeete was known to all. Jefferson on a tour of Pare — having left Arue accompanied by a native guide on the 4<sup>th</sup> of October 1798 — records no “Papeete” but gives a fresh name to the Bay. His guide called it “*Tow-po*” and at Fare ute pointed out a house on the Point as belonging to Pomare, evidence of those proprietary rights in other strips than that of his own special strip which in years to come was to give its name to the whole.
- 1803–1821. Years of the second Pomare. Up to this period Nanu was a closed harbour, and the first vessel to make the then dangerous Pass through the Barrier reef is so far a matter of conjecture. Neither Wallis nor Cook nor Bligh nor Vancouver make any mention of that harbour. The most likely ones to dare the narrow passage were whalers whose Captains dared anything, and these were — around 1810–1820 — beginning to frequent these waters regularly, using Huahine as their headquarters which lay on the whalers’ track to and from the Antarctic. With whalers there followed of necessity Traders and a Settlement which gradually evolved itself into a town.
1812. So far as at Present known, the first mention of “Papeete” as against “Nanu” is from the pen of Pomare II who on “*Friday September 25. 1812*” wrote to his missionary friends on Moorea from “*Papeite, Taheite*”. It was in July of the same year that Pomare having declared for Christianity — which was true — and that he had done with war — which was untrue — was allowed by his enemies who had driven him off Tahiti in 1808 to return to his Chieftainship in Paré-Arué. No missionary returned with him, none settled on Tahiti till 1817, after he had attained to Kingship. He was alone and corresponded with those on Moorea as well as with those at Botany Bay, some of whom were returning to assist Nott, the one “Original” who had stood fast by Pomare’s side. By the above mentioned letter written with his own hand, having learned to write from the year 1803 and attaining great efficiency during his exile — 1808 to 1812 — it is evident that he was favouring his property in Nanu as against his old time residence at Arué.
1815. With Pomare II’s now settled position as Paramount Chief — or King — and war over at last, he made steady use of Motu-uta as a retreat during his last years and had raised a residence for himself on his Family property Pape-ete. The small islet was part of that property. Now a resident, his property became the main property along the waterfront, the rest “secondary” and



Papeete now became an established and recognized name for the whole as correspondence shows.

1816. Davies after a 15 years residence, on making a tour of the whole island afoot writes in his Journal : “*November 27. Left Papaoa — Arué — early in the morning and came to Pape-ete or Nanu.*”
1818. Ellis coming to Tahiti from Huahine in April writes : “*I directed their attention to the mountains in the vicinity of Matavai and Papeete.*” He reports a missionary being stationed at Papeete and that a Chapel had been built. He tells of “*500 present at a service*” and that “*on the brow of a hill*” — where today is the Semaphore and the Mission School for Teachers or natives in training for pastorships — Crook had built his residence “*inconvenient on account of its distance from the Settlement*”. He shows further that ships were by then using the harbour, for writing of the arrival of the Tuscan from England he mentions its first anchorage at the old spot Matavai “*but the next morning proceeded to Papeete*”.

1822–1827. Years of the Regency.

1824. Ariitaimai in her “Memoirs” speaking of her mother, Marama of Moorea, but a resident, since her marriage, of Papara, notes her reluctance to have anything at all to do with Papeete. No native tradition or dignity was associated with it and it grew in importance solely on account of its harbour.
1825. Captain Bayly anchored his vessel at Papeete opposite the native Chapel. He anchored the Saint Patrick at the usual spot Matavai but moved to Papeete where already there were 2 American ships and a whaler.
1826. Captain Beechey writes that the Queen Regent — Teriitaria — lived at Papeete. She had had to take the position Hitoti had held and was thus forced to leave her house in Arue. The British Consul, other Europeans and some of the missionaries lived at Taunoa — Gayangos’ Pass lies opposite thereto. It was Thomas Elley the Vice Consul <sup>123</sup> who was the resident.

Captain Charlton of the schooner Active was the first British Consul but was a resident of Hawaii. In 1825 he had been appointed to both the Hawaiian and the “Georgian” islands and sailed between the two groups.

Beechey further says that the best port is neither Matavai nor Papeete but “Papawa anchorage” — in Arué. It was at that anchorage that Bligh after leaving Matavai anchored the Bounty, there to load the breadfruit saplings he had come for. Here be it noted, Teuira Henry in “Ancient Tahiti” is in error or there is a miss print as to Bligh’s moving from Matavai to “Papeete”. At Bligh’s date, 1789, there was no Papeete.

1827 onward. Years of Queen Pomare.

In the home of Papeete the young Queen had passed most of her life with her mother and here she remained throughout. Arue to her was only a country change though business would often follow her there as happened with her first interview with fathers Laval and Caret.

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<sup>123</sup> Captain Thomas Augustine Elley served as British vice-consul in Tahiti in 1826–1827.

She set her stamp upon Papeete from the very first as (1) the permanent Royal residence and (2) her Seat of Power. The one step left to create it her capital followed.

Arue, a countryside village, was left for good as the Seat of "Parliament" where the laws of the island were made, the essential foundation of a Capital. Papeete was no longer a village, it had developed into a town. An engraving of Papeete made in 1828 shows over one dozen storehouses scattered along the waterfront : and another of 1829 shows a Public Hall, a Mission House, the native Chapel and Schoolhouse, with 3 British whalers and H.M.S. Satellite in port. It was in that year that Moerenhout landed as he says "*at the port of Papeete*".

There is no need to proceed further down the years as Papeete's leading position on Tahiti was assured.

As to the first Parliament.

In 1824 during the Regency for Pomare III, the Code of Laws drawn up under Pomare II in 1819 and confirmed by a "General Assembly" of Chiefs and the public at Papaoa were revised and enlarged at a similar gathering at Papaoa on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of February. At this "General Assembly" 2 of the most important changes were :

1. The Monarchy to be a Limited not an Absolute one.
2. A Parliament, not a General Assembly, to meet yearly.

This Parliament not to be attended by all the Chiefs and the general public but (a) by all the Chiefs and (b) by 2 Representatives elected by each of the Districts : these to hold office for 3 years.

This first Tahitian Parliament met in 1826 as usual in Papaoa and was then transferred under the title of "Legislative Assembly" to the new Sovereign Queen Pomare's Seat of Power, Papeete. It has been the Capital therefore since 1827.

#### NOTE.

Further references to "Nanu" in the daily Journal of the missionaries are as follows:

*"October 19. 1804. The great idol Oro is brought back from Eimeo and landed on the islet in Nannoo Bay.*

*"January 20. 1806. Nine of the brethren went down to Nanu to meet the King.*

*"May 25. 1807. A canoe with a human sacrifice arrived at Matavai from Nanu."*

## The Consul Pritchard

George Pritchard <sup>124</sup> arrived at Papeete as a missionary in 1824. He was married and his children were numerous as the years passed on. After 13 years service, complaints against the Consul Charlton as to his frequent long absences and his trading in “*spirituous liquors*” — against the local laws — were so pronounced that the British Government decided on a change. Thomas Elley, the Vice Consul, was anxious to withdraw.

In February 1837 Pritchard received the appointment. He was strongly supported by the prominent white residents as well as by the Queen and leading Chiefs but he was required by the L.M.S. to resign as a missionary and as one of the local Staff; the latter he did but the former not at once.

As to his removal from his post as Consul, his strenuous actions at Papeete were throughout not condemned at Home, “*far from wishing to express any disapprobation of your conduct*” the British Government considered “*that it would be more conducive, as well to your own comforts as to the good understanding between Great Britain and France*” that he should be replaced “*by some person who had been in no way connected with the transactions which have taken place within the last two years.*” (From the Foreign Office Records, April 10, 1844.)

No request at any time was made by the French Government for his removal. (Command Papers N° 173.)

The above official letter was posted after it was known at Home that he had struck his Flag on November 7, 1843 — a very serious action unless fully justified — but before his arrest by the French on March 3, 1844 was known in England, an action which roused its ire and sympathy very strongly.

After leaving Papeete he acted for some years as Consul at Apia — Samoa — from which post he retired to the south of England where he died on May 6, 1883, aged 86.

His Indemnity long “held fire”. There was intense opposition to it in the Chamber of Deputies at Versailles. The Earl of Aberdeen allowed him to draw Two Thousand Pounds on the British Treasury in advance of the French payment; and nothing further officially being on record it is surmized that the French Government paid the sum agreed upon between the 2 countries under subterfuge so as to prevent its formal appearance in their Budget and any further bitter feeling in the 2 Parliaments. But his own son writing in 1866 denies it. One of his sons — W. T. <sup>125</sup> — followed in his father’s footsteps, becoming British Consul at Fiji and became as much “a thorn in the flesh” to his own Government as his father had been to the French. His appointment was cancelled. His troubles however came from an exactly opposite cause from his father’s : the latter was too narrow, the former too liberal in his attitude towards religious bodies : narrow minds combined against him and the Foreign Office of his day would fain be rid of a troublesome matter, though it was he who brought about the cession of Fiji to the Mother Country.

Pritchard’s reluctance to retire wholly from missionary work was, as given out by him, due to the fact that his Consular duties occupied only a few hours a week. It led to much internal trouble in the mission and had no small influence on the troubles which befell Tahiti as a whole. The brethren took great exception, whilst one of them wrote Home — December 4, 1837 — “*The Chiefs and the Churches seem to detest the idea of a missionary becoming a Consul*”, the spiritual according to both

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<sup>124</sup> [George Pritchard \(1796–1883\)](#)

<sup>125</sup> [William Thomas Pritchard \(1829–1907\)](#)

the Brethren and the natives should be kept clearly distinct from the material. Opposition went so far that when he stepped outside Papeete to hold a Service, the Chapel emptied at his appearance. He refused however to retire from his attitude as a voluntary agent and found sufficient backing in 1840 in his home town to be elected as sole pastor of the native Church in Papeete, his congregation paying his salary. But that same year saw the end of his dual duties. He went to England at its close, not to return till 1843 when Consular work demanded his whole time till his retirement.



**M<sup>r</sup> George Pritchard**

He was the leader in the opposition to what was held to be French aggression, but he had antagonized many who should have stood firmly by his side. There were therefore divided counsels and confusion where unity was essential. His brethren — with the exception of Orsmond — rallied to his aid but he had lost the full grip which the pioneers of his Calling had held heretofore upon the natives. His hands were further weakened by the steady growth in feeling against the Brethren in general for engaging in trade and barter.

Christians all by now, as the natives were, they drew a line not realizing the cause. The meagre salaries received from Home were utterly insufficient to support wives and children. They were forced to engage in trade or go without essentials such as clothing, medicines and imported supplies.

The erratic Orsmond put it bluntly up to the Directors at Home. "*December 25. 1837. We are a set of trading priests, our closets are neglected and our cloth disgraced.*" The fault lay in London but the local men got the contumely and the blame. Money — once of no account on the island — had become a necessity for living; the Brethren were thus forced into commercial pursuits to secure it and so lost caste.

Upon Pritchard's appointment there was a change made as to Consular jurisdiction. The Hawaiian Islands were dropped and the Friendly Islands — the Cook Group <sup>126</sup> — took their place. This is to be read of in a letter from him to the then Governor of New South Wales, Sir Richard Bourke, <sup>127</sup> dated "*Tahiti November 25. 1837. I have the honour to inform Your Excellency by the earliest opportunity, that as His Britannic Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint me as Consul for these and the Friendly Islands, I shall at all times be happy to receive from Your Excellency any suggestions relative to my official duties.*"

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<sup>126</sup> "Friendly Islands" refers to Tonga, so named by Cook in 1773.

<sup>127</sup> [Richard Bourke \(1777–1855\)](#)



## The Consul Moerenhout

Jacques Antoine Moerenhout,<sup>128</sup> who unfortunately played so sinister a part in this French Period, was by birth a Belgian. He arrived on Tahiti in 1829, a roamer, then supercargo of a trading schooner and settled down as a merchant. A man of good education “*of engaging manners and highly intelligent*” he combined literary ability with his business interests, writing first at Papeete his “*Voyage aux Îles du Grand Océan*”<sup>129</sup> containing much of the then known history as well as the customs, the religions and the governments of Polynesia.

His conduct, however, quickly brought him into conflict with the Authorities, the Queen, the Chiefs in control under her and of course the missionaries. Securing a long lease on property of the Arupa Family on the waterfront, he raised home and storehouse and took as his mistress the wife of a native of that Family who bore him a son to bear and retain his name.

He was a determined purveyor of “spirituous liquors” to the natives in open defiance of the law later passed — March 1834 — and “*consorted with the ungodly and depraved*”.

Travelling oft between Tahiti and the Americas he brought home an American wife.<sup>130</sup> In 1832 he left for France, taking his MS with him where in Paris he saw it through the Press. He returned to Papeete by way of the United States, securing on his way home — through influence unknown — the post of the first American Consul for Tahiti. He reached his post January 1834.

When in November 1836 trouble first arose with France over the arrival of the priests Laval and Caret he was, as ever, “at outs” with all in authority especially the religious leaders, Pritchard, his chief enemy, the great friend and counsellor of the Queen and soon to become the British Consul. When the 2 priests were ordered aboard, Moerenhout in open defiance “*provided them with shelter in a small cottage of his*” some 200 yards from Consulate soil and openly threatened retaliation upon their being forced to leave. He saw the matter through with entire success.

His conduct in general was so flagrant that appeal was made to Washington in December 1836 for his dismissal since he was a law unto himself. When Du Petit Thouars first appeared upon the scene — 1838 — the request having been granted, his formal dismissal was on the way, Blackler<sup>131</sup> being appointed in his place. He forestalled the indignity through the Commodore’s action in appointing him as the first French Consul, but he would pay Tahiti back.

His bitterness was increased by a wanton attack made on him by a couple of ruffians, beachcombers, a negro and a white man at his home in the early hours of June 10, 1838 just prior<sup>132</sup> to Thouars’ arrival. Papeete was infested with Tutaeauri as the Tahitians called them, lawless vagabonds, escaped convicts, deserters from ships, men living by violence and the oppression of the lower class of natives.

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<sup>128</sup> [Jacques Antoine Moerenhout](#) was born January 17, 1796 in Echren, Antwerp, Belgium, and died July 13, 1879 in Los Angeles, California. See also Eric Ramsden’s article, *M. Moerenhout*, in the 25 June 1935 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 37–38, in Part VII.

<sup>129</sup> WWB has *Voyage aux Iles du Grand Océan*.

<sup>130</sup> Moerenhout married [Petronilla Garcia De La Huerta](#) in 1833 in Valparaiso, Chile; she was born 1818 in Valparaiso and died 1838 in Papeete. He subsequently married [Rooino Tehoro](#) in 1840; she was born 1824 on Tahiti and died in 1871.

<sup>131</sup> Samuel R. Blackler (died 1844)

<sup>132</sup> WWB has *priore*.

These ruffians attacked him with axe and knife marking him for life, and in the struggle turned on his wife who died of her wounds a few days later. The negro was hanged for the murder. He was not out for revenge on all these grounds and the Commodore became unwittingly his instrument. The various British Commanders whilst insisting on fair play all round were unanimous as to Moerenhout. They reported Home “*a clever rogue*”, “*a man occupied in intrigue and villainy*”, “*vengeful*”, “*making dupes of his friends whether native or white*”, “*the main cause of all the trouble*”, “*ceaseless in provoking animosity all round*”.

His immediate triumph was his appointment as French Consul — 1838 — and with that in his hands he worked ceaselessly to undermine the authority of the Queen. He went to great lengths, for when on Thouars’ second visit — 1842 — a Treaty as to a French Protectorate was demanded and the Regent Paraita — the Queen being absent on Moorea — with 3 other Chiefs of the Queen’s Council hesitated to sign it aboard the French man-of-war, Moerenhout — as they later on witnessed in writing — took them ashore to his home and when they still hesitated offered them a bribe of a thousand Spanish dollars each for their signature. They signed. Later they protested their action but in vain. Too late. He won. France had gained control despite the missionaries.

At the reiterated request of the British Government for his removal “*as an evil influence*” and “*an impediment to peace*” he was dropped as French Consul in 1843 : but was retained at Bruat’s side as “*Director of Native Police*”. This not satisfying the British Government much he was given the post of French Consul at Monterey — California — and left Tahiti for good in June 1846, taking with him his young daughter<sup>133</sup> by his murdered wife who lived, married and died in that State.

His halfcaste son lived out the lease which then lapsed back to the sole living representative of the Arupa Family — Turia — who after losing the greater portion of her considerable and valuable inheritance through careless handling and the chicanery of others, parted with the remnant for an Annuity. She was the daughter of Moerenhout’s discarded mistress, her father a negro. Born in 1866, she became a notorious “*woman of the town*” proud and overbearing. She died in 1937.

An outsider’s opinion of Moerenhout appeared in the “*Southern Cross*” newspaper published at Auckland N.Z. dated April 13, 1844. “(Excerpt) *Statement by Captain Daldy*<sup>134</sup> *of the schooner Shamrock dated at sea March 22. 1844. The principal agent of the French in all these matters is M. Moerenhout whose character is given in the “Dublin Magazine” very correctly*<sup>135</sup> *as “The Belgian grogseller”, then American Consul who broke his trust and was dismissed, then French spy and Consul, now man of all work such as bribing Chiefs, giving them uniforms, and they can always get grog at his home prohibited by law and his title is Director of Police. There is a law that no one shall sell or use spirits. The French if friends of M. Moerenhout do it openly and no notice is taken, but should an Englishman do it his house is closed for 8 days for the first offence and for the second he is expelled from the island. There is a law against Drunkenness : plenty of French to be seen drunk on the beach but no notice is taken. There is a law against bathing in public, yet at noonday you may see the crew of the Governor’s own barge bathing within 10 yards of the most public thoroughfare. The fact is a Frenchman, if not an enemy of M. Moerenhout, may break the laws with impunity but woe to any other European. I do not state this from mere hearsay : I have both seen and felt the partiality which the laws — if any exist — are administered.”*

<sup>133</sup> [Emma Arit Moerenhout \(1838–?\)](#)

<sup>134</sup> [William Crush Daldy \(1816–1903\)](#). WWB has *Dalby*.

<sup>135</sup> WWB has *correctly*.

## List of American Consuls and Vice Consuls Appointed for Tahiti

Consuls		Vice Consuls	
1.	Moerenhout, J. A. 1834		
2.	Blackler, S. R. <sup>136</sup> 1839		
3.	Kelly, W. H. 1851	Chapman, G. R. 1845	
4.	Owner, H. 1857	Kelly, W. H. 1848	
5.	Turner, V. 1858	Grey, E. L. 1850	
6.	Vandon, J. 1862	Manning, W. W. 1856	
7.	Perkins, F. A. 1868	Cushing, C. 1860	
8.	Atwater, D. 1871	Young, J. J.	
9.	Doty, F. L. 1888	Hart, J. 1891	
10.	Doty, W. F. 1902	Williams, W. J. 1910–1914	
11.	Dreher, J. D. 1906	Mersman, S. 1925	
12.	Winship, N. 1910	Rand, E. B. 1933	
13.	Goodyear, J. H. 1913	Cobb, G. C. 1937	
14.	Layton, T. B. 1913		
15.	Withey, H. F. 1919		
16.	Boyle, L. V. 1924		
17.	Garrety, W. P. 1929		
18.	De Lambert, R. M. 1941		

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<sup>136</sup> WWB has *Blackler, S. N.*

## The Missionary Orsmond

One missionary, as a disturbing influence on Tahiti during these troublous years, calls for special notice. J. M. Orsmond <sup>137</sup> took a decided stand, so much so that he was struck off the L.M.S. local staff.

He was undoubtedly of an eccentric character and unbalanced mind (Command Papers N° 255) but his work in research — “Ancient Tahiti” — was both exhaustive, able and brilliant whilst his entry into politics was both impolitic and unwise.

An extraordinary letter of his to Lord Aberdeen, a mixture of history and hearsay, “*to cast a ray of light upon the great Tahiti Question*” must have caused his Lordship some anxiety as to the mental condition of the writer.

And Queen Pomare writes on August 30, 1844 from Raiatea to her loyal friends on Tahiti, “*I am greatly perplexed by M<sup>r</sup> Orsmond. He is entreating me to become French.*” He had written to her “*Give your entire confidence to their proposals, the French shall be your refuge, your arm and your cannon.*”

Consul-General Miller had had to write sternly to him “*for assurance by you that you will for the future observe the strictest neutrality.*” He seems to have been drawn to the interests of the French owing to Moerenhout’s American wife <sup>138</sup> having lived under his roof during her husband’s absence in Paris in 1832, a close intimacy being thus established between the two men, one simple minded, the other an intriguer. He became intimate also with Bruat and unfortunately betrayed to him a private communication made by Lord Aberdeen — through Pritchard the Consul — to the mission band and to them only, which Bruat published in a Proclamation as the settled policy of the British Government as to the Protectorate. For this betrayal of trust in chief, he was retired from the Staff on Tahiti, his bias also making it impossible to work in harmony with the rest.

He remained on, supported by those natives who had been won over to the French side and 1851 became Pastor of the native Church at Papeete, the L.M.S. having by then withdrawn most of their staff. (See *The Protestant Viewpoint of Tahiti’s Troubles* under the heading *From previous and later Reports of the L.M.S. Directors.*) He died April 23, 1856 on his way to Sydney, N.S.W. for the benefit of his health and was buried at sea.

There is however another view of his disturbing influence, namely that of the man himself which is very fully, very plainly even if erratically stated. It is to be found in a letter of his — dated 1849 — of great length written to members of “King Street Chapel” in Portsea, Hampshire, England whence he offered his services to the L.M.S. in 1816, <sup>139</sup> recounting what he had seen and suffered since his landing on Moorea — 1817. <sup>140</sup>

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<sup>137</sup> WWB has *J. H. Orsmund*.

<sup>138</sup> Moerenhout’s wife was from Valparaiso, Chile.

<sup>139</sup> A reference to Orsmond’s ordination as *Missionary to the Heathen* in King Street Chapel on December 22, 1815, can be found in [Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle, Volume 24, p. 117](#), Oxford University, 1816.

<sup>140</sup> This letter is widely referenced, particularly in regard to Pomare II having been reduced to an alcoholic by the missionaries, but the text was not found online.

Bengt Daniellson, in *Love In the South Seas* (1956, page 58), may be quoting from a copy of the letter that was found in the Papeete Museum, Tahiti: *Another missionary declares that ‘for deception, lasciviousness, fawning eulogy, shameless familiarity with men, and artful concealment of adulterers, I suppose no country can surpass Tahiti. She is the filthy*

He does not mince matters and the letter is very far from pleasant reading as to morals all round. There was a very seamy side to the earlier bands of missionaries, suppressed then and best ignored today, and the grossness of the natives despite their nominal adherence to Christianity from the King down, cannot in its definiteness be quoted here.

Pomare II is fully exposed as a vainglorious and tyrannical sot and Queen Pomare is spared nothing in his handling of Her Majesty. His efforts to mend and uplift things were from the very first rebuffed by the rest of the Band, whilst the grubby life they led, their constant quarrels and bickerings, their obsequiousness both to His and Her Majesties as well as their literary ignorance appalled him.

He felt and knew that the supporters of the mission at Home were being grossly deceived yet his hands were tied. His letters to the Directors were not acceptable. The curt and evasive reply was sent that his letters were expensive items — paid at their end — but that they hoped to hear from him through their magazine.

He refutes the charge that he betrayed his brethren. He states that Bruat had a newspaper copy of the supposed private letter. It is evident that he suffered for what he felt was right. The French provided him with a stipend, till then he was forced to sell all he had that was saleable, salt pork and breadfruit for him and his their daily fare, shoes were a luxury, clothing called loudly for repair, some black cloth his “Sabbath Best” was a thoughtful and generous gift from the French when badly needed. Whatever may be said of him, for or against, we of today through his remarkable research work in “Ancient Tahiti” are deeply in his debt.

There came into the writer’s possession the rough copy of another letter of Orsmond’s — incomplete — written during the struggle between the Patriots and the French, sent to a D<sup>r</sup> Raffles at Home. It is unsigned of course but unmistakably his and has a righteous place in this Sketch of his day. It reads :

*Taiarabu 11 September 1845.*

*“Be still and know that I am God.”*

*The Protectorate and the Ministry.*

*The Protectorate.*

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*Sodom of the South Seas. On her shores chastity, and virtue, find no place. The predominant theme of conversation from youth to old age is the filthy coition of the sexes. From the King and Queen to the lowest grade, all are alike guilty, and if secrecy can be obtained, a very small reward will seduce any female. Often among deacons and generally in all classes it is found that persons go from the bed of adultery to the Lord’s table and from thence to the same bed. In the shaking of hands, in presenting one thing to another, especially by the eyes, and toes, are signs ceaselessly given of a desire for copulation. It is the expected reward of almost every little act of kindness, while a nod of the head, or a little conversation, is enough to bring on the really innocent.*

Elsewhere, Orsmond, as quoted in [Edmond \(1997\), p. 121](#), states: “Tahiti is a vortex of iniquity, the Sodom of the Pacific and gazing stock to the world, a thorn in the eyes of the just. All contradiction, licentiousness and obsequiousness. Even now we dare not suffer our children to assemble with the native tribes. Virtue is not in Tahiti; chastity is unknown save in the presence of some only of the Missionaries.”

Orsmond also sent a 94-page report entitled *Look again, or a few observations on the affairs of Tahiti from 1845 to 1849 by an eye-witness* to the President of France; the report is available in the [Collection on French Polynesia, 1768-1882](#) at the Mitchell Library and at the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau (Microfilm PMB 73).



1. *The present day is a Day in which Divine Providence is cast into the shade, while Selfwill and National animosity riot on the elevated platform in Exeter Hall.*
2. *For the aborigenes of Tahiti, for merchants and Residents, the Protectorate is the very best thing that was ever established on her shores, and long may she prosper and be a blessing.*
3. *The Queen's ancestors were never so rich, powerful, independent, happy and respected as she now is and will be under the Protectorate of France.*
4. *In Moorea the Rev. A. Simpson saw it to be of so much importance that his advice perfectly swayed the Queen and she signed the Treaty for the Protectorate at his command.*
5. *The Queen never had power to enforce her own laws, much less had she skill to make them, but in every case on the arrival of a British ship-of-war from the coast or elsewhere, there were cases which she could not herself settle to be submitted to the Captain, by M<sup>r</sup> Pritchard's authority, for decision. He was Power and he was Law before which all trembled.*
6. *National animosity on the one hand and love of immense gain on the other have induced gentlemen and merchants to advise the people and the Queen never to come under the Protectorate of France or all would have been perfectly well from the very first day of Bruat's arrival.*
7. *In former days the merchants governed the island and the Queen. They sold whole cargoes and brought others but never paid a shilling for Licence, for Customs or Taxes. They were rich, the Queen miserably poor.*
8. *Now under the Protectorate, ships go and come as usual, whale ships in a state of mutiny are set to rights. Personal and relative rights are secured for the peaceful resident. The natives are not ordered to be Papists but are urged to attend to their own religion with assurances that no priests come to molest them.*
9. *To the concealment of Lord Aberdeen's letter and the underhand machinations of foreigners may be attributed the loss of all the blood on Tahiti.*
10. *Nothing but the best of feelings induced Louis Philippe of France to establish the Protectorate, but how has it and all who have befriended it been scorned at by those of other countries dwelling on Tahiti's shores.*

#### *The Ministry*

1. *The Ministry on Tahiti would rather see her inhabitants in intestine commotion for 2 years together than exhort them to sit down quietly and wait for the decision of France and England in the case.*
2. *The Ministry of England has not exerted half as much energy for the conversion of the dark corners of the Earth as they have done in opposing the Protectorate of France on Tahiti of which it seems to have such indistinct views.*
3. *Had the Ministry prayed more in the closet and spouted less in public assemblies to the annoyance of the Rulers of the Earth they would not only have maintained sweetness of temper but they would have become "terrible as an army with banners" and under their united prayers Victoria would have trembled as one of old did under the prayers of John Knox.*

4. *The strife about the Protectorate of Tahiti has effected no revival in religion : in all the ranting meetings no soul has been converted, yet how much time, strength and money have been wasted, while in many places the Ministry is loudly blamed.*
5. *The Ministry has not, by associated prayer with their flocks, become peacemakers but by irritability that wars against the soul they have sown the seeds of discord, blown the coals of strife and evidently lost sight of Divine Providence, if they have not even been fighting against God.*
6. *Bing was sacrificed to appease the fury of a mad populace, Luther was immolated to please the Devil's enemies, and you see D<sup>r</sup> Raffles I am sacrificed on the alter of Protectorate strife by the Christian ministry for receiving hospitalities of which all my brethren are equally guilty.*

## French Residents in 1842

Du Petit Thouars' complaint in 1842 that there was not a Frenchman on the island who had not some complaint to make, wherein Consul Moerenhout's hand is clearly to be seen, reads strangely as there were<sup>141</sup> but Nine upon Tahiti and the following their record : (Command Papers N° 270)

1. Lefèvre. "Tattooed Joe". He arrived in 1831 from the Marquesas. He was a great boaster and of a bad temper, forever quarrelling but never punished.
2. Nicholas. He came in 1839. He sold spirits and kept a Bad house. He was fined for breaking the law of the land.
3. Victor. He came in 1840. A cook on a ship. Of bad character, his behaviour similar to Nicholas, and also fined for breaking the law of the land.
4. Bremond. He came in 1834. A carpenter. Not so bad a character as the last 2 named but of similar behaviour and also fined.
5. Louis. He came in 1830. An upright man and never complained of.
6. Lucas. He came in 1838. Of good character and never complained of.
7. French William. He came in 1838. Beloved of all. He never complained.
8. Bernard. Resided here for the year 1841. Arrested for striking a constable in performance of his duty. At the American Consul's request he was set free. A respectable man, glad to get so easily out of his difficulty.
9. Maurac. He came here in 1828. In a dog fight a constable pushed him aside and Maurac knocked him down. Moerenhout demanded that the constable should be banished. It was felt that so great a punishment did not fit so trivial a crime.

Justice was not administered haphazardly but, under the guidance of the missionaries, had been instituted in regular and legal form. There was a Court with right of Appeal to a Supreme Court of Seven Judges of whom at that time the Chief Justice was Paofai. The Queen had the Sovereign's right of Pardon. With such poor material Du Petit Thouars, backed by the revengeful Moerenhout, claimed redress "*for the overbearing conduct of the Government*".

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<sup>141</sup> WWB is missing the word *were*.

## Divided Counsels

Though Queen Pomare and the body of missionaries as also numerous Chiefs were stoutly opposed to the demands of Du Petit Thouars in 1842 it must be placed alike on record that not all the British residents were on the Queen's side. Whether they were in Moerenhout's wild set it is impossible to say. Their subjoined letter to the Commadore was naturally in French, hence a translation is given. They seem to have omitted the day of the month but it followed after the Queen's letter of the 9<sup>th</sup> instant.

*Tahiti the     of September 1842*

*Sir,*

*We, the undersigned British residents of Tahiti desire to thank you for having accepted provisionally the request by which Queen Pomare has solicited the protection of His Majesty the King of the French in all which touches Her exterior relations with Foreign Powers; and we are happy to see an end put to the disorders and abuses which have reigned hitherto in the port. We felicitate ourselves that you have, pro tempore, as you announce by your Proclamation, stated such laws and regulations and given such sufficient guarantees as assure the protection of property and the administration of Justice.*

The letter was signed by R. Harton and 29 other signatures followed. And this division of opinion was not confined to white folk. Though those High Chiefs of the Queen's inner Council — Tati, Utomi and Hitoti — who had signed along with the Queen for the Protectorate repudiated their signatures at a later date, the following letter from another of them — absent at the time — speaks otherwise. A translation follows :

*Tahiti the 19<sup>th</sup> of September 1842*

*Monsieur the Admiral*

*I salute and congratulate you upon your arrival at Tahiti. This is what I wish to say to you. I greatly approve that the French King takes Tahiti under His protection. I am satisfied at this request having been made. I desire that you will consider as if I had signed my name below that request. If you do not agree to that I shall be grieved.*

*Signed Paofai, Chief Justice*

This same High Chief appears to have been consistent for upon the first arrival of the Catholic priests he along with Hitoti had refused to agree with the rest as to their expulsion at a Council meeting held on November 27, 1836.

As to the white folk in general there had long been very bitter feeling caused by the passing of certain laws :

- (1) prohibiting marriage between white men and Tahitian women;
- (2) prohibiting the importation of and the use of spirituous liquors by one and all.

"Ban" number 1 was however lifted in 1840 for the marriage of the Queen's foster sister Ariiochau to Alexander Salmon and for others who were in favour at the Court.

The Request for the Protectorate was as follows :

*À M. l'Amiral Du Petit Thouars*

*Tahiti 9 Septembre 1842*

*Parce que nous ne pouvons continuer à gouverner par nous-mêmes dans le présent état de choses de manière à conserver la bonne harmonie avec les gouvernements étrangers sans nous exposer à perdre nos îles, notre liberté et notre autorité, nous, les sous signés, la Reine et les grands chefs de Tahiti, écrivons les présentes pour solliciter le Roi des Français de nous prendre sous sa protection aux conditions suivantes.*

- 1° La souveraineté de la Reine et son autorité et l'autorité des chefs sur leurs peuples seront garanties.*
- 2° Toutes les lois et règlements seront faits au nom de la Reine Pomaré et signés par elle.*
- 3° La possession des terres de la Reine et du peuple leur sera garantie. Ces terres leur resteront. Toutes les disputes relativement au droit de propriété ou des propriétaires des terres seront la juridiction spéciale des tribunaux du pays.*
- 4° Chacun sera libre dans l'exercice de son culte ou de sa religion.*
- 5° Les églises existant actuellement continueront d'être et les missionnaires anglais continueront leurs fonctions sans être molestés : il en sera de même pour tout autre culte, personne ne pourra être molesté ni contrarié dans sa croyance.*

*À ces conditions la Reine Pomaré et ses grands chefs demandent la protection du Roi des Français laissant entre ses mains ou aux soins du gouvernement français ou à la personne nommée par lui et avec l'approbation de la Reine Pomaré la direction de toutes les affaires avec les gouvernements étrangers de même que tout ce qui concerne les résidents étrangers, les règlements du port etc. et de prendre telle mesure qu'il pourra juger utile pour la conservation de la bonne harmonie et de la paix.*

*Signé : Pomaré*

*Paraita Régent : Otomi : Itoti : Tati.*

The reply as received was as follows :

*Louis-Philippe, roi des Français, à la Reine Pomaré, Salut !*

*Illustre et excellente princesse, notre contre-amiral Du Petit Thouars, commandeur de la Légion d'honneur et commandant-en-chef de nos forces navales dans l'Océan Pacifique, nous a rendu compte de la demande que, de concert avec les grands chefs principaux de vos îles, vous avez faite de placer votre personne et vos terres ainsi que la personne et les terres de tous les Tahtiens sous le protectorat de notre couronne, offrant de nous remettre la direction des affaires extérieures de vos États, les règlements de ports et autres mesures propres à assurer la paix dans cet archipel. Notre cœur s'est ouvert à votre voix et puisque d'accord avec les chefs de vos îles, vous ne pensez trouver repos et sûreté qu'à l'ombre de notre protection, nous voulons vous donner une preuve éclatante de notre royale bienveillance en acceptant votre offre.*



*Nous conférons tout pouvoir au gouverneur de nos établissements dans l'Océanie, le capitaine de vaisseau Bruat, pour s'entendre avec vous et avec les grands chefs. Il a toute notre confiance, écoutez le. Conservez vos terres et votre autorité intérieure sur vos sujets, et sous la garde de notre sceptre ami, assurez leur bonheur par la sagesse et la bonne foi.*

*De notre côté nous chercherons comme toujours les occasions de vous donner, ainsi qu'à tous les habitants de vos îles, des gages de la sincère affection que nous vous portons. Que la paix et la prospérité soient avec vous !*

*Donné en notre palais des Tuileries le vingt-cinquième jour du mois de mars de l'an de grâce 1843.*

*Signé : Louis-Philippe*

*Contre-signé : Guizot*

*Ministre et secrétaire d'État au département des affaires étrangères de S.M. le Roi des Français.*

## Cession of Matavai



Cession of Matavai

### Description of the above figures.

In the centre of the picture, on the shoulders of slaves are Tu the Younger (Pomare II) and his first wife Tetuanui. Below her stands Tu the Elder (the first Pomare). On his right (and behind) is Haapai his father. On Haapai's right is one of his daughters with Mouroa her husband. Below Haapai, half crouching, is the aged priest Mani Mani speaking for Tu and making offer of the land. Below him, in the foreground, sits Tetuanuireia, the second wife of Tu the Elder, and the mother of Tu the Younger. On the left hand of Tu the Younger (centre of picture) is Peter the Swede,<sup>142</sup> acting as interpreter. The woman just behind him is Itia the first wife of Tu the Elder, and on Peter's right, a little back, is Fareroa, Itia's paramour. The kneeling woman is Mrs Hassall.<sup>143</sup> On Itia's left, somewhat back, are two of the missionaries (names unknown). The younger man standing with hand in waistcoat, is William Wilson, nephew of Captain James Wilson, the Commander of the *Duff*, who stands beside him.<sup>144 145</sup> Just back of him is Jefferson.<sup>146</sup> The next missionary to him is unknown. Then come Mr and Mrs Henry<sup>147</sup> and seated on the ground is Paitia, the Sub-Chief of the District.<sup>148</sup>

<sup>142</sup> Peter Haggerstein or Hagersteine or Hagerstine or Hagerston, who had deserted from the "Daedalus", the storeship of Captain Vancouver, which arrived from Nootka on 15 February 1793.

<sup>143</sup> Elizabeth Hassall is holding her son, Samuel Otoo Hassall.

<sup>144</sup> William Wilson was also the first mate on the *Duff*.

<sup>145</sup> The boy standing in front of the Wilsons is Thomas Hassall.

<sup>146</sup> John Jefferson was then 36 and the oldest of the missionaries. He was an ordained minister and secretary of the mission, and was appointed magistrate in 1802 by the governor of New South Wales, Captain Philip Gidley King. He died on 25 September 1807 and was buried at Matavai in one of the graves found by WWB.

<sup>147</sup> William and Sarah Henry; she died on 28 July 1812 and was buried on Moorea in another of the graves found by WWB.

<sup>148</sup> The original was an engraving of the painting by [Robert A. Smirke \(1752–1845\)](#), which he did from a sketch by William Wilson. The engraving was given to WWB by the L.M.S., in recognition of his historical work, and was presented by WWB to the British Consulate at Papeete. See also *Light on Half-Forgotten Incident of Early Tahiti* in the July 1942 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, page 14, in Part VII.

## A Raw Deal

In 1843 upon the local notification of the acceptance by the French King of the Protectorate, the missionaries lost no time in declaring to Commandant Bruat that the lands and houses of the Protestant mission belonged to them “en propre”. He asked if they had titles to the same in their possession. They replied that they had no other title than the good faith of the donors who had had the intention to render the L.M.S. “proprieters in perpetuity”. A provisional registration was consented to by Bruat and for 8 years no question was raised as to ownership.

On March 18, 1851 the annual Tahitian Legislative Assembly met in Papeete. Orsmond was assigned by that Assembly as the Pastor for Papeete and was also assigned the Pastor’s residence. Howe,<sup>149</sup> the local L.M.S. Secretary, and one of the then depleted staff protested in the name of the Society that as Orsmond was no longer a member of the L.M.S. he could not use the house.

On March 28 the Commandant asked the Assembly still in session to pronounce on the following queries :

1. Did the Tahitians give absolutely the land on which the L.M.S. built their residences?
2. Are the Districts the owner today, having the right to dispose of them to the pastors of their choice?

By a majority of 106 to 1 the Assembly declared

1. That the Tahitians never gave the lands in perpetuity for either residences or church.
2. That the Districts are the sole owners of the lands, houses and churches and can dispose of them as they see fit.

Orsmond took possession of the Papeete parsonage.

This vote of 106 to 1 is explained by Pastor Howe — who had acted as a missionary for a full 10 years — in a letter — dated March 1848 — sent Home to the Directors reporting as to Bruat’s various demands upon themselves and their activities prior to this climax :

*“(Extract) We are not taken by surprise. They are what we have expected from our knowledge of the character of the people. We know that if they were ultimately subdued they would, as a body, fawn upon their conquerors and take almost whatever course might appear likely to please.”*

Long years before Howe his predecessors had made entry in their Journal : “*July 13. 1799. The Otaheiteans are perhaps as complete fawners and flatterers as any beneath the sun.*”

That the Cession of Matavai made by the first Pomare to the arrivals on the Duff in 1797 was no mere figure of speech or a mere gesture of welcome is evident from that same Journal. Matavai was to those present a Deed of Gift.

An entry over 4 years later — July 13, 1801 — when a public meeting was held between the first Pomare and Captain William Wilson of the Royal Admiral reads that the latter “*reminding him of his*

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<sup>149</sup> Rev. William Howe

*having formally made over the District of Matavai to the missionaries and asking if we were still to consider it as ours he answered that we were and desired to know if we wished for the natives, the inhabitants, to remove out of it. We replied that we did not want that or their land but only a residence on it.”* Matavai to Pomare was no mere “loan”.

On March 6, 1816 when Nott and Hayward revisited Matavai for the first time since the flight of December 1808, he writes to Hassall at Sydney N.S.W. recalling that it was the 19<sup>th</sup> anniversary of their first landing together from the Duff. *“Our old neighbours likewise informed us that the ground where our houses and gardens formerly stood and the whole of the District from Taraa to Tapahi the boundaries should be ours if we would return to reside among them again.”*

This of Matavai but what of those other lands bestowed throughout Tahiti up to 1837 when the French came upon the scene and demanded lands at the cannon’s mouth, receiving equal acreage in every village of the island? The question of those “forced” gifts was not then or ever raised and while Protestant properties not actually required for Church and residence were sold to the general public for the enrichment of each such District, Catholic lands unneeded for those same purposes were left alone.

The entry in the Journal dealing with the open air meeting between Pomare and Captain James Wilson when the cession was first made is dated March 15, 1797 and was written by Jefferson as Secretary of the mission. The public meeting was preceded by a private one on the same day :

*“Pomare with his attendants called. On being asked for a portion of land to be granted for the Brethren’s use he answered, after consulting with his Privy Counsellor Iddeah, that the whole District of Mattavai should be given to us to do with it what we pleased, adding that Pyteah, the present Chief of the District, was a good old man, that it would be for our benefit to permit Pyteah to have his residence near our house and that he would be given orders to enforce obedience from the natives and bring us whatever we needed of the produce of the District.”*

There followed the next day an entry of the public meeting.

*“March 16. 1797. The Captain came ashore where Pomare had been awaiting his arrival to make a formal surrender of the District of Mattavai into our hands. This was done by Manne-Manne in a long speech which was interpreted by Peter the Swede and concluded by making a formal surrender of Mattavai into our hands, informing us that we might take what houses, trees, fruits, hogs, etc. as we thought proper.”*

Matavai to those present was surrendered, not loaned. It was formally “ceded” to the L.M.S.

There is however a further letter which for historical accuracy and perfect justice to those of later years must be recorded. It is another view of this “Cession”, “Surrender”, “Gift”, etc. penned by the same hand — Jefferson’s — to the Directors at Home.

Whatever was the definite intention of Pomare in March 1797 and in July 1801 and the Reports thereof recorded in their logs and reported to the L.M.S. on the arrival in London of the 2 Captains as Facts, this letter affects not only this particular Gift but all the other such cessions in Pagan days i.e. up to 1815. They were the gifts of Pagans, not Christians. The letter is dated December 12, 1804.

*“(Extract) The District of Mattavai which the Directors have hitherto supposed to be purchased (?) of Pomare by Captain Wilson, the inhabitants do not consider as belonging to us, nor any part of it except the small sandy spot we occupy with our dwellings and gardens, and even as to that, there are persons who claim the ground as theirs and have more than once mentioned it to us. It is true when*

*the Royal Admiral arrived and Pomare was reminded of what had taken place between him and Captain James Wilson concerning the District he asked if we wished that the people should go out of it. From what we have seen and heard we are certain that if the natives were removed from their lands to make room for us, it would occasion a great deal of murmuring if not a war."*

That for Matavai, a Pagan's gift.

Those given by Christian natives from 1815 onward would seem to have been given on an altogether different basis. They were free and willing gifts to their new found Faith. What they gave they intended to remain given without any thought of recall.



## **The Protestant Viewpoint of Tahiti's Troubles**

A Record of historical interest.

At the 52<sup>nd</sup> General Meeting of the Missionary Society held in Exeter Hall, London on May 14, 1846 it was

“Resolved, That this meeting while it deeply sympathizes with the Queen of Tahiti in her present state of exile and with her faithful people under their continued wrongs inflicted by the power of France, heartily rejoices and gives thanks to God that they have been graciously preserved from the baneful influence of Papacy, and for the greater part they continue to value and enjoy the doctrines and ordinances of the Gospel of Christ.”

Extract from the 52<sup>nd</sup> Report by the Directors :

The translation and revision of the Scriptures has occupied to a considerable amount of time the talents of our missionaries. Our brethren in Polynesia, alive to the perils that threaten their missions from the intrusion of Popish emissaries, are exerting themselves with unwearied diligence to prepare for the encounter by arming the people with the Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God. The edition of the Tahitian Bible sent out by the British and Foreign Bible Society 8 years since was eagerly purchased by the islanders, and a return of funds was made nearly equal to the cost of the work, an occurrence rare if not unprecedented in the case of any foreign edition of the Scriptures ever printed by that Institution. This sacred Volume is highly prized by the Tahitians : and to the Christians in particular, who from the love of their country and their Queen have retreated to the mountain fastnesses, it is the solace and source of instruction.

In no part of the missionary field is the anti-protestant design of Catholic missions more striking and conclusive than in the islands of Polynesia. As this was the avowed object of M. Caret's first attempt on Tahiti so, almost without an exception, the zeal of Popery in the Pacific has been restricted to those islands where the natives have already been rescued from the abominations of idolatry and the horrors of savage life.

The martial power of France, which was degraded to force upon the Protestant Christians of Tahiti the pretensions of Popery, continues to oppress and pollute that island. The designs of Popery as it respects converts have thus far totally failed and not more than a sixth part of the population is brought into alliance with the invaders of their country. Of these it is notorious that the Chiefs who first betrayed the interests of their Queen are well paid pensioners of France : while the influence of French spirits and French vices has reduced that small portion of the islanders on whom it is exercised to the lowest stage of loathsome licentiousness.

The deeply injured Pomare continues to prefer freedom in exile to French oppression. At the date of the latest intelligence the Queen continued a refugee in the island of Raiatea. Here she has suffered not only great privation but continued anxiety and alarm, the French governor at Tahiti having claimed authority over the Society Islands and blockaded Raiatea in right of the powers assumed to be included in the Protectorate.

The British government has however strongly interposed for the preservation of the independence of that Group and as the evidence in support of their claim to independence is clear and unanswerable it may be hoped that French encroachment will be permitted to proceed

no further. (See *The Independence of the Leeward Islands*.) But in the meantime the actual privations of Pomare are calculated to awaken deep commiseration and the Directors, aided by the liberality of their friends, have adopted the best means for mitigating her sufferings and ministering to her wants.

While our missionaries have been counsellors of peace and have employed their utmost influence to restrain the violence of the injured and indignant islanders they have not, with the exception of one of their number, appeared to sanction either directly or indirectly the unjust aggression of France on the rights and liberties of their people.

In that solitary and mournful instance they promptly separated the offending brother from their fraternal fellowship, and the Directors without the knowledge of this fact, being convinced that the conduct of the erring missionary had compromised the principles of Truth and Justice and was calculated to destroy his influence with the patriotic natives, felt compelled though with deep regret to intimate to him the withdrawal of the confidence and support of the Society, and they have since adopted measures, should he desire to return to Europe, to secure his passage in the missionary ship.

“To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.” Even over Tahiti bleeding with her many wrongs the friends of missions must mingle smiles with tears. The people, with the small exception already stated, to escape the yoke of their oppressors, have retreated from their several villages and formed a united community in the extended and well protected mountain fastnesses of their island. Here they dwell in peace yet well prepared for self defence. While intemperance and profligacy reign at the seat of the French Authority here is the asylum of order and morality and while Popery in vain invited her bribes, her blandishments and her threatenings, amongst these mountains Protestant Truth and Evangelical Piety not only exist but flourish and extend.

The failure of Popery to seduce the people of Tahiti must be attributed in part to the unjust and cruel measures with which it has been allied. Their old teachers lived among them as friends and benefactors, never obtained an acre of their land, respected their laws, honored their Sovereign, gave them the Bible and gently led them in the way to Heaven. The professors of this new Faith armed with sword and cannon have seized their country, changed their government, banished their Queen, insulted their missionaries and derided their religion.

Reports from the various Stations.

## I

The Georgian or Windward Islands.

- a. Tahiti
- b. Eimeo with its Stations

Papetoai — Blest Town

Afareaitu — Griffin Town

- c. Maiao-iti

Tahiti. A measure of tranquility has succeeded to the ravages of war under which the oppressed island was suffering in the early part of 1844. The French continued to exercise the full powers of the Sovereignty thus obtained over the dominions of Pomare until January 1845 when in consequence of Instructions from their own government, a change though merely formal was introduced.

Paraita, one of the native Chiefs, a corrupt and mercenary man and therefore a fitting instrument to serve purposes of those who had trampled on the rights of his Queen and Country, was recognized as “Regent for ever”, while the French still conscious of possessing the Supreme Authority continued their usurpation as they had begun it under the less ambitious name of Protectorate.

On the 8<sup>th</sup> of January 1845, shortly after the arrival of Admiral Hamelin,<sup>150</sup> the solemn mockery of the Inauguration of Paraita in his new office was enacted. An eye witness thus describes the scene at the close of the ceremony.

“The Governor, the Admiral and their officers then sat down to a native dinner. On the right of the Governor sat about 30 young women wearing on their heads the wreath of faded leaves, the well-known distinctive badge of the prostitute.

“Had any missionary a few months ago met an individual wearing this wreath she would have immediately torn it from her head, concealed it in her dress or thrown it away. Now it is unblushingly worn at a public dinner.”

Only a week or two before the resumption of the Protectorate one of the missionaries addressed a Letter of Remonstrance to Bruat relative to the rapid deterioration of public morals consequent on the intercourse of the French with the natives. He observed :

“At no time since the abolition of the Arioie of Tahiti has public morality been so outraged. Although Admiral Du Petit Thouars in his Official Dispatch in September 1843 acquainting his government with the dethronement of Queen Pomare says that it is time to put a stop to the debaucheries and licentiousness practised at Tahiti, I submit that Tahiti was at that time a moral and virtuous land compared with what it is now as evinced in the scenes of iniquity exhibited in every part of Papeete.”

Another ground of dissatisfaction presented to the Governor, from whom however it received no attention, was the prohibition to missionaries to travel on the island without a passport : the imposition of such a restriction is directly contrary to the strong assurances of protection given by M. Guizot to the Earl of Aberdeen.

M<sup>r</sup> Darling,<sup>151</sup> writing from his Station Punaauia or Burder’s Point in January 1845, observed :

“There are collected at the Station all from Faaa and Eimeo and many from Papara and Papeete who are in favour of the Queen. During the first 2 or 3 months after the rising to arms, all lived up the valley 5 or 6 miles but since it was known that the King of the French declined the Sovereignty of Tahiti they have all come back to the seaside.”

He further observes :

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<sup>150</sup> [Ferdinand-Alphonse Hamelin \(1796–1864\)](#)

<sup>151</sup> David Darling (1790–1867)

“The Governor of the French has made several attempts to seduce Utami our Chief from his allegiance to the Queen but he has hitherto faithfully resisted, and while Tati, Hitoti, Paraita and some others are still holding with the French and receiving pay from them, Utami has separated himself entirely from them.”

He notes further that “even when they never went out of doors without their firearms they came regularly to Chapel and left their guns outside.”

## II

Society or Leeward Islands.

Stations

Huahine — Faré Harbour

Pora Pora — Beulah

Raiatea — Utumaoro

Manupiti

Tahaa — Vaitaore

Huahine. From time immemorial the Society and Georgian Groups have been regarded not only politically but geographically distinct, consequently the French have not even the shadow of a pretext for their recent flagrant proceeding in endeavouring, though with only partial success, to plant the Protectorate Flag on the islands of the former Group.

In January Captain Maison of the French steamer Phaeton visited Huahine and hoisted the Flag first on the Queen’s pier and subsequently at the house of a renegade Chief named Raperoa. It was subsequently pulled down under the orders of the Queen — Teriimano — and the rebel Chief and those who acted with him were brought to trial and punished. The same resistance to the hoisting of the Flag was offered at Raiatea and Pora Pora in consequence of which the French Captain to the great alarm and distress of the people threatened to bring a large force and blockade the Leeward Islands and cut off all communication with Pomare and her family at Raiatea.

Raiatea. Captain Maison of the French steamer Phaeton after his lawless proceedings at Huahine in January, bore down upon Raiatea where he arrived on the 29<sup>th</sup> of that month. The missionaries thus describe the particulars of this new act of aggression.

“The Captain had an interview with deputies from Tamatoa, the principal Chief of the island, in which he stated that he had come to bring the Protectorate Flag. The deputation told him in reply that the people and Chiefs of the island anticipating this proceeding had held a meeting on the subject and resolved that as Raiatea was a distinct government from Tahiti and had never solicited French protection they would not permit the Protectorate Flag to be hoisted. The Captain however desired then to communicate with the Chief to which they replied that it was of no use as they came firmly resolved on that point.

“The following morning however we were all surprised to hear at dawn of day a Royal Salute fired and looking about us we saw the Protectorate Flag hoisted on M<sup>r</sup> Platt’s jetty and the fore mast of the steamer, the main mast bearing the French Flag. The people were seen running to and fro headed by Tamatoa with a blunderbuss, and before we had time to consider, we saw a

man pull down the Flag as we afterwards learned at Tamatoa's command. The steamer immediately lowered all her flags, got the steam up and departed. The Flag was then planted without permission on a little island on the reef where it was again saluted, but fearing lest it should fare like its companion they pulled it down again : and since the period of this hostile visit Raiatea has been under strict blockade."

The Directors having ascertained that Pomare was so reduced in circumstances as to be in want of the necessities of life, voted in the course of last summer the sum of one hundred guineas towards the purchase of supplies for her temporary relief : and other contributions for the same purpose have been raised by Christian friends in this country.

Tahaa. Mr Krause <sup>152</sup> writes :

"We had a day of humiliation and prayer, and Pomare and her suite being in Tahaa with most of my people from the fortress I had a full chapel."

Pora Pora. Although unsuccessful in their attempts upon the independence of the other islands of the Leeward Group, the French through the timidity or treachery of some of the lesser chiefs effected their object at Pora Pora where, in the absence and contrary to the wishes of the excellent Chief — Tapoa — and nine tenths of his people, the Protectorate was established in January. Tapoa himself, like the injured Queen of Tahiti has been living on Raiatea in exile. M<sup>r</sup> Charter writes :

"The house of Tapoa is converted into a Blockhouse, fenced in on the land side with a strong stone wall."

From previous and later Reports of the L.M.S. Directors

1834

A law added to the Code of 1819 making attendance at Public Worship compulsory to all natives.

1840

Under Bruat the following laws enacted :

- (a) Only one pastor permitted to a District;
- (b) Pastors to have passports outside their own District;
- (c) Chapels no longer to elect their pastors but the entire native District, subject to the confirmation by the Legislative Assembly;
- (d) Licenced houses of prostitution to be established in Papeete.

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<sup>152</sup> Ernest Rudolf Wilhem Krause (? – 1873)



1863

M. Arbousset <sup>153</sup> and his son arrived at Tahiti as pastors being sent out by the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society.

1886

Decision arrived at to relinquish work on Tahiti, on the following grounds :

1. The English missionary has no official status as a missionary.
2. The native churches are under the control of the French government — are subsidized with money grants from that government — and are served by a French Protestant pastor.
3. All education is conducted in French and is under the supervision of French officials.

The 3 last missionaries of the L.M.S. on Tahiti left the work gradually :

Morris <sup>154</sup> in 1868 : Green <sup>155</sup> in 1886 : Cooper <sup>156</sup> in 1890.

The failures and the successes of the L.M.S. then became but memories of the Past, the Curtain was rung down on a Drama of gallant Endeavour even as 10 years previously it had fallen on the political days of old.

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<sup>153</sup> Thomas Arbousset (1810–1877)

<sup>154</sup> Rev. George Morris

<sup>155</sup> Rev. J. L. Green

<sup>156</sup> Rev. Ebenezer Vicesimus Cooper (? – 1902)

## The Independence of the Leeward Islands

Against the French claim that their Protectorate over Tahiti covered the Leeward Islands are the following statements of the various Kings and Queens, including the Queen of Tahiti herself whose mother was of Raiatea, her first husband Tapoa of Pora-Pora and her second husband from her mother's home. Of her first.

1. In a petition to the King of the French — sent September 25, 1844 — she writes :

“I am now residing on the island of Raiatea. It is not my land, it never was my land from of old to the present time. Tahaa and Raiatea, Huahine and Pora Pora are different governments and they have different Kings.”

2. To Commander Hammond R.N. <sup>157</sup> she writes :

“I now make known to you the proper boundaries of my kingdom and of my sovereignty as they descended from my ancestors. Moorea is one and Tahiti and a small island Tuhvaitia (Tetiaroa) and Meetu (Mehetia) have descended from time immemorial down to me. But my kingdom and my sovereignty have never come to these islands (the Leeward). They have continued to be sovereigns over their own lands from time immemorial.”

3. Tamatoa, King of Raiatea, writes to Admiral Seymour <sup>158</sup> :

“My kingdom is distinct. It has been communicated to me from the days of my forefathers. My desire is that I may retain my own government as it descended to me from of old.”

4. To the same Admiral R.N., Tapoa, King of Pora Pora :

“Our governments were never included in the Tahitian. We are the hereditary sovereigns over our islands. We were never under one sovereign or formed into one government.”

5. In a Petition to Queen Victoria, Teriitaria (Teriimano), Queen of Huahine, writes :

“Do not allow one to be included in the Protectorate government. I will never consent to it. I had nothing to do with the French Treaty.”

One of the grounds of the French claim was a report they had gleaned that on a visit paid to Raiatea by Pomare II years back, after formal presentation of food, Tamatoa, the King of that day, addressed him as follows :

“We present to you the island, the landed proprietors, the food, the water, the women and the children.”

Matatore, one of the High Chiefs then present, in sworn testimony, said anent this greeting :

“It was an old custom of ours to pay such a compliment to a great Chief when he paid a visit. It was not giving up the Sovereignty.”

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<sup>157</sup> [Graham Eden Hamond \(1779–1862\)](#)

<sup>158</sup> [George Francis Seymour \(1787–1870\)](#)

## A French Viewpoint of Tahiti's Troubles

as gleaned from the Historian A.C.E. Caillot <sup>159</sup> in his work  
“Histoire de la Polynésie Orientale”.

One of the invariable principles of Anglo Saxon policy is first commercially mastering the country they seek to acquire, military action comes later, merchants preparing the way for it. When thanks to them the resources and the layout of the country coveted are sufficiently known the armed force sets out and the overrunning takes place. The fruit falls of itself, it is ripe and the natives are compelled to submit, the game is played.

The best helpers which the English have found to commence the application of this principle are certainly their Protestant missionaries, at one and the same time men of God, agents and merchants who by their ardent patriotism, by the diverse trades which they exercise better serve the cause of their nation than do our Roman Catholic priests.

1818

The missionaries commenced to enter seriously into commerce. On May 13 they founded the Missionary Society of Tahiti, an auxiliary to that of London. During its first years this association thrived well but afterwards the enthusiasm cooled when the natives learned better the value of the merchandize they parted with. At the time named, the many novelties seduced these simple children of nature. They had accepted Christianity without understanding either its morals or its principles. They soon experienced the consequences. Up to then the missionaries had been to them both counsellors and friends. In 1818 they became their masters. They sought to apply to the very letter the rules of their religion, and as they dealt with a carefree people they resolved to force the people to obedience by fear of punishment through enacting (a Code of) laws. The Pastors could define the laws since they were the most apt at drawing them up, but they should have rested their Code upon civil ground and abstained from bringing in religion. In purposely mixing the spiritual and the temporal they drew a code as if emanating from God with all its consequences, that is to say the perpetual confusing of divine with human affairs and the constant intervention in politics of the Pastors, the supposed representatives of God upon earth. Unfortunately the new “morale” existed only on the surface amongst the natives as is generally the result of constraint, and if one can but praise the good intentions of the missionaries to raise the tone of the people, one is obliged on the other hand to deplore their method of procedure.

1824

The role played by the missionaries grew steadily in strength not however without encountering a certain amount of opposition. They were greatly occupied in trade, and their affairs were in general highly prosperous. Some of them had fallen upon specially good fortune, the most comfortable homes on Tahiti were those of the men of God. With such backing their prestige was not less considerable, they were in fact the veritable arbiters of the island. The brilliant position they had evolved for themselves tempted those of their confreres working obscurely in the mother land. One of these,

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<sup>159</sup> Auguste Charles Eugène Caillot (1866–1938), author of [\*Histoire de la Polynésie orientale\* \(1910\)](#), [\*Mythes, Légendes et Traditions des Polynésiens\* \(1914\)](#), [\*Histoire des religions de l'archipel Paumotu\* \(1832\)](#) and [\*Histoire de l'île Oparo ou Rapa\* \(1932\)](#).

named George Pritchard resolved to seek his fortune in the archipelago of the Society Islands. He arrived at Tahiti and established himself at Papeete.

1827

At the commencement of the reign of Pomare IV, the High Chiefs and the missionaries disputed for power. The young Queen left them alone and occupied herself in amusements. Pomare IV counted for little. The pastors had treated her disdainfully. Not thinking of her as one day mounting the Throne they had entirely neglected her education and since her Accession they were not keen to remedy her ignorance. Thus the royal power grew daily more feeble, her Authority was contested on all sides and continuous troubles spread widely. One quarrel pacified, another arose and oftentimes European vessels in the Pacific were themselves victims of odious aggression.

1835

The Reverend Pritchard had by this year become all powerful on the island. Intelligent and above all ambitious he had gained the confidence of both Queen and Chiefs, whilst the other Protestant pastors, his colleagues, submitted themselves to his influence. He secured the adoption of laws as he desired and the police obeyed him without a murmur. But what rendered him particularly redoubtable to others and made him the leading personality upon the island was that he possessed in the highest degree the favour of Queen Pomare IV. He had so gained her confidence that the Queen acted only by him. She named him her intimate counsellor, her diplomatic and commercial agent, her spiritual director and both her doctor and druggist. The cunning Reverend accomplished these diverse functions with a dexterity that amounted to prodigy. Good at everything, ingenious and courageous, he had thus become indispensable to a crowd of folk who he knew in turn would serve him perfectly. He played for awhile a prominent role owing to a set of exceptional circumstances which he knew well how to make use of. However he was not a great man, not indeed an apostle but simply an intelligent, ambitious man gifted with abounding energy. Like all the English Protestant missionaries he occupied himself as much with politics as religion. He showed himself indeed to be more a politician and merchant than a Protestant pastor and above all than a missionary of Reform. He is not to be compared with the other Reverends on Tahiti for he never had their self denial. He was above all egotistical and hard, and most of his actions show him up in a striking fashion : to arrive at his ends he had recourse to the least legitimate and the most violent means. By his perfidious intrigue he should be held responsible for the blood which was spilled on Tahiti.

1837

It must be avowed that the English Protestant missionaries would have been more than human if they had willingly allowed their labours to be put in question. Now that their work's aim was accomplished and they had commenced to enjoy it they saw it suddenly menaced by the arrival of Catholic missionaries who would exhibit them as impostors to the natives of Tahiti. To avoid this danger they called the civil power to their aid and obtained the passing of a law forbidding strangers to enter Tahiti without the consent of the Queen and High Chiefs. It is impossible to deny that in this affair the Catholic priests were absolutely in the wrong. Is that however to say that the intervention of France was unnecessary? It is not.

The Tahitian Government certainly had the right to forbid the Catholic missionaries to reside on the island but the Law could only come into force, either against a clearly defined category of strangers or against those in opposition to the laws of the country, otherwise it would place outside the Law all the citizens of a country, an attitude contrary to the Rights of nations and in consequence become a

veritable declaration of war. The Tahitian Government committed this latter act in the case of the carpenter Vincent.

The true authors of this action were the Protestant missionaries and above all the Reverend Pritchard whom England had named Consul, but the Tahitian Government alone remained responsible, otherwise it would have had to acknowledge that it was not master in its own house, which would be equivalent to recognizing that it did not itself exist. But at bottom was the truth that it existed only in name. The natives contemned the laws, the archipelago had the aspect of a vast district of prostitution and drunkenness, of which Papeete was the centre. With the exception of the Protestant pastors and some English, no European felt safe. Natives practised theft and assassination with impunity, quarrelled with sailors and dealt them blows. The situation became intolerable for civilized nations, it was incompatible with the honour of a mighty power like France, the sending of a French man-of-war had become essential.

1838

The American Consul (Moerenhout) was devoted to the French nation. He gladly received the 2 Catholic missionaries to whom he offered his home and his table. They accepted. Some Tahitians repudiated the conduct of their government and to give a desirable form to their protest they created under the direction of M. Moerenhout a small religious and political Party which at first was named the Catholic Party and later on the French Party. The Protestant pastors and their followers hated the American Consul and never failed an occasion to place him in all sorts of difficulties. Their aim was to force him to leave Tahiti but he withstood all their enmity and remained. Du Pettit Thouars presented M. Moerenhout as Consul for France. The Queen said that she would prefer to see another person designated but the Commodore replied that M. Moerenhout, known to the world and already accredited as Consul for the United States, had equally the confidence of the French Government and that he alone could be charged to fulfil the important function.

1843

The crafty Consul (Pritchard) remarked to Pomare IV that she had not signed the order which instituted a Flag for the Protectorate, consequently she had the right to retain the Tahitian Flag above her home. The Queen allowed herself to be persuaded and gave the order to replace the old Flag. It was hoisted at first without any alteration, then it received some changes, coconut palms were woven in the centre and a few days later the leaves took the form of a Crown, the old Tahitian Flag transformed itself into a Royal Flag. The Provisional Government of the Protectorate protested — but in vain.

The Admiral warned the Queen that the Protectorate Flag having failed to cause respect for the Rights of France as regards strangers he found himself under the necessity of replacing it by the French Flag on the ground of protection. To his demand to correct her fantastic Flag Pomare IV refused compliance. In a Report addressed to the Minister of Marine he wrote : “If her Flag is not hauled down before midday, I shall take definite possession of the archipelago of the Society Islands and its dependencies.” The fatal hour sounded : the Tahitian Flag was struck and that of France was hoisted, the dethronement of the Queen was accomplished.

1844

On February 26 the following appeared in the columns of the *Moniteur* — a paper published in Paris.



“The King with the advice of his Council not finding in the Reports made sufficient motives to annul the Treaty of September 9, 1842 has ordered the pure and simple carrying out of this Treaty and the reestablishment of the French Protectorate on the island of Tahiti.”

It was a grave mistake which the King and His ministers committed. They had not hesitated to sacrifice the effort for settlement so greatly did they love peace. In truth no government sought more to avoid war than that of King Louis Philippe, for that end nothing counted with him not even the wounds of self esteem.

An English frigate brought the news that the Government of King Louis Philippe had disavowed the latest action of Du Petit Thouars and had refused to ratify the taking possession of Tahiti. This news produced a disastrous effect upon the morale of the French, they lost heart. In defence of the French Government it was said that the taking possession of Tahiti would be an onerous charge disadvantageous to France and that Du Petit Thouars after having legitimately and largely profited by the mistakes of Queen Pomare had thereupon allowed himself to be involved through patriotic zeal in cheating her who had neither arms nor cannon, taking from her without sufficient reason her hereditary Estates.

But since the thing was done, it was all the same needful to ratify it as otherwise it threw discredit upon the representatives of France : and a more serious thing, it encouraged the rebellion which led to a crowd of complications : in a word it failed to follow the course of Governor Bruat who totally disapproving of the arrest of Pritchard had considered it his duty to accept and support it so as not to aggravate the position of the French and their partizans. Unhappily King Louis Philippe and His ministers had not understood this point and it shows us that one should never confide the administration of distant lands to men who are ignorant of them and consequently are incapable of understanding the mental calibre of the inhabitants. For these latter, the least political concession is a proof of weakness. Here then was the result of the sentimental policy of King Louis Philippe and His ministers : Queen Pomare haughtily repulsed their advances and Governor Bruat could not punish her for her insolence since he was, on the contrary, charged to re-establish her upon her throne. The Dignity of France in fact was humiliated.

1847

She returned to her capital where she was received with the honours due to her rank. She held loyally to the promises she had made to the French Government and her subjects did likewise. But it is useless to dissemble : neither she nor they loved France, there were only a few Tahitians who became sincere friends.

1840 – 1880

Protestantism having been introduced by the English was designated by this childish people as “English religion”. Catholicism brought by the French was known as “French religion”. To speak ill of Catholics was therefore to speak ill of France, and when the Protestant pastors discharged their venom against the Catholic priests a regrettable confusion arose in the uncultured brains of the natives, they considered all Frenchmen as enemies.

The knowledge of our language certainly allowed the natives, in time, to gain better information of the priests, they might perhaps comprehend that politics can be entirely separate from religion and how much difference exists between a layman and an ecclesiastic. Little by little French pastors replaced their English colleagues. They continued the work of their predecessors and followed the same line of conduct. Being French they did not of course demand the support of England like the

English pastors. But French missionaries of both cults have alike always done what they could to prevent the spread of the French language throughout Polynesia.

The matter demanded a policy. According to them alike it was not desirable that natives should speak French. As expressed by both parties up to 1880 “The knowledge of our language will lead them to that of our ideas and so to the loss of our religious sentiments.”

On this they were fully agreed till Tahiti became a French Colony and Public Schools were established.

## The War of Independence

1844 – 1846

Incidents connected therewith as recorded by various writers in the Australian Press.

November 1843

Du Petit Thouars annexed Tahiti.

March 1844

A Proclamation has been issued by Governor Bruat declaring all Chiefs who do not submit themselves to the French Authorities in 8 days to be Rebels and all their land and property forfeited. The Patriot Chiefs have retired to the other side (East) of the island with about 2000 men. The natives are well armed.

(There followed the Fight at Point Venus and the skirmish at Faaa.)

July 1884

Queen Pomare has fled to Raiatea. The French barque Albatros from France has arrived with 300 soldiers. They now number about 1300 on the island.

(There followed the Fight at Mahaena.)

End of 1844

The French Admiral who arrived direct from France in the Arianna has tried his soft persuasion to induce Pomare to return from Raiatea. He brought out a variety of valuable presents from Louis Philippe to Queen Pomare. Amongst them is a splendid whaling-boat highly ornamented with carving and gilding, but despite their gilded offering Pomare has no intention to make the concessions required.

(Her Sovereignty it should be remembered had been restored to her but the Protectorate remained. Bruat had ceased to be “Governor” becoming merely “Commandant” but the former Title died hard.)

Extract

from the Paris newspaper the “Moniteur” mailed to Australia from Papeete.

The Government has received accounts from the island of Tahiti dated April 24 which states that even after having vainly endeavoured to reduce to obedience the rebels who had attacked us at Taravao, the Governor M. Bruat proceeded to engage them at Mahaena where they had raised strong entrenchments which were defended by 1000 armed men with 3 pieces of cannon. On the 17<sup>th</sup> the Governor M. Bruat landed with 441 men of all arms. The redoubts were carried by the bayonet. The rebels had 100 men killed, their colours were captured and their cannon spiked. On the following day

we destroyed their works and carried off their arms and ammunition. On our side we have to deplore the loss of 2 officers killed and 50 privates wounded.

Extract

from the Paris opposition newspaper “Réforme” after its reporting the Mahaena fight and that King Louis Philippe had been visiting Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle.

Read that disastrous intelligence and contrast it with the recent occurrences in London. M. d’Aubigny has been removed from Tahiti, his conduct has been blamed in the face of the whole world for having arrested the infamous incendiary Agent who was kindling the fire of sedition against us, Pritchard, the assassin of our soldiers and officers, who has received from the French Government an apology and an indemnity. The French officers, one of whom (Nansouty) bears a name illustrious in our military annals,<sup>160</sup> and the other an Officer of Artillery (Seignette) have been killed. The Dispatch does not mention the soldiers and sailors who must have perished. The conspiracy is flagrant, the complicity avowed. England has herself admitted that her Agent was a firebrand, an intriguer, a dangerous and immoral man who has compromised his character, disregarded his duties and violated the most sacred laws of nations.

February 1845

The loyal subjects of Pomare are encamped about 10 miles from this port (Papeete) at a place called Point Venus from which place they can observe the movements of the shipping either coming in or going out. The natives here keep quiet but, being encamped on both sides of the town, are ready for an attack should any assistance be rendered them by the English.

The French are not idle in making their situation more secure, forts fast being completed, contracts issued for new barracks and officers’ residences, forming altogether such a scene that, to one totally unacquainted with the manner in which the French obtained this Settlement would be quite pleasing.

The natives are still in their encampments at Papenoo and Bonaria (Punaauia), the former about 14 miles and the latter 8 from Papeete. When I visited them the musket and the sword had given place to the spade and the hoe. They rest secure from any attacks which their enemies may attempt, surrounded by reefs and rocks at sea and by defiles, impassable to more than one at a time, by land.

Extract

from the Paris newspaper “Débats”, a freelance publication.

We live here in a constant state of warfare, passing the day in scouring the country and clearing the valleys, gendarmes and soldiers spread right and left seeking for concealed enemies. The natives carry on a real “Kabyle” war against us, lying in invisible ambush, firing upon us as if we were wild beasts and then disappearing with a rapidity which renders it impossible for us to overtake them. During the night, the shore and town of Papeete are guarded by sentinels and patrols at every point and in all directions. Thus have we lived for many months and if our government does not assume a more determined attitude we know not what end we may come to, for our soldiers and sailors are beginning to be worn out by a service so fatiguing and dangerous.

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<sup>160</sup> The reference is to [Étienne-Marie-Antoine Champion de Nansouty \(1768–1815\)](#).

November 1845

There are upwards of 5,000 of the natives in the strongholds in the mountains at the rear of Papeete.

January 1846

Governor Bruat is making preparations for war. A new stock of ammunition was sent to the Block-houses yesterday. Provisions are dreadfully high but there is plenty of flour and salt meat in the market. Trade in general is very dull. The Governor has placed a field piece in a baker's shop in case of a surprise in the night. It is stated that the natives do not desire to disturb the town in consequence of their being so many stores belonging to the English and the Americans.

February 1846

Bruat prevents news leaving Tahiti as much as he can. Severe punishment for any one speaking or writing concerning the movements of the troops. A Law has been issued by the French Authorities requiring all persons to keep a Journal of all their correspondence, even love letters, also an account of private expenses and of all goods bought or sold. The Captain of the schooner Sarah Wilson was fined 150 dollars for selling a hat, not having taken out a licence or employed an Agent. More troops have arrived. The Governor gave the Patriots a week to deliver up their arms or he would commence hostilities. Very few natives are to be seen about town, women and children making off to the mountains. Merchants are shipping the most valuable part of their goods on board the vessels lying in port.

March 1<sup>st</sup> 1846

The Queen's house is being made ready to receive her but little faith can be placed in the Queen's return to Tahiti. The French steamer is again sent to fetch the Queen, a quantity of cloth has been sent her.

16<sup>th</sup>

Fighting recommenced. The "French" natives in charge of the Fort at Point Venus quarrelling with the Patriots. They fired on one another. The Patriots broke into the Block-house, got into the Fort, dismounted the guns, then left. French forces — 300 by land and 6 armed boats — were sent to assist the "French" natives. The following morning the fight commenced from the boats, the Patriots opposing their landing. The Block-house was destroyed by the Patriots. After 10 days of fighting the Patriots retired inland.

21<sup>st</sup> March 1846

The Patriots entered Papeete. About half past 4 o'clock natives told me that there was fighting at the point beyond the Uranie Barracks. I had heard the fire of musketry but had taken no notice of it, supposing it to proceed from some party of soldiers exercising. However I soon saw that there was something extraordinary going on and walked about 100 yards around a point of land where, by the help of a glass, I could see the natives alternately advancing from their cover of coconut trees to fire. I went towards the field of battle. I found the road occupied by bodies of soldiers and firing going on



all round me. This was actually in the town. Presently I saw a large smoke, the house of Major Fergus<sup>161</sup> had been set on fire. About half a dozen native houses were burning in this neighbourhood. Arriving at the bridge I found a large bamboo house which had been built by the sailors of the *Uranie* on fire, and shots flying in all directions. Musket balls occasionally passed within a yard or two of us as we could tell not only by the sound but by seeing the leaves of the large trees around and above our heads cut off by their passage. It was evident that one place was just as safe as another. We were commanded by a Block-house on the hill just above us, a shot passed over our heads and struck the ground about 10 yards off. This was followed by 3 others after our backs were turned and we were walking back. There can be no doubt that they fired at us. There was a great deal of firing all the night both of musketry and of cannon from the ships and forts. The week passed in the same manner, cannon balls and musketry now and then, and provisions running very short because the “French” natives dared not go outside the town to fetch breadfruit, coconuts etc.

22<sup>nd</sup> March 1846

A house belonging to Captain Moore (an Australian) was burned down by mistake of the Patriots who supposed it was occupied by Captain Henry,<sup>162</sup> the pilot of the port who is much disliked by the Patriots who look upon him as a renegade, he being born on Tahiti and the son of a missionary yet one of the first to accept office under the French.

24<sup>th</sup>

One of the “French” natives deliberately fired at and seriously wounded Dr Henry, Assistant Surgeon of the *Salamander*, this native stating that he would murder any Englishman he came across. The doctor was standing in the garden of Dr Johnson.<sup>163</sup> Tried for the offence, he has been acquitted by the French Authorities on his plea of drunkenness.

April 1846

A party of “French” natives and troops set out with arms and the Protectorate colours under cover of the steamer *Phaeton*. About half a mile from Papeete a skirmish took place between them and the Patriots who had been waiting by the roadside for several days. The former were repulsed and fled back to town.

May 1846

Troops leave for Papenoo. Three days and nights of hard fighting. The French busy building a Fort there but much harassed by the natives rolling boulders down on them and it from heights above. The Chapel has been destroyed and its bell carried off to Papeete. The Government have determined to

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<sup>161</sup> Major Fergus is referred to by Herman Melville in Chapter XXXII, page 160, of *Omoo*: “Shortly after the engagement at Hararparpi, three Frenchmen were waylaid in a pass of the valleys, and murdered by the incensed natives. One was Lefevre, a notorious scoundrel, and a spy, whom Bruat had sent to conduct a certain Major Fergus (said to be a Pole) to the hiding-place of four chiefs, whom the governor wished to seize and execute.”

<sup>162</sup> Samuel Pinder Henry (1800–1852), eldest son of William Henry (1770–1859).

<sup>163</sup> Dr Johnson is also mentioned by Herman Melville in Chapter XX, page 102, of *Omoo*: “After holding our ground off the harbour during the night, in the morning a shore boat, manned by natives, was seen coming off. In it were Wilson and another white man, who proved to be Doctor Johnson, an Englishman, and a resident physician of Papeete.”

erect Block-houses wherever required to prevent the natives from cultivating the soil and thereby starve them into submission. Troops continue cutting down the breadfruit and coconut trees. The Governor and troops proceed to Punaauia. It is reported in town that natives were at prayers when the French pounced upon them and discharged a volley. The Patriots however returned the salute with fatal precision. The Captain of Infantry (Brea) <sup>164</sup> was killed, Bruat's aide-de-camp lost a leg, a naval lieutenant and others wounded. Brea's body has been preserved in spirits and will be sent to his home in France.

June 1846

Several pieces of cannon have started for Punaauia. The French, having discovered a lofty eminence from which the Patriots' stronghold can be distinctly observed, consider that if they can get their field pieces up to this spot some execution may be done. Patriots arrive here and report that the French had conveyed 2 howitzers a considerable distance up this eminence. The Patriots are prepared still higher up to roll boulders down upon them. Although it is known that the Governor invariably accompanies his troops in action he cannot be distinguished in his disguise by the Patriots.

Mid June 1846

Darling, <sup>165</sup> the missionary stationed at Punaauia for the previous 27 years, whose son Adam <sup>166</sup> like Henry's son had attached himself to the French and received a salary in their service, writes as follows of the last clash but one previous to the submission of the Patriots. He reports to the L.M.S. Directors at Home.

On Sabbath morning by 7 o'clock the whole army of the French were marching up the valley to attack the camp of our people. There are 3 breast works or entrenchments made across the valley (a mountain stream running down it to the sea) at different places. A small skirmish took place at the first about a mile and a half up the valley. The people retreated from that, the French followed. At the second fortification still further up the valley the people again stood and fought. But as the third and last was their stronghold and where they intended to exert all their strength to save themselves, their wives and children, beyond this third fortification their All was placed — if that had been carried all would have gone — here they fought like men and drove the whole French army back. About 70 were killed and wounded, 4 or 5 principal officers were among the number killed. Only 3 on the side of the natives lost their lives and 3 or 4 were slightly wounded. The mountains come so close together just below where the fortification is thrown up and so perpendicular on each side that the natives could tumble huge pieces of rock upon the French troops which killed a great many and eventually drove them back without reaching the fortification from whence the natives were firing. The whole army with Governor Bruat at their head returned to the seaside about 4 o'clock p.m. The wounded had been carried down and put in our Chapel during the day. The steamer went twice to Papeete with officers and others who were killed or wounded. The army at once began the work of destruction in good earnest, burning houses, trees, fences and killing every living thing they could get hold of. This awful work continued for a week or more until every house within 2 to 3 miles of the station was burnt and every breadfruit was cut all round in such a way as they would soon die, none were left on each side of Punaauia except a few belonging to me and many even within our fence were destroyed.

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<sup>164</sup> Augustin Maurice de Brea (1795–1846)

<sup>165</sup> David Darling (1790–1867)

<sup>166</sup> John Adam Darling (1818–1881)

July 1846

Great preparations are being made in town by the French to commemorate the French Revolution. A part of the Chapel at Taunooa has been taken away, and the ridge pole and part of the Chapel at Papaoa borne off to Papeete for the purpose of the French Feast. Two French officers and Adam Darling went to the Patriots on guard at Taunooa to request the attendance of their Party at the Festival. The Chiefs declined the invitation but offered them as many feis (plantains, similar to bananas) as they might require.

July 15, 1846

Funeral services were conducted during the Festival for those who had been killed in the conflict in both Protestant and Catholic Chapels. A special Salute is reported as having been fired from the forts and shipping in the harbour of Papeete.

September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1846

It was reported in town that Queen Pomare was on board the brig Hannah heading for Moorea from Raiatea. At 2 p.m. the steamer Phaeton started for Moorea with troops to receive the Queen, the Governor and a band on board.

2<sup>nd</sup>

At 1.30 p.m. a great concourse of the people gathered on the wharf to get a sight of the landing of Her Majesty. All the troops that could be spared from forts, block-houses and guard rooms were ordered to be in attendance dressed in full uniform, white gloves etc., the "French" native Chiefs with swords and cocked hats. At 2 p.m. the vessel arrives, a boat comes ashore with the Governor and his suite, M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Salmon, their child — no Queen, the thing a hoax.

December 1846

The last clash — at Fautaua — without shedding of blood ends the War of Independence. (See Note #1 to Chapter XI.)

February 9, 1847

Queen Pomare returned to her capital.

## Extracts from Some “Human” Documents

### Queen to Chiefs

(undated but) July 1844

*Peace be with you all. I am going to Pora Pora in the English man-of-war to be confined. It is my wish that you will on no account injure the Frenchmen. Have patience and trust in the Lord God.*

*Pomare.*

### Chiefs to Queen

(undated but) July 1844

*Pomare : this is our word to you. Your canoe is in a bad condition, the outrigger, the bow and the stern all parts are broken. Pomare : will it be well with you aboard the vessel? We are like a nest of eggs under you : if you die all we Tahitians will die with you. Peace be with you for ever and ever. Amen.*

### Queen to Kings

*Otaheite November 24. 1837.*

*To King William IV.*

*To the King :*

*May you be saved by the true God. Continue to assist me a weak woman, stretch out your hand to help me that enemies may not ill treat me. Let us go hand in hand. Peace be with you.*

*Pomare.*

Otaheite November 9. 1843

To Louis Philippe :

O King

*This day my lands have been seized by your Admiral with arms in the hand. I never intended in putting the Crown in my Flag to insult you O King. This is my prayer that you will give me back the Sovereignty and the government of my fathers.*

*Pomare.*

Note. He did and himself wrote to her but his letter is unpublished. (Command Papers Page 487.)

### Queen to Captains

Paofai March 14. 1843.

To Captain Nicholas :

O Commodore

*I make known to you that often times I have been troubled by the French Consul, and because of his threatening language I have forsaken my house. His angry words to me have been very strong and I have only verbally told you of his ill actions toward me. But now I clearly make known to you O Commodore my desire through this letter. Do you shield me, that the French Consul may not at all trouble me again. I look to you to protect me, quickly, now, at the present time and yourself will see the way how. This is my wish. If M. Moerenhout and all other foreigners should want to come to me they must first make known to me their wish that they may be acquainted whether it is or not agreeable to me to see them. Truth and peace to you O servant of the Queen of Britain.*

*Pomare the Queen of Otaheite.*

Taunoa May 15. 1843.

To Captain Nicholas :

O Commodore

*I write to express to you my great pleasure with you. I am desirous that you leave me not. But I am fearful of you, lest you also be overtaken with distress in my great distress. I have compassion upon you in your patience in bearing with me. That is my word to you O Commodore servant of the British Queen.*

*Pomare the Queen of Otaheite.*

*Paofai January 9. 1844.*

*To Captain Nicholas :*

*O Commodore*

*I am not like the same person you saw in Tahiti. I am now living like a poor person at the house of the British Consul. Quickly take up your anchor. Do not delay. It is my wish that you should fly here as an eagle.*

*Pomare.*

### **Captains to Queen**

*Otaheite August 4. 1843.*

*May it please Your Majesty :*

*If it were in my power I would most happily meet Your Majesty's request, but the orders of my Admiral are positive and I must obey. I pray that your Chiefs may ever closely imitate the conduct of British subjects to their Sovereign.*

*J. Toup Nicholas. Commodore.*

*Papeiti October 3. 1843.*

*Madame :*

*I haste to assure Your Majesty that I am directed to render my best services to you in your present perplexing situation. I beg to assure Your Majesty that I shall, as long as I remain here, be ready to render every protection to Your Majesty's person.*

*J. Jervis Tucker. Captain.*

*Papeiti January 6. 1844.*

*Madame :*

*That it may please God to preserve Your Majesty in strength of body and mind during the present trials and finally to re-establish Your Majesty's kingdom is the ardent wish of Your Majesty's most obedient and humble servant.*

*J. Jervis Tucker. Captain.*



### Queen to Queen

Aimata became Queen in 1827 : aged 13.

Victoria became Queen in 1837 : aged 18.

(undated but) February 1843.

*My dear Friend and Sister Queen :*

*My government is taken from me. Think of me, have compassion on me in my affliction and helplessness. Be quick to help me for I am nearly dead. I run to you for refuge, to be covered under your great shadow. I am like a captive pursued by a warrior and nearly overtaken whose spear is close to me. May you be blest.*

*Pomare : Queen of Otaheite*

*Her Majesty's Ketch Basilisk*

*June 13. 1844*

*The supplication of Pomare to Victoria :*

*My elder sister and Queen behold I am yours. Stretch forth your powerful arm and save me. Over-shadow me that I may respire, for my breath is spent in this struggle. I am near my confinement and am much discomforted by the smallness of this vessel. I now fasten again the rope which has connected us. Do you not cut it. You are powerful to save.*

*Your younger Sister in captivity : Pomare*

Note. She uses the term out of respect though older in years.

*Raiatea July 27. 1844.*

*Most gracious Queen :*

*Do not, do not indeed leave me. Do you raise me again from captivity. Be you the protector that I may never, no never be reduced again to captivity. I have no government, Philippe is King.*

*Pomare.*

*Encampment at Vaiaau : Raiatea.*

*September 27. 1844.*

*O great Queen of Britain :*

*My elder Sister,*

*I am wandering in this place and in that place, on mountains and in valleys with fear. This is my word to you : do not regard with strictness my errors and ignorances, shelter me with your great and royal compassion that I may not faint in the day of heat.*

*Pomare.*

There was no response.

Note.

A very “human” document is the Diary of Queen Pomare, now in the possession and close preserve of the Papeete Museum. It is but very fragmentary, dealing only and with many gaps with the years 1843–1847 and is to be read in a sort of Daybook amid much else of no historical value. Her penmanship is good and clear and of course in her native language. It has so far not been translated either into French or English.

## The Accession of Pomare V and the Succession

Queen Pomare IV had had no intention that her second son should succeed her. Her eldest son <sup>167</sup> had died May 13, 1855, her youngest <sup>168</sup> April 9, 1875. She was still left at her Passing with 3. These three were Teratane <sup>169</sup> (called also Ariiaue having taken in addition his dead brother's name), Tamatoa <sup>170</sup> and Punnarii. <sup>171</sup> Her youngest had left a son, Hinoi. <sup>172</sup> It was not Teratane who, in the opinion of his mother, should succeed her. He had no child, he had conducted himself very badly and she judged him incapable of reigning. Her second son Tamatoa was still more unfit for the throne. He had been cast out of Raiatea as King, considered by the natives as impossible.

It was Tamatoa's eldest child, a girl born July 12, 1867 named Terii nui ounu ma'ona <sup>173</sup> upon whom her grandmother poured the most passionate affection and whom she purposed to succeed her. In 1870 at the child's 3<sup>rd</sup> Birthday Feast the Queen had invited 80 guests and addressed them thus :

*"I would present to you my granddaughter. It is she whom I have designated to succeed me and I beg the representatives of France on Tahiti to regard her as such and to observe my words and my desire."*

But the child died December 19, 1872, when nigh 6 years of age, in the arms of her disconsolate grandmother. At the burial of this girl, Commandant Girard <sup>174</sup> gave an address in which he stated *"She was destined to be the Queen of Raiatea and one day Queen of Tahiti by right of inheritance."* Tamatoa's 2<sup>nd</sup> daughter was Teriivaetua, <sup>175</sup> and there was Hinoi, but the ageing Queen left further selection alone.

Note. Tamatoa's 6<sup>th</sup> child was called Aimata after the Queen — born June 29, 1878, died April 3, 1894 — and must not be confused with the Queen herself who was dead before she was born.

### Excerpts

from the Papeete newspaper "Messager de Tahiti" for Lundi, 24 septembre 1877 :

*"The Tahitian Legislative Assembly represented by those of its members at the time in Papeete assembled to day the 24<sup>th</sup> of September at half past seven in the morning, on the invitation of M. Rear-Admiral Serre, Commander-in-Chief, provincial Commandant of the French Establishments on Oceania, to recognize and acclaim the new Sovereign of Tahiti who succeeds to the late Queen Pomare."*

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<sup>167</sup> Prince Ari'iaue Pomare (1838–1855)

<sup>168</sup> [Prince Teri'itua Tuavira Joinville Pomare \(1847–1875\)](#)

<sup>169</sup> [Prince Teratane Pomare \(1839–1891\)](#)

<sup>170</sup> [Prince Tamatoa Pomare \(1842–1881\)](#)

<sup>171</sup> [Prince Punuari'i Teri'itapunui Pomare \(1846–1888\)](#)

<sup>172</sup> Prince Teri'ihinoiatua Pomare (1869–1916)

<sup>173</sup> Princess Teriourumaona Pomare (1867–1872)

<sup>174</sup> Hippolyte Auguste Girard (1822 – ?)

<sup>175</sup> Princess Teriivaetua Pomare (1869–1918)

At this Assembly the following was announced :

*“We, Pomare V, King of the Society Islands and dependencies, and the Commandant Commissioner of the Republic*

*Ordain that*

- Art. 1. Prince Ariiaue, son of Pomare, succeeds his mother Pomare IV as Sovereign of Tahiti, Moorea and dependencies. He takes the Title of Pomare V.*
- Art. 2. Princess Teriivaetua, daughter of Prince Tamatoa and of Princess Moe, shall succeed King Pomare V.*
- Art. 3. In case of the death of Princess Teriivaetua without issue, the Throne shall descend to Prince Teriihinoiatua, son of the late Prince Joinville and of Princess Isabel.*
- Art. 4. Princess Teriivaetua and Prince Teriihinoiatua presumptive or eventual heirs to the Crown shall be brought up under the superintendence of the Council of Regency created by the Order of this day.*
- Art. 5. The King shall dwell in the Palace in Papeete, the other branches of the Royal Family shall reside in separate habitations.”*

Note. Both Teriivaetua and Teriihinoiatua were then under 10 years of age.

### **The Headship of the Pomare Family.**

Despite the above Order, giving precedence to Princess Vaetua, Prince Hinoi after the death of his uncle represented the Family as its Head, and in all Districts and Islands which he visited throughout his lifetime he was received without question as the Head of the Royal Family. From all assessments of him, he was not one to allow a position to be considered his which was not true. The absence of any official counter Order — eliminating Vaetua — may be due to Pomare’s natural conception that with his Sovereignty surrendered in 1880 went also the above Order of Succession, leaving him free to act as he saw fit as to the Headship after himself and his choice was his nephew Hinoi. Moreover Pomare’s bitter animosity to his divorced wife’s family — the Salmons — may have led to his repudiation of his niece Vaetua when in May 1844 she married into it, her husband’s mother being Titana, the eldest sister of Marau, his one time Consort. The French historian Deschanel <sup>176</sup> writes under date of 1884 :

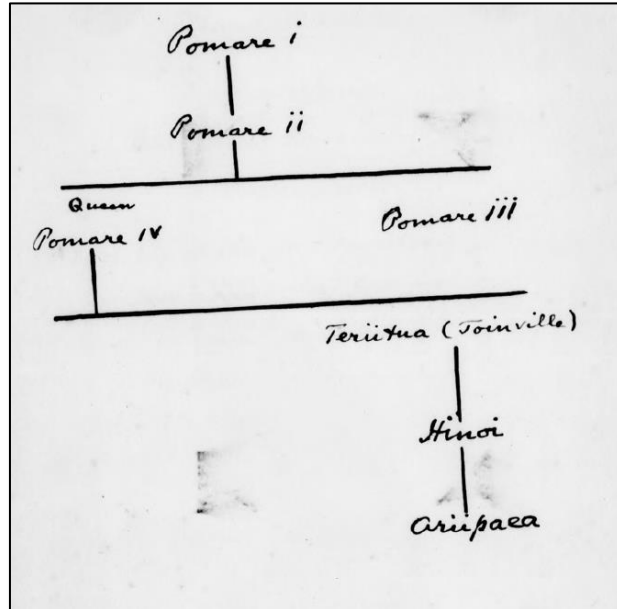
*“Teriimaevaua, <sup>177</sup> a daughter of Tamatoa and consequently a niece of Pomare V married (in 1884) Prince Hinoi, a nephew of Pomare V. He looks upon Hinoi as his son and purposes to make him his heir. The young Prince as grown up by the side of his uncle at Papeete. He is both gentle and retiring.”*

Note. He inherited the entire Royal Estate.

<sup>176</sup> [Paul Deschanel \(1855–1922\)](#). See [La politique française en Océanie à propos du canal de Panama](#) (1884).

<sup>177</sup> [Princess Teriimaevaua Pomare \(1871–1932\)](#)

The official report of Pomare's funeral (Journal Officiel for June 18, 1891) states that the 2 chief mourners who followed abreast the bier were Hinoi and the Governor, other members of the Royal Family taking their places after them. The Headship of the Pomare Family of today therefore lies in the Hinoi line and is so accepted by all the natives of Tahiti.



See *The Pomare Family Tree*.



**Ariipaea, present day Head of the Pomare Family**



**Grand daughters of Prince Hinoi : Daughters of Prince Ariipaea.**

**The Princesses :**

<b>Aimata</b>	<b>standing.</b>
<b>Hinari</b>	<b>at her feet.</b>
<b>Tetua</b>	<b>on her left.</b>
<b>Maeva</b>	<b>on her right.</b>



## The Abdication of Pomare V

He was living beyond his means, his mother's debts were still unpaid, he had named his successor and a disputed infant had just come upon the scene. He feared that the movement by the powerful Salmon faction which he knew to exist might become effective on his death and that his discarded but not as yet divorced wife Marau <sup>178</sup> might be made Queen or Regent during the minority of his successor whoever it might be. By his excesses he was physically a wreck and he sought what seemed to him to be the only way of escape from worry.

It was necessary however to secure the assent of at least the leading Chiefs of the Districts, whereupon the people as a whole, being inarticulate, would have to fall into line. This assent the French authorities on the spot secured for him and themselves, not however without some difficulty as their historian Caillot admits.

A Declaration was drawn up on June 29, 1880 "*au palais du gouvernement*", signed by "*Le Roi Pomare V*" and 20 Chiefs July 1<sup>st</sup>, and was accepted by the then Commandant, Chessé. <sup>179</sup> Ratification in Paris was still required and this was promulgated by President Jules Grévy <sup>180</sup> after approval by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies December 30, 1880.

In handing over his Sovereignty Pomare secured among other minor terms, the following cash benefits :

1. To himself an Annual Pension of 60,000 francs (gold).
2. To Marau " " " " 6,000 " "
3. To each of his 2 brothers " " 6,000 " "
4. The payment of his mother's debts.
5. The completion of the new Palace, begun in the 60<sup>s</sup>.

He died in the old Palace June 12, 1891, his funeral taking place from the unfurnished new one.

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<sup>178</sup> [Johanna Marau Ta'aroa a Tepau Salmon \(1860–1934\)](#) was Pomare V's second wife; his first was [Te-mari'i-a-Teurura'i Ma'i-hara Te-uhe \(1840–1891\)](#).

<sup>179</sup> [Henri Isidore Chessé \(1839–1912\)](#)

<sup>180</sup> [François Paul Jules Grévy \(1807–1891\)](#)

### A French Historian's Witness

Gleanings epitomized from Deschanel's book

"En Océanie". Paris. 1884.

Note. Deschanel — later President of France — was an eye witness of much that he records, residing in Papeete.

The parentheses are for the aid of the reader.

*Ariiaue (later the King), who had married a daughter of the King of Huahine by whom he had no issue, was divorced from her and resided with his sister-in-law, the Princess Joinville.<sup>181</sup> He wished to marry his mistress but the Queen forbade it. It was then that an English family, the most powerful and richest on Tahiti, the Salmon-Brander Family, endeavoured to secure a grip upon the presumptive heir to the Throne and thus upon the Throne itself.*

*Well before 1842 (1839) an English sailor, Salmon,<sup>182</sup> became enamoured of one of the young girls who surrounded the young Queen and formed part of her household. This girl was Ariitaimai (her foster sister named Ariioehau), daughter of the illustrious Chief of Papara (granddaughter of Tati I). Upon Salmon's death he left 4 girls and 3 sons. The eldest of the daughters, M<sup>lle</sup> Marama (Titaua) Salmon, married in 1857 the richest merchant on Tahiti, an Englishman (Scotsman) M. Brander. The second, Moetia, married in 1875 the American Consul for Tahiti at Papeete (Atwater). The 3<sup>rd</sup>, born April 24, 1860, married, under circumstances which we will shortly relate, the hereditary Prince and is today (1884) the Queen of Tahiti. The fourth is a young girl of 17 or 18 years of age (Manihinihi).*  
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<sup>181</sup> Isabelle Vahinetua Shaw (1850–1918)

<sup>182</sup> Alexander Salmon (Solomon) (1822–1866)

<sup>183</sup> The Salmon Family of Tahiti, 1883 or 1885. Top left to right: Narii, Ariipaea and Tati. Bottom left to right: Manihinihi, Marau, Moetia and Ariitaimai. Marau was the second wife of Pomare V.



*The eldest of the Salmon girls, Madame Brander, beautiful, intelligent and rich, inherited the hostility (to the French) and the ambition of her father. Since 1857 up to 1880 there is not a page in the records of the Colony which does not contain evidence of an underground struggle between her and our government. The idea arose with her of the marriage of her sister, M<sup>lle</sup> Marau with the eldest (surviving) son of the Queen. Ariiaue was sickly, he led a dissolute life, he was known to be consumptive and it was thought he had not long to live. Marau was young (15 years of age) and beautiful, she would naturally bear children. At the instigation of M<sup>r</sup> Brander, the (then) French Commandant M. Gibert-Pierre was charged by the Queen with the negotiation of the marriage. He saw the young girl whom he found to be much charmed with the Prince (30 years of age), she pretended to have been secretly in love with him and longed she said to reform him. The abdication of the old Queen was sought in favour of her daughter-in-law to be and Pomare consented thereto.*

*But someone, very cautiously whoever it was, saw the Queen and pointed out to her that by abdication she would lose the 25,000 annual grant made to her by France, that this grant would pass to the new Queen, and that she herself who had occupied the front rank would find herself reduced to the last and without resources. Pomare withdrew her promise of abdication. Upon this the marriage hung for some days by a thread. The young girl no longer sought the Prince. As for him he never wanted her, he had no love for this haughty girl, but being a weakling and indolent he let the matter slide. M<sup>me</sup> Brander however worked so hard and ably that the marriage question was renewed, the aged Pomare would not live for ever, and who knew, once Marau was the wife of the King, what the future might hold.*

(They were married January 28, 1875.)

*In 1877 (the old Queen dead and no issue of the marriage) the Order of Succession designated arbitrarily as the future Queen to succeed Ariiaue a girl of 8 years and already naturally the English Party spoke of marrying her to one of the Brander boys (which became fact), thus we were ourselves preparing with our own hands (through Commandant Serre) to seat upon the Throne of Tahiti an Anglo-Saxon monarchy.*

*Since the coming into power of Pomare V our position had been very equivocal. Hardly married, the Prince had cast off his young wife and had returned to live nigh Papeete at the residence of Princess Joinville. In April 1879 (4 years after the marriage) Queen Marau gave birth to a daughter and the King refused recognition. The French Commandant thought, though happily without success, to bring the two together and cause them to live under the same roof. The intention was laudable from a moral point of view but it must be avowed that from the political it lacked skill. It is very evident that advantage should have been taken of the King's aversion for his wife and all the Salmon-Brander family in order to make him our ally against them.*

*On March 29, 1880 the King, at the time of leaving Papeete to visit the Sous-le-Vent islands, confided both the government and the administration of Tahiti to Commandant Chessé. On the return of the King M. Chessé represented to him the advantages that would be gained by making this temporary renunciation permanent. He spoke to him of the debts left by the Queen Pomare, about 20,000 francs, he assured him that France would grant him a Pension superior to the then Civil List, M. Chessé took upon himself the engagement to assure both him and his family Pensions amounting to about 91,000 francs per annum.*

Note. Pomare accepted these terms and his proclamation was issued July 2.

## His Queen's Children

Marauta'aroa was born April 24, 1860 and was married on January 28, 1875.

3 children were born to her.

2 daughters viz	Teriinuiotahiti	"Terii"	1879
	Ariimanihinihi	"Takau"	1887
1 son Ariihéré	"Fifi"		1889

The following speaks for itself :

*"À M. le Commandant, Commissaire de la République :*

*Salut à vous.*

*M. le Directeur des Affaires indigènes m'a demandé de faire dresser l'acte de naissance de l'enfant de Mme Marahu. Je vous fais savoir que je ne dresserai pas cet acte parce que cet enfant n'est pas de moi. Et je vous fais savoir qu'il ne me convient pas que cet enfant me succède dans mes biens, dans mes terres et dans mon titre. J'ai dit.*

4 Avril 1879.

Pomare V.

(Translation.)

*Monsieur the Director of Native Affairs has requested me to register the birth of the infant of Madame Marahu. I would have you know that I will not register this birth since this child is not mine. And I would have you know that it is not agreeable to me that this child should inherit my property, my lands and my Title. I have spoken.*

The French historian Caillot in addition to quoting the above writes further :

*"My wife has children, I have not, said he at times with a cynical frankness. The absence of a direct heir in chief determined him to listen very favorably to the proposals made in the name of the French government."*

From this it would appear that his answer to Marau's first child's birth (1879) was his Abdication (1880) and his answer to Marau's second child's birth (1887) was his Divorce (1888). The divorce was granted January 25, 1888. Thus 2 of his wife's children — under French law — carry his name, paternity playing no part. The son was born to her after the divorce and carries her maiden name.

Marau died February 2, 1935. Aged 75.

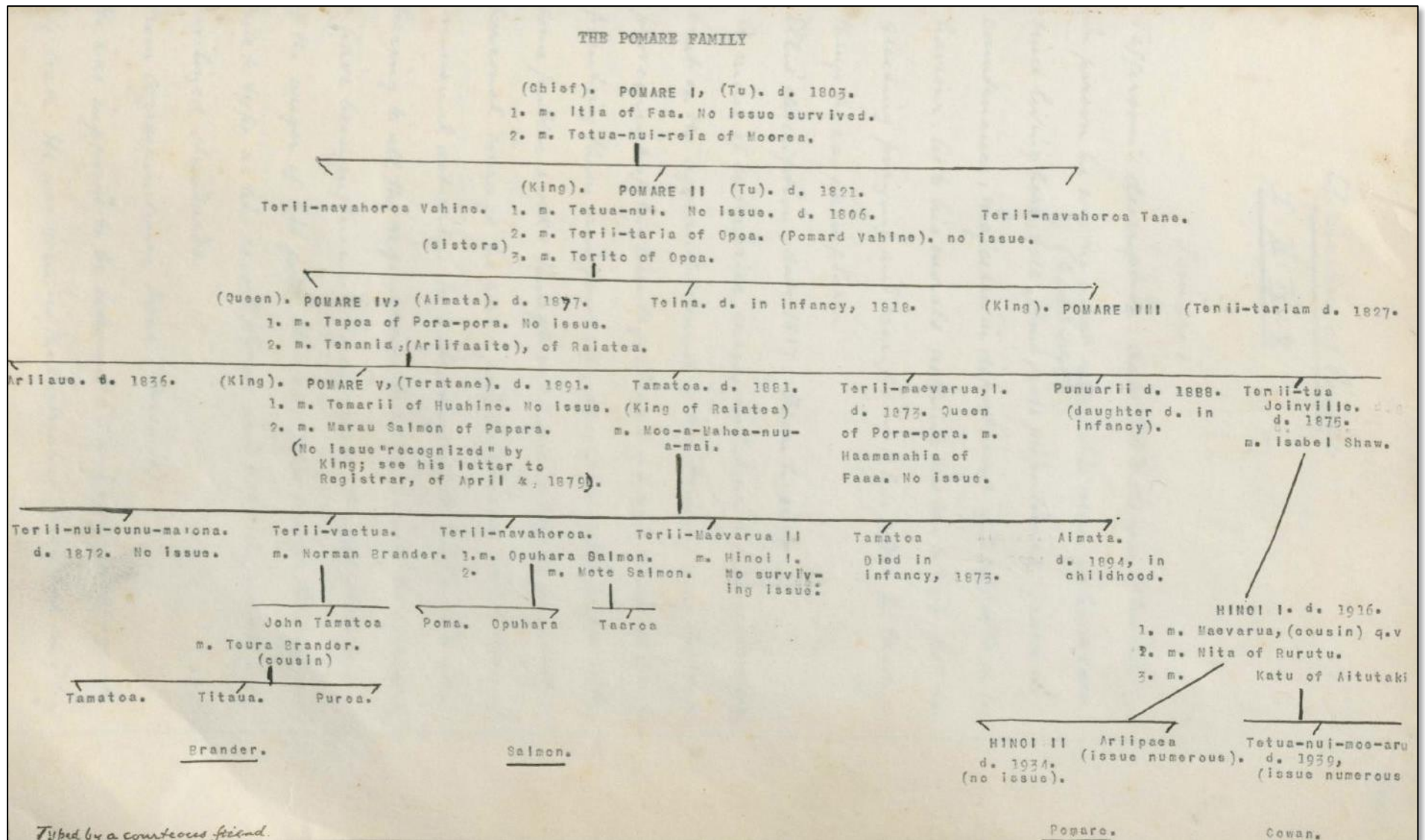
**Marau's Grave in Pauranie — Papeete's Cemetery.**



**A replica of the Marae Tooarai on the promontory Mahaiatea.**



## The Pomare Family





## Characters of Pomare I : II : IV : V

### Pomare I

Jefferson's description : date 1803, the year of his death. <sup>184</sup>

In person he was the most respectable man we have seen since living here, tall (6 feet 3 inches), stout, well proportioned, grave in countenance, majestic in deportment, and affable in behaviour. As to his morals... nothing was sin with him but neglecting praying and sacrificing to his gods. In these things he was exemplary.

Ellis' description : date 1817. From hearsay. <sup>185</sup>

A man of enterprise, excessive labour and perseverance, bent on the aggrandisement of his family, and the improvement of his country, clearing waste tracts of land, planting them, and generally occupying the people with some public work. Though not possessed of the greatest personal courage he was a good politician and a man of unusual activity. In patronizing the idols and adhering to all the requirements of the priests he appears to have been influenced by the constant apprehension of the anger of his gods. He was a pure savage throughout, true to type as his record shows and not to be judged by civilized standards.

From correspondence Home (various).

He was supposed to be between 50 and 60 years of age at his death. He was born in the District of Pare-Arue and by birth was High Chief only of that region of Tahiti. The only thing he would not do for the missionaries was to believe in their teaching. He died as he had lived, a heathen to the core.

### Pomare II

Nott's description : date 1812. From an interview when in Sydney N.S.W. by the "Sydney Gazette". <sup>186</sup>

Tall, somewhat muscular and majestic, his air though somewhat haughty but much less so than might be expected from a man who has been accustomed to command without question and whose early notions could have extended little further than to a conception of his own superiority to every other being on earth. More a friend to civilization than to war, in possession of a power the most absolute that can be conceived and too jealous of its infringement to admit of innovations in the mode of governing to which he had been accustomed.

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<sup>184</sup> From [Transactions of the Missionary Society, Volume 2, Issue 1 \(1804\), p.295.](#)

<sup>185</sup> Abstracted from [Ellis, Polynesian Researches, Volume III \(1831\), p. 251.](#)

<sup>186</sup> Reproduced in [The Sydney Morning Herald, 18 April 1936, p. 11,](#) in the article by Eric Ramsden, *Henry Nott – Tahitian Bible Centenary*. WWB is mentioned in the article as having found Nott's grave.

Ellis' description : date 1817. Also from personal knowledge.<sup>187</sup>

His character was totally different from that of his father, his habits of life were indolent, his disposition sluggish. Though heavy in his appearance, inquisitive, a keen observer, not fond of conviviality, more at ease when alone, sedentary occupations and amusements appeared more congenial than active pursuits. His policy as a ruler was deliberative and cautious rather than prompt and decisive. He was easily imposed upon. He was more rapacious than tyrannical. Not beloved by the nation at large. Exceedingly jealous of any interference with his prerogative or his interest. During the latter part of his life, the habits of intemperance which he was led to indulge in cast a gloom over his mind. He had long been afflicted with elephantiasis but the principal cause of his dissolution was a dropsical complaint.

From correspondence home (various).

He was the biggest man on the island, 6 feet 2 inches, and proportionally stout, fond of despotic power and loved to have the persons and property of his people at his entire disposal. He supported the old custom that no woman should eat in any home that the King honored with his presence. He was naturally idle, seldom or never walked out except to bathe. He taught the natives to disregard everything the missionaries said as to conduct, by his drunken and abominable manner of life he drew aside the people and when cast out from Christian circles for their profligacy received them into greater intimacy with him. He was steeped in the vices of his savage ancestors, his Mind later on assented to Christianity but his Heart never.

#### **Pomare IV**

Ellis' description : date 1817. From personal knowledge. He left Tahiti before she became Queen.<sup>188</sup>

Her countenance open and lively, her jet black eyes sparkling and intelligent, her manners and address engaging, her disposition volatile, her conversation cheerful. Restraint and application were ill-suited to her lively disposition and uncontrolled habits of life.

Dumont d'Urville's description : date 1831.

Aimata is a girl of 17 years of a lively disposition, strongwilled and of a fiery temperament. Difficult to dominate or to guide, she sought to restore at her Court the still recent dissolutions of the celebrated Itia, wife of her ancestor Pomare I. At the beginning of her reign there was still some limit to her dissolute ways but, gradually emboldened by the example of her mother and her aunt, she gave herself up entirely to her ardent nature. But she was the Queen and people put their blind eye to the telescope. Still the Court imitated her. Bigoted under the missionary student, it became debauched under the young Messalina and the example spread to the lower classes. So far the missionaries have found no efficacious remedy for the fatal profligacy. On various occasions the question of pronouncing the Queen's deposition has arisen but they have not yet ventured on this step.

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<sup>187</sup> Abstracted from [Ellis, Polynesian Researches, Volume III, p. 251.](#)

<sup>188</sup> Abstracted from [Ellis, Polynesian Researches, Volume III, p. 289.](#)

From correspondence Home (various).

She had no aptitude for governing, leaving it to her Prime Minister and High Council, spending her earlier years as Queen in the unfettered pleasures of Tahitian life and customs, failing in the reserved dignity of a position which she was unable properly to appreciate as hers. The Protectorate in the full bloom of her womanhood crushed her and broke her spirit. She soon had a large family, sons and a daughter, requiring her attention and in her later years she withdrew much within herself, her spokes-woman being her more forceful foster sister, Ariitaimai, the two growing old together.

### **Pomare V**

Diligent search and enquiry from those who knew him having failed to find one good quality or one redeeming feature, it seems more generous to the Dead to treat the subject with silence.

Historical interests however demand the recording of the following Official “sidelights”.

1. The Papeete news sheet “L’Océanie Française” of the month of March 1884 — after his abdication :

By reason of an understanding come to between Pomare V and the Administration of Tahiti, the superannuated custom is abrogated by which the Districts were bound to furnish servants to him whose situation was much that of veritable slaves.

2. From the “Journal Officiel” of June 18, 1891. Extracts from the Address of Governor Th. Lacascade at the obsequies of Pomare V :

I desire at the least to render to his memory the legitimate homage that we owe to the Sovereign whose sincere attachment to France he did not deny for a single instant. Since the moment when had been sealed that part of allegiance which made Tahiti a French Colony, King Pomare proved to all, that he knew how to be at one and the same time a good Frenchman and a good Tahitian, allying to the love of his race the most affectionate sympathy for the nation which had adopted his one time subjects and treated them on the same footing as the French of the Mother Country. His solicitude for the consideration of the native population had its only equal in the veneration which he professed for the Flag which, having shaded his childhood and the cradles of his brothers, had extended its powerful protection over his Throne. Such are the sentiments which Pomare manifested to me even to the eve of his death when in an interview of which the remembrance will ever be precious to me, feeling himself near his end, he held fast to the recognition that the local Representative of France had never failed to be for him and for all his, a good counsellor, a well wishing friend. I fulfil then a duty to render a last homage to the Sovereign whose departure from this world leaves so lively regrets.

The Pastors present were Viénot, President of the Council of the Protestant native church, Vernier, Brun and Deane. As with the Governor, so throughout, no allusion was made to character. Knowing full well what they all did, they evidently felt it their duty to speak well of the Dead and leave the matter at that.

## Some Old Time Tahitian Customs

In the words of those who witnessed them, 1797 to 1801.<sup>189</sup>

1. The Haeva or ceremony over the Dead.

About 20 persons, men and boys, daubed all over with smut, red clay and white in various forms, most of them armed with sticks, attended by a person arrayed in a fantastic habit called a Mourning dress, made their appearance, ran about from house to house, also round the corpse for a short time and then disappeared. While these frightful objects were running from house to house beating their sticks against the outside railings, those within pretended to be much afraid. Many of the outside party were painted as if they had black jackets turned up with white with a double row of buttons, their thighs and breech painted red, their legs white, while their faces were daubed in as hideous a manner as possible.

2. Temaree and Pommarree make Peace.

The first named accepted the latter's Tarra-a-harra or Atonement. If the person offended is a Chief, it is a live pig and a young plantain tree : if an under Chief, a young chicken and a plantain tree. The pig and the chicken may be looked upon as a Sin Offering, the plantain as a Peace Offering.

3. An outward Symbol of peace.

On the top of a hill that separates the 2 Districts we saw a pole set up in the ground upon which were fastened a dead dog and a young plantain tree. We were given to understand that this was the King's Standard, by which notice was given that there was peace between the 2 Districts. If any were to break down the pole, it would be looked upon as a declaration of war. If it should fall by any chance, the King must be informed and a declaration made of its not being intentionally done.

4. Shoulders bared.

This mark of respect for their King is shown him wherever he goes and by all who appear in his presence, his father and mother not excepted, his Queen being the only person exempt. Though he may be absent, his various habitations marked by high posts with the head of a man rudely carved on them can not be passed without bare shoulders. A wilful breach of this custom would certainly be attended with death, and if it should happen that the King passed a person unobserved and so had his shoulders covered, his cloth would become sacred and must be either torn to pieces or given to the King. To prevent such mistake it is usual to give the alarm of his coming by calling out loudly which is passed along.

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<sup>189</sup> See also *Some Customs in Early Missionary Days* in *Pioneer Missionaries of Tahiti* and WWB's article *Some Old-Time Tahitian Customs* in the May 1942 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 32–33, in Part VII.

## 5. The marriage ceremony

The mother and uncles of the bride were employed in distributing cloth to the various friends who had met upon the occasion. In one of the houses a kind of Altar was erected covered with a piece of white cloth and on it were placed some old cloths which had lately enclosed the tomb of the deceased father of the bride. After they had distributed the various gifts of cloth the parties went to the Family marae where the ceremony commenced with spreading a large piece of white cloth across the pavement. This done, the bride and bridegroom each changed their dress, after which the mother of the bride with 2 or 3 female relations having taken a sugarcane and broken it into small pieces laid the same upon the leaves of a tree called Amai. The mother and her female assistants then wounded their heads with sharks' teeth and caught the blood upon the leaves on which were placed the broken sugarcane and after this, male and female relatives presented the leaves, sugarcane and blood to the bride and bridegroom who were seated, the man on one side of the marae and the woman on the other, about 6 yards apart : the whole was then offered to the supposed god of the Family and laid upon the Family altar. All was conducted with levity. The mother of the bride now produced the skulls of her deceased husband and elder brother which according to the custom of the country she had preserved and now anointed them with coconut oil. The skulls were laid before the leaves, sugarcane and blood. All being finished, the cloth spread upon the marae was folded up and later was presented to the King at his habitation wherever it might be. The cloths the bride and bridegroom put on after entering the marae are deemed scared and are not worn in common.

Note. "Cloth" was tapa cloth woven from the bark of trees.

## 6. Kava — made from the root of the ginger plant.

Yavva, a liquor much in request, continues to be prepared as related by Captain Cook, and drank to excess [sic] both by Chiefs and the common people. It is a root of a sharp, peppery taste which is chewed and spit into a wooden bowl into which coconut milk is poured and after a little while fermentation is excited, when the whole is strained and wrung through coconut husk and served in cups of leaves made immediately and thrown aside when once used. The effect it produces is a weakness in the legs at the time but not of the brain. But continued use is visible from the head to the soles of the feet. The eyes of Yavva drinkers are much bloodshot and at times very sore, their skin covered with a great thick scurf and the soles of their feet chapt or cracked, it also subjects some to fits. Notwithstanding the filthy manner of preparing, its nauseous smell and to many its disagreeable taste, it is as much admired by Otaheitean epicures as the finest wines produced in Italy or France are by the most refined sensualists at Home.

## 7. A sham fight.

All were clothed as in actual war and armed with spears. It consisted in running hither and thither without any order, whooping and hallooing, the different parties making feint thrusts at one another with their spears. The canoes also had some manoeuvres among themselves. The exhibition was in keeping with these islanders' rudeness and barbarity.

## 8. The separation of the sexes.

According to the customs of the country, women have distinct houses from the men in which they eat their food. Moreover one woman does not eat with another nor even with their children, but every woman and female child have their separate provision basket, as also have the men.

## 9. The Arioi.

A company of travelling Players arrived who go from one District to another to exhibit their truly savage performances. They generally travel in large companies with a Manager at their head. Their manner of performing is thus : The actors place themselves in a ring on the ground, the Manager stands in the middle and begins with a Prologue which he delivers with much vehemence and wild gesticulations of his arms, fingers and feet. Then a signal is given to the actors who all break out into a most singular and barbarous noise which can be compared with nothing better than a herd of swine grunting in chorus : at the same time they keep working their hands and thighs as they sit crosslegged till they are obliged to stop for breath. A repetition of this continues about three quarters of an hour. During the whole of the performance the Manager keeps his place and plays his antics. A drum is also kept beating to which they grunt in time.

## 10. Coffins and the Burial Office.

Tahitians knew nothing of the former. It was either “sundrying” and caves or “earth to earth” burial of the corpse, and if the 2 Spaniards were interred in the latter way at Tautira in 1774 and the Bounty’s Surgeon at Point Venus in Dec<sup>r</sup> 1788, the record for the innovation goes to the Brethren at Matavai in 1797. A boy known to them who had met with a fall from a breadfruit tree on Xmas Day died on December 30 and an Entry in the Journal reads :

Brother Puckey promised to make a coffin for the child which was carried the next day by 4 little boys and several of the Brethren followed. This being the first coffin ever made on Otaheite they were surrounded by crowds of natives who admired the construction of it and said “it would make a fine box to put cloths in”. A long ceremony was performed by the father which appeared to consist principally of an oration on the prospect of his future usefulness had he lived.

The father, mother and relatives were prevailed upon by the brethren to abstain from performing the usual conclusion of the Burial Office in cutting their heads and elsewhere with sharks’ teeth, blood flowing freely and being caught on a piece of white cloth was then laid upon the grave.

## 11. Tattooing. (From later Reports.)

This custom, which was frowned upon and as a general thing was eliminated under the new religion, was considered a most graceful and pleasing adornment for both sexes. It was commenced at an early age and gradually the patterns spread themselves over most of the body of the man : women were restricted to their hands, fingers, wrists, ankles and feet, mittens for the hands, rings for the fingers, bracelets for the wrists, sandals for ankles and feet. The men had chest and back, arms and legs covered with a great variety of figures, trees and vines, birds, beasts and fish, circles and squares, with feet like to the women. Unlike the Maori, Tahitians rarely marked face or throat and if so it was but a small mark on the forehead. The Tatatau used either the sharpened bones of birds or the teeth of the shark. The dye was the drippings of oil obtained by burning the fruit of the candlenut tree, which turns from jet black to blue when it came in contact with the skin.

## 12. Time. (From later Reports.)

Before white men’s reckoning came into use, Tahitians had their Days, Months, Years and Generations, but knew nothing of Weeks or Hours. They spoke of a day as “2, 3 or 4 nights ago” and reckoned these up to the new moon, having no special name for each night but one for each of the



lunar months. These months according to the Seasons constituted a Year, when the cycle of the moons recommenced, but as there was no written form of the language it was difficult to keep accurate records of events such as Births, Marriages and Deaths. Their Age was largely guess work helped out by any special happening of his or her life in the Past. The Generation was a help to long past happenings.

The Time of Day was an immense affair of memorizing over 100 divisions, the Sun and the Tide playing the most important part. The tide at Tahiti never varies : 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. it is at its lowest : at mid-day and mid-night it is at its highest, so an accurate Time Keeper in place of clock, but the 24 Hours were another matter.

## The Cook Memorial at Point Venus

### Extracts

from the Geographical Journal of the Royal Geographical Society. London. Volume 89. N° I. <sup>190</sup>

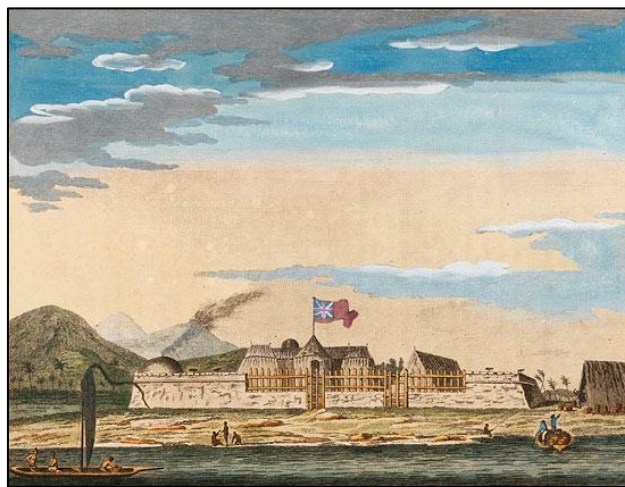
The following notes summarize all the information now available upon the history of this Monument now standing about 100 yards west of the lighthouse at Point Venus. In 1769 Captain Cook visited Tahiti to observe the Transit of Venus. The Endeavour anchored off the north east shore of Matavai Bay : and on April 15 Cook went ashore “*to fix upon some spot commanded by the ship’s guns where I might throw up a small fort for our defense and prepare for making our astronomical observation. We soon fixed upon a spot of the sandy beach on the N.E. point of the Bay which was in every respect convenient for our purpose and not near any habitation of the natives. The soil where we constructed our fort was sandy and this made it necessary to strengthen the entrenchment with wood : three sides were to be fortified in this manner, the 4<sup>th</sup> was bounded by a river upon the banks of which I proposed to place a proper number of water casks.*” <sup>191</sup>

“*This afternoon May 1<sup>st</sup> we set up the Observatory and took the astronomical Quadrant ashore for the first time together with some other instruments, the fort being now finished and made as tenatable as the time, nature and situation of the ground, and materials we had to work upon would admit of. The north and south parts consisted of a bank of earth 4½ feet high on the inside and a ditch without 10 feet broad and 6 feet deep. On the west side facing the Bay a bank of earth 4 feet high and pallisades upon that but no ditch, the works being at high water mark. On the east side upon the bank of the river was placed a double row of casks.*”

On Cook’s “Chart of the Island of Otaheite” a river is shown cutting the promontory called Point Venus and leaving a narrow spit between it and Matavai Bay. To the west of this spit an anchorage

<sup>190</sup> See the article by G.R. Crone, *The Cook Memorial at Point Venus, Tahiti*, published in [The Geographical Journal, Vol. 89, No. 1 \(January 1937\): 54–58](#). The article was written in response to a letter received by the Royal Geographic Society from Captain J.D. McComish of Sydney, a member of the Royal Australian Historical Society, in September 1936.

<sup>191</sup>



*Venus Fort, Erected ... during the Observation of the Transit of Venus at Otaheite from*  
[A Journal of a Voyage to the South Seas](#) by [Sydney Parkinson](#) (1773).

is marked presumably where the Endeavour lay, and it seems clear that the Fort was built on this spit where it could be commanded by her guns. The approximate position of the fort can also be seen from a plate giving a general view from One Tree Hill. The average width of the extreme portion of this spit appears to be about 200 feet. The dimensions of Fort Venus are not known so that it is not possible to determine its exact position.<sup>192</sup>

The next point to be settled is the site of the astronomical observations. Of the actual observations of the Transit it is recorded "*The Observation was made with equal success by the persons I had sent to the eastward, and at the Fort, there not being a cloud in the sky from the rising to the setting of the sun.*" It seems clear therefore that the Observations were made (both) in and (also) close to the Fort. The quotation from the Journal already given stresses the relation between "the Observatory" and "the Fort". The whole purpose of the fort was to protect the instruments, especially as the natives were much given to pilfering.

There is no record in the accounts of his 3 voyages to show that Captain Cook set up any kind of rock or monument to mark the site of the Observatory. None of the navigators such as Kotzebue, Beechey, Belcher, Dumont d'Urville or Wilkes, who touched at Tahiti after Cook's visits, refer to the evidence of such a mark. Kotzebue however records a tradition about the position of the Observatory : "*By the influence of Wilson a small house situated on Cape Venus was cleared for our astronomical observations. We were told that it stood precisely on the same spot where Cook's Observatory had formerly been erected.*" On his plan it is shown near the extremity of the spit. This was in 1824, forty-six years after Cook's last visit. On the plan contained in Dumont d'Urville's hydrographic atlas, "Plan de la Baie Matavai", September 1838, the word "Observatoire" is written along the extremity of Point Venus but there is no symbol to mark its exact position. There is therefore no evidence before 1840 for the existence of a stone associated with Captain Cook himself.

<sup>192</sup> The drawing below shows the placement of the fort on the spit.



A plan of Fort Venus in Royal Bay, Otaheite. Probably from a lost drawing by H. D. Spöring. From *Charts, Plans, Views and Drawings taken on board the Endeavour during Captain Cook's First Voyage, 1768-1771*. British Library.



**Cook's Monument**

In 1899 M<sup>r</sup> A. L. Anderson wrote to the President of the Society — Sir Clements Markham — stating that he had recently visited Point Venus “*the spot from which the transit of Venus was observed by Captain Cook in 1769*”. He then described a stone which he tacitly assumed to be Cook’s stone and its condition : “*Sunk in the ground there is still to be seen the coral slab placed by the great navigator. It is about a foot square and has a brass plate perhaps 4 inches square and showing the transit line let into its top. As I saw it, the stone was exposed to the tender mercies of goats, children, dogs, cattle, etc. having no protection whatever.*” He had asked the local authorities for permission to fence round the memorial but this had been refused. He therefore suggested that the Society should obtain permission to erect a monument on or a fence around this stone. The Council agreed to do this and secured the co-operation of the Royal Society. At their request H.B.M.’s Consul at Tahiti obtained permission from the Governor of the Colony to erect a monument. In submitting plans for this, he suggested that the Society should send out a suitably engraved brass plate to be placed on the monument. This was done, but while the plate was on the way out, the Consul informed the Society that the Governor had undertaken to set up the monument at public expense. A line was accordingly interpolated in the inscription to record this, so that it reads, “*This memorial, erected by Captain James Cook to commemorate the observation of the transit of Venus, June 3<sup>rd</sup> 1769, was restored and fenced round by the local Administration at Tahiti and this plate was placed here by the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society in 1901.* The monument when finished consisted of a column,



surmounted by a sphere, standing upon a plinth in which the stone referred to by M<sup>r</sup> Anderson is embodied, the whole being enclosed by an iron railing.<sup>193</sup>

According to the “Admiralty Pilot” this monument stands about 100 feet west of the lighthouse on Point Venus. The “Pilot” further describes the stone as 15 inches square and marked with a meridian line. A tradition of the association of the stone, over which the memorial has been raised, was very strong locally and it was in fact known as “Cook’s stone”.

Prince Hinoi Pomare, a member of the former Royal House, asserted “*My forebears have of old shown me a stone situated at Point Venus and told me that that stone had formerly served the illustrious navigator and astronomer Cook as a landmark for his observations.*”

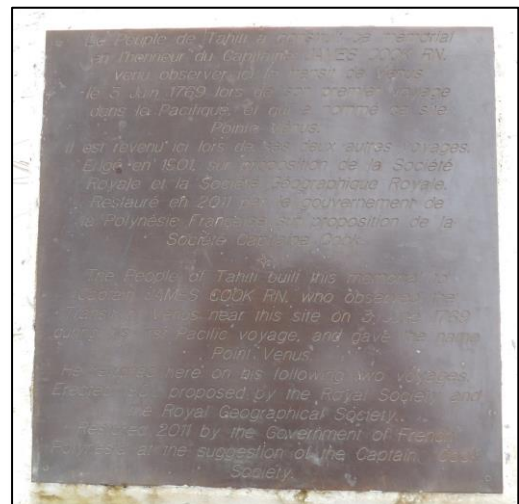
Another inhabitant described how in 1868 when he was working as a carpenter on the building of the lighthouse, many visitors, particularly French and British naval officers, came to see the stone set up by Captain Cook and he added that this stone was incorporated in the monument of today. It is clear therefore that local tradition from at least 1868 associated this stone with Captain Cook and that it did not stand on the approximate site of the fort.

After this memorial had been set up (a) M<sup>r</sup> Kyngdon wrote to the Society from New Zealand asserting that the memorial had been placed at the wrong stone, for another stone at Point Venus was locally associated with Captain Cook. In reply to an enquiry from the Society, the Consul at Tahiti investigated the matter with the result that the stone referred to by M<sup>r</sup> Kyngdon had been placed in position by Commander Wilkes, U.S.A., in 1839. (For this see *Wilkes’ Stone*.)

The conclusions to be drawn from the above are :

1. Cook’s observations were made at Fort Venus and not on the site of the present memorial.

<sup>193</sup> The photograph on the left below of the brass plate at the base of the Cook monument was taken circa 1978. The plate was subsequently stolen and replaced in 2011 with the plate on the right. The text of the new plate is as follows: “The People of Tahiti built this memorial to Captain JAMES COOK RN, who observed the Transit of Venus near this site on 3 June 1769 during his first Pacific voyage and gave the name Point Venus. He returned here on his following two voyages. Erected 1901, proposed by the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society. Restored 2011 by the Government of French Polynesia at the suggestion of the Captain Cook Society.”



2. Cook does not appear to have set up any mark or rock and no references are made by early visitors to any mark left by Cook.
3. The stone incorporated in the present memorial was associated by local tradition with Cook but the origin of this tradition cannot now be determined.
4. The inscription on the brass plate as recorded above is unfortunately misleading.<sup>194</sup>

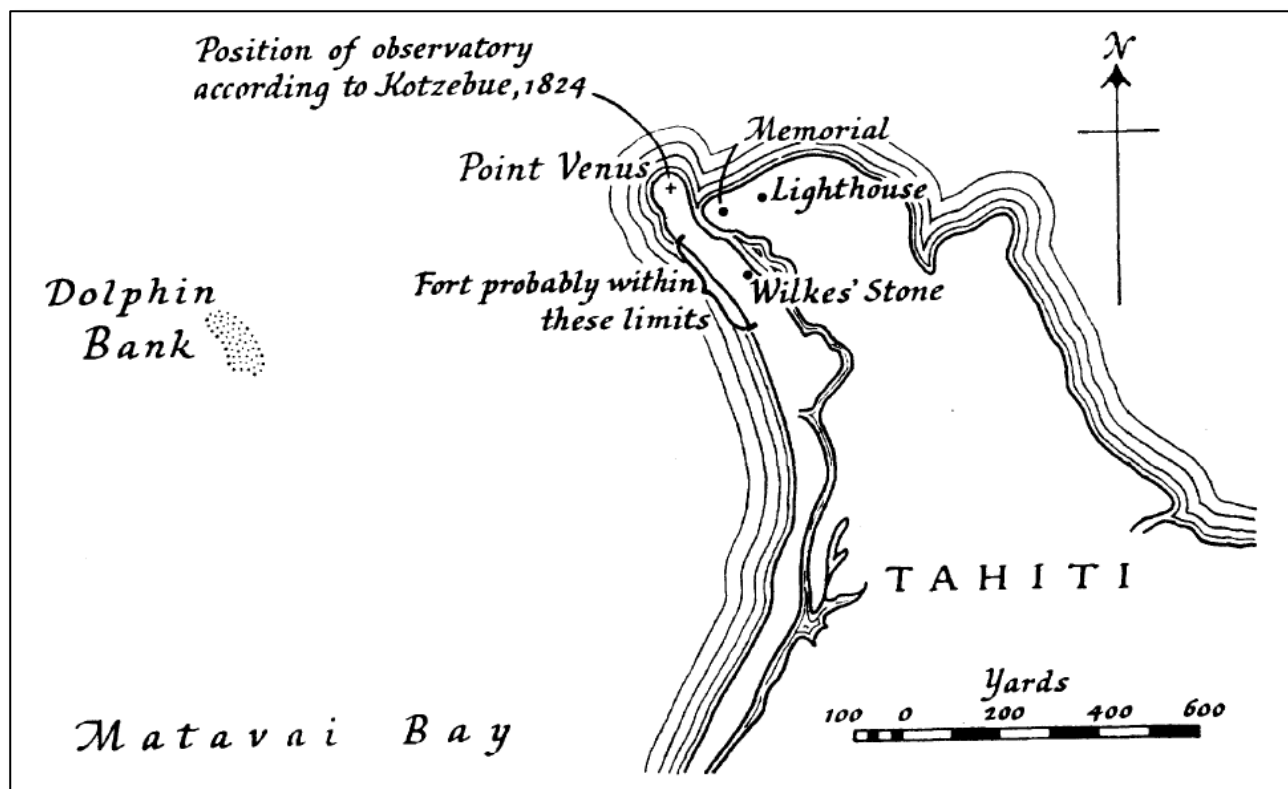
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Note. As also is the year of placement.<sup>195</sup>

The site where the Fort stood, today occupied by a bungalow privately owned though the land itself is Government property, was used by the first Pomare in 1789 to erect a dwelling for Bligh's expected return and was the first dwelling place of the pioneer missionaries in 1797. It seems highly probable that Pomare removed the stone which was used by Cook in his Fort as the base of his main instrument, and had it taken the few yards across the stream, rather than left hidden under the dwelling to be raised.

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<sup>194</sup> The article published in *The Geographical Journal* includes the map shown below:



<sup>195</sup> The text from this note onwards does not appear in the article published in the *The Geographical Journal* and so was added by WWB.



This point is referred to in a private letter from the Royal Society in which it is suggested that the stone with its brass platelet in bearing the Meridian line — “a bench mark” — may have been left behind by Cook to mark the site of Observation.<sup>196</sup>

The British Consul last referred to was R. F. Simons. Copies of his correspondence with the Royal Geographical Society in the Consulate at Papeete show that he reported :

- (a) October 4, 1901, the arrival of the engraved plate.
- (b) January 8, 1902, the monument not yet commenced.
- (c) May 19, 1902, “*The monument is now completed.*”

There appears to have been no Ceremony of Dedication.<sup>197</sup>

<sup>196</sup> The photographs in this and the next footnote were taken in November 2014. The stone with its brass platelet has been covered with white paint, but the platelet and the meridian line are clearly visible in the photographs below. The unpainted stone can be seen in the photograph of Cook’s Monument further above.



<sup>197</sup> The photograph of Cook’s Monument below on the left shows the side facing the lighthouse, with the new plate. The photograph on the right shows the side facing away from the lighthouse (which can be seen in the background through the foliage), with the stone and brass platelet.



## Language Pioneering

The island's debt to the pioneer missionaries.

On Tahiti the attempt was made and success achieved by men who had no special training whatsoever in such work or in the studies suitable for such an undertaking. They had to work out all the principles and solve all the problems by and for themselves. Such pioneering is full worthy of record and of praise. The "Journal" of these men tells of their travail.

A little more than one year after their Landing they enter a brief letter sent Home dated August 26, 1798 :

*Out time has principally been engaged in labouring to acquire a knowledge of the language of the country which we find all Europeans who ever visited Otaheite have utterly mistaken as to spelling, pronunciation, ease in learning and the barrenness of it. We have already joined some thousands of words and we believe some thousands yet remain.*

On April 9, 1799 comes the entry :

*Our growth in the knowledge of the language still slow and in many cases uncertain which is in a great measure owing to our not being able to catch the sounds of the words with that exactness which is necessary. The language abounds with vowels, even more than any navigator who has given specimens of it was aware of. Many words consist of nothing but vowels and each has a sound, but the natives utter their words with such rapidity that it is with the utmost difficulty we can discover the true manner of spelling them and when this is accomplished with any tolerable degree of precision there is as great a labour to arrive at the true sense and meaning of a word or its various meanings, for one word is used to express very opposite things in different sentences. And, which adds to the difficulty, they abbreviate their words so much that those which we are well acquainted with and which if fully pronounced we should readily understand are, by the abbreviation, so shortened that we frequently mistake them for new words and are thus puzzled and perplexed.*

Eight years had passed when the entry is made :

*March 11. 1805. On Friday 2 hours were employed in composing an Alphabet of the Otaheitean language in which it was proposed that the English or Roman characters should be taken and Otaheitean names given them for a more easy and natural introduction of letters among the natives. An Alphabet was then drawn up and agreed to by the majority, composed of such letters as were supposed to be in the language though it must be observed that our judgements in this particular, namely what letters are in the language, differ in some respects very much.*

Wednesday April 9, 1806 finds them still at the work :

*In the afternoon had a meeting to rend our Taheitean-English vocabulary. It is proper to observe that our meetings for the purpose of collecting in alphabetical order all known Taheitean words commenced in March 1805. From that time we have in general met twice a week. We have paid a native for attending our meetings in order to ascertain the proper pronunciation of every word which we have written down according to our new Alphabet, as also its corresponding English and its various significations. We have now gone through the Alphabet in that manner and today began to read what is put down for the purpose of further correction. Our present collection amounts to 2,100 words exclusive of 500 names of trees, plants, fishes, birds, insects etc. There are also several hundred*

*more of names expressive of the qualities and states of breadfruit, plantains, coconuts etc. etc. It appears that the Taheitean language has been much mistaken by Europeans in general. All the vocabularies we have seen are essentially deficient and erroneous not only in spelling and signification of words but in all the fundamental principles of the language. In respect to some of the common occurrences of life we allow that a European of ordinary capacity may soon make himself understood, but in respect to such a knowledge of the language as is necessary to convey instruction it is far otherwise. It has been represented as uncommonly easy of attainment but we know the contrary by long experience. Its radical parts or those words that are simple roots are only a few hundreds in number yet these, few as they are, may by the help of prefixes and affixes be easily multiplied to 5000 or 6000 so as to express with much precision any idea commonly occurring to a native's mind.*

*The greatest difficulties for attaining this language arise*

- 1. from the vast number of words that are nearly the same in pronunciation but widely different in sense :*
- 2. from their different way of forming their sentences from what a European would naturally do :*
- 3. from their manner of confining a word or term to a particular thing, whereas its corresponding English would be applied also to other things of the same kind : as also*
- 4. from the arbitrary alterations introduced from time to time on account of some words or syllables becoming sacred.*

*(See Pii in Restricted Use of Words.)*

## Tahiti's Welcome to Victoria's Son

An account drawn upon

from the "Messenger de Tahiti" of June 26 and July 3, 1869.

### Issue of June 26 :

A month ago the coming of Prince Alfred <sup>198</sup> had been announced : the people had been called upon to lend their aid in the reception which would be given him. On Friday evening the Districts commenced to arrive, and on Saturday last June 19 the English frigate Galatea commanded by His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, anchored in our harbour about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. She immediately saluted the French Flag with 21 guns and the salute was at once returned by the shore battery. The Imperial Commissioner in Command sent his Chief of Staff on board to convey to His Highness a welcome to our country and to ask him when he would receive the Imperial Commissioner Commandant.

The next day, Sunday, the Prince's aides-de-camp, the Honorable Eliot Yorke and Lieutenant Haig, returned the visit made the previous day by the Chief of Staff and announced that His Royal Highness would at 4 o'clock pay visits to Her Majesty the Queen and the Governor (i.e. the "Imperial Commissioner" and "Commandant" under the Protectorate).

At 2 o'clock the Commandant accompanied by his staff went aboard the Galatea to present his homage to Prince Alfred and to offer his services. His reception was most gracious and cordial. His Highness conducted M. de Jouslard to the battery to allow him to see the cannons of heavy calibre and to explain their handling to him. The Commandant retired after having placed at the disposal of His Highness all the resources which our Military Depôt could supply. At his departure he was saluted with 15 guns which the Duchayla promptly returned.

Prior to 4 o'clock troops were assembled at the wharf and the singers ranged themselves at the Queen's residence to receive the Prince. At the moment when His Highness left his ship he was saluted by a salvo in regular succession from all the artillery of the Duchayla. At the same moment flags were hoisted, the yards manned — honours reserved for princes of the Imperial Family — and when he landed the shore battery fired a salute of 21 guns. The Commanders and staffs of the naval vessels in harbour awaited him at the quay.

The Commandant had sent ahead to His Highness his 2 aides-de-camp who accompanied him to Government House where the Commanders of Military Units and their officers had assembled. After a short stay at the House, His Highness together with the Commandant betook himself to the Queen's Palace. During the short walk all the singers sang Welcome to the son of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, intermingling their chants with the warmest acclamations.

Her Majesty Queen Pomare was surrounded by all her family and the leading Chiefs of the island. She expressed to His Royal Highness how happy she was to see him at Tahiti and assured him that she would do all in her power to render his stay in her country agreeable. At the departure of the Prince the same applause accompanied his way. In the evening he again came ashore and having

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<sup>198</sup> [Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha \(Alfred Ernest Albert; 1844–1900\)](#)



come to listen to the singers gathered in the Queen's courtyard he appeared to take a lively interest in all their songs. An excellent musician himself he remarked with surprise that these songs, despite their simplicity and their original rhythm, contained portions extremely melodious.



**Visit of Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh**

**Left to right.**

**At back :**

**Moetia Salmon**  
(M<sup>rs</sup> Atwater)

**Tua Vahine \***  
(M<sup>rs</sup> Dunnett)

**Hon Eliot Yorke**  
(Aide-de-camp)

**Front row :**

**Duke of Edinburgh**  
**Prince Alfred**

**Titua Salmon**  
(M<sup>rs</sup> Brander)

**\* also known as Terâtu Tepairu.**

The next day, Monday, a dinner offered to His Royal Highness by the Commandant gathered together at Government House Her Majesty the Queen, Their Royal Highnesses Prince Arii faaite and Prince Ariiaua, Monseigneur the Bishop of Axieri, the Captain of the Kearsarge, the Commanders of the Néréide and the Duchayla, the Foreign Consuls, the principal functionaries and the most distinguished

residents of the country. His Royal Highness arrived accompanied by his 2 aides-de-camp and M<sup>r</sup> Chevalier. Four toasts were proposed : the first by the Commandant to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, the second by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh to His Majesty the Emperor.<sup>199</sup> The Queen then drank to the health of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh who responded in proposing the health of Her Majesty Queen Pomare. The courtyard of Government House had been illuminated and the singers of the Districts had assembled there. The songs followed one another without interruption throughout the evening. There were to be seen strolling in the grounds the Queen, the Prince, the Commandant and those invited who had been unable to take their place at the dinner.

The following day, Tuesday, the natives of the island came to render homage to him at the Queen's Palace, each Tahitian making a present to him of festal adornments, the Queen and members of her family placing themselves at the head of a line of all Districts gathered at Papeete. In the evening the Prince sent his Band ashore. It played, to the intense pleasure of the natives, lovers of music as they are, many pieces remarkably well executed.

Wednesday there was a Ball at the Queen's Palace. The Party was delightful. His Royal Highness had kindly lent his Band for the dance. He paid much attention to the singers of Papara, Papeuriri and Papeari whose dancing songs full of originality celebrated his welcome.

Thursday Her Majesty the Queen went aboard the Galatea to watch the Regatta. The English and French frigates rendered her Royal honours at the moment when she quitted the shore. The first 3 prizes for men were carried off by the Districts of Pueu for outrigger canoes, Afareaitu for whale boats and Papenoo for double canoes. The women of Tiarei obtained a special prize. The Duke of Edinburgh showed the Queen all over his fine frigate and offered her his portrait, also those of his august parents. The Queen took great pleasure in the infantry movements which the Prince caused his marines to execute. Afterwards she returned ashore accompanied by the Commandant.

### Issue of July 3 :

The whole week has been filled with festivities exchanged with His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, our guest during 13 days. Native singers and the Band of the English frigate alternating, gave a concert each evening before the Queen's Palace which drew a large concourse.

Last Saturday, His Highness set the day apart for a trip to Atimaono where he found an establishment full of interest. Unfortunately, arranging to return the same evening to Papeete, he could put in only a very short time there, moreover the weather was very rainy that day, little favouring the outing.

Monday, a double festive event brought together again at the homes of M<sup>r</sup> Brander — first in the country and later in town — the Prince, Her Majesty Queen Pomare and the Commandant. The dinner served in a charming arbour retreat in the centre of the Pirae property was delightful in every way. Then the numerous guests invited for the Ball filled the salons all night, the honours of which were so graciously dispensed by the mistress of the home on the Quai Napoleon.

Tuesday, His Highness gave a dinner aboard the Galatea to the Commandant and some French officers present at Papeete. The healths of Their Majesties Queen Victoria, the Emperor of the French,

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<sup>199</sup> [Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte \(1808 –1873\)](#)



Queen Pomare, followed by that of the Duke of Edinburgh were cordially proposed and warmly acclaimed.

Thursday at noon the Districts assembled for the last time at the Queen's residence to present their offerings to the Prince, these gathered together before the Palace compound according to custom of pigs, fowls, coconuts, bananas etc. After some words of welcome and best wishes for a good voyage expressed to His Highness by one of the Chiefs, the Queen thanked the population for the assistance which they had given her in receiving her noble visitor and required them to return to their homes and resume their labours.

Before this ceremony, the Queen having assembled all the Chiefs at her home, had requested the Commandant's attendance in order to receive presents of the same kind which the assembled Districts wished to offer him on this occasion when they met him for the first time. Chief Maheanuu who spoke said that, thus conforming to the ancient hospitality customs of their fathers, they wished to give witness for the regard they felt for the Emperor's representative.

Friday morning finally, our illustrious guest left us. At half-past eleven his frigate set sail and clearing the Pass at noon she gave a final salute of 21 guns to the Government of the Protectorate. The shore returned the salute. The Galatea headed towards the Sandwich Islands whence she will reach Japan and the Indies. The Districts wended their way home and quiet in the little capital reigned once more.

## Inter Alia : Jottings and Details Various.

### Restricted Use of Words

There was a Vocabulary in these Periods for ordinary folk and another for Chiefs. A “tapu” could also be placed upon a word as not possible in ordinary conversation from that time onward. The private property of the Pomare Family was Vai – water – Été – basket. When that property developed into part of a community, the Vai being a word used only by the Aristocracy was changed to Papé, the ordinary folks’ word for water. When Pomare chose his secondary name he used 2 aristocratic terms. Po – for night – ordinary folk using Arui – and Maré – for cough – ordinary folk using Hota. Thus however being a name all could use it with impunity. Much of the Chiefs’ vocabulary has now been lost to knowledge and much has no longer a tapu on it.

Other samples of the Past were :

Moe (sleep) for Chiefs but Taoto for others :

Tamahine (young girl) for Chiefs but Potii for others :

Mati (death) for Chiefs but Pohe for others :

Maeva and Manava (salutation) for Chiefs but Ia-ora-na for others :

Ivaho (outside) for Chiefs but Irapaeau for others.

This restriction in the use of words meaning the same thing was known as Pii (to announce).

### The Coming of the Spaniards

The reason Why. Upon the discovery of the Pacific Ocean His Holiness Pope Alexander VI <sup>200</sup> with a magnificent gesture handed over — in 1493 — the Sovereignty thereof with all that it might contain in land to His Catholic Majesty Don Carlos I of Spain. This preposterous claim on both their parts, also affirmed between Spain and Portugal by the Treaty of Tordesillas, <sup>201</sup> was naturally ignored by the Protestant nations, especially the English who set out to find what the vast ocean held for white men in the way of general information, new Continents or Islands for trade or occupation if so it suited them. Urgent and strict orders were accordingly given by their successive Spanish Majesties to their Viceroys in South America to keep watch on every movement of the English, to track them relentlessly and report Home. They had a long start, those English navigators, and the chase led oft, as on Tahiti, to fruitless end.

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<sup>200</sup> [Pope Alexander VI, born Roderic Llançol i de Borja \(1431–1503\)](#)

<sup>201</sup> The [Treaty of Tordesillas](#), signed at Tordesillas, Spain, 7 June 1494, divided the newly discovered lands outside Europe between Spain and Portugal along a meridian 370 leagues west of the Cape Verde islands (off the west coast of Africa). This line of demarcation was about halfway between the Cape Verde Islands (already Portuguese) and the islands discovered by Christopher Columbus on his first voyage (claimed for Spain), named in the treaty as Cipangu and Antilia (Cuba and Hispaniola). The lands to the east would belong to Portugal and the lands to the west to Spain.

Boenechea set up a wooden Cross at his landing place, Tautira, inscribed :

*Christus vincit.*

*Carolus III Imperator 1774.*

Cook on his last visit inscribed on the reverse side :

*Georgius Tertius Rex.*

*Annis 1767*

*1769, 1773–1774 et 1777.*

Carlos on hearing, gave orders for its removal but that mission never came for Spain had its hands full elsewhere and, its zenith passed, its decline was rapid, there was neither Time nor Means nor Men to think more of any pressing home its Throne's claim to Pacific sovereignty.

### **The Earliest Printed Records of Residents on Tahiti**

- a. “Annual Reports” L.M.S. 1798–1807.
- b. “The Evangelical Magazine” L.M.S. 1793–1876.
- c. “Transactions” Vols I, II, III L.M.S. 1795–1815.
- d. “The Quarterly Chronicle” Vols I, II, III, IV L.M.S. 1815–1832.
- e. “The Missionary Register” Church Missionary Society 1813–1855.

### **Sacred Canoes**

Jefferson's description — October 5, 1798 — reads :

*Between this Point (Faré-uté) and the Nanu we met with 3 sacred canoes belonging to Eimeo, one of which carried what the Otaheiteans call the House of God. The canoes were hauled upon the beach under the shade of a large purrow (purau) tree upon the top branches of which, wrapped up in a basket made of cocoa nut leaves with a long pole run through it, hung a man who had been destroyed for a sacrifice and which these canoes were going to convey to a great marae in Eimeo. The double canoe which contained the House of God was quite new as was the House and all its appurtenances. The House of the supposed God was a kind of forecastle that projects beyond the stem.*

*These sacred canoes were always built on the grounds of maraes and by a special class of builders who lived on the spot till the work was completed leading a highly restricted life the while. These Va'a ra'a were large and deep in the body, the prow and stern rising gracefully 12 to 15 feet high which ended in a carved figure of either man, bird or beast. These figureheads were known as Rei,*

*the figures themselves as Ti'i (tikis). The House was a chamber corresponding in height and size with the image carried.*

### **First Recorded Letter of Pomare I**

Having received a letter from Governor King <sup>202</sup> by the Albion, Pomare requested the Brethren and Matavai to write in his name, giving them the outline of what he wished to say.

*January 1<sup>st</sup> 1801.*

*To His Excellency*

*Governor King :*

*May it please Your Excellency*

*Your letter and present I kindly accept. I love King George and His subjects and will while I live be a protector to those of them who put themselves under my care : but I must tell Your Excellency I at this time stand in fear of the Commonalty many of them being disaffected towards me, and their disaffection I fear is encouraged by some seamen who are on the island and therefore I wish Your Excellency to present me with a few firearms whereby my Authority may be maintained and the peace of my kingdom preserved. I request Your Excellency to accept the articles I have sent by Captain Bunker as a token of my goodwill. I hope it will not be long before I have the pleasure of hearing from you again.*

*I remain Your Excellency's friend and humble servant.*

*Pomare*

*X*

*his mark*

The Albion's Captain, Eber Bunker, <sup>203</sup> was born in London 1762 and from boyhood was connected with whaling ships. He was the first whaler on the New Zealand coast early in 1782. He died at his Grant of land "Collingwood" N.S.W. in September 1834.

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<sup>202</sup> [Philip Gidley King \(1758–1808\)](#)

<sup>203</sup> [Eber Bunker \(1761–1836\)](#)

## Coined Words

Natives upon the coming of the white men saw much that was wholly new to them. They had no word for such things and were driven to compose them. The following examples will show results.

Horse	Puaa horo fenua	Animal of 4 legs (which) runs (on) land.
Cannon	Pupuhi fenua	Blowing with the mouth (upon the) land, i.e. from ships.
Trousers	Piri pou	Covering (for the) pillars, i.e. legs which support the body.
Measles	Ma'i faehau	Sickness (of) soldiers, first brought by them.
Stonemason	Taata patu afai	Man (who) builds (up) stones.
Eyeglass	Titia mata	Filter (for the) eyes.
Saloon	Farehooraa Uaina	Shop (for) wine.
Accordion	Upa upa ume ume	Musical instrument repeatedly pulled.

### Today

Automobile	Pereoo uira	Carriage (of) lightning.
Aeroplane	Pahi reva	Ship (of the) firmament.
Steamer	Pahi auahi	Ship (of) fire.
Singlet	Piri ero	Close (to) chest.

## Ueva

When in December 1808 Pomare II fled to Moorea with the 4 remaining missionaries — Nott, Hayward, Scott and Wilson — he secured through the generosity of Chief Ueva of Faatoai (Papetoai today) a portion of his land called by his Family name as their residence which runs directly up from the Landing place for that village. Here they raised a dwelling and later on a Chapel, the latter close to the water's edge. Ueva became the missionaries' headquarters for many years whilst work was carried on upon Tahiti and in the Leeward islands.

Here in 1812 the wives of 3 missionaries — M<sup>rs</sup> Henry, M<sup>rs</sup> Davies and M<sup>rs</sup> Hayward — died and were buried : here in 1815 Scott and in 1820 Bicknell were laid at rest.

The first Chapel, a native house 80 feet by 25 feet, was opened for use July 25, 1813. The second Chapel, the present day edifice, was begun in 1822 under the plans and superintendence of M<sup>r</sup> Platt<sup>204</sup> and stands on the site of a former marae.

A Tablet commemorating the above named Dead was placed in the Chapel on October 28, 1936. (See *Moorea's Octagonal Church*.)<sup>205</sup>



**The graves of Bicknell, M<sup>rs</sup> Henry, M<sup>rs</sup> Davies and M<sup>rs</sup> Hayward at Ueva.**<sup>206</sup>

**In the foreground — Bicknell with his child's to one side of him.**

**To the left — Scott.**

**Beyond Bicknell's — the 3 women.**

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<sup>204</sup> Rev. George Platt (1789-1865)

<sup>205</sup> See also the notice of the tablet in memory of the early missionaries in the 21 December 1936 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, page 8, and the article *L.M.S. Pioneers* in the 22 January 1937 edition, page 6, in Part VII.

<sup>206</sup> In November 2014 (and certainly many years earlier), there was no longer any trace of the graves in the vicinity of Moorea's octagonal church that are shown in the photograph.



## Tahiti Vies With Wales

The following are samples of our “Christian” names for persons even to this day : every vowel sounded separately. “Surnames” are not used but the Old time Family marae is usually added at the end.

1. Tevahineninituaifaopua.
2. Teriimateataiteraianuaanua.
3. Tevahinetepairuteraireia.
4. Maamaatuaiahutapu.
5. Haamanahiaamaheanuami.
6. Moeterauritetupaiahauviri.
7. Airarotuateriirourumaonateraitepomateao.
8. Hinaariitetanuiiterapoiaitearataiafaanui-e-vau.<sup>207</sup>

## First Native Soldiers

Captain Grimes of the brig Hope who anchored at Matavai April 28, 1821 attended the great Annual Meeting of the Tahitian Auxiliary Missionary Society held in the Royal Mission Chapel at Arué — Papaoa — and writes “*On the appointed day of meeting the Chiefs were arrayed in their best dresses, the soldiers were under arms and nothing was omitted to exhibit the greatness of the King.*”

And M<sup>r</sup> Crook notes in his Journal :

*“May 9. 1821. Pomare’s soldiers about 150 in number were drawn up in order with musquets and fixed bayonets.”*

## The Named Stations’ Who’s Who

1. Wilks’ Harbour, i.e. Papeete : after

Matthew Wilks,<sup>208</sup> Minister of Moorfields Tabernacle, London. One of the Founders of the L.M.S.

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<sup>207</sup> See WWB’s article *Pot-pourri of Tahitian History* in the 16 April 1940 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 34–36, in Part VII, and *Names, Nouns and Negatives* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

<sup>208</sup> Rev. Matthew Wilks (1746–1829)

2. Hankey Town, i.e. Papara : after  
William Hankey, <sup>209</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> Treasurer of the L.M.S. from 1816 to 1832.
3. Waugh Town, i.e. Matavai : after  
Alexander Waugh, <sup>210</sup> one of the first Directors of the L.M.S.
4. Burder's Point, i.e. Punaruu : after  
George Burder, <sup>211</sup> Foreign Secretary of the L.M.S. from 1803 to 1827.
5. Haweis Town, i.e. Papara : after  
Thomas Haweis, <sup>212</sup> one of the first Directors of the L.M.S.
6. Bogue Town, i.e. Tautira : after  
David Bogue, <sup>213</sup> one of the Founders of the L.M.S.
7. Griffin Town, i.e. Afareaitu, Moorea : after  
John Griffin, <sup>214</sup> who brought Captain Wilson of the Duff into touch with the L.M.S.
8. Roby Town, i.e. Opunohu, Moorea : after  
William Roby, <sup>215</sup> one of the Founders of the L.M.S.  
  
This name was given also to Hitiaa on Tahiti by Henry who served at both Stations.
9. Blest Town, i.e. Papetoai, Moorea : owing to  
  
Pomare's declaration made there as to his long sought decision against idolatry.

### A Light Fingered Gentry

It is evident from the daily "Journal" of the first permanent white residents on Tahiti — those of 1797 — that the Brethren had no easy time guarding their possessions. In point of fact they had little left in their Apartments and Storeroom when fortunate replacements arrived in 1801. It was a hopeless struggle against overwhelming odds from the High Chiefs — and women — down.

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<sup>209</sup> William Alers Hankey (1771–1859). The town of [Hankey](#), South Africa is also named after him.

<sup>210</sup> [Alexander Waugh \(1754–1827\)](#)

<sup>211</sup> [George Burder \(1752–1832\)](#)

<sup>212</sup> [Thomas Haweis \(1734–1820\)](#). The surname rhymes with "pause".

<sup>213</sup> [David Bogue \(1750–1825\)](#)

<sup>214</sup> Author of [Memoirs of Captain James Wilson](#) (1827).

<sup>215</sup> William Roby (1766–1830)

Theft was clearly a natural instinct and habit of the entire population and they had a special god of Theft — Hiro — to bless them on their enterprise and their success. They needed his aid, for the penalty among them — for one and all — to be caught redhanded was Death.

### Native “Titles of Nobility”

A sample from Ariitaimai’s honours who was High Chieftainess of Papara and the foster-sister of Queen Pomare. She was :

1. Marama o’Eimeo

For explanation see Chapter VIII.

2. O’Tahiti

She had right to a seat in the marae of that name, the fountainhead of Tahitian Aristocracy.

3. Teriirere o’Tooarai

The first part is the prefix of the name of that High Chief of Papara — Teriirere — the son of Amo and Pura, whilst the second is the actual name of the celebrated marae at Papara raised for him by his parents and commonly spoken of as Mahaiatea. Teriirere died without issue, his half brother Temarii succeeding but his line became extinct in the massacre at Papara. The Chieftainship therefore descended through Amo’s younger brother and with it went the marae with which both names had become combined as one. Ariitaimai being the direct descendant of the latter line inherited the famous marae and took a Title from it, similar to our own practice e.g. Lord Grey of Falloden.<sup>216</sup>

4. Tauraatua i Amo

The first name is that of a famous warrior of the Teva Clan whose habitat was a small tract of land at the head of the Papare valley and known as Amo, the same name as that of Cook’s first Tahitian friend. Ariitaimai inheriting the land which as with N° 3 had become inseparable from the man took a further Title from it as with N° 3.

This from a statement made by Tati II, Ariitaimai’s son.

### The First Tahitian Trading Schooner

The Haweis of 72 tons was not built without much heartburning among the Brethren of the early days. There were<sup>217</sup> those who thought first of the Society which had sent them thither. There were others — a minority — who sought to build a vessel wherewith to trade for “private” gain to help out their

<sup>216</sup> [Edward Grey \(1862–1933\)](#). WWB has *Gray*.

<sup>217</sup> WWB has *was*.

meagre salaries with wives and children to support. The majority for the Society won out, The Haweis to be the first of that numerous fleet which today sail in the waters of French Oceania.

Those built by Bicknell and Broomhall in 1800 one gathers were but roughly built “whale boats”. But it was a struggle with finance and labour for years before triumph came and it came despite the fact that there was not a boat builder among them as his former trade. But those men were no dreamers of what might be.

They had thought of it as early as 1798. The proposal was reborn in Papetoai on Moorea where from 1808 onwards the Brethren had massed for safety. In 1811 there was an appeal to far off Port Jackson, their Supply House, for “*tools and 2,000 nails suitable to build a boat*”. In 1812 deaths and much coming and going held back the attempt. In 1813 came Pomare’s permission to cut timber “*defying consequences*” from the gods. Through 1814 and 1815 the vessel was slowly taking shape. In August 1816 it was so far advanced that a request was made to the Society’s Agent at Port Jackson to send “*a competent man to complete the boat and take it to the Colony*”. Captain John Nicholson came upon the scene and 7 white men with him as part of the future crew. So they pushed ahead through 1817 till at last on the 6<sup>th</sup> of December of that year the vessel was launched from its stocks : a great day for both the natives and the Brethren.

Pomare II of course was there and named it but no champagne bottle breaking is recorded. In June 1818 it was ready for sea and with 6 natives added to the crew the Haweis cruised through the Island Groups, carrying the owners to isles they desired to visit and gathering up oil, hogs etc. as cargo. Then on the 1<sup>st</sup> of January 1819 it headed from its Home port Papetoai for New South Wales, arriving with flags a-flying at Port Jackson on January 24, a dream fulfilled and the Brethren had Tahiti’s first trading schooner notched to their lasting credit.

Ten years later she disappears from view, her end unknown so far but those 10 years of service were not wholly uneventful. The “Sydney Gazette” of those days states that shortly after her first arrival she was offered for sale by public auction. Presumably there was no sale for on the 8<sup>th</sup> of May she left for Tahiti under the same Captain.

In 1821 once again at Sydney she was up for sale. Presumably this was successful, for under the command of Captain Jamieson <sup>218</sup> she visited inter-colonial ports and the seal fisheries. Again she headed for Tahiti, returning to Sydney in February 1825. The island Réunion saw her in 1826. It was 3 years later that in March 1829 she met with exciting experience. She was in New Zealand waters in search of flax and pork under the command of Captain James <sup>219</sup> and lay at anchor between Whakatane and Mayor <sup>220</sup> island. Whilst the majority of the crew were ashore she was seized by the Maoris, those aboard being slain, amongst them a Tahitian, and stripped. She was however recaptured by the New Zealander then in the Bay of Plenty. <sup>221</sup>

From that day on, all trace of her is lost. <sup>222</sup>

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<sup>218</sup> Robert Jamieson, also spelt Jamison or Jameson in the press. A [notice](#) in the Sydney Gazette of 21 June 1822 states “*Captain Jamieson, of the brig Haweis, hereby Cautions the Inhabiatnts against giving Trust or Credit to any of the Crew of the said Vessel, as he will not be responsible for any Debts by them contracted.*”

<sup>219</sup> John James

<sup>220</sup> WWB has Moyer.

<sup>221</sup> See *Capture of the Brig “Haweis” — A Story of Old Whakatane* in [The New Zealand Railways Magazine, Volume 14, Issue 3 \(June 1, 1939\), pages 38–40.](#)

<sup>222</sup> The following [article](#) is from the Sydney Gazette and the New South Wales Advertsier of 16 April 1831, page 2: “*It will be remembered that we mentioned, some few months since, a report that this unfortunate vessel had been wrecked on one of the Friendly Isles, in consequence of which, the Church Missionaries at the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, had*

## Sugar and Cotton

A M<sup>r</sup> Gyles <sup>223</sup> who had been engaged on a sugar plantation in the West Indies was, without any previous consultation with the Brethren, engaged by the Directors in London for 4 years and sent out to start and maintain a sugar factory. With the aid of Darling, Platt and a son of Bicknell he set it up at Opunohu on Moorea, but as the natives had neither the aptitude nor the desire to engage in regular work the scheme fell through from inability to procure labour. The experience Gyles had had with negroes moreover did not fit him to deal with free natives like those on Tahiti. In addition, Pomare II became fearful that if the plantations prospered, adventurers would be attracted and his territories injured thereby. To allay his fears Gyles abandoned the work in 1819 retiring to Port Jackson. Bicknell removed the plant to Tahiti and succeeded in making excellent sugar though not in sufficient quantity to be of any commercial value. The site of his factory was Taaone in Arué.

In 1821 Armitage, <sup>224</sup> a cotton manufacturer of Manchester, arrived, sent out by the Directors for the spinning and weaving of cotton, bringing all needed machinery. The opinion of those on the spot was again not sought. Here once more nothing came of the experiment save heavy expenses. It also had to be abandoned for a much later day.

## The Printing Press

The Press brought out by Ellis in 1817 was not the first to be landed on Tahiti. There is the following entry in the daily 'Journal' of the Brethren for June 2, 1798 : "*Today we divided among us some of the most valuable of the books that composed the library, the others were carefully packed up in a dry cask together with a quantity of printing paper. The printing and binding Presses Brother Lewis will keep in his possession if possible.*" Also on June 3 : "*Busy fitting up a printer's shop.*" But it was not possible. When Lewis was turned out of the band, only his barest necessities were supplied him, the Presses remained at Matavai. There was no attempt made at setting them up whilst none knew the language, and Lewis who the Journal shows was to have been the printer was gone. In December 1808 all had fled the place and the heathen party descended on Matavai completely wrecking the place, carrying off from the Settlement everything they could lay their hands on and turning to their own use what they coveted the most — iron. Such was the end of the first Printing Press in Oceania.

The second, brought out under the charge of Ellis who had been thoroughly instructed both as printer and binder, was at first landed at Papetoai and moved from that village to Afareaitu, both sites on

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*determined on sending their vessel, the Active, to make enquiries upon the spot. We are now enabled to state the result, and feel much regret that our communication is unfavourable. The Active sailed from the Bay of Islands, on this melancholy errand, on the 8th of January last, having on board the Rev. William Yate, Mr. William Puckey, and sixteen New Zealanders. After a tiresome passage of twenty-seven days, they anchored off Tongataboo, where they found the Wesleyan Missionaries well, and greatly prospering in their sacred work. Having communicated to the Rev. Mr. Turner the object of his voyage, and gained what intelligence he could, Mr. Yate proceeded to Lefooga, one of the Hapai Islands, where he arrived on Tuesday, the 14th of February. He there met a European, who gave him a most satisfactory account of the vessel supposed to have been the Haweis, but which now proved to have been the Cypress, taken by prisoners from Van Diemen's Land, in October 1829. The statement of this man was fully corroborated by a Chief from the Island of Nena, or Keppel's Island... Thus there remains additional ground for apprehending that the unfortunate Haweis foundered at sea, and that all on board met a watery grave.*

<sup>223</sup> [John Gyles \(? – 1827\)](#)

<sup>224</sup> [Elijah Armitage \(1780–1863\)](#)

Moorea not Tahiti. Landed on March 19 all was ready for business by June 30. Under the direction of Ellis, Pomare II actually printed the first sheet struck off. An edition of 2,600 copies of a Spelling book was the first book to be printed : next an edition of 2,300 copies of a Tahitian Catechism. These were followed by S<sup>t</sup> Luke's Gospel which Nott had by then translated. The first copy of this was very properly delivered to Nott at Papetoai and the second copy "*half-bound in red morocco*" to Pomare. The other editions of Speller and Catechism had been free gifts to the natives but payment was required for the last named, the Scripture being exchanged for bamboo cane filled with coconut oil, a commercial asset at Sydney. Then followed a collection of Hymns which at once became exceedingly popular.

### The 1<sup>st</sup> President of the T.A.M.S.

In May 1818 at a meeting at Papetoai — Moorea — in imitation of the "May Meetings" held and still held in London, about 2,000 natives attending, it was decided to form a Tahitian Auxiliary Missionary Society to aid the parent Society at Home in their heavy expenditure the whole world over. Pomare accepted the post of President. At the Annual Meeting held in London 4 years later — May 1822 — the Minute occurs :

*"In this vote of thanks to its numerous benefactors this meeting wishes to especially include the President of the Tahitian Auxiliary Society, King Pomare, and the Chiefs of that and other islands of the South Sea and all the other members of that Society for their liberal contribution, in addition to a former one, of the productions of their country amounting in its gross value to £ 1,877-3-7."*

These same islands had cost the L.M.S. up to date £ 5,359-9-5.

### The Island Highway

With the accession of the young Queen who delighted in horseback riding, the Old time trails connecting the villages round the coastline were converted into a road.

In the correspondence with Australian papers of one — Henry Ransom — dated March 1833 we read : "*Round the island for a distance of 120 miles is a raised road which goes by the name of the Broom Road. It is formed by the natives who are sent there as a punishment for any offense they may have committed, which I think is an excellent plan.*"

There is no such bush on Tahiti as broom, hence the title itself long remained a mystery. It seemingly arose from the Orders issued that all owners of property fronting the Highway throughout its entire length should keep their portion swept clear of leaves under pain of punishment. The locally made brooms — from the rib of the coconut leaf — were much in use and evidence. Hence white folk facetiously designated the nameless Highway as the "Broom" Road, which turned phonetically into Tahitian became to them — as it is for all roads today with them — the Pu-ru-mu. The actual Tahitian word for a road, a path or a trail is E'a (also Ara) and for a main road E'atia (also Aratia) but these words are seldom if ever used.

In Jefferson's account of a walk taken by him accompanied by a native guide through "Opare" on the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> of October 1798 he writes : "The roads are the sea beach and narrow footpaths inland



seldom wide enough to admit two persons to walk abreast.” This under Queen Pomare was remedied.  
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A glimpse along the island Highway.

### Pitcairners Visit Tahiti

In February 1831 H.M.S. Comet arrived at Pitcairn Island and its Captain dropped a bombshell upon the community with the news that he had Orders to carry them one and all off to Tahiti. The British Government had provided a six months’ supply of food, whilst Queen Pomare had promised a suitable location in the Arué District.

Following closely upon the warship there came the Lucy Ann from Sydney to transport them and their belongings.

The unhappy people whose number stood at 87 were faced with a dilemma. They had no wish to leave, especially now that their Leader was dead — Adams <sup>226</sup> died in 1829 — but it was an Order from Home. To rebel was impossible, therefore without any heart in the matter they obeyed.

The reason for this removal was the belief in England that Pitcairn had become overcrowded, based on reports that had reached the Government with but little truth in them.

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<sup>225</sup> See WWB’s article *Pot-pourri of Tahitian History* in the 16 April 1940 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 34–36, in Part VII.

<sup>226</sup> [John Adams \(1767–1829\)](#)

Tahiti was reached in March. Before a month had passed they had had enough. The morals of Tahiti were not to the taste of the strict Pitcairners. The elders saw their younger folk sore tempted and swiftly getting out of hand. The change itself took heavy toll. In quick succession 12 died of a fever wholly new to them. Several of them hired a small schooner and fled before April was out but 4 died on the way back and yet another on arrival home.

The British Consul took pity on the rest and chartering an American brig sent the rest back in September. Soon after their arrival 5 more were added to the Dead : 22 in all. <sup>227</sup>

### Wilkes' Stone

This landmark has been long sought in vain, for it lies deep under the sand where it once stood.

Matavai Bay is an open Roadstead. On its eastern side, not more than 100 yards from its beach of purest sand, lies a coral reef unseen at high tide but with broken water at low. It was on this sunken reef that Captain Wallis in 1767 ran his ship the Dolphin but managed to get off without any serious damage done. Such is the "Dolphin Reef."

Upon this reef there stands the "Dolphin Rock", not a part of the reef but separate, cast up on it by a storm in past ages. It rises at low water about 4 feet clear. Local natives affirm however that it was placed there by Cook from which to make certain nautical observations.

At Point Venus, which lies at one of the ends of the horns which form the Bay, there stands the memorial to Captain Cook erected in 1902. At one end of its base is a small copper plate some 6 inches by 4 let into a stone with the meridian line cut into it — a "bench mark". By compass it is in perfect line with the Dolphin "Rock". This coincidence has led many to confuse the Wilkes' Stone with the Cook Stone. They are wholly different.

Commodore Wilkes of the U.S. Navy was at Tahiti in 1839 and in his Report of his Exploring Expedition states that he erected a solid high stone sunk 4 feet in the ground at the edge of the bank directly opposite the Dolphin "Rock" with a mark cut in it exactly corresponding with the then height of the "Rock" so that as time went on scientists, among other things coral, could measure the growth in height of the coral "Reef" which would raise the "Rock" with it.

By 1870 it was in a hopeless condition and 2 "guiding" posts were embedded on either side to hold it firm. By 1880 only one of these posts remained intact. The old native O utu ta ata, who led searchers to the recovery of the Jefferson grave, stated at that time that for many years of his youth one of the posts was still standing but that Wilkes had set his Stone too near the bank, the sea washed its base, it fell and in time was buried feet below.

Wilkes' Stone was placed for record of coral growth, Cook's Stone for record of a Star.

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<sup>227</sup> See WWB's article *A Link With the "Bounty"* in the April 1945 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 25 and 27-28, in Part VII.

## The Tragedy of T. S. McKean

In “Rovings in the Pacific” published in 1851 written by one who refers to himself as “*A merchant long resident on Tahiti*” but who was E. Lucett,<sup>228</sup> the man who sought to bring about peace on the island in 1846 (see Chapter XI) occurs the following under date of 1844 :

“The French Governor (Bruat) had marched to Point Venus, intelligence having been given by a renegade native that his countrymen were assembling in that quarter. The Governor proceeded to the house of the Reverend M<sup>r</sup> McKean and remained some time conversing with him and another missionary who happened to be present, endeavouring to persuade them to take charge of a drunken French soldier who could neither walk nor keep his seat on horseback. A boat was in readiness to convey the reverend gentlemen to Papeete, and the Governor urged them to take his man with them saying he knew that the natives would kill him if he was left behind and he would be no trouble to them as he was drunk and would ‘lie in the bottom of the boat like a log’.

“The missionaries gave their consent and the noise of firing being heard, the Governor mounted his horse to join his party, but ere doing so he rode to the fence and again called out to M<sup>r</sup> McKean repeating his instructions respecting the care of the man. With eager politeness M<sup>r</sup> McKean hastened to the end of the verandah and raised his hat in acknowledgement, and as the Governor rode off and M<sup>r</sup> McKean was in the act of re-entering his house a musket ball struck him in the back of the head, behind the ear. The ball lodged below the socket of the eye. It is acknowledged that it was fired by a native although no one grieves more for the unhappy occurrence than the natives.”

That night M<sup>r</sup> McKean’s home was converted into a hospital and barracks for the French soldiers with “*the destruction of his stock and appropriation of any convenient articles of property.*” The writer accompanied sailors of the ketch Basilisk then in Papeete harbour who conveyed the body in their boat across Matavai Bay to bury it “*shrouded in its bloody vestments*” alongside Nott who had died the month before. There seems to have been little doubt that the musket was aimed at Bruat and he and his were blamed for the tragedy.

McKean was but 37. Born at Garlieston, Wigtonshire, Scotland, he was a rope spinner before studying for the Independent ministry. In May 1841 he and his wife left the Shetland Islands where was his Station and sailed for Sydney N.S.W. Before their arrival his wife gave birth to a son. From Sydney they reached Tahiti in the Camden in February 1842. His Station was Matavai which at the time was a centre of malcontents as to the Protectorate. Things grew so bad and the likelihood of fighting was so clear that McKean took his wife and now 2 children to Huahine in the Leeward Islands some 100 miles away.

He returned at once to his post of duty and to his death as above recorded.<sup>229</sup>

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<sup>228</sup> Edward Lucett (1815–1853)

<sup>229</sup> See [Memoir of the Rev. Thomas S. McKean: missionary at Tahiti: who was killed by a musket-shot, during an engagement between the French and the natives, on the 30th of June, 1844](#). See also WWB’s article *How Rev. McKean Was Killed* in the 15 February 1940 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 46–47, in Part VII.



**Grave of McKean**

### **Point Venus**

This historic spot which had seen Wallis land, as well as Cook and Bligh, is today forlorn, largely unkempt, part coconut plantation reaching up from the sea some distance inland. But it was not always so, as can be seen in the Report sent Home by Mess<sup>rs</sup> Tyerman and Bennett in July 1823 after the sacking of Matavai in 1808. Mentioning the Bligh House and the British House raised once across the stream, they write *“Eastward of the House they have planted a fine grove of orange, lemon, citron and tamarind trees, all of which are now in their prime and bear large quantities of fruit which the natives use. From these trees others have been raised all over this and other islands.”*

Today Matavai deserves a better fate than its lot. <sup>230</sup>

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<sup>230</sup> See *Light on Half-Forgotten Incident of Early Tahiti* in the July 1942 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, page 14, in Part VII.

## Introduction of Cats

Rats were indigenous, so also hogs and dogs, but not so cats. Whence came they? Wallis, whose Journal dated July 24, 1767 reads “*I also sent the Queen a cat,*” and Cook were the benefactors without a doubt, the latter on his various visits left 20 in all, and the Spaniards left all theirs. When the Duff arrived its cats could not, seemingly, be spared for we read in the Journal of those then ashore : “*March 31. 1797. Some of the Brethren being troubled with rats last night, we this day applied to the King for some cats.*” They were handed over, 4 in number.

And Crook who was left — alone — on the Marquesas makes an entry in his Diary dated June 12, 1797 before the Duff sailed away : “*Went aboard. In the evening returned on shore with some goods and 2 cats.*” The Captain was bound to be open handed this time. We have here the progenitors of all future Marquesan cats unless Mendana in 1595 perchance had a superabundance and was generous.

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## The Gambier Islands

### Mangareva

The discovery of this Group is thus recorded in Crook’s Diary on his way to be dropped on the Marquesas Group :

“*April 23. 1797. An attempt was made to land on one of the islands shaped like a half moon with a lagoon inside but it was given up on account of the hostile appearance of a party of natives on the beach.*”

It was given the name of Crescent Island on account of its form and leaving it they made for some high land they could see.

“*April 25. Found this to be a Group of islands with 2 peaks close together in their centre. These were named Duff Mountains, and the Group the Gambier Islands in compliment to the worthy Admiral of that name who in his Department countenanced our equipment.*”

Admiral Lord Gambier <sup>232</sup> was at the time one of the Lords of the Admiralty. The two peaks are known today as Mount Duff and Mount Mokoto.

<sup>231</sup> See WWB’s article *Pot-pourri of Tahitian History* in the 16 April 1940 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 34–36, in Part VII.

<sup>232</sup> [James Gambier \(1756–1833\)](#). Gambier was the uncle of Sophia Rose Pym, née Gambier, the mother of WWB’s mother, Lydia Louisa Bolton, née Pym; thus Lord Gambier was WWB’s great-great-uncle. See *Genealogy* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.



## The Sovereign Rights of Pardon

That Queen Pomare exercised her Right of Pardon is to be seen in the following, which appeared in the Official Gazette “Messenger de Tahiti” for September 7, 1856 :

(Translation)

Papeete 3 September 1856.

Monsieur the Imperial Commissioner :

I salute you in the name of the true God. This is my message. I have reflected upon the justness of the sentence which has been passed by the Judges upon Taae who was accused of having assassinated Terepohe and here is the decision to which I have come. I definitely inform you M. the Imperial Commissioner that I do not approve of the sentence of death which the Judges have imposed upon him. I would inform you that I would show mercy to Taae, he shall not hang. Here is the sentence which appears just to me for his crime : it is imprisonment with work for the government for 2 years. Enough said.

The Queen of the Society Islands  
Pomare.

The Judges were the Toohitus, the 7 men composing the Supreme Court.

## Native Cloth

The “cloth” so often mentioned in connection with gifts in olden times was made from the inner bark of the banyan, the purao and paper mulberry trees which underwent a long process of softening in water and was then beaten with wooden pounders against a prepared wooden log till all the fibres had closely knit. The different grooves in the pounders gave a variety of textures to the material. The cloth was stained in patterns from various juices extracted from trees, bushes, plants, nuts and bark.<sup>233</sup>

## Parrots and Pines

On January 5, 1800 Henry, his wife and baby Sarah returned from Botany Bay by the whaler Eliza. Among other livestock such as sheep, goats, duck, a turkey — the hen died on the voyage — as well as some Norfolk Island pine and fruit trees, he brought a number of parrots. An entry in the Journal reads : “*Some are to be liberated in the mountains, others were given to the Chiefs who were highly pleased because they have many red feathers upon them which next to musquets are to them the most acceptable things. Red feathers are the most valuable offerings they can make to their gods.*”

There are no descendants today nor have natives any memory of their introduction, but the Pines remain as mementoes of the Past though few in number and widely scattered.

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<sup>233</sup> See also *Cloth Making (Tapa) and Mats* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.



## Grand Airs

As has been already seen in the correspondence of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Pomare modesty was not one of his characteristics. Further proof is clearly to be seen in the grandiose names given to himself and his belongings. The following — quoted by his missionary associates and given as spelt by them — are certainly high sounding. The correct spelling is given.

1. His Title :                   Otoonooyeteatua  
   O-Tu-nui-te-atua   i.e. The great Tu the God
2. His residence :           Yowrye  
   Aorai   i.e. Clouds of the heavens
3. His canoe :               Anooanooa  
   A-nua-nua   i.e. The Rainbow
4. His riding on the shoulders of slaves  
   Maheota  
   Mahuta   i.e. Flying
5. His torch :               Ooweera  
   Uira   i.e. The Lightening
6. His drum ;               Pateere  
   Patiri   i.e. The Thunder

What other Ariirahi thought of these Grand Airs and mighty Claims is not recorded.

## Lake Vaihiria

This sheet of inland water is the only one on the island of Tahiti and its remoteness and inaccessibility caused it to play no part at any time in the historical incidents of Old time. It lies some 1300 feet above sea level, surrounded by mountains reaching 2000 feet above the lake. It is fed by numerous cascades, its waters for some distance finding a subterranean outlet which later form a narrow tortuous stream — a torrent after heavy rain — on its southwestern way to the sea nigh a dozen miles away.

The lake is about a mile in circumference, possessing no defined shoreline, a long waist high grass growing close to the water's edge. Its depth is said to be 17 fathoms (102 feet). Its only fish are eels of a great size, their length running to 4 feet with a girth of nearly a foot, whose fins close to the head give the appearance of large ears.

The native method of crossing, apart from direct swimming, is the making of a raft of Fei trunks (wild bananas) which grow abundantly around, on which supplies are placed and pushed ahead by the swimmer.



**Lake Vaihiria**

The lake is in the direct line of one of the few traverses of the island, Mataiea on the west coast, Papenoo on the east. Reaching the lake from the former, after swimming across, the “hog’s back” of a spur of Orafara <sup>234</sup> Mountain is climbed, on the further side of which are the headwaters of the Papenoo river. Following down this oft times turbulent stream the mountains open out into the broad valley of that name and so one reaches the sea. It is reckoned a 2 days journey if weather conditions are favourable. Caves en route come in handy for shelter.

### **Adam, Eve and Tu**

*“December 27. 1798. Otoo (the 2<sup>nd</sup> Pomare) hearing that Brother Broomhall had in his possession a large Bible with cuts demanded to see it. The book was brought. After a while he sent Brother Broomhall to fetch another picture book. While absent Otoo dexterously removed the plate that represented Adam and Eve in Paradise in a state of innocency and returned the book without any intimation of what he had done. He unfortunately had been previously informed that the persons in*

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<sup>234</sup> See also *Across Tahiti Afoot* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*, and *Lake Vaihiria* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*. In the former, WWB has *the Col d’Orufaaa*, while in the latter, he has *the “hog’s back” of a spur of Orofena*. Orafara or Orofara is a valley on the northeast coast in which a leper colony was once located.

*the plate resembled the parents from whom Englishmen, Otaheiteans and all men did originally come.*" There was no return of Stolen Goods.

### Crownings Oft

Unlike his mother, Tamatoa <sup>235</sup> son of Pomare IV was not going without a coronation when succeeding his grandfather on Raiatea. The missionaries had the precedent of the Boy-King Pomare III (1824) to guide them and Crowning became the Order of the Day in the Leeward Islands till they were annexed to France in 1888.

With great pomp and stately ceremony Tamatoa was Crowned at Opoa by the Rev. M<sup>r</sup> Platt <sup>236</sup> on August 19, 1857, but he was deposed by his people as quite impossible and returned to his mother's Kingdom in February 1871.

Teriimaevaua, <sup>237</sup> daughter of Queen Pomare, was next Crowned on Pora Pora by the Rev. M<sup>r</sup> Platt on August 3, 1860. She succeeded the first husband of her mother.

Next came Tahitoe, <sup>238</sup> another grandson of Tamatoa IV. <sup>239</sup> He also was Crowned mid great ceremony by the Rev M<sup>r</sup> Vivian <sup>240</sup> at Uturoa on August 1, 1872, but abdicated in 1880.

He in turn was followed by his daughter Teriinauavahoroa, <sup>241</sup> who was Crowned with all due solemnity at Uturoa on April 13, 1881 by the Rev. M<sup>r</sup> Pearse, <sup>242</sup> but died in March 1884.

Tamatoa VI <sup>243</sup> who likewise was crowned with much pomp at Tautu on January 22, 1885 by the Rev. M<sup>r</sup> Cooper <sup>244</sup> and held his Throne till France annexed his Kingdom March 6, 1888.

Six Crownings 1824–1885 and at each the act was performed by the white Pastor. He had great sway in those days and had fairly won it, thus came he, each in turn, to be the Pontiff of the Day.

### One-Tree Hill

Jutting out into Matavai Bay is a high promontory known to the natives as Tahara'a but to white folk as One Tree Hill. The highway now encircling Tahiti finds here its one and only serious climb, the whole 100 odd miles round the coast edge to where on Lesser Tahiti traffic is impossible at the extreme southern end by reason of rugged cliffs.

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<sup>235</sup> [Prince Tamatoa Pomare \(1842–1881\)](#)

<sup>236</sup> Rev. George Platt (1789–1865)

<sup>237</sup> [Princess Teriimaevaua Pomare \(1871–1932\)](#)

<sup>238</sup> [Prince Tahitoe Tamatoa \(1808–1881\)](#)

<sup>239</sup> [Prince Moe'ore, Tamatoa IV \(1797–1857\)](#)

<sup>240</sup> Rev. J. C. Vivian

<sup>241</sup> [Princesse Rereao Tahitoe \(1830–1884\)](#)

<sup>242</sup> Rev. Albert Pearse

<sup>243</sup> [Prince Ari'imate Teururai \(1853–1905\)](#). WWB has *Tamatoa IV*.

<sup>244</sup> Rev. E. V. Cooper



When Wallis dropped anchor in the Bay directly opposite the hill, it was clothed richly in fernery, but a solitary and lofty tree stood out, one wholly new to the navigator which seemed an appropriate title for his chartering. It was an *Erythrina* <sup>245</sup> which is but a small tree when growing in the mountains but attains a great size when near the sea. Today the hill is a maze of growth : coconuts and guava in abundance. <sup>246</sup>

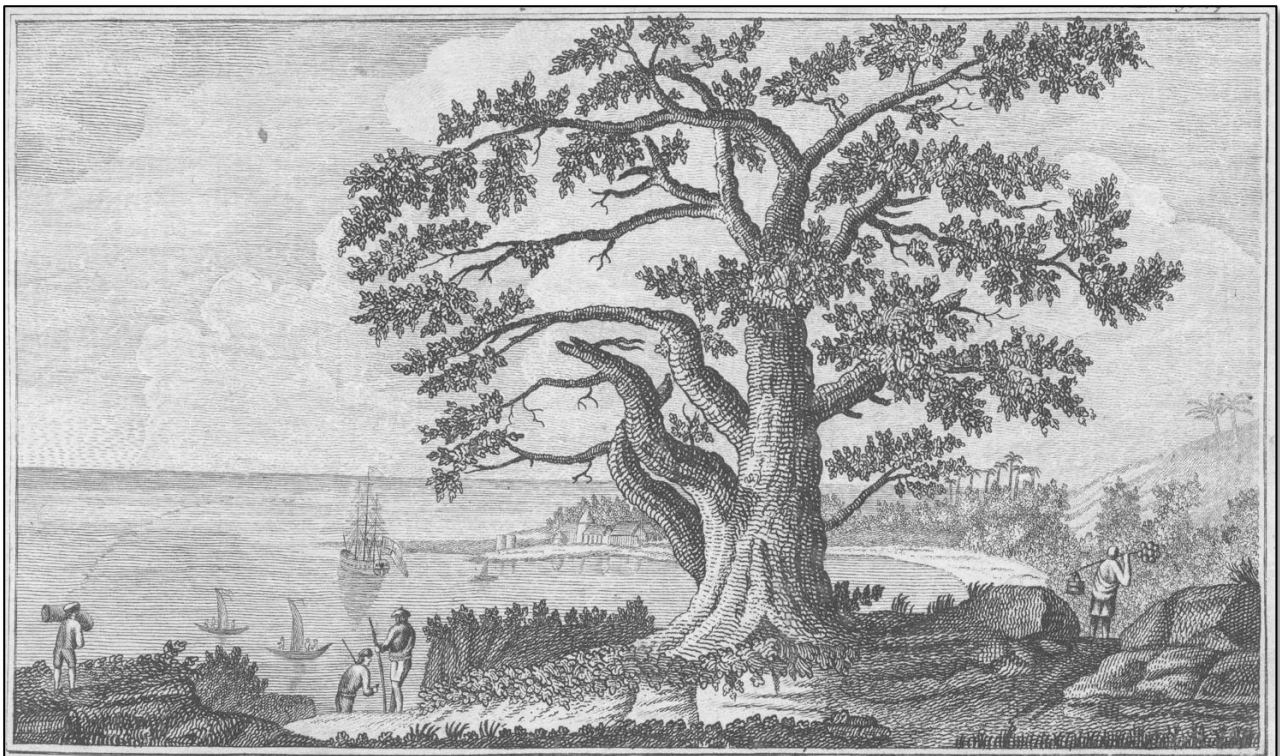
## Tarapu

None but the initiated would recognize in this, the good ship Duff as always spoken of by the natives of Tahiti. Apart from the difficulty found in pronouncing English names both for persons and things there was good reason in this instance for a violent change.

The day before that ship hove in sight there had been severe earthquake shocks accompanied by a high sea which greatly terrified the natives. To them it portended some great event near at hand. When they beheld the ship approaching they forthwith placed nature's commotion to the ship's credit — or otherwise — and named it “The Stirrer Up” and do so to this day. <sup>247</sup>

<sup>245</sup> [Flamboyant or flame tree](#). WWB has *Erythrina*.

<sup>246</sup> This engraving of Matavai Bay in Tahiti shows the bark Endeavour anchored in the bay close to Fort Venus, the site from which Captain Cook observed the transit of Venus in 1769.



**View of Matavai Bay in Otaheite from One Tree Hill (Hawkesworth 1789)**

<sup>247</sup> “Even earthquakes are very rare ; the only one that occasioned great alarm, in the memory of the oldest inhabitants, took place a few days before the arrival of the ship *Duff*, with the first missionaries. Hence the people attributed that strange calamity to the prayers of the latter, and called the vessel which brought them *Tarapu*, which signified a rocking of the ground.” [Tyerman & Bennett, Volume II \(1832\), page 183](#).

## A Native “Still”

Prior to the arrival on Tahiti of some Sandwich Islanders, who came upon the scene by the brig Nautilus in March 1798, Kava was the one “strong drink” of Tahitians. On Hawaii “spirits” had long been distilled from the Ti root which grows abundantly on Tahiti. It has many varieties and its uses were numerous, some for medicinal purposes, others for food, others for decorations and garlands but ardent “spirits” therefrom were up to then beyond their ken. Under the direction of the newcomers the new drink was evolved and played havoc with the natives from the highest Chiefs to the humblest of the people till “imported” spirits saved the labour involved. In 1807 Pomare II sought in vain to import a Still, he like the rest had to fall back on the native one.

This “*rude unsightly machine*” is thus described by Ellis in 1829 :

It generally consisted of a large fragment of rock hollowed in a rough manner and fixed firmly upon a solid pile of stones leaving a space underneath for a fireplace. The butt end of a tree was then hollowed out and placed upon the rough stone boiler for a cap. The baked Ti root, macerated in water and already in a state of fermentation, was then put into the hollow stone and covered with the unwieldy cap. The fire was kindled underneath. A hole was made in the wooden cap into which a long small bamboo cane, placed in a trough of cold water, was inserted at one end and when the process of distillation was commenced, the spirit flowed from the other into a calabash, coconut shell or other vessel, placed underneath to receive it.

## Untempered Zeal

Temperance. Nott to Marsden at Sydney, Nov<sup>r</sup> 13, 1834 :

*More than a year ago Temperance Societies were established on these islands but Her Majesty had not then given in her name as a member. After a few weeks however she sent in her name and desired that it might be put down. This was like a death blow to the demon of intemperance here. Soon after, all the other branches of her family followed her example. At a meeting of the Legislature it was proposed and agreed upon, That no person residing in the dominions of Her Majesty whether foreign or native should buy or sell ever so small a quantity of ardent spirits under a heavy penalty.*

Church attendance — by the same letter :

*Since that period it has been ordered by the Legislature that no person shall absent him or herself from any and all the means of instruction that are now made use of. Therefore the people almost every individual come to Worship.*

Bigotry. Henry to Marsden at Sydney, Oct<sup>r</sup> 19, 1835 :

*There is the probability of our being assailed by a host of Popish missionaries with a Bishop and Vicar General at their head. They are now comparatively near us upon what might be considered a neighbouring island (The Gambiers) and from all we can learn are bent upon obtaining a footing upon these islands.*

## Marsden

The part played by the Rev. Samuel Marsden <sup>248</sup> in Tahitian affairs of the early years of 1800 cannot be overlooked in any account of Tahiti's Past. A pioneer Chaplain amid the pioneers of New South Wales, with his headquarters at Parramatta nigh Sydney, he took a deep and practical interest in spheres far distant from his special section and acted till his death in 1838 aged 73 with consuming energy. He broke new ground in New Zealand and reached out still further — though not in person — acting for years as Guide, Counsellor and Friend to those who were at similar work on Tahiti.

The London Missionary Society, grateful for his assistance in the hour of catastrophe, turned to him with regard to their work in the South Sea. In 1801 he became recognized correspondent and advisor of the L.M.S. in relation to its Tahitian Mission. He knew personally most of the Duff band who sailed back and forth to the Colony. From the very first he was insistent on the need of a vessel as a regular means of communication between the Brethren and their chief source of supplies. He played his part in the building of the Haweis along with their regular agent Hassall. Letters from him show the deep interest he took in Tahiti. It mattered not to him — an Anglican divine — that the men on Tahiti could not see eye to eye with him in spiritual things. They were one and all Nonconformists <sup>249</sup> but their main aim was the same and his acknowledged prominent position in the Colony both as Cleric, Magistrate and extensive Farmer was at their ready service. He strengthened weak knees and ever gave wise counsel.

He writes Home in 1814 : “*The Mission at Otaheite has suffered greatly from every one doing what was right in his own eyes. Had some been appointed to teach and others to follow agriculture or any other useful employment it would have been much better.*” The son of a north of England farmer – blacksmith he took the deepest interest in the cultivation of the newly opened land and handcraft of every kind.

Having seen the *Haweis* in service for Tahiti he determined on another boat to serve his mission in New Zealand. He writes to then Church Missionary Society telling them that he had purchased a brig, the Active, 110 tons, its cost outfitted £1,600. Of this sum he paid out of his own pocket £1,200 and asks for the balance “as a loan”. Tahiti also saw the Active.

He was evidently in close touch with Nott over the Scriptures : with Henry seriously menaced with elephantiasis, “*that most disagreeable disease in one of my legs*” : and with Davies with his wail as to the lack of unanimity among them. He served them one and all and Tahiti in rich and practical measure, and the island even apart from religion must be ever in his debt.

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<sup>248</sup> [Samuel Marsden \(1764–1838\)](#)

<sup>249</sup> [Nonconformist](#): Protestant Christians who did not ‘conform’ to the governance and usages of the established church, the Church of England (Anglican Church).



## Casualties in the Wars of Independence

From Official Reports 1844–1846

French sloops of war engaged in transport of troops or in action

Uranie	Charte	Embuscade
Meurthe	Phaeton	

At Haapape, June 29, 1844.

French.	Troops 450.	Dead 3.	Wounded 18.
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Officers killed : Nansouty and Seignette.

Tahitian.	Natives 900.	Dead 102.	Wounded unknown.
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At Papenoo, May 10, 1846.

French.	Troops 800. Allies 200.	Dead 3.	Wounded 13.
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Tahitian.	Number and casualties unknown.
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At Punaauia, May 30, 1846.

French Force at Papenoo.	Dead 6.	Wounded 15.
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Officers killed : Brea and Perotte.

Tahitian Force unknown.	Dead 3.	Wounded 4.
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These by missionary report.

## Moorea's Octagonal Church

Begun 1822. Completed 1829.<sup>250</sup>

Of this building we read in a Report sent Home :

*On the 20<sup>th</sup> of February 1822 the Brethren had the pleasure to lay the foundation stone of a new Chapel which is to be of an octagonal form and built with hewn coral rock. The people are carrying on the building with spirit, observing that it will be the first house of stone in these islands.*

But the hewing out the stone from the adjacent coral Barrier reef was no easy task. It took years in the doing and meanwhile they used the original Chapel hard by, originally a native's home used at the Brethren's first settling at Ueva. The architect was the missionary then stationed at Ueva, the Rev. George Platt who superintended the work till 1824 when he was moved to the Leeward islands, his place being taken by Brother Henry — of the Duff band — till 1827 when he was moved to Tahiti. Others held the Station till the finish when Brother Simpson opened it for its purpose which it has served to this day.

In a Report sent Home in 1824 we read :

*The building stands upon the site of an old public marae. It is 60 feet in diameter : the doors and windows are semi-circular and well proportioned, the walls are about 20 feet high. Over each of the 4 doors is an Inscription well cut in the coral stone. Those over the east and west doors are in Latin, that over the south door is in English and that over the north is in the Tahitian language.*

Unfortunately the Report does not give these Inscriptions. Today 2 are clearly to be read, the English and the Tahitian, the Latin ones have had harsh handling.

The English reads :

*Holiness becometh Thy House, O Lord, for ever.*

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<sup>250</sup> The photographs below were taken in November 2014.



The Tahitian reads :

*This house was begun in the year of Our Lord Jesus Christ 1822 in the reign of Pomare III.*

Time has largely obliterated that over the west door, there can only be read :

*Haec domus sacra . . . Anno Domini 1822 et in anno primo regni Pomare III. . . Gloria Qui in secula. Amen.*

That over the east door has been deliberately wiped out leaving only 3 words at the bottom :

*Gloria soli Deo*

and has *Ebenezer* cut in above them : whilst above that an entirely fresh piece of coral has taken the place of the old, telling in French the renovation of the building commenced by the “parishioners” in 1887 and completed in 1891.<sup>251</sup>

<sup>251</sup> See the article *L.M.S. Pioneers* in the 22 January 1937 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, page 6, in Part VII, and *The Island of Moorea* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*. The photographs of the four inscriptions below were taken in November 2014. The complete Latin inscription has been restored. The pastor of the Protestant Maohi parish of Papetoai, Ariipeu Arthur Faua, is standing below the Latin inscription of *Gloria Soli Deo*.



## Beachcombers

An appeal in 1828 to the Governor of New South Wales having been made by the Rev. C. Barff<sup>252</sup> of Huahine and for Raiatea by the Rev. John Williams to send a sloop-of-war to secure and deport many villainous deserting sailors and convicts who had escaped from durance vile<sup>253</sup> in the Colony was answered by the arrival of the H.M.S. Satellite in the first week of March 1829. News had leaked out of the above action and most had fled to other islands in the Group. The sloop gathered in those within reach then proceeded to follow and secure the rest so far as possible.

It was men like these, managing to land and run wild at Papeete, who attacked the American Consul Moerenhout in 1838 and in the struggle killed his wife. The following is from the reply addressed to Barff sent from the Colonial Secretary's Office, Sydney, January 13, 1829 :

*I am directed by His Excellency to thank you for this information, a part of which has also been received from the Rev M<sup>r</sup> Williams of Raiatea, and to inform you that there can be little doubt of the strange vessel (referred to by Barff) being the Phoebe, the property of Mess<sup>rs</sup> Berry<sup>254</sup> and Wollstonecraft<sup>255</sup> of this Colony which was seized by convicts and piratically taken away some time ago. In consequence Captain Laws<sup>256</sup> commanding H.M.S. Satellite by whom this letter will be delivered now proceeds for the express purpose of capturing these offenders and I have to request you that you will afford and procure him every information and assistance in your power.*

*Alex. Macleay.*<sup>257</sup>

## French Commandants

of the Protectorate till Annexation

1843	Bruat
1846	Lavaud
1849	Bonard
1851	Page
1854	Du Bouzet
1858	Saisset

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<sup>252</sup> Charles Barff (ca. 1791 – 1866)

<sup>253</sup> A long prison sentence

<sup>254</sup> [Alexander Berry \(1781–1873\)](#)

<sup>255</sup> [Edward Wollstonecraft \(1783–1832\)](#). WWB has *Woolstonecraft*.

<sup>256</sup> Captain J. Laws

<sup>257</sup> [Alexander Macleay \(1767–1848\)](#). WWB has *McLeay*.

1860	de la Richerie
1863	de la Roncière
1869	de Jouslard
1871	Girard
1874	Gilbert-Pierre
1875	Michaux
1877	Planche Appointed but did not take up his post till late in 1878

#### Interim Commandants – Naval

Laborde

Millet

Serre

de la Batie

1879 Chessé

### Papeete's Fête Day

The 14<sup>th</sup> of July was not always the Day of Celebration. From the compliance of Queen Pomare to the Protectorate in 1847 the Fête was held on August 15 being the Birthday of the then French Emperor Napoleon III. But Sedan <sup>258</sup> ended that. From 1870 to 1880 the Fête was held on September 9 being the anniversary of the Protectorate's first installment in 1842. <sup>259</sup> But the surrender of Sovereignty by Pomare V ended that. From 1880 Tahiti has observed the major Fête of France, the Fall of the Bastille.

### The Tragedy of the Moaroa

In the closing days of September 1869 the 3 masted Tahitian barque Moaroa arrived in port without Captain, First Mate, lone passenger and 5 of its crew, all slain in an attempt by Gilbert Islanders to seize the vessel.

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<sup>258</sup> The [Battle of Sedan](#) was fought during the Franco-Prussian War on 1 September 1870.

<sup>259</sup> In [Summer Cruising in the South Seas](#) (1881), Charles Warren Stoddard writes (page 83) about the Fête Napoléon in Papeete on August 15. He visited Tahiti for three months in 1870, so this last Fête Napoléon would have taken place just prior to the Battle of Sedan.

Owned by W<sup>m</sup> Stewart of the Atimaono Cotton Plantation it had sailed months previously, conveying a cargo of cotton to Auckland N.Z. On its return it was to secure native labourers, under wages, for the Plantation.

Cruising among the islands named Hope, Beru and Byron, 287 natives were collected aboard and sail was set from the last named — an island not named for the famous poet but that of a Captain who discovered it in 1765. It was the 17<sup>th</sup> of July, a calm sea, Byron 6 miles in the offing when at 5 a.m. the Captain called the nigh 300 natives from below to the upper deck to distribute tobacco and shirting among them. Then things happened.

Suddenly a knife thrust in the back slew Captain Blackett, a hatchet ended the life of Lattin the passenger. Tahitians fared the same as white men. The First Mate Crisp lasted a while longer till a savage secured a carbine from a sailor interpreter whom they had tied up and so made an end of him also. The one white man left, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Mate Steenalt, a Dane, became a hero that day.

In a MS left by the late J.L. Young of Tahiti, the presence of Lattin aboard is thus explained :

*On July 4, 1869, off Nukunau (Byron Island) the barque Anna of Melbourne, Captain Bruce, met the barque Moaroa of Tahiti, Captain Blackett, owned by the Atimaono Cotton Plantation under the French Protectorate flag. The Anna had 159 natives of the Gilbert Islands on board, recruited at various islands as labourers for Fiji, most of them, no doubt, induced to ship by false pretences. Two days previously Captain Bruce had heard from a passing vessel of the action being taken by the Courts at Sydney N.S.W. against the Captain and Supercargo of a vessel for kidnapping and incidentally murdering natives and feared prosecution if he proceeded to Fiji with his passengers. Meeting the Moaroa which vessel was seeking labourers for Atimaono, J. B. Lattin — a Frenchman who was the supercargo and part charterer of the Anna — saw the chance of his disposing of his cargo of natives without risk of taking them to Fiji. In concert with Captain Bruce, he told Captain Blackett that his watercasks had leaked and that he had not water enough to carry the natives to Fiji and therefore wished to be rid of them. For payment of Six Pounds per head — euphemistically called 'passage money' — the 159 natives were sold to the Moaroa. As Captain Blackett had not enough money on board to pay the sum agreed on, J. B. Lattin took passage on the Moaroa to get paid on arrival at Tahiti.*

Steenalt and the 5 sailors left unhurt secured themselves in the mess room. All efforts to reach them through the skylight failing, the savages started to celebrate their slaughter by dance and song on the upper deck. Then Steenalt acted. He placed a barrel of gunpowder below them in the centre of the deck he was on, laid a train to the mess room, sent his companions far astern for safety, said his prayers and lit the train. The explosion was like an earthquake. Rushing up, there was not a savage to be seen aboard but the sea was a mass of black heads making all speed for the distant shore. That was the last seen of them. First consigning the dead to the deep, the gallant mate attended the wounded, repaired all damage, ran up the flag and headed for Home. His Log and Report are to be seen today a model of sufficient detail and of modesty.

The fate of the natives was far otherwise than his Log surmizes. He reported “*I believe that all the natives arrived at Byron island except 2 women who had remained on board.*” J.L. Young's MS gives the sequel.

*Owing to the strong current running to S.W. between Nukunau and Beru 20 miles to the west of the former, but few of the swimmers reached Nukunau and a few of the strongest reached Beru, helped by the current. It is uncertain how many survived, some accounts say 8 landed on Beru of whom 4 were women, other accounts say 12 : again, it was said that 30 reached*



*Nukunau, others say more than 40 of whom several died soon after landing. Some of the survivors declared that they encountered a “demon” shark, the Bakoutuea, i.e. King Shark, of great size who devoured several and that fear and exhaustion caused the others to sink.* <sup>260</sup>

## A Weird Appointment

gazetted in the “Messenger de Tahiti” April 3, 1859

**In the name of God whose mercy is infinite.**

**Chief Tariirii**

**You ask to come with me to New Caledonia. I consent. Come then with us. You shall follow the invincible eagles of our Emperor from the summits of Morare to the plains of Diahot. \* I name you from April 1, 1859, Captain Commandant of the native contingent of the troops stationed in New Caledonia. You shall receive 200 francs a month and food.**

**May God protect you.**

**The Governor.**

**Saisset.**

\* A poetical effusion for Mont Doré at the southern end to the delta of the river at the northern extremity.

Saisset was not only the Imperial Commissioner for the “Society” Islands but Governor of French Western Oceania which included New Caledonia. Tariirii was the Chief of Mahina and a Toohitu. He had sided with the French in the troublous years and July 3, 1847 was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He returned home from New Caledonia together with 24 Tahitians under his command in November 1859. He had taken part in 2 actions and his services were no longer required. <sup>261</sup>

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<sup>260</sup> See WWB’s article, *Tragedy of the “Moaroa”*, in the 18 September 1937 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 50–53, in Part VII and the footnotes therein, in Part VII.

<sup>261</sup> See the article “*May God Protect You*” – *How Teriiri’i Led His Men From Tahiti to Noumea* in the November 1942 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, page 30, in Part VII.

## The Lighthouse at Point Venus

This welcome beacon was erected in 1867. Above the doorway there is a Tablet bearing — in French — the following Inscription :

*Constructed during the reign of*

*Pomare IV*

*Count de la Roncière : Commandant, Imperial Commissioner.*

*de la Taille : Captain of Engineers.*

*Trèze : Builder.*

## The Caisse Agricole

This, the first bank on Tahiti, was founded July 1863 under the aegis of the then Commandant, Count de la Roncière. With the formation of the London Company “The Atimaono Cotton Plantation” that year, a local bank was formed to both foster the production of and to purchase the cotton of small planters who sought to enter the new and then highly profitable field.

## The Messenger de Tahiti

This newspaper, first issued in 1852, was a local sheet of diverse proportions according to news obtainable of Official and local character as well as general information of the outside world which came to hand by boat or mail. It continued publication till the French secured the Sovereignty of Tahiti when its place was taken, a while later, by the present day “Journal Officiel”, a wholly government concern.

The Messenger often had parallel lines of French and Tahitian and at times broke into English, not however as regards that language with signal success as may be instanced in its issue of August 21, 1853, when an appeal was made to the sporting members of the community to attend a Sparring Bout, its principal attraction being John Harrigan “alias Bungarby Jack” who it was hoped would be a compelling attraction, the latter sentiment being thus weirdly expressed “*It might be expected a grand spreckling of the fancy.*” It is unfortunate that the quality of the paper used was often so poor in its earlier issues that they are almost too fragile to touch today. The few copies now existing and obtainable for research are as a rule in a deplorable condition.

## Tahiti's Public Executions

In November 1875 A-Pat was condemned to death for the murder of his nephew A-Si at Punaauia. When asked if he had aught to say, his answer made through the interpreter was short : "*C'est bien.*" The Order of the Court was that the execution by guillotine "*shall take place in one of the public spots in Papeete*". It was to be no hole in the corner business but a warning to others. His attorney took an Appeal to Paris and after many months had passed the answer came that it failed.

It was then decided that the execution should take place at the village where the murder had occurred as a deterrent to further such happenings there. The guillotine was duly transported to Punaauia and set up. Finding difficulty in securing an executioner, the part finally fell to a ruffianly Frenchman who had no hesitation in the matter for a good round figure.

The night before the execution A-Pat was visited in his cell at Papeete's prison by a Chinese friend to bid farewell. Their meeting over, the gaoler opened the prison gates and the friend passed out.

Profound was the astonishment, dismay and hullabaloo when A-Pat's cell was entered to transport him to his end, to find no A-Pat but the friend of the previous evening. Chinese-like with their peculiar indifference to violent death, the two had struck a bargain. For a sum stated to have been 2,000 gold francs which was to be sent by A-Pat to China the friend agreed to take his place. But the Authorities thought otherwise. The police got very busy, combed the town and at last ran down A-Pat. The deferred journey took place the following day and none visited A-Pat once again in gaol.

Arrived at the village where Punaauians gathered in plenty, A-Pat was firmly bound, laid upon the board and slid forward beneath the knife. The executioner drew the bolt but there was evidently a hitch, no knife fell. The crowd had held their breath but nothing had happened. A-Pat, tightly bound, was taken off his bed of death, laid to one side to watch the proceedings whilst the ruffian callously greased the grooves and rope, then tested its working on several handy banana stalks to make quite sure. Confident this time, A-Pat was again lifted upon the plank, the rope was pulled and A-Pat had paid for his crime.

Such was one of the first public executions on Tahiti. Since then there have been but 3 so far as the writer can learn, and none of them Tahitians, since one of the conditions in surrendering the Sovereignty was that no native should suffer the death penalty. There had been but 2 before, banishment or imprisonment taking its place and there were to be none in the future.

The Code of Laws passed in 1819 called for it for murder and for Treason and before it was amended 2 hangings took place :

October 1819            Papahia and Horopae for attempting to overthrow the government.

1821                    Pori and Mariri for plotting to assassinate the 2<sup>nd</sup> Pomare.

The 3 since A-Pat paid the penalty follow.

1. This execution took place up Sainte Amélie Valley on the fringe of Papeete, a white man being hanged to a convenient bough. The 2 men selected for duty not only saw the matter through before a gaping crowd but having also the duty of burying the body hard by, saw no reason for wasting good clothing, so stripped the corpse and divided the perquisites on their way home.

2. This execution took place on Motu-uta, the little islet in the lagoon exactly opposite Papeete's waterfront whence all could see who wished to, another white man meet his death by hanging.
3. This execution was by guillotine and once again a Chinaman. A-Pat had been taken to Punaauia but this took place "in a public spot" in Papeete itself, at the foot of the broad "Avenue Bruat" where 4 roads meet. A full thousand gruesome minded folk were gathered there to watch.

Since that day the ghastly instrument of death stands stored away in the Colonial Prison awaiting another victim who it is to be hoped will be long a-coming.

Some 10 years previous to A-Pat there is record of what may well have been the first guillotine execution. During the reign of the Commandant Count de la Roncière — 1863 to 1869 — four Chinamen of the large colony employed by the Atimaono Cotton Plantation were condemned to death at one and the same time by a Court held in Papeete "*consisting of 7 Judges and a Jury of Assessors*" for murders of their compatriots. The Commandant however was strongly inclined to mercy as also was the Manager Stewart : and one alone, the ringleader, suffered death. After prolonged enquiry, contact was at last made by the writer with an agèd party who when a child and disobeying the orders of her parents who were residents and employed on the estate, crept off with some other juvenile companions "*to see a head cut off*". The memory of that scene vividly abode with her. A witness of the event confirmed the current report of its happening but not as current rumour affirmed that all the 4 were executed.

### The Tragedy of the Sarah Ann

That cannibalism on the Tuamotu Islands was no figment of the imagination of more aristocratic Tahiti and cast its slur upon all who originated from there — as was the case with the Pomares — is evident from what happened to the unfortunates of the Sarah Ann at as late a date as 1856.

The schooner was on its return journey to Tahiti from Valparaiso with 17 souls aboard viz Captain Kraye, his wife, their infant and serving maid, the supercargo and a local merchant, 2 boys the sons of Captain and M<sup>rs</sup> Stevens of Tahiti, together with a crew of 9. Calling in at the Gambiers for a cargo of pearlshell the French sloop-of-war Surcelle was met and the 2 ships set sail to meet again shortly at Papeete. The sloop duly arrived but there was no return of the schooner.

A full year passed. It was taken for granted that the Sarah Ann had foundered when in June 1857 the schooner Julia returned to Papeete from the Gambiers. Its Captain reported that on passing Tematangi — Bligh Island — on his return voyage he had noticed a wreck on the reef. On approaching closer to secure more detail the natives showed so hostile an attitude that he thought it more prudent to pass on and report to the Authorities.

The steamship Milan was despatched. Upon landing not a native was to be seen, but everything pointed to its being inhabited within the last few hours. Marines searched diligently and fired into the pandanus thickets which they were unable to penetrate. Huts and canoes were burned. They believed their search had well covered the atoll and without result. The wreck had gone to pieces, no trace left. The Milan returned to Papeete empty handed.

But the mother of the 2 boys was not satisfied. She forthwith chartered the Julia and went along herself in July. On passing Anaa she wisely secured the aid of some of the natives and their chief Teina. Arriving they found things exactly as had the Milan. Standing alone while the rest scattered

and searched the bush, the Chief suddenly saw a hand working to clear away a stone between some coral blocks. Calling all to his aid they quickly opened a passage to a cavern where they found 12 adults and 4 children who were led aboard the Julia. Along with them went the clearest evidence of the tragedy, a head of still blonde hair, an infant's sundried corpse hung on a pole, skulls, teeth and fingerbones. The Julia returned to port August 5, 1857 but 3 of the cannibals had died on the way. There was no "Life for a Life" under the Tahitian code but they were not allowed to return to their island home.

Bligh Island is an isolated atoll, first seen by Bligh on his second voyage to Tahiti for breadfruit saplings in 1792.

### The Mystery Stone of Tahiti

A short hour's stroll from Papeete's marketplace, up the Tipaerui Valley with finally a rocky ascent on its southwestern side, there is a mountain stream which has gouged out for itself a narrow but deep course to the sea. When the heavy rains descend the stream becomes a torrent between the high banks and in places overflowing. Here, leaning slantingly against its western bank, there is — and has been as far as native memory goes back — a petroglyph Stone or Boulder marked with mystic carving. There is no other similar stone thus marked upon the island. Who placed it where it stands and who wrought it are mysteries which white folk and natives — though the latter have their usual "tradition" — have long sought to know. Scientists have studied it and have been forced to leave the mystery unsolved, both as to its antiquity and true interpretation.

As to Tahitian lore thereon, M<sup>r</sup> A. K. Richer many years back secured the following explanation from Monsieur Buillard on whose Family property it stands, all of whom regard it with veneration and have refused all offers to part with it, even into the care of the local Museum and still more to Museums in far away countries which have sought its purchase. There it is, and there it seemingly is to remain unless the strong arm of Authority steps in some day.

*"The rock was carved in memory of Tetaurii Vahine and her twin children. Tetauriitane, defeated, took refuge in Tipaerui Valley. His wife there gave birth to twins and soon after all 3 died. They were buried on the land of Oteoteroa close to the brook : and the protection of a spirit in the form of a monster eel gives them constant protection. If one touches the rock, milk will flow along the grooves and the offender will die."*

One who has trespassed has good reason to doubt the latter and leaves the whole matter at that. <sup>262</sup>

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<sup>262</sup> See WWB's article, *The "Mystery Stone" of Tahiti*, in the 24 March 1938 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 44–45, in Part VII.



**Mystery stone of Tahiti**

### **The Atimaono Cotton Plantation**

This remarkable enterprise with its tragic endings was formed in 1863 by William Stewart of Scot-Irish parentage. He with his brother-in-law, a London financier, formed a Company in that City capitalized at £100,000.

Stewart purchased from the natives an area of 17,000 acres with a seafrontage of 3½ miles and extending inland for 7½ miles. He named it “Terre Eugène” after the French Empress.

Importing 1000 Chinese besides hundreds of Gilbert Islanders, local natives and half castes, he soon had 3000 acres under cultivation, extensive buildings erected, quarters also for employees in separate villages, stores, hospital accomodation and wharves for a fleet of vessels to carry the cotton to Auckland N.Z. whence it was shipped to London.

The Governor — correctly the Commandant — from 1863 to 1869, Count de la Roncière, was a warm friend and supporter despite the jealousy of local business interests and the antipathy felt towards the Count himself for his support of a foreign enterprise. But it was not these that brought about ruin save in a secondary sense, but an infamous brother — James — whom he had brought to Tahiti, set up in business and aided in every possible way. In 1869 James determined to quit Tahiti and sued his brother for “immediate payment” of 2 Notes of Six Months each which William to help him had drawn in his favour on his Auckland bankers. Both the Court of First Instance and the Court of Appeal



in Papeete gave James judgements for this “immediate payment”, and for this gross miscarriage of Justice the Governor discharged each Judge from his post, at the same time ordering the local Bank — the Caisse Agricole — to purchase all the cotton then on the Estate to meet the Notes. James pocketing this large sum of One hundred thousand — gold — francs fled by night in a schooner to California leaving sixty thousand francs of debt behind him and was heard of no more.

The Estate went into insolvency as the price of cotton fell disastrously, the American Civil War once over. William struggled gamely on but his health failed him, his post of Manager was taken from him by his creditors, he was penniless and died of a hemorrhage on the Estate where once he was supreme September 24, 1873. His grave site today is obliterated.



**William Stewart**

**The Pomare Family of the Past** <sup>263</sup>



**The Pomare family**

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<sup>263</sup> The story of how WWB rediscovered the frame with the portraits of the Pomare family is told in Tale #22, *The Boy King* (3), in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

1. Pomare III : The Boy King. (Circle to the right) <sup>264</sup> <sup>265</sup>
2. Terito : Mother of #1 : wife of #16.
3. Haamanahia-a-mai : married #15.
4. Aimata : daughter of #23.
5. Teriinaahoroa of Faaa : married #13.
6. Teriimaevaua II : daughter of #23 : married #12.
7. Ariipeu-a-Hiro : brother of #18.
8. Norman Brander : married #10.
9. Tamatoa Brander as an infant.
10. Teriivaetua : daughter of #23 : married #8.
11. Tapiria : adopted daughter of #7.
12. Hinoi I : son of #22 : married #6.
13. Punuarii : son of #24 : married #5.

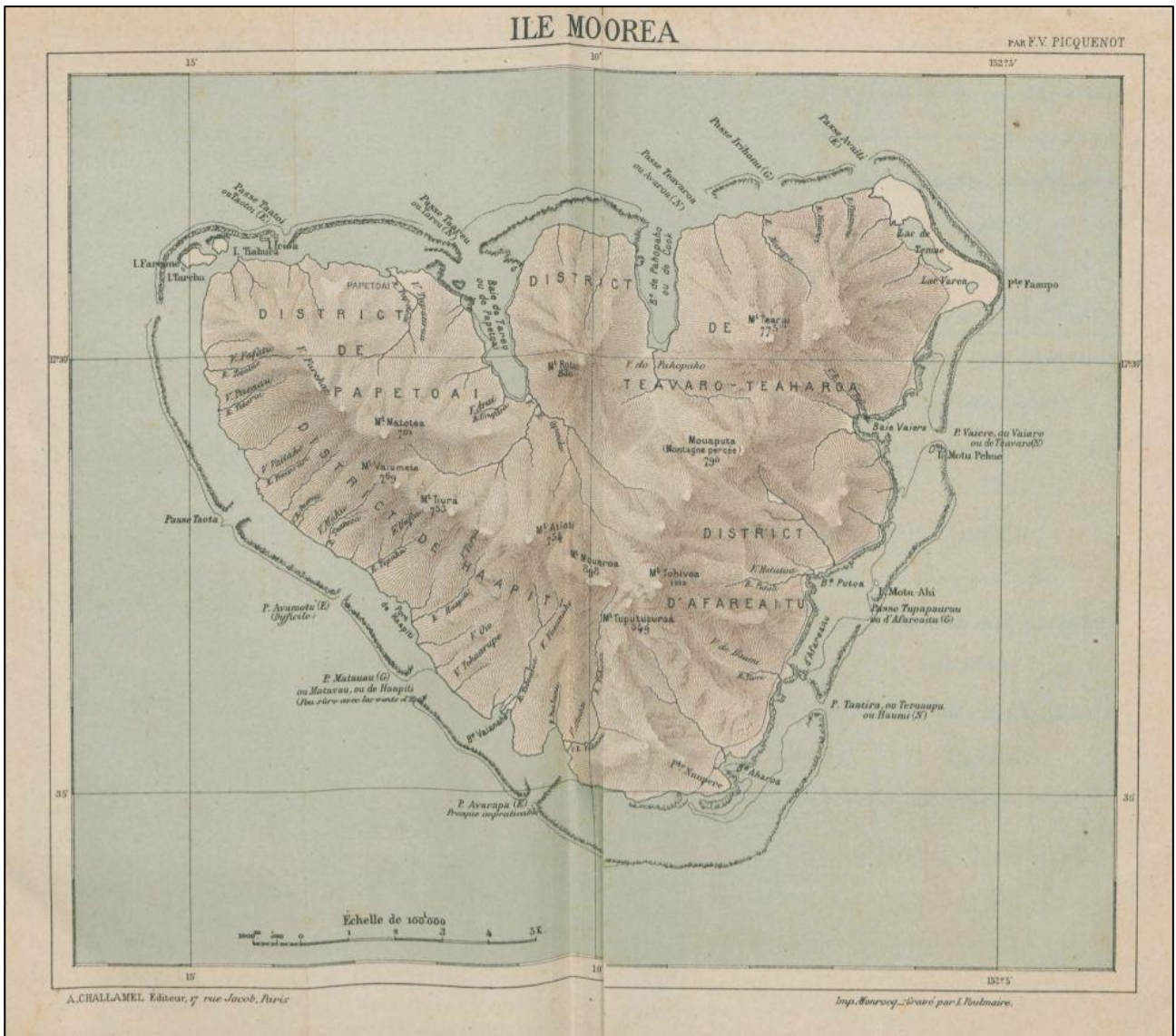
<sup>264</sup> Circle to the right from the portrait at the top of Pomare III, the boy king.

<sup>265</sup> The following is the caption to the same image reproduced in Langdon, [The Lost Caravel Re-explored](#), page 143. WWB's numbering of the portraits is given in square brackets.

Opposite is a composite photograph of Tahiti's royal family prepared by Mrs. S. Hoare, a Papeete photographer, about 1886–7. Most of the people depicted are descendants of Pomare I and the consorts of those descendants. Except for the two part-Europeans, Isabella Shaw (4<sup>th</sup> row) and Norman Brander (5<sup>th</sup> row) all are directly descended from the Hiro lineage of Raiatea or the Mai lineage of Borabora. Prince Hinoi Pomare (4<sup>th</sup> row) and John Brander (5<sup>th</sup> row) are the only others not known to be 'pure Polynesian'. The portraits are in rows of five. **First row:** 1. [15.] Teriimaevaua I (1841–1873), queen of Borabora, daughter of Pomare IV; 2. [16.] Pomare II (c. 1774–1821), king of Tahiti; 3. [1.] Pomare III (1820–27), king of Tahiti; 4. [2.] Teremoemoe, daughter of Tamatoa III of Raiatea, wife of Pomare II and mother of Pomares III and IV; 5. [3.] Haamanahia (1849–1911), grandchild of Mai, king of Borabora and great-grandchild of Tati, high chief of Papara, as were nos. 14 and 15 below. **Second row:** 6. [14.] Princess Teriinaahoroa of Raiatea (1877–1918), daughter of Tamatoa V, granddaughter of Pomare IV; 7. [24.] Pomare IV (1813–77), queen of Tahiti; 8. [17.] Pomare V (1839–91), king of Tahiti; 9. [18.] Arii faaite a Hiro (1820–73), grandson of Tamatoa III of Raiatea, husband of Pomare IV; 10. [4.] Princess Aimatarii of Raiatea (1878–94), daughter of Tamatoa V, granddaughter of Pomare IV. **Third row:** 11. [13.] Prince Teriitapunui of Tahiti (1846–88), son of Pomare IV; 12. [23.] Tamatoa V (1842–81), king of Raiatea, son of Pomare IV; 13. [25.] Pomare I (d. 1803), ancestor of Pomare dynasty; 14. [19.] Moeterauri a Mai (1850–90); 20. [5.] Teriinaahoroa of Tautira. **Fourth row:** 16. [12.] Prince Hinoi Pomare (1869–1916), part-European grandson of Pomare IV; 17. [22.] Prince de Joinville (1847–75), son of Pomare IV; 18. [21.] Teriitaria, queen of Huahine, daughter of Tamatoa III of Raiatea and titular wife of Pomare II; 19. [20.] Isabella Shaw (d. 1918), part-European, wife of Prince de Joinville; 20. [6.] Teriimaevaua II (1871–1932), queen of Borabora, daughter of Tamatoa V, granddaughter of Pomare IV. **Fifth row:** 21. [11.] Tapira, (adopted) daughter of Ariipeu a Hiro; 22. [10.] Princess Teriivaetua (1869–1918) of Raiatea, daughter of Tamatoa V, granddaughter of Pomare IV; 23. [9.] John Teriinuotahiti (Jock) Brander (1885–1918), part-European, son of Princess Teriivaetua; 24. [8.] Norman Teriitua Brander (1864–1930), part-European, husband of Princess Teriivaetua; 25. [7.] Ariipeu a Hiro, grandson of Tamatoa III. (Caption prepared by Dr Niel Gunson, Australian National University, Canberra.)

14. Teriinaavahoroa : daughter of #23 : married the Salmon brothers.
15. Teriimaevavua I : daughter of #24 : married #3.
16. Pomare II : son of #25 : married #2.
17. Pomare V : son of #24 : married Marau Salmon.
18. Ariifaaite-a-Hiro : married #24.
19. Moe-a-mai of Faaa : married #23.
20. Isabel Shaw : married #22.
21. Tetua : married #25 : mother of #16.
22. Teriitua Joinville : son of #24 : married #20.
23. Tamatoa : son of #24 : married #19.
24. Queen Pomare IV : daughter of #16 : married #18.
25. Pomare I : married #21 : father of #16.





## Moorea

## Discovery and Discoverers of Central Polynesia

Compiled from the records of the various Navigators concerned and from those of other voyagers.

Total number of islands in area 105.

Island.	Discoverer.	Date.
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### The Georgian Group

(as recorded at the Admiralty, London, 1768.)

Tahiti	Wallis	1767
Moorea	Wallis	1767
Maiao	Wallis	1767
Makatea	Roggeveen (now grouped with the Atolls)	1722
Mehetia	Wallis (claimed also for Carteret)	1767
Tetiaroa	Wallis (claimed also for Cook)	1767

### The Mangareva Or Gambier Group

(so named by Wilson)

Akamaru	Wilson	1797
Aukena	Wilson	1797
Rikitea	Wilson	1797
Taravai	Wilson	1797
Crescent *	Wilson * (native name Timoe)	1797

### The Marquesan Groups

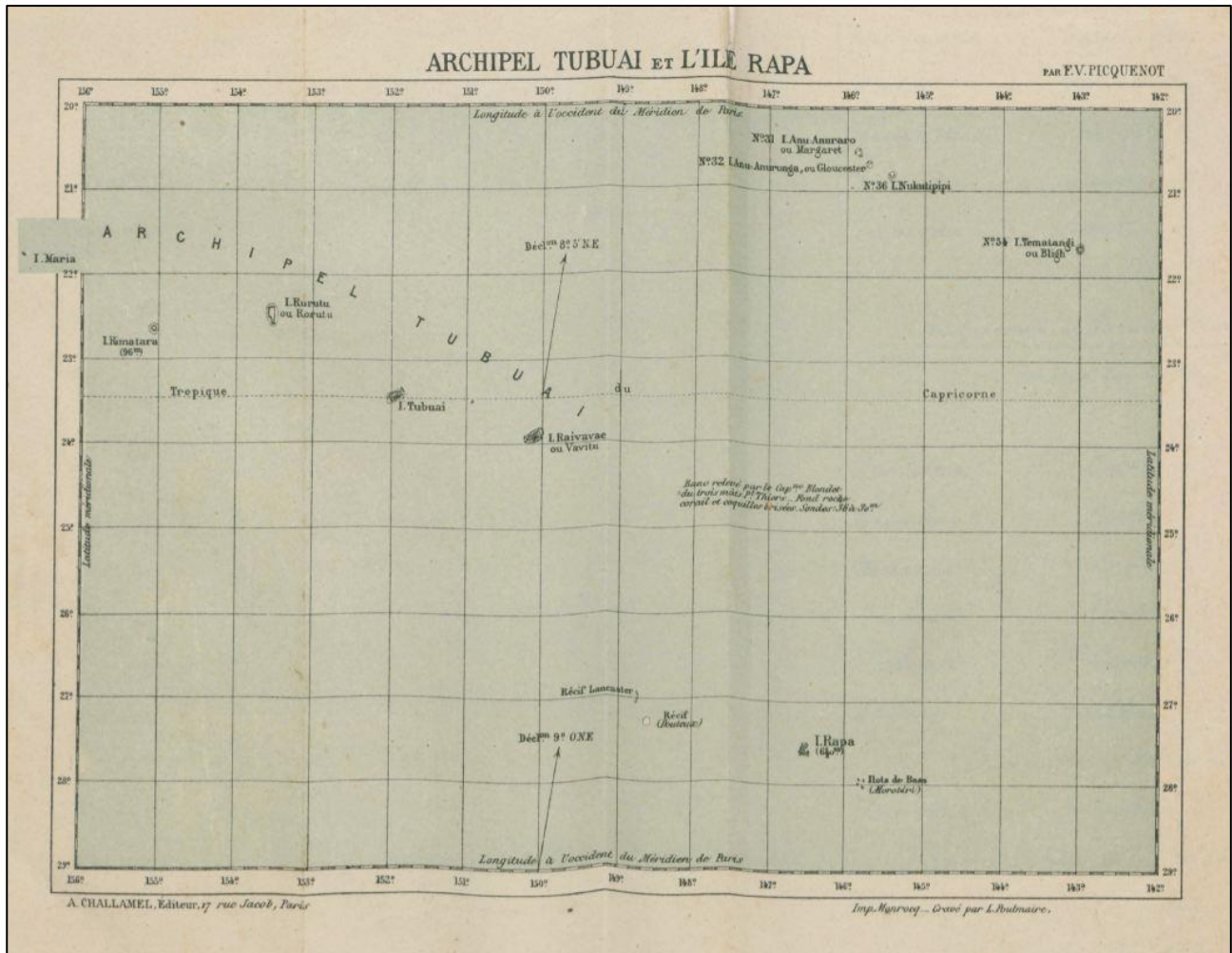
(so named by Mendana)

South Group.		
Fatuhiva	Mendana	1595
Hivaoa	Mendana	1595
Tahuata	Mendana	1595



Island.	Discoverer.	Date.
North Group.		
Nukuhiva	Ingraham	1791
Nahuka	Ingraham	1791
Uapu	Ingraham	1791

(The North Group also claimed for Marchand and Chanal.)



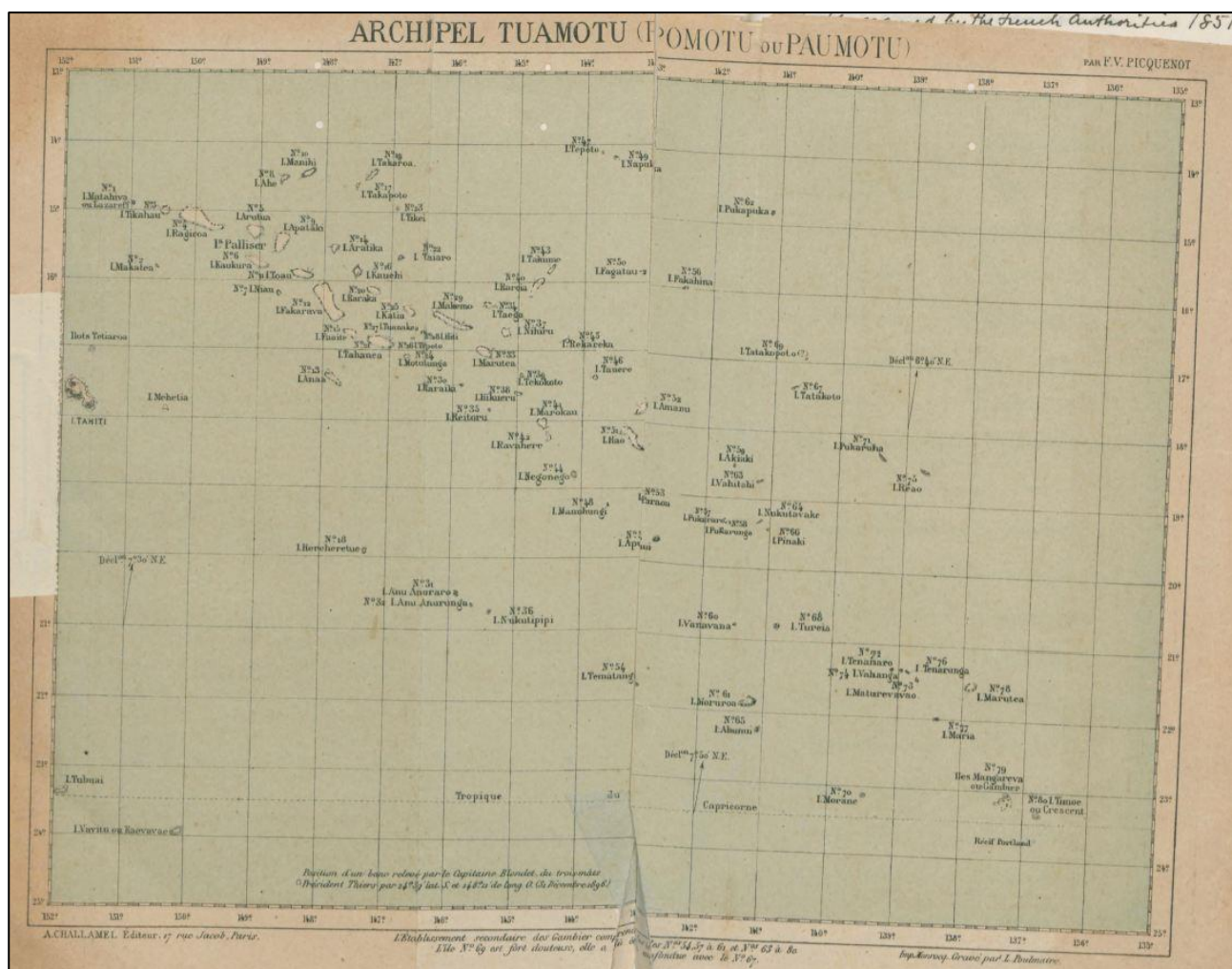
### The Austral Group

#### The Tupuai or Austral Group

(so named by the French authorities 1851)

Raivavae	Gayangos	1775
Rapa	Vancouver	1791
Rimatara	Henry	1811
Rurutu	Cook	1769

<b>Island.</b>	<b>Discoverer.</b>	<b>Date.</b>
Tupuai	Cook	1777
<b><u>The Leeward or Society Group</u></b>		
(so named by Cook)		
Raiatea	Cook	1769
Huahine	Cook	1769
Maupiti	Cook	1769
Tupai	Cook	1769
Tahaa	Cook	1769
Scilly *	Wallis	1767
* (native name Manuai)		
Pora Pora	Cook	1769
(there is no letter "B" in Tahitian)		
Bellinghausen	Kotzebue	1824
(native name Motu-o-ne)		
Mopelia	Wallis	1767
(also named Maupiha'a)		



### The Tuamotu Group

Island.	Discoverer.	Date.
<b>The Atolls or Tuamotu Group</b>		
(so named by the French authorities 1851 — formerly known as the Poumotus.)		
Aha	Schouten	1616
Ahunui	Beechey	1826
	(claimed also for Martin)	
Akiaki	Bougainville	1768
Amanu	Quiros	1606
	(claimed also for Varela)	
Anaa	Quiros	1606
Anuanuaro	Wallis	1767
	(claimed also for Quiros)	

<b>Island.</b>	<b>Discoverer.</b>	<b>Date.</b>
Anuanurunga	Wallis (claimed also for Quiros)	1767
Apataki	Roggeveen	1722
Arutua	Roggeveen	1722
Faaite	Bellinghausen	1819
Fakahina	Kotzebue	1824
Fakarava	Schouten	1616
Fangataufa	Beechey	1826
Fangatau	Beechey (claimed also for Cockburn)	1826
Hao	Bougainville (claimed also for Quiros)	1768
Haraiki	Boenechea	1772
Hereheretue	Wallis	1767
Hikueru	Boenechea	1774
Kauehi	Humphrey	1822
Kaukura	Cook	1774
Makemo	Cook	1773
Manihi	Schouten	1616
Manuhangi	Wallis	1767
Maria	Bougainville (native name Vahitahi)	1768
Marokau	Bougainville (claimed also for Quiros)	1768
Marutea	Edwards (claimed also for Cook)	1791
Matahiva	Bellinghausen	1819
Motutunga	Cook	1773
Mururoa	Wallis	1767
Nange nengo	Wallis	1767
Napuka	Byron	1765
Niau	Schouten (claimed also for Greig)	1616

Island.	Discoverer.	Date.
Nukutavake	Carteret	1767
Nukutipipi	Wallis	1767
	(claimed also for Quiros)	
Paraoa	Wallis	1767
Pinaki	Carteret	1767
Puka Puka	Schouten	1616
Pukaruha	Wilson	1797
Rangiroa	Schouten	1616
Raroia	Roggeveen	1722
Raraka	Ireland	1831
Reao <sup>266</sup>	Bell	1822
Tahanea	Boenechea	1774
Takaroa	Schouten	1616
Takapoto	Roggeveen	1722
Takume	Bellinghausen	1819
Tata Koto	Varela	1774
Tauere	Boenechea	1772
Teko Koto	Turnbull	1803
	(the Supercargo — the Cap <sup>t</sup> Byers)	
Tematangi	Bligh	1792
Tepoto	Byron	1765
Tikei	Schouten	1616
Tikihau	Roggeveen	1722
Toau	Roggeveen	1722
Tureia	Carteret	1767
Vairaatea	Wallis	1767
Vana Vana	Beechey	1826
	(claimed also for Barrow)	

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<sup>266</sup> WWB has *Reao* before *Raroia*.

There appears to be no record of the discoverers of the 17 remaining small Atolls, unnamed in the above list.<sup>267</sup>

### Some Common Errors Prevalent Today

(summarized from previous pages)

1. That geographically The South Seas (plural) exist. The Pacific Ocean — save on its western coastline — is one undivided whole north and south of the Equator. Tahiti lies in “The South Sea” (singular). The term was first used by the Spaniards, then fixed historically by “The South Sea Bubble”, then by all reports of the whalers as the general term for their hunting ground. The use of the plural is a careless — though poetic — indifference to Fact.
2. That Cook — in 1769 — included Tahiti in his “Society Islands”. Tahiti and Moorea were recorded at the Admiralty in London by Wallis — in 1767 — as “The Georgian Islands” and Cook knew the recording.
3. That Papeete was from ancient days one undivided native village. Papeete was Family and private property, a strip on the waterfront along with others, the general name for the entire waterfront being Nanu.
4. That the earlier navigators knew of and used Papeete harbour. None of them ever even mention it in their Logs.
5. That the first Pomare — who died on 1803 — was the first King of Tahiti. Papara under its Chiefs successfully held out till November 12, 1815. The second Pomare was the first King. The first Pomare failed in his aim, being merely the First of his name.
6. That Prince Hinoi was named by Pomare V as his successor if he had not given up the sovereignty. Hinoi was a boy of under 10 years of age at the time of naming who should follow him. The Succession was to go 1<sup>st</sup> to his next brother Tamatoa’s eldest — surviving — daughter, also then under 10 years of age, Terii Vaetua, who later married Norman Brander. Failing her and her issue of whom there are 3 today it was to go 2<sup>nd</sup>ly to his youngest brother Joinville’s boy and his issue. If Sovereignty had not been surrendered and if Pomare V had — despite his antipathy to the Salmon family of whom Brander was one — stood by his Order, it is clear who would, legally, be King of Tahiti today, Terii Vaetua’s grandson. (See *The Headship of the Pomare Family* and *The Abdication of Pomare V.*) Otherwise, by Pomare V’s legalized adoption of Hinoi as both his “son and heir” the latter’s son — present day Head of the Pomare Family — would be the heir to the Throne of Tahiti.

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<sup>267</sup> See WWB’s article, *Discovery & Discoverers of French Oceania*, in the 15 February 1939 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 32–33, in Part VII, and the Bulletin de la Société des Études Océaniques N° 68 (1940), pages 272–275, in Part VIII.



## Other Known Books

both in English and French dealing with Tahiti and published during these Periods. <sup>268</sup>

1767–1880

Author	Title	Date	
Arago, Jacques	Les Deux Océans	1854	<a href="#">Link</a>
Arbousset, Th.	Tahiti et les Îles Adjacentes	1867	<a href="#">Link</a>
Aylmer, Cap <sup>t</sup>	A Cruise in the Pacific	1860	<a href="#">Link</a>
Bayly, Cap <sup>t</sup>	Sea Life Sixty Years Ago	1885	<a href="#">Link</a>
Beechey, Cap <sup>t</sup>	Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific	1832	<a href="#">Link</a>
Belcher, Cap <sup>t</sup> Sir E.	Narrative of a Voyage Round the World	1843	<a href="#">Link</a>
Bennett, F. D.	Narrative of a Whaling Voyage	1840	<a href="#">Link</a>
Bligh, Lieut.	Dangerous Voyage (Appendix)	1820	<a href="#">Link</a>
Bull, W. K.	A Trip to Tahiti	1858	<a href="#">Link</a>
Chopard, Jean	Quelque Personnages... à Tahiti	1871	<a href="#">Link</a>
Coulter, John	Adventures in the Pacific	1845	<a href="#">Link</a>
Cuzent, G.	Tahiti	1860	<a href="#">Link</a>
Darwin, C.	A Naturalist's Voyage Round the World	1882	<a href="#">Link</a>
De Bougainville	Voyage Autour du Monde	1772	<a href="#">I &amp; II</a>
Dumont d'Urville	Voyage Autour du Monde	1834	<a href="#">I &amp; II</a>
Forster, George	A Voyage Round the World	1777	<a href="#">Link</a>
Horne, C. S.	The Story of the L.M.S.	1895	<a href="#">Link</a>
Hort, D.	Tahiti the Garden of the Pacific	1891	<a href="#">Link</a>
Jaccoliot, L.	La Verité sur Taiti	1869	<a href="#">Link</a>

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<sup>268</sup> The spelling of the title or the year of publication for certain books listed by WWB are different from those given below.

Author	Title	Date	
Jorgensen, J.	State of Christianity in the island of Otaheite	1811	
Lesson, D <sup>r</sup> P.	Voyage Autour du Monde	1838	<a href="#">Link</a>
Lamont, E. H.	Wild Life Among the Pacific Islanders	1867	<a href="#">Link</a>
Lecucq, L.	Question de Tahiti	1849	<a href="#">Link</a>
L. M. S.	Brief Statement of the Aggression of the French	1843	
Lovett, R.	The History of the L.M.S. 1795–1895	(1899)	
Lucett, E.	Rovings in the Pacific	1851	<a href="#">I</a> & <a href="#">II</a>
Lutterworth, H.	O’Taiti	1845	
Melville, H.	Omoo	1847	<a href="#">Link</a>
Moerenhout, J. A.	Voyage aux Iles du Grand Océan	1837	<a href="#">I</a> & <a href="#">II</a>
Mortimer, Lieut.	Observations... During a Voyage to... Otaheite	1791	<a href="#">Link</a>
Nightingale, T.	Oceanic Sketches	1835	<a href="#">Link</a>
Orlebar, Lieut.	A Midshipman’s Journal...	1833	<a href="#">Link</a>
Perkins, E. T.	Na Motu or Reef Rovings...	1854	<a href="#">Link</a>
Pritchard, W. T.	Polynesian Reminiscenses	1866	<a href="#">Link</a>
Privat-Deschanal	Océanie	(1884)	<a href="#">Link</a>
Rodriguez, Maximo	Journal	1774	<a href="#">Link</a>
Russell, M.	Polynesia	1852	<a href="#">Link</a>
Salmon, A.	Lettre... à... Napoleon III	1858	<a href="#">Link</a>
Shipley, Lieut.	Sketches in the Pacific	1851	<a href="#">Link</a>
Smith, W. (Miss <sup>y</sup> )	Voyage of the Duff	1813	<a href="#">Link</a>
Stoddard, C.W.	Summer Cruising in the South Seas	1881	<a href="#">Link</a>
Turnbull, J.	A Voyage Round the World...	1805	<a href="#">Link</a>
Tyerman and Bennet	Journal of Voyages and Travels	1832	<a href="#">I</a> , <a href="#">II</a> & <a href="#">III</a>

Author	Title	Date	
Vancouver, Cap <sup>t</sup>	A Voyage of Discovery...	1798	<a href="#">I</a> , <a href="#">II</a> & <a href="#">III</a>
Vincendon-Dumoulin	Îles Taïti	1844	<a href="#">I</a> & <a href="#">II</a>
Wallis, Cap <sup>t</sup>	Voyage Round the World	1773	<a href="#">Link</a>
Wilks, M.	Tahiti	1844	<a href="#">Link</a>
Wilkes, Admiral	U. S. Exploring Expedition	1845	<a href="#">I</a> , <a href="#">II</a> & <a href="#">III</a>
Williams, Tamatoa	An Appeal	1844	<sup>269</sup> <a href="#">Link</a>
Williams, John	A narrative of missionary enterprises...	1837	<a href="#">Link</a>

**Note.**

“The Memoirs of Ariitaimai” mentioned in the list of “Quoted Books” at first bore the Title

“Memoirs of Marau Ta’aroa, last Queen of Tahiti.”

“Printed Privately 1893.”

There is no copy known to exist today. Where it was printed and to whom copies were given are also unknown.

In 1901 a 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition — in English — was printed at Paris under the supervision and care of an American attached to the Embassy there and once a visitor to Tahiti, by name Henry Adams. Marau had requested him to change the Title and use her mother’s name as the one from whom she had received the information 2 years prior to Ariitaimai’s death. A very few copies of this Edition are known to exist today. One copy once belonging to Marau’s brother Tati II is however in the Papeete Museum.<sup>270</sup>

<sup>269</sup> *The Appeal...* is found on pages 23–41 of *Pomaré, Queen of Tahiti*.

<sup>270</sup> See WWB’s letter to the editor, *The Memoirs of Ariitaimai*, in the September 1945 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, page 59, and footnotes, in Part VII. The *Memoirs* can be found [here](#).

## ADDENDA

### to the manuscript of Old Time Tahiti

#### Digest of Books, Manuscripts and Pamphlets not easily obtainable.

#### A Warm Welcome<sup>271</sup>

Tahiti's reception to its first white visitors as the Dolphin moved along the coast seeking site for anchorage

Extract from

Captain Wallis' Journal of his "Voyage round the world" in H.M.S. Dolphin.

#### C H A P. V.

*An account of the Discovery of King George the Third's Island, or Otaheite, and of several incidents which happened both on board the Ship, and on Shore.*

AT two o'clock, the same day,<sup>272</sup> we bore away, and in about half an hour, discovered very high land in the W. S. W. At seven in the evening, Osnaburgh Island bore E. N. E. and the new discovered land, from W. N. W. to W. by S. As the weather was thick and squally, we brought to for the night, or at least till the fog should break away. At two in the morning,<sup>273</sup> it being very clear, we made sail again ; at day-break we saw the land, at about five leagues distance, and steered directly for it ; but at eight o'clock, when we were close under it, the fog obliged us again to lie to, and when it cleared away, we were much surprised<sup>274</sup> to find ourselves surrounded by some hundreds of canoes. They were of different sizes, and had on board different numbers from one to ten, so that in all of them together, there could not be less than eight hundred people. When they came within pistol shot of the ship, they lay by, gazing at us with great astonishment, and by turns conferring with each other. In the mean time we shewed them trinkets of various kinds, and invited them on board. Soon after, they drew together, and held a kind of council to determine what should be done : then they all paddled round the ship, making signs of friendship, and one of them holding up a branch of the plaintain tree, made a speech that lasted near a quarter of an hour, and then threw it into the sea. Soon after as we continued

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<sup>271</sup> The text that WWB has included in the Addendum is from Chapter V of the account of Wallis' voyage in *An Account of the Voyages Undertaken By the Order of His Present Majesty For Making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere... Drawn Up... By John Hawkesworth*, Vol. I, pages 173–190. This text is available online [here](#). WWB's text contains certain errors and omissions; the text, therefore, has been transcribed directly from Hawkesworth. Text omitted by WWB is shown in grey. Comments by WWB are given in footnotes.

<sup>272</sup> Thursday, 18 June 1767

<sup>273</sup> Friday, 19 June 1767

<sup>274</sup> This word appears in the text both as *surprised* and *surprized*.

to make signs of invitation, a fine, stout lively young man ventrued on board : he came up the mizen chains, and jumped out of the shrouds upon the top of the awning. We made signs to him to come down upon the quarter-deck, and handed up some trinkets to him : he looked pleased, but would accept nothing till some of the Indians came along-side, and after much talk, threw a few branches of plaintain-tree on board the ship. He then accepted our presents, and several others very soon came on board, at different parts of the ship, not knowing the proper entrance. As one of these Indians was standing near the gang-way, on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, one of our goats butted him upon the haunches : being surprized at the blow, he hastily turned about, and saw the goat raised upon his hind legs, ready to repeat the blow. The appearance of this animal, so different from any he had ever seen, struck him with such terror that he instantly leaped over-board ; and all the rest, upon seeing what had happened, followed his example with the utmost precipitation : they recovered however, in a short time, from their fright, and returned on board. After having reconciled them to our goats and sheep, I shewed them our hogs and poultry, and they immediately made signs that they had such animals as these. I then distributed trinkets and nails among them, and made signs that they should go on shore and bring us some of their hogs, fowls and fruit, but they did not seem to understand my meaning : they were in the mean time watching an opportunity to steal some of the things that happened to lie in their way, but we generally detected them in the attempt. At last, however, one of the midshipmen happened to come to where they were standing with a new laced hat upon his head, and began to talk to one of them by signs : while he was thus engaged, another of them came behind him, and suddenly snatching off the hat, leapt over the taffarel into the sea, and swam away with it.

As we had no anchorage here, we stood along the shore, sending the boats at the same time to sound at a less distance. As none of these canoes had sails, they could not keep up with us, and therefore soon paddled back towards the shore. The country has the most delightful and romantic appearance that can be imagined : towards the sea it is level, and is covered with fruit trees of various kinds, particularly the cocoa-nut. Among these are the houses of the inhabitants, consisting only of a roof, and at a distance having greatly the appearance of a long barn. The country within, at about the distance of three miles, rises into lofty hills, that are crowned with wood, and terminate in peaks, from which large rivers are precipitated into the sea. We saw no shoals, but found the island skirted by a reef of rocks, through which there are several openings into deep water. About three o'clock in the afternoon, we brought to, a-breast of a large bay, where there was an appearance of anchorage. The boats were immediately sent to sound it, and while they were thus employed, I observed a great number of canoes gather round them. I suspected that the Indians had a design to attack them, and as I was very desirous to prevent mischief, I made the signal for the boats to come a-board, and at the same time, to intimidate the Indians, I fired a nine-pounder over their heads. As soon as the cutter began to stand toward the ship, the Indians in their canoes, though they had been startled by the thunder of our nine-pounder, endeavoured to cut her off. The boat, however, sailing faster than the canoes could paddle, soon got clear of those that were about her ; but some others, that were full of men, way-laid her in her course, and threw several stones into her, which wounded some of the people. Upon this the Officer on board fired a musquet, loaded with buck-shot, at the man who threw the first stone, and wounded him in the shoulder. The rest of the people in the canoes, as soon as they perceived their companion wounded, leapt in to the sea, and the other canoes paddled away, in great terror and confusion. As soon as the boats reached the ship, they were hoisted on board, and just as she was about to stand on, we observed a large canoe under sail, making after us. As I thought she might have some Chief on board, or might have been dispatched to bring me a message from some chief, I determined to wait for her. She sailed very fast, and was soon along-side the ship, but we did not observe among those on board any one that seemed to have authority over the rest. One of them, however, stood up, and having made a speech, which continued about five minutes, threw on board a branch of the plaintain tree. We understood this to be a token of peace, and we returned it, by

handing over one of the branches of plaintain that had been left on board by our first visitors : with this and some toys, that were afterwards presented to him, he appeared to much gratified, and after a short time went away.

The officers who had been sent out with the boats, informed me that they had sounded close to the reef, and found as great a depth of water as at the other islands : however, as I was now on the weather side of the island, I had reason to expect anchorage in running to leeward. I therefore took this course, but finding breakers that ran off to a great distance from the south end of the island, I hauled the wind, and continued turning to windward all night, in order to run down on the east side of the island.

At five o'clock in the morning <sup>275</sup> we made sail, the land bearing N. W. by W. distant 10 leagues ; and there seemed to be land five leagues beyond it, to the N. E. a remarkable peak, like a sugar loaf, bore N. N. E. when we were about two leagues from the shore, which afforded a most delightful prospect, and was full of houses and inhabitants. We saw several large canoes near the shore, under sail, but they did not steer towards the ship. At noon, we were within two or three miles of the island, and then it bore from S.  $\frac{3}{4}$  W. to N. W. by W. We continued our course along the shore, sometimes at the distance of half a mile, and sometimes at the distance of four or five miles, but hitherto had got no soundings. At six o'clock in the evening, we were a-breast of a fine river, and the coast having a better appearance here than in any other part that we had seen, I determined to stand off and on all night, and try for anchorage in the morning. As soon as it was dark, we saw a great number of lights all along the shore. At day-break <sup>276</sup> we sent out the boats to sound, and soon after they made the signal for twenty fathom. This produced an universal joy, which it is not easy to describe, and we immediately ran in, and came to an anchor in 17 fathom, with a clear sandy bottom. We lay about a mile distant from the shore, opposite to a fine run of water ; the extrems of the land bearing from E. S. E. to N. W. by W. As soon as we had secured the ship, I sent the boats to sound along the coast, and look at the place where we saw the water. At this time a considerable number of canoes came off to the ship, and brought with them hogs, fowls, and fruit in great plenty, which we purchased for trinkets and nails. But when the boats made towards the shore, the canoes, most of which were double, and very large, sailed after them. At first they kept at a distance, but as the boats approached the shore, they grew bolder, and at last three of the largest ran at the cutter, staved in her quarter, and carried away her outrigger, the Indians preparing at the same time to board her, with their clubs and paddles in their hands. Our people being thus pressed, were obliged to fire, by which one of the assailants was killed, and the other much wounded. Upon receiving the shot, they both fell overboard, and all the people who were in the same canoe, instantly leaped into the sea after them ; the other two canoes dropped a-stern, and our boats went on without any farther interruption. As soon as the Indians, who were in the water, saw that the boats stood on without attempting to do them any farther hurt, they recovered their canoe, and hauled in their wounded companions. They set them both upon their feet to see if they could stand, and finding they could not, they tried whether they could sit upright : one of them could, and him they supported in that posture, but perceiving that the other was quite dead, they laid the body along at the bottom of the canoe. After this, some of the canoes went ashore, and others returned again to the ship to traffic, which is a proof that our conduct had convinced them that while they behaved peaceably they had nothing to fear, and that they were conscious they had brought the mischief which had just happened upon themselves.

The boats continued sounding till noon, when they returned with an account that the ground was very clear ; that it was at the depth of five fathom, within a quarter of a mile of the shore, but that there was a very great surf where we had seen the water. The officers told me that the inhabitants swarmed

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<sup>275</sup> Saturday, 20 June 1767

<sup>276</sup> Sunday, 21 June 1767



upon the beach, and that many of them swam off to the boat with fruit, and bamboos filled with water. They said that they were very importunate with them to come on shore, particularly the women, who came down to the beach, and stripping themselves naked, endeavoured to allure them by many wanton gestures, the meaning of which could not possibly be mistaken. At this time, however, our people resisted the temptation.

In the afternoon, I sent the boats again to the shore, with some barecas or small casks, which are filled at the head, and have a handle by which they are carried, to endeavour to procure some water, of which we began to be in great want. In the mean time, many of the canoes continued about the ship, but the Indians had been guilty of so many thefts, that I would not suffer any more of them to come on board.

At five in the evening, the boats returned with only two barecas of water, which the natives had filled for them ; and as a compensation for their trouble, they thought fit to detain all the rest. Our people, who did not leave their boat, tried every expedient they could think of to induce the Indians to return their water vessels, but without success ; and the Indians, in their turn, were very pressing for our people to come on shore, which they thought it prudent to decline. There were many thousands of the inhabitants of both sexes, and a great number of children on the beach, when our boats came away.

The next morning, <sup>277</sup> I sent the boats on shore again for water, with nails, hatchets, and such other things as I thought most likely to gain the friendship of the inhabitants. In the mean time, a great number of canoes came off to the ship, with bread-fruit, plantains, a fruit resembling an apple only better, fowls, and hogs, which we purchased with beads, nails, knives, and other articles of the like kind, so that we procured pork enough to serve the ship's company two days, at a pound a man.

When the boats returned, they brought us only a few calabashes of water ; for the number of people on the beach was so great, that they would not venture to land, tho' the young women repeated the allurements which they had practised the day before, with still more wanton, and, if possible, less equivocal gestures. Fruit and provisions of various kinds were brought down and ranged upon the beach, of which our people were also invited to partake, as an additional inducement for them to leave the boat. They continued, however, inexorable, and shewing the Indians the barecas on board, made signs that they should bring down those which had been detained the day before : to this the Indians were inexorable in their turn, and our people therefore weighed their grapplings, and sounded all round the place, to see whether the ship could come in near enough to cover the waterers, in which case they might venture on shore, in defiance of the whole island. When they put off, the women pelted them with apples and banacas, [sic] shouting and shewing every mark of derision and contempt that they could devise. They reported, that the ship might ride in four fathom water, with sandy ground, at two cables length from the shore, and in five fathom water at three cables length. The wind here blew right along the shore, raising a great surf on the side of the vessel, and on the beach.

At day break, the next morning, <sup>278</sup> we weighed, with a design to anchor off the watering place. As we were standing off, to get farther to windward, we discovered a bay about six or eight miles to leeward, over the land, from the mast head, and immediately bore away for it, sending the boats ahead to sound. At nine o'clock, the boats making the signal for 12 fathom, we hauled round a reef, and stood in, with a design to come to an anchor ; but when we came near the boats, one of which was on each bow, the ship struck. <sup>279</sup> Her head continued immoveable, but her stern was free ; and, upon casting the lead, we found the depth of water, upon the reef or shoal, to be from 17 fathom to

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<sup>277</sup> Monday, 22 June 1767

<sup>278</sup> Tuesday, 23 June 1767

<sup>279</sup> WWB: (*Here follows an account of the Dolphin Rock, for Wallis was now in Matavai Bay.*)

two and a half : we clewed all up as fast as possible, and cleared the ship of what lumber there happened to be upon the deck, at the same time getting out the long-boat, with the stream and kedge anchors, the stream cable and hauser, in order to carry them without the reef, that when they had taken ground, the ship might be drawn off towards them, by applying a great force to the capstern, but unhappily without the reef we had no bottom. Our condition was now very alarming, the ship continued beating against the rock with great force, and we were surrounded by many hundred canoes, full of men : they did not, however, attempt to come on board us, but seemed to wait in expectation of our shipwreck. In the anxiety and terror of such a situation we continued near an hour, without being able to do any thing for our deliverance, except staving some water casks in the forehold, when a breeze happily springing up from the shore, the ship's head swung off. We immediately pressed her with all the sail we could make ; upon which she began to move, and was very soon once more in deep water.

We now stood off, and the boats being sent to leeward, found that the reef ran down to the westward about a mile and a half, and that beyond it there was a very good harbour. The master, after having placed a boat at the end of the reef, and furnished the long-boat with anchors and hausers, and a guard to defend her from an attack of the Indians, came on board, and piloted the ship round the reef into the harbour, where, about twelve o'clock, she came to an anchor, with a fine bottom of black sand.

The place where the ship struck appeared, upon farther examination, to be a reef of sharp coral rock, with very unequal soundings, from six fathom to two ; and it happened unfortunately to lie between the two boats that were placed as a direction to the ship, the weathermost boat having 12 fathom, and the leewardmost nine. The wind freshened almost as soon as we got off, and though it soon became calm again, the surf ran so high, and broke with such violence upon the rock, that if the ship had continued fast half an hour longer, she must inevitably have been beaten to pieces. Upon examining her bottom, we could not discover that she had received any damage, except that a small piece was beaten off the bottom of the rudder. She did not appear to admit any water, but the trussletrees, at the head of all the masts, were broken short, which we supposed to have happened while she was beating against the rock. Our boats lost their grapplings upon the reef, but as we had reason to hope that the ship was sound ; they gave us very little concern. As soon as the ship was secured, I sent the master, with all the boats manned and armed to sound the upper part of the bay, that if he found good anchorage we might warp the ship up within the reef, and anchor her in safety. The weather was now very pleasant, a great number of canoes were upon the reef, and the shore was crowded with people.

About four in the afternoon the Master returned, and reported that there was every where good anchorage ; I therefore determined to warp the ship up the bay early in the morning, and in the mean time, I put the people at four watches, one watch to be always under arms, loaded and primed all the guns, fixed musketoons in all the boats, and ordered all the people who were not upon the watch, to repair to the quarters assigned them, at a moment's warning, there being a great number of canoes, some of them very large, and full of men, hovering upon the shore, and many smaller venturing to the ship, with hogs, fowls, and fruit, which we purchased of them, much to the satisfaction of both parties ; and at sun-set, all the canoes rowed in to the shore.

At six o'clock the next morning,<sup>280</sup> we began to warp the ship up the harbour, and soon after, a great number of canoes came under her stern. As I perceived that they had hogs, fowls, and fruit on board, I ordered the gunner, and two midshipmen, to purchase them for knives, nails, beads, and other trinkets, at the same time prohibiting the trade to all other persons on board. By eight o'clock, the number of canoes was greatly increased, and those that came last up were double, of a very large size,

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<sup>280</sup> Wednesday, 24 June 1767

with twelve or fifteen stout men in each. I observed, with some concern, that they appeared to be furnished rather for war than trade, having very little on board except round pebble stones ; I therefore sent for Mr. Furneaux, my first Lieutenant being still very ill, and ordered him to keep the fourth watch constantly at their arms, while the rest of the people were warping the ship. In the mean time more canoes were continually coming off from the shore, which were freighted very differently from the rest, for they had on board a number of women, who were placed in a row, and who, when they came near the ship, made all the wanton gestures that can be conceived. While these ladies were practising their allurements, the large canoes, which were freighted with stones, drew together very close round the ship, some of the men on board singing in a hoarse voice, some blowing conchs, and some playing on a flute. After some time, a man who sat under a canopy that was fixed on one of the large double canoes, made signs that he wished to come up to the ship's side ; I immediately intimated my consent, and when he came along-side, he gave one of the men a bunch of red and yellow feathers, making signs that he should carry it to me. I received it with expressions of amity, and immediately got some trinkets to present him in return, but to my great surprise he had put off to a little distance from the ship, and upon his throwing up the branch of a cocoa-nut tree, there was an universal shout from all the canoes, which at once moved towards the ship, and a shower of stones was poured into her on every side. As an attack was now begun, in which our arms only could render us superior to the multitude that assailed us, especially as great part of the ship's company was in a sick and feeble condition, I ordered the guard to fire ; two of the quarter-deck guns, which I had loaded with small shot, were also fired nearly at the same time, and the Indians appeared to be thrown into some confusion : in a few minutes, however, they renewed the attack, and all our people that were able to come upon deck, having by this time got to their quarters, I ordered them to fire the great guns, and to play some of them constantly at a place on shore, where a great number of canoes were still taking in men, and pushing off towards the ship with the utmost expedition. When the great guns began to fire, there were not less than three hundred canoes about the ship, having on board at least two thousand men ; many thousands were also upon the shore, and more canoes coming from every quarter : the firing, however, soon drove away the canoes that were about the ship, and put a stop to the coming off of others. As soon as I saw some of them retreating, and the rest quiet, I ordered the firing to cease, hoping that they were sufficiently convinced of our superiority, not to renew the contest. In this, however, I was unhappily mistaken : a great number of the canoes that had been dispersed, soon drew together again, and lay some time on their paddles, looking at the ship from the distance of about a quarter of a mile, and then suddenly hoisting white streamers, pulled towards the ship's stern, and began again to throw stones, with great force and dexterity, by the help of slings, from a considerable distance : each of these stones weighed about two pounds, and many of them wounded the people on board, who would have suffered much more, if an awning had not been spread over the whole deck to keep out the sun, and the hammocks placed in the nettings. At the same time several canoes, well manned, were making towards the ship's bow, having probably taken notice that no shot had been fired from this part : I therefore ordered some guns forward to be well pointed and fired at these canoes ; at the same time running out two guns a-baft, and pointing them well at the canoes that were making the attack. Among the canoes that were coming toward the bow, there was one which appeared to have some Chief on board, as it was by signals made from her that the others had been called together : it happened that a shot, fired from the guns forward, hit this canoe so full as to cut it asunder. As soon as this was observed by the rest, they dispersed with such haste, that in half an hour there was not a single canoe to be seen ; the people also who had crowded the shore, immediately fled over the hills with the utmost precipitation.

Having now no reason to fear any further interruption, we warped the ship up the harbour, and by noon we were not more than half a mile from the upper part of the bay, within less than two cables length of a fine river, and about two and a half of the reef. We had here nine fathom water, and close

to the shore there were five. We moored<sup>281</sup> the ship, and carried out the stream-anchor, with the two shroud hausers, for a spring, to keep the ship's broad-side a-breast of the river ; we also got up and mounted the eight guns, which had been put into the hold. As soon as this was done, the boats were employed in sounding all round the bay, and in examining the shore where any of the inhabitants appeared, in order to discover, whether it was probable that they would give us any further disturbance. All the afternoon, and part of the next morning,<sup>282</sup> was spent in this service, and about noon, the Master returned, with a tolerable survey of the place, and reported, that there were no canoes in sight ; that there was good landing on every part of the beach ; that there was nothing in the bay from which danger could be apprehended, except the reef, and some rocks at the upper end, which appeared above water ; and that the river, though it emptied itself on the other side of the point, was fresh water.

Soon after the Master had brought me this account, I sent Mr. Furneaux again, with all the boats manned and armed, the marines being also put on board, with orders to land opposite to our station, and secure himself, under cover of the boats and the ship, in the clearest ground he could find. About two o'clock the boats landed without any opposition, and Mr. Furneaux stuck up a staff, upon which he hoisted a pennant, turned a turf, and took possession of the island in his Majesty's name, in honour of whom he called it KING GEORGE THE THIRD'S ISLAND : he then went to the river, and tasted the water, which he found excellent, and mixing some of it with rum, every man drank his Majesty's health. While he was at the river, which was about twelve yards wide, and fordable, he saw two old men on the opposite side of it, who perceiving that they were discovered, put themselves in a supplicatory posture, and seemed to be in great terror and confusion. Mr. Furneaux made signs that they should come over the river, and one of them complied. When he landed, he came forward, creeping upon his hands and knees, but Mr. Furneaux raised him up, and while he stood trembling, shewed him some of the stones that were thrown at the ship, and endeavoured to make him apprehend that if the natives attempted no mischief against us, we should do no harm to them. He ordered two of the water casks to be filled, to shew the Indian that he wanted water, and produced some hatchets, and other things, to intimate that he wished to trade for provisions. The old man, during this pantomimical conversation, in some degree recovered his spirits ; and Mr. Furneaux, to confirm his professions of friendship, gave him a hatchet, some nails, beads, and other trifles ; after which he re-embarked on board the boats, and left the pennant flying. As soon as the boats were put off, the old man went up to the pennant, and danced round it a considerable time : he then retired, but soon after returned with some green boughs, which he threw down, and retired a second time : it was not long however before he appeared again, with about a dozen of the inhabitants, and putting themselves in a supplicating posture, they all approached the pennant in a slow pace, but the wind happening to move it, when they were got close to it, they suddenly retreated with the greatest precipitation. After standing some time at a distance, and gazing at it, they went away, but in a short time came back, with two large hogs alive, which they laid down at the foot of the staff, and at length taking courage, they began to dance. When they had performed this ceremony, they brought the hogs down to the water side, launched a canoe, and put them on board. The old man, who had a large white beard, then embarked with them alone, and brought them to the ship : when he came along-side, he made a set speech, and afterwards handed in several green plantain leaves, one by one, uttering a sentence, in a solemn slow tone, with each of them as he delivered it ; after this he sent on board the two hogs, and then turning round, pointed to the land. I ordered some presents to be given him, but he would accept of nothing ; and soon after put off his canoe, and went on shore.

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<sup>281</sup> WWB: *The Chief referred to above was the first Pomare, the then acting Chief of the District. The "old man" with "a large white beard" later mentioned as keen for peace was his father Ha'apai whom Pomare (Tu) had succeeded according to the custom of the country and was in turn to be succeeded by his infant son.*

<sup>282</sup> Thursday, 25 June 1767

At night, soon after it was dark, we heard the noise of many drums, with conchs, and other wind instruments, and saw a multitude of lights all along the coast. At six in the morning,<sup>283</sup> seeing none of the natives on shore, and observing that the pennant was taken away, which probably they had learned to despise, as the frogs in the fable did King Log, I ordered the Lieutenant to take a guard on shore, and if all was well, to fend off, that we might begin watering : in a short time I had the satisfaction to find that he had sent off for water casks, and by eight o'clock, we had four tons of water on board. While our people were employed in filling the casks, several of the natives appeared on the opposite side of the river, with the old man whom the officer had seen the day before ; and soon after he came over, and brought with him a little fruit, and a few fowls, which were also sent off to the ship. At this time, having been very ill for near a fortnight, I was so weak that I could scarcely crawl about ; however, I employed my glasses to see what was doing on shore. At near half an hour after eight o'clock, I perceived a multitude of the natives coming over a hill<sup>284</sup> at about the distance of a mile, and at the same time a great number of canoes making round the western point, and keeping close along the shore. I then looked at the watering-place, and saw at the back of it, where it was clear, a very numerous party of the natives creeping along behind the bushes ; I saw also many thousands in the woods, pushing along towards the watering-place, and canoes coming very fast round the other point of the bay to the eastward. Being alarmed at these appearances, I dispatched a boat, to acquaint the officer on shore with what I had seen, and order him immediately to come on board with his men, and leave the casks behind him : he had however, discovered his danger, and embarked before the boat reached him. Having perceived the Indians that were creeping towards him under shelter of the wood, he immediately dispatched the old man to them, making signs that they should keep at a distance, and that he wanted nothing but water. As soon as they perceived that they were discovered, they began to shout, and advanced with greater speed. The officer immediately repaired to the boats with his people ; and the Indians, in the mean time having crossed the river, took possession of the water casks, with great appearance of exultation and joy. The canoes now pulled along the shore, towards the place, with the utmost expedition, all the people on land keeping pace with them, except a multitude of women and children, who seated themselves upon a hill which overlooked the bay and the beach. The canoes from each point of the bay, as they drew nearer to that part of it where the ship was at anchor, put on shore and took in more men, who had great bags in their hands, which afterwards appeared to be filled with stones. All the canoes that had come round the points, and many others that had put off from the shore within the bay, now made towards the ship, so that I had no doubt but that they intended to try their fortune in a second attack. As to shorten the contest would certainly lessen the mischief, I determined to make this action decisive, and put an end to hostilities at once ; I therefore ordered the people, who were all at their quarters, to fire first upon the canoes, which were drawn together in groups : this was immediately done so effectually, that those which were to the westward made towards the shore as fast as possible, and those to the eastward, getting round the reef, were soon beyond the reach of our guns. I then directed the fire into the wood in different parts, which soon drove the Indians out of it, who ran up the hill where the women and children had seated themselves to see the battle. Upon this hill there were now several thousands who thought themselves in perfect security; but to convince them of the contrary, and hoping that when they saw the shot fall much farther than they could think possible, they would suppose it could reach them at any distance, I ordered some of the guns to be let down as low as they would admit, and fired four shot towards them. Two of the balls fell close by a tree where a great number of these people were sitting, and struck them with such terror and consternation, than in less than two minutes not one of them was to be seen. Having thus cleared the coast, I manned and armed the boats, and putting a strong guard on board, I sent all the carpenters with their axes, and ordered them to destroy every canoe that had been run a-shore. Before noon, this service was effectually

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<sup>283</sup> Friday, 26 June 1767

<sup>284</sup> WWB: *This became known to this day as "One tree hill" from its towering but lonely Erythrina, now dead.*

performed, and more than fifty canoes, many of which were sixty feet long, and three broad, and lashed together, were cut to pieces. Nothing was found in them but stones and slings, except a little fruit, and a few fowls and hogs, which were on board two or three canoes of a much smaller size.<sup>285</sup>

At two o'clock in the afternoon, about ten of the natives came out of the wood with green boughs in their hands, which they stuck up near the water side, and retired. After a short time, they appeared again, and brought with them several hogs, with their legs tied, which they placed near the green boughs, and retired a second time. After this they brought down several more hogs, and some dogs, with their fore legs tied over their heads, and going again into the woods, brought back several bundles of the cloth which they use for apparel, and which has some resemblance to Indian paper. These they placed upon the beach, and called to us on board to fetch them away. As we were at the distance of about three cables length, we could not then perfectly discover of what this peace-offering consisted : we guessed at the hogs and the cloth, but seeing the dogs, with their fore legs appearing over the hinder part of the neck, rise up several times, and run a little way in an erect posture, we took them for some strange unknown animal, and were very impatient to have a nearer view of them. The boat was therefore sent on shore with all expedition, and our wonder was soon at an end. Our people found nine good hogs, besides the dogs and the cloth: the hogs were brought off, but the dogs were turned loose, and with the cloth left behind. In return for the hogs, our people left upon the shore some hatchets, nails, and other things, making signs to some of the Indians who were in sight, to take them away with their cloth. Soon after the boat had come on board, the Indians brought down two more hogs, and called to us to fetch them ; the boat therefore returned, and fetched off the two hogs, but still left the cloth, though the Indians made signs that we should take it. Our people reported, that they had not touched any of the things which they had left upon the beach for them, and somebody suggesting that they would not take our offering because we had not accepted their cloth, I gave orders that it should be fetched away. The event proved that the conjecture was true, for the moment the boat had taken the cloth on board, the Indians came down, and with every possible demonstration of joy, carried away all I had sent them into the wood. Our boats then went into the watering-place, and filled and brought off the casks, to the amount of about six tons. We found that they had suffered no injury while they had been in the possession of the Indians, but some leathern buckets and funnels, which had been taken away with the casks, were not returned.

The next morning<sup>286</sup> I sent the boats on more, with a guard, to fill some more casks with water, and soon after the people were on shore, the same old man, who had come over the river to them the first day, came again to the farther side of it, where he made a long speech, and then crossed the water. When he came up to the waterers, the officer shewed him the stones that were piled up like cannon balls upon the shore, and had been brought thither since our first landing, and some of the bags that had been taken out of the canoes which I had ordered to be destroyed, filled with stones, and endeavoured to make him understand that the Indians had been the aggressors, and that the mischief we had done them was in our own defence. The old man seemed to apprehend his meaning, but not to admit it : he immediately made a speech to the people, pointing to the stones, slings, and bags, with great emotion, and sometimes his looks, gestures, and voice were so furious as to be frightful. His passions, however, subsided by degrees, and the officer, who to his great regret could not understand one word of all that he had said, endeavoured to convince him, by all the signs he could devise, that we wished to live in friendship with them, and were disposed to shew them every mark of kindness in our power. He then shook hands with him, and embraced him, giving him at the same time several such trinkets as he thought would be most acceptable. He contrived also to make the old man

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<sup>285</sup> WWB ends his text here and writes, "*This settled matters. The Warm Welcome became a Friendly one.*" The first words of the next chapter in Hawkesworth, Chapter VI, are "*Matters being thus happily settled...*"

<sup>286</sup> Saturday, 27 June 1767



understand that we wished to traffic for provisions, that the Indians should not come down in great numbers, and that they should keep on one side of the river and we on the other. After this the old man went away with great appearance of satisfaction, and before noon a trade was established, which furnished us with hogs, fowls and fruit in great abundance, so that all the ship's company, whether sick or well, had as much as they could use.

## The Captain and His Queen <sup>287</sup>

### Extracts

from Captain Wallis' Journal of his Voyage round the World.  
H.M.S. Dolphin lay at anchor in Matavai Bay, Tahiti.

July 1767.

On Saturday the 11th, <sup>288</sup> in the afternoon, the Gunner came on board with a tall woman, who seemed to be about five and forty years of age, of a pleasing countenance and majestic deportment. He told me that she was but just come into that part of the country, and that seeing great respect paid her by the rest of the natives, he had made her some presents ; in return for which she had invited him to her house, which was about two miles up the valley, and given him some large hogs ; after which she returned with him to the watering-place, and expressed a desire to go on board the ship, in which he had thought it proper, on all accounts, that she should be gratified. She seemed to be under no restraint, either from diffidence or fear, when she first came into the ship ; and she behaved, all the while she was on board, with an easy freedom, that always distinguishes conscious superiority and habitual command. <sup>289</sup> I gave her a large blue mantle, that reached from her shoulders to her feet, which I threw over her, and tied on with ribbands ; I gave her also a looking-glass, beads of several sorts, and many other things, which she accepted with a very good grace, and much pleasure. She took notice that I had been ill, and pointed to the shore. I understood that she meant I should go thither to perfect my recovery, and I made signs that I would go thither the next morning. When she intimated an inclination to return, I ordered the Gunner to go with her, who having set her on shore, attended her to her habitation, which he described as being very large and well built. <sup>290</sup> He said, that in this house she had many guards and domesticks, and that she had another at a little distance, which was enclosed in lattice-work.

The next morning <sup>291</sup> I went on shore for the first time, and my Princess, or rather Queen, for such by her authority she appeared to be, soon after came to me, followed by many of her attendants. As she

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<sup>287</sup> This text is from Chapters VI and VII of the account of Wallis' voyage in *An Account of the Voyages Undertaken By the Order of His Present Majesty For Making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere... Drawn Up... By John Hawkesworth*, Vol. I, pages 288–311. This text is available online [here](#). The text below has been transcribed directly from Hawkesworth. Text omitted by WWB is shown in grey. Comments by WWB are given in footnotes.

<sup>288</sup> Saturday, 11 July 1767

<sup>289</sup> WWB: *She was Purea, wife of Amo, the Chief of Papara District.*

<sup>290</sup> WWB: *It was one of the Arioi Society's local meeting theatres.*

<sup>291</sup> Sunday, 12 July 1767

perceived that my disorder had left me very weak, she ordered her people to take me in their arms, and carry me not only over the river, but all the way to her house ; and observing that some of the people who were with me, particularly the first Lieutenant and Purser, had also been sick, she caused them also to be carried in the same manner, and a guard, which I had ordered out upon the occasion, followed. In our way, a vast multitude crouded [sic] about us, but upon her waving her hand, without speaking a word, they withdrew, and left us a free passage. When we approached near her house, a great number of both sexes came out to meet her : these she presented to me, after having intimated by signs that they were her relations, and taking hold of my hand, she made them kiss it. We then entered the house, which covered a piece of ground 327 feet long, and 42 feet broad. It consisted of a roof, thatched with palm leaves, and raised upon 39 pillars on each side, and 14 in the middle. The ridge of the thatch, on the inside, was 30 feet high, and the sides of the house, to the edge of the roof, were 12 feet high ; all below the roof being open. As soon as we entered the house, she made us sit down, and then calling four young girls, she assisted them to take off my shoes, draw down my stockings, and pull off my coat, and then directed them to smooth down the skin, and gently chafe it with their hands : the same operation was also performed upon the first Lieutenant and the Purser, but upon none of those who appeared to be in health. While this was doing, our Surgeon, who had walked till he was very warm, took off his wig to cool and refresh himself ; a sudden exclamation of one of the Indians who saw it, drew the attention of the rest, and in a moment every eye was fixed upon the prodigy, and every operation was suspended : the whole assembly stood some time motionless, in silent astonishment, which could not have been more strongly expressed if they had discovered that our friend's limbs had been screwed on to the trunk ; in a short time, however, the young women who were chafing us, resumed their employment, and having continued it for about half an hour, they dressed us again, but in this they were, as may easily be imagined, very awkward [sic] ; I found great benefit, however, from the chafing, and so did the Lieutenant and Purser. After a little time, our generous benefactress ordered some bales of Indian cloth to be brought out, with which she clothed me, and all that were with me, according to the fashion of the country. At first I declined the acceptance of this favour, but being unwilling not to seem pleased with what was intended to please me, I acquiesced. When we went away, she ordered a very large sow, big with young, to be taken down to the boat, and accompanied us thither herself. She had given directions to her people to carry me, as they had done when I came, but as I chose rather to walk, she took me by the arm, and whenever we came to a splash of water or dirt, she lifted me over with as little trouble as it would have cost me to have lifted over a child if I had been well.

The next morning <sup>292</sup> I sent her, by the Gunner, six hatchets, six bill-hooks, and several other things ; and when he returned, he told me that he found her giving an entertainment to a great number of people, which, he supposed, could not be less than a thousand. The messes were all brought to her by the servants that prepared them, the meat being put into the shells of cocoa nuts, and the shells into wooden trays, somewhat like those used by our butchers, and she distributed them with her own hands to the guests, who were seated in rows round the great house. When this was done, she sat down herself, upon a place somewhat elevated above the rest, and two women, placing themselves one on each side of her, fed her, she opening her mouth as they brought their hands up with the food. When she saw the Gunner, she ordered a mess for him ; he could not certainly tell what it was, but he believed it to be fowl picked small, with apples cut among it, and seasoned with salt water ; it was, however, very well tasted. She accepted the things I sent her, and seemed to be much pleased with them. After this correspondence was established with the queen, provisions of every kind became much more plenty at market ; but though fowls and hogs were every day brought in, we were still obliged to pay more for them than at the first, the market having been spoiled by the nails which our

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<sup>292</sup> Monday, 13 July 1767

men had stolen and given to the women ; I therefore gave orders that every man should be searched before he went on shore, and that no woman should be suffered to cross the river.

On the 14th, <sup>293</sup> the Gunner being on shore to trade, perceived an old woman on the other side of the river, weeping bitterly : when she saw that she had drawn his attention upon her, she sent a young man, who stood by her, over the river to him, with a branch of the plaintain tree in his hand. When he came up, he made a long speech, and then laid down his bough at the Gunner's feet : after this he went back and brought over the old woman, another man at the same time bringing over two large fat hogs. The woman looked round upon our people with great attention, fixing her eyes sometimes upon one, and sometimes upon another, and at last burst into tears. The young man who brought her over the river, perceiving the Gunner's concern and astonishment, made another speech, longer than the first : still, however the woman's distress was a mystery, but at length she made him understand that her husband, and three of her sons, had been killed in the attack of the ship. During this explanation, she was so affected that at last she sunk down unable to speak, and the two young men, who endeavoured to support her, appeared to be nearly in the same condition : they were probably two more of her sons, or some very near relations. The Gunner did all in his power to sooth and comfort her, and when she had in some measure recovered her recollection, she ordered the two hogs to be delivered to him, and gave him her hand in token of friendship, but would accept nothing in return, though he offered her ten times as much as would have purchased the hogs at market.

The next morning, <sup>294</sup> I sent the Second Lieutenant, with all the boats, and sixty men, to the westward, to look at the country, and try what was to be got. About noon he returned, having marched along the shore near six miles. He found the country very pleasant and populous, and abounding as well with hogs and fowls, as fruit, and other vegetables of various kinds. The inhabitants offered him no molestation, but did not seem willing to part with any of the provisions which our people were most desirous to purchase : they gave them, however, a few cocoa-nuts and plantains, and at length sold them nine hogs and a few fowls. The Lieutenant was of opinion, that they might be brought to trade freely by degrees, but the distance from the ship was so great, that too many men would be necessary for a guard. He saw a great number of very large canoes upon the beach, and some that were building. He observed that all their tools were made of stone, shells, and bone, and very justly inferred, that they had no metal of any kind. He found no quadruped among them, besides hogs and dogs, nor any earthen vessel, so that all their food is either baked or roasted. Having no vessel in which water could be subjected to the action of fire, they had no more idea that it could be made hot, than that it could be made solid. As the Queen was one morning at breakfast with us on board the ship, one of her attendants, a man of some note, and one of those that we thought were priests, saw the Surgeon fill the tea-pot by turning the cock of an urn that stood upon [sic] the table : having remarked this with great curiosity and attention, he presently turned the cock, and received the water upon his hand : as soon as he felt himself scalded, he roared out, and began to dance about the cabin with the most extravagant and ridiculous expressions of pain and astonishment : the other Indians, not being able to conceive what was the matter with him, stood staring at him in amaze, and not without some mixture of terror. The Surgeon, however, who had innocently been the cause of the mischief, applied a remedy, though it was some time before the poor fellow was easy.

On Thursday the 16th, <sup>295</sup> Mr. Furneaux, my Second Lieutenant, was taken very ill, which distressed me greatly, as the First Lieutenant was not yet recovered, and I was still in a very weak state myself : I was this day also obliged once more to punish Proctor, the Corporal of marines, for mutinous

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<sup>293</sup> Tuesday, 14 July 1767

<sup>294</sup> Wednesday, 15 July 1767

<sup>295</sup> Thursday, 16 July 1767

behaviour. The Queen had now been absent several days ; but the natives made us understand by signs, that the next day she would be with us again.

Accordingly the next morning <sup>296</sup> she came down to the beach, and soon after a great number of people, whom we had never seen before, brought to market provisions of every kind ; and the Gunner sent off fourteen hogs, and fruit in great plenty.

In the afternoon of the next day <sup>297</sup> the Queen came on board, with a present of two large hogs, for she never condescended to barter, and in the evening she returned on shore. I sent a present with her, by the Master, and as soon as they landed, she took him by the hand, and having made a long speech to the people that flocked round them, she led him to her house, where she cloathed him, as she had before done me, according to the fashion of the country.

The next morning <sup>298</sup> he sent off a greater quantity of stock than we had ever procured in one day before ; it consisted of forty-eight hogs and pigs, four dozen of fowls, with bread-fruit, bananas, apples, and cocoa-nuts, almost without number.

On the 20th, <sup>299</sup> we continued to trade with good success, but in the afternoon it was discovered that Francis Pinckney, one of the seamen, had drawn the cleats to which the main sheet was belayed, and aster stealing the spikes, thrown them over-board. Having secured the offender, I called all the people together on the deck, and after taking some pains to explain his crime, with all its aggravations, I ordered that he should be whipped with with nettles while he ran the gauntlet thrice round the deck : my rhetoric, however, had very little effect, for most of the crew being equally criminal with himself, he was handled so tenderly, that others were rather encouraged to repeat the offence by the hope of impunity, than deterred by the fear of punishment. To preserve the ship therefore, from being pulled to pieces, and the price of refreshments from being raised so high as soon to exhaust our articles of trade, I ordered that no man, except the wooders and waterers, with their guard, should be permitted to go on shore.

On the 21st, <sup>300</sup> the Queen came again on board, and brought several large hogs as a present, for which, as usual, she would accept of no return. When she was about to leave the ship, she expressed a desire that I should go on shore with her, to which I consented, taking several of the officers with me. When we arrived at her house, she made us all sit down, and taking off my hat, she tied to it a bunch or tuft of feathers of various colours, such as I had seen no person on shore wear but herself, which produced by no means a disagreeable effect. She also tied round my hat, and the hats of those who were with me, wreaths of braided or plaited hair, and gave us to understand that both the hair and workmanship were her own : she also presented us with some matts, that were very curiously wrought. In the evening she accompanied us back to the beach, and when we were getting into the boat, she put on board a fine large sow, big with young, and a great quantity of fruit. As we were parting, I made signs that I should quit the island in seven days : she immediately comprehended my meaning, and made signs that I should stay twenty days ; that I should go two days journey into the country, stay there a few days, bring down plenty of hogs and poultry, and after that leave the island. I again made signs that I must go in seven days ; upon which she burst into tears, and it was not without great difficulty that she was pacified.

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<sup>296</sup> Friday, 17 July 1767

<sup>297</sup> Saturday, 18 July 1767

<sup>298</sup> Sunday, 19 July 1767

<sup>299</sup> Monday, 20 July 1767

<sup>300</sup> Tuesday, 21 July 1767

The next morning, <sup>301</sup> the Gunner sent off no less than twenty hogs, with great plenty of fruit. Our decks were now quite full of hogs and poultry, of which we we killed only the small ones, and kept the others for sea stores ; we found, however, to our great mortification, that neither the fowls nor the hogs could, without great difficulty, be brought to eat any thing but fruit, which made it necessary to kill them faster than we should otherwise have done ; two, however, a boar and a sow, were brought alive to England, of which I made a present to Mr. Stephens, Secretary to the Admiralty ; the sow afterwards died in pigging, but the boar is still alive.

On the 23d, <sup>302</sup> we had very heavy rain, with a storm of wind that blew down several trees on shore, though very little of it was felt where the ship lay.

The next day, <sup>303</sup> I sent the old man, who had been of great service to the Gunner at the market-tent, another iron pot, some hatchets and bills, and a piece of cloth. I also sent the Queen two turkies, two geese, three Guinea hens, a cat big with kitten, some china, looking-glasses, glass bottles, shirts, needles, thread, cloth, ribbands, peas, some small white kidney-beans, called callivances, and about sixteen different sorts of garden seeds, and a shovel, besides a considerable quantity of cutlery wares, consisting of knives, scissars, [sic] bill-hooks, and other things. We had already planted several sorts of the garden seeds, and some peas in several places, and had the pleasure to see them come up in a very flourishing state, yet there were no remains of them when Captain Cook left the island. I sent her also two iron pots, and a few spoons. In return for these things, the Gunner brought off eighteen hogs, and some fruit.

In the morning of the 25th, <sup>304</sup> I ordered Mr. Gore, one of the mates, with all the marines, forty seamen, and four midshipmen, to go up the valley by the river as high as they could, and examine the soil and produce of the country, noting the trees and plants which they should find, and when they saw any stream from the mountains, to trace it to its source, and observe whether it was tinged with any mineral or ore. I cautioned them also to keep continually upon their guard against the natives, and directed them to make a fire, as a signal, if they should be attacked. At the same time, I took a guard on shore, and erected a tent on a point of land, to observe an eclipse of the sun, which, the morning, being very clear, was done with great accuracy.

	Hours.	Min.	Seconds.
The immersion began, by true time, at	6	51	50
The emersion, by true time, was at	8	1	0
The duration of the eclipse was	1	9	10

The latitude of the point, on which the observation was made, was 170° 30' S. the sun's declination was 190° 40' N. and the variation of the needle 5° 36' E.

After the observation was taken, I went to the Queen's house, and shewed her the telescope, which was a reflector. After she had admired its structure, I endeavoured to make her comprehend its use,

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<sup>301</sup> Wednesday, 22 July 1767

<sup>302</sup> Thursday, 23 July 1767

<sup>303</sup> Friday, 24 July 1767

<sup>304</sup> Saturday, 25 July 1767

and fixing it so as to command several distant objects, with which she was well acquainted, but which could not be distinguished with the naked eye, I made her look through it. As soon as she saw them, she started back with astonishment, and directing her eye as the glass was pointed, stood some time motionless and silent ; she then looked through the glass again, and again sought, in vain, with the naked eye, for the objects which it discovered. As they by turns vanished and re-appeared, her countenance and gestures expressed a mixture of wonder and delight which no language can describe. When the glass was removed, I invited her, and several of the Chiefs that were with her, to go with me on board the ship, in which I had a view to the security of the party that I had sent out ; for I thought that while the Queen, and the principal people were known to be in my power, nothing would be attempted against any person belonging to the ship on shore. When we got on board, I ordered a good dinner for their entertainment, but the Queen would neither eat nor drink ; the people that were with her eat very heartily of whatever was set before them, but would drink only plain water.

In the evening our people returned from their excursion, and came down to the beach, upon which I put the Queen and her attendants into the boats, and sent them on shore. As she was going over the ship's side, she asked, by signs, whether I still persisted in my resolution of leaving the island at the time I had fixed ; and when I made her understand that it was impossible I should stay longer, she expressed her regret by a flood of tears, which for a while took away her speech. As soon as her passion subsided, she told me that she would come on board again the next day : and thus we parted.

#### C H A P. VII.

AFTER the mate came on board, he gave me a written account of his expedition to the following effect :

“At four o'clock in the morning, of Saturday the 25th of June, I landed, with four midshipmen, a serjeant, and twelve marines, and twenty-four seamen, all armed, besides four who carried hatchets and other articles of traffic, and four who were loaded with ammunition and provisions, the rest being left with the boat : every man had his day's allowance of brandy, and the hatchet men two small kegs, to give out when I should think proper.

“As soon as I got on shore, I called upon our old man, and took him with us : we then followed the course of the river in two parties, one marching on each side. For the first two miles it flowed through a valley of considerable width, in which were many habitations, with gardens walled in, and abundance of hogs, poultry, and fruit ; the soil here seemed to be a rich fat earth, and was of a blackish colour. After this the valley became very narrow, and the ground rising abruptly on one side of the river, we were all obliged to march on the other. Where the stream was precipitated from the hills, [sic] channels had been cut to lead the water into gardens and plantations of fruit trees : in these gardens we found an herb which had never been brought down to the water-side, and which we perceived the inhabitants eat raw. I tasted it, and found it pleasant, its flavour somewhat resembling that of the West Indian spinnage, called *Calleloor*, though its leaf was very different. The ground was fenced off so as to make a very pretty appearance ; the bread-fruit and apple-trees were planted in rows on the declivity of the hills, and the cocoa-nut and plaintain, which require more moisture on the level ground : under the trees, both on the sides and at the foot of the hills, there was very good grass, but no underwood. As we advanced, the hills on each side swelled into mountains, and vast craggs every where projected over our heads. Travelling now became difficult, and when we had proceeded about four miles, the road for the last mile having been very bad, we sat down to rest ourselves, and take the refreshment of our breakfast ; we ranged ourselves upon the ground under a large apple-tree, in a very pleasant spot ; but just as we were about to begin our repast, we were suddenly alarmed by a confused sound of many voices, and a great shouting, and presently afterwards saw a multitude of men, women, and children, upon the hill above us ; our old man seeing us rise



hastily, and look to our arms, beckoned to us to sit still, and immediately went up to the people that had surprised us. As soon as he joined them they were silent, and soon after disappeared ; in a short time, however, they returned, and brought with them a large hog ready roasted, with plenty of bread-fruit, yams, and other refreshments, which they gave to the old man, who distributed them among our people. In return for this treat, I gave them some nails, buttons, and other things, with which they were greatly delighted. After this we proceeded up the valley as far as we could, searching all the runs of water, and all the places where water had run, for appearances of metal or ore, but could find none, except what I have brought back with me. I shewed all the people that we met with, the piece of saltpetre which had been picked up in the island, and which I had taken with me for that purpose, but none of them took any notice of it, nor could I learn from them any thing about it. The old man began now to be weary, and there being a mountain before us, he made signs that he would go home : before he left us, however, he made the people who had so liberally supplied us with provisions, take the baggage, with the fruit that had not been eaten, and some cocoa-nut-shells full of fresh water, and made signs that they should follow us up the side of the mountain. As soon as he was gone, they gathered green branches from the neighbouring trees, and with many ceremonies, of which we did not know the meaning, laid them down before us : after this they took small berries with which they painted themselves red, and the bark of a tree that contained a yellow juice, with which they stained their garments in different parts. We began to climb the mountain while our old man was still in sight, and he, perceiving that we made our way with difficulty through the weeds and brush-wood, which grew very thick, turned back, and said something to the natives in a firm loud tone ; upon which twenty or thirty of the men went before us, and cleared us a very good path ; they also refreshed us with water and fruit as we went along, and assisted us to climb the most difficult places, which we should otherwise have found altogether impracticable. We began to ascend this hill at the distance of about six miles from the place where we landed, and I reckoned the top of it to be near a mile above the river that runs through the valley below. When we arrived at the summit, we again sat down to rest and refresh ourselves. While we were climbing we flattered ourselves that from the top we should command the whole island, but we now saw mountains before us so much higher than our situation, that with respect to them we appeared to be in a valley ; towards the ship indeed the view was enchanting : the sides of the hills were beautifully clothed with wood, villages were every where interspersed, and the vallies [sic] between them afforded a still richer prospect ; the houses stood thicker, and the verdure was more luxuriant. We saw very few habitations above us, but discovered smoke in many places ascending from between the highest hills that were in sight, and therefore I conjecture that the most elevated parts of the country are by no means without inhabitants. As we ascended the mountain, we saw many springs gush from fissures on the side of it, and when we had reached the summit, we found many houses that we did not discover as we passed them. No part of these mountains is naked ; the summits of the highest that we could see were crowned with wood, but of what kind I know not : those that were of the same height with that which we had climbed, [sic] were woody on the sides, but on the summit were rocky and covered with fern. Upon the flats that appeared below these, there grew a sedgy kind of grass and weeds : in general the soil here, as well as in the valley, seemed to be rich. We saw several bushes of sugar-cane, which were very large and very good, growing wild, without the least culture. I likewise found ginger and turmeric, and have brought samples of both, but could not procure seeds of any tree, most of them being in blossom. After traversing the top of this mountain to a good distance, I found a tree exactly like a fern, except that it was 14 or 15 feet high. This tree I cut down, and found the inside of it also like a fern : I would have brought a piece of it with me, but found it too cumbersome, and I knew not what difficulties we might meet with before we got back to the ship, which we judged to be now at a great distance. After having again recruited our strength by refreshment and rest, we began to descend the mountain, being still attended by the people to whose care we had been recommended by our old man. We kept our general direction towards the ship, but sometimes deviated a little to the right and left in the plains and vallies, when we saw any houses that were pleasantly situated, the inhabitants being every where

ready to accommodate us with whatever they had. We saw no beast, except a few hogs, nor any birds, except parrots, parroquets, and green doves ; by the river, however, there was plenty of ducks, and every place that was planted and cultivated, appeared to flourish with great luxuriance, though in the midst of what had the appearance of barren ground. I planted the stones of peaches, cherries, and plums, with a great variety of garden seeds, where I thought it was most probable that they would thrive, and limes, lemons, and oranges, in situations which resembled those in which they are found in the West Indies. In the afternoon, we arrived at a very pleasant spot, within about three miles of the ship, where we procured two hogs and some fowls, which the natives dressed for us very well, and with great expedition. Here we continued till the cool of the evening, and then made the best of our way for the ship, having liberally rewarded our guides, and the people who had provided us so good a dinner. Our men behaved through the whole day with the greatest decency and order, and we parted with our Indian friends in perfect good-humour with each other.”

About 10 o'clock, the next morning, <sup>305</sup> the Queen came on board, according to her promise, with a present of hogs and fowls, but went on shore again soon afterwards. This day, the Gunner sent off near thirty hogs, with great plenty of fowl and fruit. We completed our wood and water, and got all ready for sea. More inhabitants came down to the beach, from the inland country, than we had seen before, and many of them appeared, by the respect that was paid them, to be of a superior rank. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the Queen came again down to the beach, very well dressed, and followed by a great number of people. Having crossed the river with her attendants, and our old man, she came once more on board the ship. She brought with her some very fine fruit, and renewed her solicitation, that I would stay ten days longer, with great earnestness, intimating that she would go into the country, and bring me plenty of hogs, fowls, and fruit. I endeavoured to express a proper sense of her kindness and bounty, but assured her that I should certainly sail the next morning. This, as usual, threw her into tears, and after she recovered, she enquired by signs when I should return : I endeavoured to express fifty days, and she made signs for thirty : but the sign for fifty being constantly repeated, she seemed satisfied. She stayed on board till night, and it was then with the greatest difficulty that she could be prevailed upon to go on shore. When she was told that the boat was ready, she threw herself down upon the arm-chest, and wept a long time with an excess of passion that could not be pacified ; at last, however, though with the greatest reluctance, she went into the boat, and was followed by her attendants and the old man. The old man had often intimated that his son, a lad about fourteen years of age, should go with us, and the boy seemed to be willing : he had, however, now disappeared for two days. I enquired after him when I first missed him, and the old man gave me to understand that he was gone into the country to see his friends, and would return time enough to go with us ; but I have reason to think that, when the time drew near, the father's courage failed, and that to keep his child, he secreted him till the ship was gone, for we never saw him afterwards.

At break of day, on Monday the 27th, <sup>306</sup> we unmoored, and at the same time I sent the barge and cutter to fill the few water-casks that were now empty. When they came near the shore, they saw, to their great surprise, the whole beach covered with inhabitants, and having some doubt whether it would be prudent to venture themselves among such a multitude, they were about to pull back again for the ship. As soon as this was perceived from the shore, the Queen came forward, and beckoned them ; at the same time guessing the reason of what had happened, she made the natives retire to the other side of the river. The boats then proceeded to the shore, and filled the casks ; in the mean time she put some hogs and fruit on board, and when they were putting off would fain have returned with them to the ship. The officer, however, who had received orders to bring off none of the natives, would not permit her ; upon which she presently launched a double canoe, and was rowed off by her

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<sup>305</sup> Sunday, 26 July 1767

<sup>306</sup> Monday, 27 July 1767

own people. Her canoe was immediately followed by fifteen or sixteen more, and all of them came up to the ship. The Queen came on board, but not being able to speak, she sat down and gave vent to her passion by weeping. After she had been onboard, about an hour, a breeze springing up we weighed anchor and made sail. Finding it now necessary to return into her canoe, she embraced us all in the most affectionate manner, and with many tears ; all her attendants also expressed great sorrow at our departure. Soon after it fell calm, and I sent the boats a-head to tow, upon which all the canoes returned to the ship, and that which had the Queen on board came up to the gun-room port, where her people made it fast. In a few minutes she came into the bow of her canoe, where she sat weeping with inconsolable sorrow. I gave her many things which I thought would be of great use to her, and some for ornament ; she silently accepted of all, but took little notice of any thing. About 10 o'clock we were got without the reef, and a fresh breeze springing up, our Indian friends, and particularly the Queen, once more bade us farewell, [sic] with such tenderness of affection and grief, as filled both my heart and my eyes.

### A Martinet and His Nemesis

Lieutenant Bligh, Commander of H.M. Armed Vessel Bounty, without doubt brought his troubles on himself. Clear proof is to hand. The Journal of one of his crew, James Morrison, holding a gunner's certificate though acting as boatswain's mate, lies today in the Mitchell Library at Sydney N.S.W. The man though but poorly educated was a born writer. He states facts without rancour in his well nigh daily record of all that transpired up to and succeeding the crisis. What happened to him afterwards is not what this memoranda requires, his account of the martinet's dealing with his crew is the object aimed at and Exerpts follow, his oft wild spelling and phonetic names of places and persons only given present day form for the convenience of the reader. In those days discipline had to be severe even to brutality but Bligh was a tyrant and at the same time petty, there was no give and take with him. There is a limit to human endurance and discipline can snap when the strain becomes past bearing. So Bligh found.

The Bounty left the Homeland December 23, 1787 and trouble was not long in appearing, provender the cause. It was the middle of January.

The cheese was got up for an airing.

The Weather still Continuing fine a few days after, the Cheese was got up to Air, when on opening the Casks, two Cheeses were Missed by Mr. Bligh who declared that they were stolen, the Cooper declared that the Cask had been opened before, while the Ship was in the River by Mr. Samuel's <sup>307</sup> order and the Cheeses sent to Mr. Bligh's house — M<sup>r</sup> Bligh without making further inquiry into the Matter, ordered the Allowance of Cheese to be stoppd from Officers and Men till the deficiency should be made good, and told the Cooper He would give him a dam'd good flogging If He said any More about it.

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<sup>307</sup> WWB: *the Ship's Clerk*

<sup>308</sup> Morrison's journal was published in [The journal of James Morrison, boatswain's mate of the Bounty, describing the mutiny & subsequent misfortunes of the mutineers, together with an account of the island of Tahiti \(London, 1935\)](#). The

As the ship approached the Equator and the “pumpions” began to spoil, they were ordered to be issued in place of bread. This the crew refused.

The People being desirous to know at what rate the exchange was to be, enquired of Mr. Samuel who informd them that they were to have one pound of Pumpion in lieu of two pounds of bread, this they refused, and on Mr. Blighs being informed of it He Came up in a violent passion, and Calld all hands telling Mr. Samuel to Call the first Man of every Mess and let him see Who would dare to refuse it, or any thing else that He should order to be Served, saying ‘You dam’d Infernal scoundrels, I’ll make you eat Grass or any thing you can catch before I have done with you.’

Another complaint shortly after the above was that both beef and pork casks were never weighed when opened to ensure the full quantity issued.

The Master making this known to Mr. Bligh he order’d all Hands aft and informd them that evry thing relative to the provisions was transacted by His Orders, and it was therefore Needless to make any Complaint for they would get no redress, as he was the fittest Judge of what was right or wrong. He further added, that He would flog the first Man severely who should dare attempt to make any Complaint in future and dismissed them with severe threats.

Appetites were good but there were limits to the cuisine.

23d. March. One of the Sheep dying this morning Lieut. Bligh order’d it to be Issued in lieu of the Days allowance of Pork & Pease; declaring that it would Make a delicious Meal and that it weighd upwards of fifty pounds, it was devided and most part of it thrown overboard, and some dried shark supplyd its place for a Sundays dinner, for it was no other then Skin & Bone.

But Morrison does not omit the Credit account where Credit was due ; and Bligh’s change of temper is altogether too refreshing to pass it over in silence.

On the 18th of April Mr. Bligh ordered all hands aft and after returning them his thanks for their unremitted attention to their duty,<sup>309</sup> informd them of his intention to bear away for the Cape of Good Hope; as it appear’d to him an Impossibility to get round Cape Horn. This was received with Universal Joy and returnd according to Custom with three Cheers...

The Bounty made the Cape in May and sailed from there on the 1<sup>st</sup> of July, arrived in New Holland<sup>310</sup> early in September and in the middle of that month sailed for Tahiti. It was in this last stretch that

were sown seeds of eternal discord between Lieut. Bligh and his Officers.

He confined the Carpenter, and found fault with the innatention of the rest, to their duty, which produced continual disputes evry one endeavouring to thwart the others in their

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text here is from the transcription available online [here](#). Text omitted by WWB is shown in grey. Comments by WWB are given in footnotes.

<sup>309</sup> WWB: (*as they essayed Cape Horn with its storms*)

<sup>310</sup> [New Holland](#) is a historic name for the island continent of Australia. The name was first applied to Australia in 1644 by the Dutch seafarer Abel Tasman as Nova Hollandia, naming it after the Dutch province of Holland, and remained in use for 180 years.

duty, this made the men exert themselves to divert the storm from falling on them by a strict attention to their duty and in this they found their account and rejoyced in private at their Good success. Soon after we saild we discovered a Group of small Islands to the Eastward of New Zealand which were Call'd the Bountys Isles, and Jas. Valentine having been let blood his arm festered and turnd to a mortification of which he Died. Several of the seamen particularly the oldest began to complain of Pains in their limbs and some symptoms of the Scurvy began to make its appearance and weakness and debility began to be observed through the Ships Company, for which Essence of Malt was given to those who appeard worst with portable soup & rice from the Surgeons Chest; the salt provisions were also stopd & flour given in lieu. October, 1788. During this passage Mr. Bligh and His Mess mates the Master & Surgeon fell out, and seperated, each taking his part of the stock, & retiring to live in their own Cabbins, after which they had several disputes & seldom spoke but on duty; and even then with much apperant reserve.

Tahiti was reached on the 25<sup>th</sup> of October 1788 and the Bounty dropped anchor in Matavai Bay.

Imediatly on anchoring, an order signd by Mr. Bligh was stuck up on the Mizen Mast, Prohibiting the Purchase of Curiosities or any thing except Provisions — there were few or no instances of the order being disobeyd, as no curiosity struck the seamen so forcibly as a roasted pig & some bread fruit, and these Came in abundance evry species of Ships Provision except grog being stop'd.

Provisions at first came aboard in great plenty but by mid December the supply of hogs slackened and

Mr. Bligh seized on all that came to the ship big & small Dead or alive, taking them as his property, and serving them as the ship's allowance at one pound pr. Man pr. Day. He also seized on those belonging to the Master, & killd them for the ships use, tho He had more then 40 of different sizes on board of his own, and there was then plenty to be purchaced: nor was the price much risen from the first, and when the Master spoke to him, telling him the Hogs were his property, he told him that 'He Mr. Bligh would convince him that evry thing was his, as soon as it was on board, and that He would take nine tenths of any mans property and let him see who dared say any thing to the contrary', those of the seamen were seized without ceremony, and it became a favour for a man to get a Pound extra of His own hog.

Natives now watched their opportunity when Bligh was ashore to bring off food for the crew aboard — but

as Mr. Bligh observed this, and saw that His diligence was like to be evaded, he ordered a Book to be kept in the Binnacle wherein the Mate of the Watch was to insert the Number of Hogs or Pigs with the Weight of each that came into the Ship to remedy this, the Natives took another Method which was Cutting the Pigs up, and wraping them in leaves and covering the Meat with Bread fruit in the Baskets, and sometimes with peeld Cocoa Nuts, by which means, as the Bread was never seized, they were a Match for all his industry; and he never suspected their artifice. By this means provisions were still plenty.

The Bounty sailed from Tahiti 4<sup>th</sup> of April 1789 and headed for the Friendly Islands, <sup>311</sup> reaching Nomuka on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. A watering party went ashore.

Annamooka or Rotterdam was first discovered by Tasman the Dutch Navigator who reduced the Natives to good behaviour but their present behaviour seems to be such as the dread of fire arms produces for they were very rude & attempted to take the Casks from the Waterers and the axes from the Wooding party; and if a Musquet was pointed at any of them it produced no other effect then a return of the Compliment, by poising their Club or Spear with a menacing look; and as it was Lieut. B.'s orders, that no person should affront them on any occasion, they were emboldend by Meeting no return to their Insolence, and became so troublesom that Mr. Christian, who had the Command of the Watering party, found it difficult to carry on his duty, of this He informd Lieut. Bligh, who dam'd him for a Cowardly rascal, asking him if he was afraid of a set of Naked Savages while He had arms; to which Mr. Christian answerd 'the Arms are no use while your orders prevent them from being used'.

Leaving Nomuka, they approached Tofua with its volcano on the 27<sup>th</sup>. There was no breeze and they lay all day within 7 or 8 leagues of the island.

In the Afternoon of the 27<sup>th</sup> Mr. Bligh Came up, and taking a turn about the Quarter Deck when he missed some of the Cocoa Nuts which were piled up between the Guns upon which he said that they were stolen and Could not go without the knowledge of the Officers, who were all Calld and declared that they had not seen a Man touch them, to which Mr. Bligh replied 'then you must have taken them yourselves', and orderd Mr. Elphinstone <sup>312</sup> to go and fetch evry Cocoa nut in the Ship aft, which He obeyd.

He then questioned evry Officer in turn concerning the Number they had bought, & Coming to Mr. Christian askd Him, Mr. Christian answerd 'I do not know Sir, but I hope you dont think me so mean as to be Guilty of Stealing yours'. Mr. Bligh replied 'Yes you dam'd Hound I do — You must have stolen them from me or you could give a better account of them — God dam you, you Scoundrels, you are all thieves alike, and combine with the men to rob me — I suppose you'll Steal my Yams next, but I'll sweat you for it, you rascals, I'll make half of you Jump overboard before you get through Endeavour Streights'.

He then called M<sup>r</sup> Samuel

'Stop these Villains Grog, and Give them but Half a Pound of Yams tomorrow, and if they steal then, I'll reduce them to a quarter'. The Cocoa Nuts were Carried aft, & He Went below, the officers then got together and were heard to murmur much at such treatment, and it was talked among the Men that the Yams would be next seized, as Lieut. Bligh knew that they had purchased large quantitys of them and set about secreting as many as they Could.

This was the crisis. Now came the aftermath.

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<sup>311</sup> Tonga

<sup>312</sup> WWB: (*the master's mate*)



The night being Calm we made no way, & in the Morning of the 28<sup>th</sup> the Boatswain <sup>313</sup> Came to my hammock and waked me telling me to my great surprize that the ship was taken by Mr. Christian. I hurried on deck and found it true — seeing Mr. Bligh in his shirt with his hands tied behind him and Mr. Christian standing by him with a drawn Bayonet in his hand and his Eyes flaming with revenge. Several of the men were under arms, and the Small Cutter hoisted out, and the large one getting ready.

I applied to the Boatswain to know how I should proceed, but he was as much at a loss as I, and in a Confused Manner told me to lend a hand in Clearing the Boat and Getting her out, which I did, when she was out the Small one was got in — Mr. Christian Calld to Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hallet to get into the Boat and ordered Churchill to See the Master & Clerk into Her. The Lieutenant then began to reason but Mr. Christian replied ‘Mamoo, Sir, not a word, or deaths your portion’. Mr. Hayward & Mr. Hallet begd with tears in their eyes to be sufferd to remain in the ship but Mr. Christian ordered them to be silent. The Boatswain and Carpenter Came aft (the Master & Gunner being Confined below) and beggd for the Launch, which with much hesitation was Granted, and she was ordered out. While I was Clearing her the Master Came up & spoke to Mr. Bligh and afterwards Came to Me, asking me if I had any hand in the Mutiny — I told him I had not, and he then desired me to try what I Could do to raise a party and rescue the Ship, which I promised to do. In consequence of which Jno. Millward who was by me at the time Swore he would stand by me, and went to Musprat, Burket and the Boatswain on that score, but Churchill seeing the Master speaking to me (tho he was Instantly hurried away by Quintrell ordering him down to his Cabbin) Came and demanded what he had said. I told him that He was asking about the Launch but Alexr. Smith who stood on the other side of the Boat told Churchill to look sharp after me saying ’tis a dam’d lye, Chas, for I saw him and Millward shake hands, when the Master spoke to them, and Calld to the others to stand to their Arms, which put them on their Guard’.

As I saw none near me that seemd inclined to make a push, and the Officers busy getting the boat in order, I was fain to do so too, and the Boat was got out, when evry one ran to get what He could into her and get in themselves as fast as possible. The officers were hurryd in as fast as possible, and when Mr. Bligh found that He must go, He beggd of Mr. Christian to desist, saying ‘I’ll Pawn my Honor, I’ll Give My Bond, Mr. Christian, never to think of this if youll desist’; and urged his wife and family, to which Mr. Christian replyd ‘No, Captain Bligh, if you had any Honor, things had not come to this; and if you Had any regard for your Wife & family, you should Have thought on them before, and not behaved so much like a villain’.

Lieutenant Bligh attempted again to speak, but was ordered to be silent; the Boatswain also tryd to pacify Him to which He replied ‘’tis too late, I have been in Hell for this Fortnight passd and am determined to bear it no longer, and you know Mr. Cole that I have been used like a Dog all the Voyage’. The Master begd to be permitted to stay, but was ordered into the Boat, and Mr. Christian gave Churchill orders to see that no arms went in the Boat.

In Getting the things into the Boat a dispute happend between Churchill and the Carpenter about the latters tool Chest which Churchill wanted to keep in the Ship but by Mr. Christians orders it was sufferd to go in the Boat but he told Churchill to keep the

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<sup>313</sup> WWB: (Cole)

Carpenters Mates on board and the Armourer — the Masts & Sails were got in and all the New light Canvas with Nails, Saws (hand Whip & Cross Cut), trade, and the Lieutenants & Masters Cloaths, two Gang Casks of Water, four empty breeves, 3 bags of Bread with Mr. Blighs Case, Some Bottles of Wine and several other things, insomuch that she almost sunk a long side. The Lieut. then Beggd that some of the people would stay, and askd Mr. Christian to let the Master stay with them but he answerd, ‘the men may stay but the Master must go with you’. Mr. Bligh then said ‘Never fear my lads you cant all go with me my lads I’ll do you Justice if ever I reach England’. He was then brought to the Gangway and cast of his hands and he went into the Boat. While the Boatswain was getting his things into the Boat I told him my intention was to stay and take my chance in the ship, telling him of the Captains Promise and as he saw the situation of the Boat which was scarcely 7 inches free I had no occasion to point out the Danger to Him, he repeated the Lieutenants promise saying ‘God Bless you my boy; were it not for my Wife & family I would stay myself’ — after Mr. Bligh was In the Boat he beggd for His Commission and Sextant; the Commission was Instantly Given him with his Pocket Book and private Journal by Mr. Christians order, and He took His own Sextant which Commonly Stood on the Dripstone Case and Handed it into the Boat with a Daily Assistant, saying ‘there Captain Bligh this is sufficient for evry purpose and you know the Sextant to be a good one’.

The Boat was now veerd astern and several things thrown overboard to make room, having on board 19 hands. When the boat was put to rights Mr. Bligh begd for a Musquett But this was refused, and Mr. Christian ordered four Cutlasses to be handed in, and I handed in 25 or 26 four pound pieces of Pork, & two Gourds of water. Several other things were handed in over the stern, and as the ship made little way they got ready for rowing and were Cast off, when they Stood in for the land about 8 or 9 Leagues distant. It was now about 8 o Clock in the Morning, the large Cutter was hoisted in and Stowd, and the Arms Collected and put into the Chest when the whole that appeard were 10 Musquets, 2 Pistols and 2 Cutlasses, the Pistols had been taken from the Masters Cabbin and were loaded with powder for the Purpose of firing the Guns.

The behaviour of the Officers on this Occasion was dastardly beyond description none of them ever making the least attempt to rescue the ship which would have been effected had any attempt been made by one of them as some of those who were under arms did not know what they were about, and Robt. Lamb who I found Gentry at the fore Hatchway when I first came on Deck went away in the Boat & Isaac Martin had laid his arms down & gone into the boat but had been Ordered out again.

Their passive obedience to Mr. Christians orders even surprized himself and he said immediately after the boat was gone that something more than fear had posessd them to suffer themselves to be sent away in such a manner without offering to make resistance. When the Boat Put off Mr. Stuart and Mr. Heywood who had been Confined in their birth came up and Mr. Christian related the Cause of this sad affair to the following effect — Finding himself much hurt by the treatment he had received from Mr. Bligh, he had determined to quit the ship the preceeding evening, and informed the Boatswain, Carpenter, Mr. Stuart and Mr. Hayward of his resolution who supplied Him with some Nails, Beads and part of a roasted pig with some other articles which He put into a bag which He got from Mr. Hayward (the bag was produced and I knew it to be the same which I had made for Mr. Hayward some time before), the bag was put into the Clue of Robt. Tinklers hammock, where he found it at Night; but the Matter was then Smothered, & passd off — he also made fast some staves to a stout Plank which lay on the larboard

Gangway, with which he intended to make his escape; but finding he could not effect it in the first and Middle Watches, as the people were all stirring, he went to sleep about half past three in the Morning.

When Mr. Stuart calld him to relieve the Watch he had not Slept long, and was much out of order, & Stuart begd him not to attempt swimming away, saying ‘the People are ripe for any thing’, this made a forcible impression on his mind & finding that Mr. Hayward the Mate of his Watch (with whom he refused to discourse) soon went to sleep on the Arm Chest which stood between the Guns, and Mr. Hallet not making his appearance, He at once resolved to seize the ship and disclosing his Intention to Quintrell and Martin, they Calld up Churchill, and Thompson who put the business in practice and with Smith, Williams & McCoy He went to Coleman and demanded the Keys of the Arm Chest (which Coleman the Armourer always kept) saying he wanted a Musquet to shoot a shark which happend to Come alongside; and finding Mr. Hallet asleep on the Arm Chest he roused him and sent him on Deck the keys were Instantly procured and His party armd, as were all the rest who stood in his way, without their knowing Tor what purpose. In the Mean time Norman had Waked Mr. Hayward to look after the shark, at which He was busy when Mr. Christian Came up the fore Hatchway with his party, he left Thompson to take Care of the Arm Chest, arming Burket [an]d Lamb at the Hatch way and Commanding Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hallet to be silent He proceeded to Secure Lieut. Bligh, whom He brought on Deck placing two Centrys at the Masters Cabbin door to keep him in, and keep the Gunner & Mr. Neilson in the Cockpit and proceeded as before described.

About 9 o Clock a Breeze sprang up and sails were trimmd. When asking the Oppinion of His party, it was agreed to steer for Taheite & Stood to ye S. W. When Mr. Christian had related as above I then Recollected seeing him Make the staves fast to the Plank the night before, and hearing the Boatswain say to the Carpenter ‘It wont do to night’, and afterwards seeing Mr. Stuart and Mr. Christian several times up and down the Fore Cock pit where the Boatswains and Carpenters Cabbins were, and where Mr. C. seldom or ever went.

At Noon Toofoa bore N E 10 Leagues the Boat out of sight under the Land.

The Martinet had met his nemesis.

Mr. Christian having as beforesaid determined on his Rout Hauld to the Southward in order to proceed to Taheite touching at Toobouai in his Way, and Having devided what men that remaind on board into two watches, he Appointed G. Stuart to the Charge of one, and kept the other himself, and ordered Me to take Charge of the Stores and Act as Boatswain, Thos. McIntosh as Carpenter and Jno. Mills as Gunner, however this is not to be considered as a point of authority and was for no other purpose but that of taking Care of the Stores and that He might have some person to Call on in these departments evry one doing their duty alike and obeying his orders—and Here it may not be Improper to explain the Affair more Clearly by giving a list of those who went in the Boat as well as what remained. Those who went in the Boat were

The cutter held the following

1. Wm. Bligh – Lieut. & Commander <sup>314</sup>  
 Jno. Fryer – Master  
 Wm. Elphinstone – Master's Mate  
 Wm. Cole – Boatswain  
 5. Wm. Purcill – Carpenter  
 Wm. Peckover – Gunner  
 Thos. Hayward – Mid  
 Jno. Hallet – Mid  
 Jno. Samuel – Clerk  
 10. Thos. Ledward – Surgeons Mate  
 Robt. Tinkler – Mid  
 Jno. Norton – Qr. Master  
 Peter Linkletter – Qr. Master  
 Geo. Simpson – do. Mate  
 15. Lawce. Labogue – Sail Maker  
 Jno. Smith – Captains Cook  
 Thos. Hall – Ships Cook  
 Robt. Lamb – Butcher  
 19. David Nelson – Botanist <sup>290</sup>  
 in all 19

Those who remained in the Ship were

1. Fletcher Christian – Act. Lieut.  
 Geo. Stuart – Mid  
 Edward Young – Mid  
 Peter Heywood – Mid  
 5. Jas. Morrison – Boatswains Mate  
 Thos. McIntosh – Carpenters Crew  
 Jno. Mills – Gunners Mate  
 Chas. Norman – Carpenters Mate  
 Isaac Martin – Ab  
 10. Chas. Churchill – Master at Arms  
 Josh. Coleman – Armourer <sup>290</sup>  
 Willm. Muspratt – Captains Steward  
 Jno. Sumner – Ab  
 Jno. Williams – Ab  
 15. Jno. Millward – Ab  
 Wm. McCoy – Ab  
 Mathw. Thompson – Ab  
 Mathw. Quintrell – Ab  
 Alexr. Smith – Ab <sup>315</sup>  
 20. Thos. Burkett – Qr. Gunner  
 Heny. Heildbrandt – Cooper  
 Michl. Byrn (blind) – Ab  
 Richd. Skinner – Masters Servant  
 Thos. Ellison (a boy) – Ab

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<sup>314</sup> WWB: *had been previously to Tahiti with Captain Cook*

<sup>315</sup> Real name [John Adams \(1767–1829\)](#)

25. Wm. Brown – Botanists Assistant  
in all Twenty five

## The Bo'sun-Mate's Story

Extracts  
from the original manuscript held by the  
Mitchell Library, Sydney, N.S.W. <sup>316</sup>

The Bounty left England with 46 souls aboard

Left Tahiti for Home (The Surgeon had died) <sup>317</sup>	"	45	"	"
Arrived off Tofua (Valentine had died) <sup>318</sup>	"	44	"	"
Headed back to Tahiti (having cast 19 adrift)	"	25	"	"
Headed for Pitcairn (leaving 16 on Tahiti)	"	9	"	"

The following were the 16 :

		Their fate
Morrison (the writer)	Bo'sun's Mate	Freed
Stuart	Midshipman	Drowned
Heywood	Midshipman	Freed
M <sup>c</sup> Intosh	Carpenter	Freed
Norman	Carpenter	Freed
Churchill	Master at Arms	Murdered
Coleman <sup>290</sup>	Armourer	Freed
Millward <sup>319</sup>	Able Seaman	Hanged
Summer	Able Seaman	Drowned
Thompson	Able Seaman	Murdered
Heildbrandt	Cooper	Drowned

<sup>316</sup> This addendum is also from the journal of James Morrison, an earlier part of which which was presented in the previous addendum.

<sup>317</sup> From Morrison's journal: "*December, 1788. on the 11th of December Departed this life Mr. Thos. Huggan & next day his remains were Inter'd on Point Venus and a board fixd to a tree near his grave with an Inscription on it to his Memory...*"

<sup>318</sup> According to Morrison's journal, "*Soon after we saild we discovered a Group of small Islands to the Eastward of New Zealand which were Call'd the Bountys Isles, and Jas. Valentine having been let blood his arm festered and turnd to a mortification of which he Died.*" This was after leaving Adventure Bay, Tasmania in mid-September 1788 and the beginning of October 1788, and thus prior to reaching Tahiti on 25 October 1788.

<sup>319</sup> WWB has *Millwood*.



Skinner	Master's servant	Drowned
Byrn <sup>320</sup>	Able Seaman	Freed
Ellison	Able Seaman	Hanged
Burkett	Qr. Gunner	Hanged
Muspratt	Captain's Steward	Freed

### Prelude

Having cast Bligh adrift Christian determined to head back to Tahiti touching at Tupuai on the way. Reaching that island a somewhat mixed reception awaited the Bounty but it was felt by several to be a suitable hiding place and it was determined to sail to Tahiti, there to procure sufficient supplies of stock and return to settle down permanently. Reaching Tahiti these were secured and sail made once again for Tupuai. It was now July. The natives showed a more friendly spirit and the white men decided on building a fort for any emergency that might arise in the future. But jealousy among the native Chiefs for the white man's favour caused serious trouble and war for both natives and whites, and Tupuai was abandoned in disgust. It was now September and before its close the Bounty was again at anchor in Matavai Bay. It had been agreed upon to separate, some electing to remain on Tahiti, others with Christian to seek other asylum : 16 for Tahiti, 9 for elsewhere, the latter to have the ship, with everything aboard equally divided : the 9 would find they hoped some uninhabited island where they would land their ample stock and plants, set fire to the Bounty and live the remainder of their days out of touch with their fellows. The shore folk landed, supplies were divided, Christian proposed staying a day or two further but at night the Bounty sailed to the surprise of those ashore leaving one of its anchors embedded in the coral bed <sup>321</sup> so keen was the Leader to be off. The 16 took up their residence and the story of their happenings during the succeeding 19 months till the H.M.S. Pandora appeared to gather them in now follows from the pen of the Bo'sun's mate.

The native Hiti Hiti mentioned had visited other parts with Cap<sup>t</sup> Cook : Pora Pora his home.

1789

(September)

I having formerly made Poeno, <sup>322</sup> (Chief of Maatavye) my friend, and Millward having made Friends with Poenos wife, we were now invited to Live with them, which we accepted and were treated like the rest of the Family, but with more attention & respect; the others also went to the Houses of their Former Friends where they were treated in like manner...

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<sup>320</sup> WWB has *Byron*.

<sup>321</sup> See WWB's article, "*Bounty's*" *Lost Anchor*, in the 22 July 1938 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 46 and 48, in Part VII.

<sup>322</sup> WWB has *Paitea*, here and elsewhere. *Paitia* is shown in the illustration *Cession of Matavai* in the article *Light on Half-Forgotten Incident of Early Tahiti* in the July 1942 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, page 14, in Part VII.

Immediately on landing they informd us that a Vessel had been there lately, and had left a man who they Call'd Browne who was then at Tyarrabboo with Matte <sup>323</sup> settling some business with Vay-heeadooa, <sup>324</sup> Chief of that Pininsula, and as we heard they told strange storys of him We wishd to know what had been the true Cause of his Stay, and therefore appointed Churchill & Millward to go to Tyarrabboo & take presents to Matte and at the same time See who this Man was...

October, 1789. They were well received by all the Chiefs at whose houses they Stop'd on their way, but particularly by Matte & Vay-heeadooa, who loaded them with presents, Matte desiring that we Should make his land our own, and Vayheeadooa giving Strong invitations to Come and see Tyarrabboo, Tommaree, <sup>325</sup> Chief of Paparra, also used them extreamly civil, desiring them to send some of the Others round that He might form an Acquaintance amongst them. They misssd Attahooroo, having but an unfavourable account of it, altho Tetowha the Chief Sent to invite them while they went past in a Canoe and they returned to Maatavye on the 10th of October bringing with them the Englishman who Calld himself Brown alias Bound, and Said he had been left on Shore from the Brigg Mercury, T H Cox Esqr. Commander of London. He said he had stayd at his own request having had a dispute with some of His Shipmates and Cut one of them a Cross the Face with a knife, this and Some other things which he related of himself was sufficient to give a very good Idea of his Character and to put us on our Guard against one who appeard to be a dangerous kind of a Man; however we each gave him some addition to his Stock of Cloaths...

Brown set out with Birkett who went to visit Tu.

When he was gone, Poeno produced a letter Signed T H Cox wherein the Vessel is Calld His Swedish Majestys Armd Brig Gustavus IIIrd and wherein he Calls Brown 'an Ingenious handy Man when sober but when Drunk a dangerous fellow'. This Letter was put on Shore at Tetoora <sup>326</sup> and brought to Poeno, and this agrees with Browns account, as he said she was bound to the Sandwich Isles & from thence to China. As Brown found this letter in Poenos posession afterwards He secured it Himself to prevent it from being of any further Use in pointing out His Character, Which according to His own account was black enough.

There was a formality to be gone through with, which respect for authority called for.

On the 27th, having appointed that We should meet at Opparee, and make out presents to the Young King, <sup>327</sup> We marchd in a body under Arms to Oparee, <sup>328</sup> taking with us the Toobouai <sup>329</sup> Images and several other presents of red Feathers, Friendly Island & Toobouai Cloth, Matting and War Weapons Iron Work etc; and were Joined by those who were at Oparre and after being Welcom'd to the District by the Priest Making a long Oration and presenting each of us with a young Plantain tree with a Sucking Pig or a

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<sup>323</sup> WWB has *at Lesser Tahiti with Tu (the first Pomare)*, here and elsewhere.

<sup>324</sup> WWB has *Vehiatua*, here and elsewhere.

<sup>325</sup> WWB has *Temarii*, here and elsewhere.

<sup>326</sup> WWB has *Tetiaroa (the islet off the Matavai headland)*..

<sup>327</sup> WWB: *(the 2<sup>nd</sup> Pomare)*.

<sup>328</sup> WWB has *Paré*, here and elsewhere.

<sup>329</sup> WWB has *Tupuai*, here and elsewhere.

Fowle. Having made known our business to Areepaeaa<sup>330</sup> — who told us that we must not approach the Young king as he was yet Sacred, unless we Strip'd the Clothing off from our Head & Shoulders, which we refused telling him that it was not Customary to remove any part of our Dress except our hats and if we were under arms it was not our Country Manner to remove our hat even to the King. However that we might not seem to be deficient in point of Good Manners each was provided with a piece of Taheite Cloth to put over their Shoulders and take off in the Young Kings Presence, when we March'd to his House in procession each attended by a friend to remove the Taheite Cloth which we had on, all of Whom Stripd as they entered the Sacred Ground, the Men to the Waist, and the Weomen uncovering their Shoulders and tucking their Cloths up under their arm, and our Taheite Cloaths were removed. We were followed by a Multitude of both Sexes, all of whom observed the Same rules in their Homage; having got to the opposite bank of the River facing the Farre Raa or Sacred House, the Young King Appeard, sitting on the Shoulders of a Man; and having a large piece of White Cloth round his Shoulders and his Head almost Hid with a Garland of Black & red Feathers. As He approachd the Bank, he Saluted us with the Word Manoa (Welcome) which he repeated to each, calling us by the Name of our Taheite Friends; and having placed himself over against us, Heete-heete Strip'd himself Naked to Carry the presents, and the Party drew up on the Bank for the Purpose. The Toobouai Images were first sent in the Name of the whole, with which Heete-heete told a long Story and which from the Number of red feathers were thought a Valuable present, and produced a general exclamation of wonder when they were held up to publick View on the opposite bank of the river. After these were delivered, evry one sent his present seperatly, which Consisted of Red feathers Cloth &c; and the whole being finishd, the Party formd three divisions & dischargd their arms, at which the Young Chief was so much pleased that He told us to follow our own Country fashion in evry thing, and take no heed of their Ceremonies, when we retired. We were Now Conducted to Areepaeas house where a Feast was provided for us of a Baked Hog, Fish, Bread, Tarro & Cocoa Nuts, Plantains &c; after which a Proportion of land was pointed out for the Use of the Whole when in this district, and in the Evening we returned to Maatavye, and Next day the 28th a Messenger arrived from Matte with a Hog and a Piece of Cloth for each of us and pointed out two pieces of land for the use of the Whole; the One for Cocoa Nuts and the other well stockd with Bread fruit Trees near the Spot where Poenos House stood;<sup>331</sup> these were ordered for our present use, tho we stood in no need of His Care, having abundance of evry thing supplied by our Friends.

They decide upon building a schooner which occupied several of them for the nigh 9 months.

Finding ourselves Settled I began to think it would be possible to build a small Vessel In which I had hopes of reaching Batavia<sup>332</sup> & from thence to England. I comunicated this to McIntosh and Millward, and the Matter was agreed on; but we resolved to keep the real motive a Secret, and to Say that she was only for the purpose of Pleasuring about the Island; and for this purpose, I having observed that Mathw. Thompson had got a Quadrant (formerly Mr. Hallets) and some of Mr. Haywards books, tho He could neither read nor write, I was determind if Possible to get posession of them, and with a little perswasion I got the Quadrant for Six small trade Adzes (Calld here loeys) & a Gallon of Wine but when I wanted the Books he began to have some suspicion, and was sorry that He had let

<sup>330</sup> WWB has *Ariipaea*, here and elsewhere.

<sup>331</sup> WWB: (*at Point Venus*).

<sup>332</sup> Now the [Old Town of Jakarta, Indonesia](#).

me have the Quadrant, which I told him was only for Amusement. He said He had No Cartridge paper and the books would answer that purpose, I told him that I would give him paper in lieu which would answer that purpose better, but this only served to Confirm his Oppinion; however as I had a Seamans Daily Assistant I took no further Notice, and affected to be easy about them tho I was sorry that I could not get them. Norman & Heildbrandt having agreed to be of our party, McIntosh and them removed to Maatavaye on the 1st of November bringing their Effects with them and having got Houses prepared on a Square piece of Ground raised above the level where we fixd a Flag staff to Hoist the Collours on Sundays; we were also Joind here by Burkett (who returned on the Second, & brought Brown with Him) Sumner, Ellison, Churchill & Byrn, and having appointed Divine Service to be read on Sundays evry thing at present seemd right. I now made a publick proposal to build a small Vessel to Cruize about the Island in which was agreed to, as McIntosh said it was possible to put one together and He had no objection, Norman & the Cooper being both Workmen, and the rest of us Could Chop off the rough parts ready for their Use.

Having agreed on this Head, I informd Poeno that we intended to build a little Ship, as we did not understand the Method of Handling Canoes, and in which I told Him that we could carry Him & Matte with some of our Friends to the Neighbouring Islands, he was well pleased, and told us to Cut down what timber we pleased, as there was plenty in Maatavaye.

(November)

On the 12<sup>th</sup> they laid the keel of the schooner, its dimensions being given as follows : Keel 30 ft : Deck 35 ft : Breadth 9 ft 6 inches : depth of hold 5 ft.

(December)

We kept the Hollidays in the best manner that we could, killing a Hog for Christmas Dinner, and reading Prayers which we never Omitted on Sundays, and having wet weather we were not able to do any thing out of doors for the remainder of the Year.

We informd the Natives of the reason of our Observing these Hollidays, and especially Christmas Day; all of which seemd to regard with attention, and readily believed all that we could inform them of, never doubting that the Son of God was born of a Woman, and they always behooved with much decency when present at our worship; tho they Could not understand one word; yet several were desirous to have it explaind to them, and some of them wishd to learn our prayers which they all allowed to be better then their own; those who were constantly about us knew when our Sunday came, and were always prepared accordingly. Seeing that we rested on that day they did so likewise and never made any diversions on it. One of them was always ready to hoist the Ensign on Sunday Morning, and if a stranger happened to pass, and enquire the meaning, they were told that it was Mahana' Atooa (Gods Day) and tho they were intent on their Journey, would stop to see our manner of keeping it, and would proceed next day, well pleased with their Information.

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(January )

Throughout they were busy gathering timber when the rainy season permitted.

(February)

On the 1st of February our attention was drawn from our Work by a Heiva which according to Custom was performd in our Neighbourhood before the Chief of the District, to see which all the Inhabitants of the district were Assembled. Evry thing being ready Captain Cooks picture was brought (by an Old Man <sup>333</sup> who has the Charge of it) and placed in front, and the Cloth with which it was covered being removed, evry person present paid the Homage of striping off their Upper Garments, the Men bareing their bodys to the Waist, Poeno not excepted, and the Weomen uncovering their Shoulders.

The Master of the Ceremonies then made the Oodoo (or usual offering) making a long speech to the Picture, acknowledging Captain Cook to be Chief of Maatavye and placing a Young Plantain tree with a sucking pig tyed to it before the Picture.

The Speech running to this purpose — ‘Hail, all hail Cook, Chief of Air Earth & Water, we acknowledge you Chief from the Beach to the Mountains, over Men, Trees & Cattle over the Birds of the Air and Fishes of the Sea &c. &c.’

After which they proceeded to perform their dance...

On the 2nd Came another Heiva, which Poeno brought to the Square; this was Conducted in the same manner, and attended by the Inhabitants as before, but Captain Cooks picture was not present, Poeno receiving the Cloth and Matting which he devided amongst us, the Whole Amounting to near one Hundred Fathoms. After the people were departed we Missd the Flag haulyards, a pair of Trowsers & three Pigs from the Sty; and on enquirey found that the Thief was in Oparre where we followed and apprehended him, finding the Haulyards in his posession but the Trowsers and Pigs were gone. We brought him to Maatavye where we gave him 100 stripes; and Brown having lost a hog Cut off His Ears tho he Could not be sure that he had stolen it. Poeno advised us to Shoot him saying he will now go and Steal from evrybody without fear, however we thought he had been punnishd sufficiently and let him go and he quitted the district amidst the shouts and Jeers of his Countrymen.

Another having stolen a knife some days before, was also brought to the Tree & received a smart flogging. We soon found that this Method of Proceeding had the desired effect, and few instances of the kind happend after, tho they had many Opportunitys to steal our tools they never medled with any of them, as they knew that we would find them out, as they cannot keep any thing to themselves and we began to get hold of their language so fast that we could understand evry thing they said, and make a good shift to discourse with them...

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<sup>333</sup> WWB: (*Ha'apai* — grandfather of the “young king”)

On the 6th we received a Visit from Eddea <sup>334</sup> who was come down to visit her Son the Young King at Oparre. She brought presents of Cloth for each as did also her Sister Teano (wife to Vayheeadoa, Chief of Tyarrabboo) who accompanied her — She Staid at the Square some days...

The 16 had now held together for nigh half a year. A split occurs but no open quarrel.

8th. We had hitherto gone on with our Work without any thing to obstruct us except Rainy Weather but now an accident happend which put a Stop to it for some time— The affair was this, Thompson who resided with Coleman at Point Venus had ill used a young Girl, for which her brother in revenge knock'd Him down, and Fled.

Coleman was at this time Just recovering from a Fit of Sickness, when Thompson came home vowing revenge on the first that Offended him. A Number of Strangers had arrived at the Point, (where they generally stop on their passage round the Island to take the Opportunity of getting to windward in the morning before the Sea Breeze sets in), and had flockd round the House as usual to see the Englishmen, Thompson Ordered them away, but as he Spoke English they did not understand him, and paid no regard to the Order, on which, he took His Musquet, and firing amongst them Killd a Man & a Child which he held in his Arms, and the Shot passd through a Womans lower Jaw breaking both the Bones, & Grazed another Man on the Back, on which they all fled. The Man was one of Vyeooreedee, <sup>335</sup> who was going round the Island on a party of Pleasure with his family, of which the Child was one. We expected that this would be revenged, but no notice was taken of it. Mr. Heywood Gave the Mans Wife a White Shirt, & Churchill (who had always been aspiring at Command) thought this a good time to Offer himself as head of the Party in Case an Attack should be made upon us by the Natives, but as we all lookd upon the affair as Murder, we declined either making him our Chief or taking any part in the business; on which he sent Brown to Tyarrabboo, to Vayheeadoa for Canoes to Carry him to Tyarrabboo, where he intended to Stay. <sup>336</sup>

(March)

Peter Heywood having set out on a visit with His Friend, we were this day informd that He was killd at Vyeooreedee; but He returned to Maatavye on the 6th of March bringing with him part of the Barrel of Ellisons pistol which he had found at Heedeea, but the Thief had escaped. He informd us that He had stoppd one night in Attahooroo <sup>337</sup> where he was well received by Towha the Chief, but heard some of the People propose to plunder him, on which he made the Chief a Present of His Hat & a Knife which was all the English things He had about him, and he was sufferd to pass unmolested. He next went to Papaara, <sup>338</sup> where he was well received and staying one Night with Tommaree he set out for Vyeooreedee for the purpose of Seeing Obirreroa <sup>339</sup> who was there.

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<sup>334</sup> WWB has *Itia (the wife of Tu)*.

<sup>335</sup> WWB has *Vairoa*.

<sup>336</sup> WWB has *on which he set out by canoes for Lesser Tahiti accompanied by Thompson and brown where he intended to stay*.

<sup>337</sup> WWB has *Punaauia*.

<sup>338</sup> WWB has *Papara*.

<sup>339</sup> WWB has *Purea (the discarded wife of Amo of Papara)*.



When He arrived in Vyeooreedee he was Seized by the Hair by one of the Natives who held a Stone in one hand with which he was about to knock out his brains but was prevented by another who seized His arm. The Man had mistaken Mr. Heywood for Thompson, and was brother to the Man that Thompson killd, but the other who prevented him was brother to His wife and remembered Mr. Heywood at Maatavye when He came to see the Man & his Child and had Made the Wife some presents when she was weeping over Her Husband & Child. As soon as the Man found his Mistake, He was very sorry, and begd that He would not be angry, inviting Him to His House; but He refused & Proceeded to Obirreroas. He stopd there all night, & proceeded to Tyarrabboo, Calling at Moenannoos as he passd thro' Vyeerre, where he was well received.

When he Arrived at Tyarrabboo He was kindly received and loaded with presents by Vayheeadooa, who pressd him to Come & live with Him. He then proceeded to Matte's, who treated Him in the Same Manner, but beggd that He would not quit Maatavye as he understood that Churchill, Thompson & Brown were Come to live there. Mr. Heywood promised him that He would not quit Maatavye and persued his Journey homewards by the North Side of the Island, being well received by evry person where He stopd in his way.

8th. This day went in quest of more timber with tolerable success. Employd as before & this day arrived a Messenger from Vayheeadooa with Presents and an Invitation for Myself and Millward to come to Tyarrabboo making us large Offers; and a letter from Churchill containing the like invitation and seconding Vayheeadooas request and promising us large possessions in Tyarrabboo and at the Same time telling us that Thompsons arms had been Stolen by the Natives, which was but bad encouragement for Strangers to go there — but as we were glad to be rid of them we declined the kind invitation of Vayheeadooa and sent him presents in return...

12th. Still Employd as before. In the Night between 10 & 12 Came Thompson and having made known his loss of His Arms on which Norman supplyd him with his Spare one, and he set off before Day for Tyarrabboo, having told Norman that he had been informd that some of Matte's men had taken his arms and swore that He would put the man to Death as soon as he found Him out. He said that his reason for returning so soon was to prevent the News of his being at Maatavye from reaching Tyarrabboo before him; but the true reason was that he did not wish to be seen by Coleman who He had robb'd while he was sick, he also said that Churchill & Him had quarreld and parted, and that they lived separate; He at Towtirra <sup>340</sup> and Churchill at Vyeowtaya <sup>341</sup> at the distance of 18 or 20 miles and as his Arms were taken away in the Night, He had no suspicion that Churchill had any hand in the Theft, tho the Natives said Publickly that He had taken them away, and on my enquiring of Poeno about it He informd me that Vayheeadooas Man told him that Churchill had them. On the 14th arrived a Messenger from Matte desiring that None of us might quit Maatavye or Oparre and he Also Confirmd the Account that Churchill had taken Thomsons Arms, we were satisfied of the truth of this and promised the Messenger that we would not go to Tyarrabboo...

16th. Sumner set out for Tyarrabboo on a visit to Matte, and did not return till the 26th during which time the Work still Went on well and by this day, we had got to planking

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<sup>340</sup> WWB has *Tautira*.

<sup>341</sup> WWB has *Vairao*, but he also has *Vairoa* for Vyeooreedee.

and had got four Streaks on the larboard side. Sumner brought Churchill with Him who informd us that Thompsons arms were restored, and he had brought Normans Musquet with Thompsons thanks for lending it. He said that the Arms had been taken by some of the Natives who were Stopd by Vaydeeadooas Men going a Cross the Isthmus; this passd very well as we did not depend on what the Natives said. He also informd us that Vayheeadooa had died suddenly, and that He Churchill was put in full Posession of the Sovereignty of Tyarrabboo by the Name of Vayheeadooa his Friend deceased who died without Issue, — He made us all promises of large possessions in Tyarrabboo if we would go and live with him but all refused seeing what he aimd at which was no other than making himself Great at our expence and when I told Him that I had rather be one of Poenos friends then Chief of Tyarrabboo he dropd any further perswasions. During Sumners Absence he had made friends with Tommaree Chief of Papaara and he being in alliance with Matte He had no objection to His going to Papaara to live, and he brought Canoes from Tommaree for the Purpose of Carrying him & Burkett there, they being both tired of the Work and seemd to think, like the Natives, that it would never be finishd.

April 1st. Burkett, Sumner & Churchill set out for Papaara, and Byrn & Ellison went to live at Oparre...<sup>342</sup>

Thus Matavai and the schooner had but 6 out of the party of 16 viz McIntosh and Norman (carpenters), Heildbrandt (cooper), Coleman (armourer), Millward (seaman) and Morrison the bo'son.

(April)

15th. Employd fitting the Clamps and getting the Beams ready, making Plank &c.; — this day we received a letter from Burkett<sup>343</sup> informing us of the Death of Churchill & Thompson, also a letter from Brown<sup>344</sup> to the same purpose. Next morning the 16th Came Brown himself, Having been Sent by Matte to inform us by word of Mouth, as he thought that He could not explain it by letter; and He now gave us the following particulars — Soon after their Arrival at Tyarrabboo they had a quarrel (which we were sensible Brown Had fomented) and parted. Thompson making friends with Teetorea the Chief of Towtirra & uncle to Vayheeadooa, and Churchill went to Vyeowtea to a house prepared for him, Brown going to live with Matte who was then at Towtirra. Thompson growing Jealous of Churchill threatend to Shoot him if any difference or distinction was made between them.

This Coming to Churchill's ears he got a Canoe & came down in the night when Thompson was asleep, his men soon found Thompsons Arms, and brought them out to him, but being sent in for the Powder Thompson waked, but the Night favourd their Escape when they returnd to Churchills House. — Thompson missing his Arms soon got a light, and went to his Friend who lay in a House Close by, desiring him to Mann a Canoe, & telling him what had happend, the Canoe was got ready and he reachd Vyeowtea by Sunrise — Churchill being informd of His approach, was up, and desired him to keep off, and Thompson replyd you have nothing to fear, for I have no arms, and I am only come to tell you that I lost them last night, and desire your assistance to recover them, on Churchills appearing convinced that He had no evil intent and he shewing his bayonet as the only arms he had, he was permitted to Come in and their former

<sup>342</sup> WWB: (*where Heywood and Muspratt had moved to.*)

<sup>343</sup> WWB: *then at Papaara*

<sup>344</sup> WWB: *then at Lesser Tahiti*

Animosity being dropd, they began to reason with each other, and found that Brown had been Active in promoting their Quarrel. They now agreed to live together, and Thompson set out for Maatavye to borrow Normans Musquet, while Churchill promised to use His endeavours to recover the Arms. Thompson returnd, and they soon Came to a right understanding, when the Arms were recovered, as if by Churchills interposition, & Thompson being told that they had been taken from some of the Natives Crossing the Isthmus was perfectly satisfied and made no farther inquiry about the business. Soon after Churchill, being bound on a visit round the Island, left Thompson to take Care of the House, who also Sent Normans Musquet by Churchill with His thanks for His civility in lending it, in the meantime one of the Natives, a Man who had been at Lima (Calld Mydiddy) and who had been beaten by Churchill, came to Thompson and told Him evry thing relating to the taking away of His Arms, Mydiddy being one of the principal hands Concern'd. This exasperated Thompson, & he resolved to Shoot Churchill, which He put into execution immediately on his return, for which the Natives had put him to Death.

Burkett wrote thus ‘Churchill having broke his Collar bone shooting at some Ducks, I perswaded him to Stay with us, till he should get well, but He refused, and desired me to accompany him home on the 10th which I did and we went together to Vyeowtea where Thompson received us in a Friendly Manner and we supp’d together, after which Thompson dropd a hint that He had found out the Thief but said no more. Next morning I went to the Beach to put my Canoe in order as I intended to return home after breakfast; while I was getting the Canoe ready I heard the report of a musquet, on which I ran up to the House but was stopd by Thompson who stood in the door loading his Musquet askd me if I was angry: as I had no arms I saw it was in vain to say Yes, and therefore Said No, and said I hope you dont mean to take the advantage of me; He told me “No — not without you are angry” and then Said “I have done him.” Upon my nearer approach, I saw that Churchill was dead, the Ball having passd below the Shoulder through his body, entering at his back. I now thought it high time to be off, and interr’d the Body as fast as I could — Thompson seized on his effects, I askd him for some of his books, but He refused, and I left Him and returnd home. — I intended to have askd your oppinion about the affair, but Have since heard that Thompson is killd by the Natives in revenge for His having killd their Chief, and his body Carried to the Morai.’

We knew not what to think of this business as we were inclined to think that Thompsons death was more on account of His having the property of both, then for Killing Churchill, but the Natives insisted that it was for killing him who they Acknowleg’d to be a Chief in consequence of His Friendship with the late Vayheedooa whose Name he also bore. As I wishd to be particularly informd of the manner of their Deaths and to See Matte about getting Some rope & Mats for Sails, I set out for Tyarrabboo on the 17th in Company with Brown and Arrived at Towtirra where I was well received by Matte who begd that I would not think of Coming to live in Tyarrabboo, which he said would prevent the people from Submitting to His Son.

I promised him that I would not quit my Friend Poeno and told Him I had only Come now to see him, and hear how Churchill & Thompson were Kill’d. I told him also that I wanted some rope & Matts for the Vessel which I described to Him, and he promised they should be made. On enquiring into the manner [of] Churchills & Thompsons death a Man was Calld whom I knew to be one of Churchills favourites, and he related evry thing in same manner that Burkett had done, as he was with Churchill & Steerdhis Canoe in his Journey

round the Island. I then askd Him how Thompson was Killd and by Whom at which he seemd rather doubtful and saying to me 'dont be angry, it was I that killd him seeing that He had killd my Chief & my Friend'. The Manner was this, Patirre (for such was the mans name) being sorry for his Friends death, was determin'd to be revenged on Thompson, and having got five or six More (who when they knew the Cause were equally enraged), they went to Thompsons house and saluted him by the Name of Vayheeadooa and told him that he was now Chief, and such like flattering stories till Patirre got between him and his Arms, and being a Stout man, knockd Him down. The others whipt a short plank (which happend to be at hand) across his Breast, and Placed one on each end, while Patirre ran for a large Stone, with which He dashd His Scull to pieces, they then Cut off His head, & Buried the Body.

In the mean time Mididdy secured their Arms and the House was plunderd; the Head Patirre brought to the Morai at Towtirra, where he had left it and where he said it then was and if I had a mind to see it, he would shew it to Me. I accordingly went to the Morai with him, when he produced part of the scull, which I knew by a scarr on the Forehead. I asked him why they had not brought him to us at Maatavye when He replied 'the distance is too great, and our anger would be gone before we could get there; and we should have let Him escape when we were coold & our anger gone so that He would not have been punishd at all and the Blood of the Chief would have been on our heads'. I Promised the Man that he should not be hurt by me for what he had done, as I lookd on Him as an instrument in the Hand of Providence to punnish such Crimes. I Staid here three days during which time I was Feasted evry day by Matte who also informd me that the Nephew of Vayheeadooa (a boy of about 4 years old) was appointed to His name & Honors, and His father Tyepo as Regent during his minority, the People of Tyarrabboo refusing to acknowledge Young Too, who they said was a Bastard and not the son of Matte. — however as He had some possessions given to himself he was resolved to keep footing in Tyarrabboo, and had hopes of gaining a party in his Sons favour. When I took my leave He presented me with a large Hog, 3 bamboos of Scented oil & a quantity of Cloth and I returnd to Maatavye on the 24th, having been well received at evry place I stopd at, on my way both up & down.

All May and June the few hands toiled away at the schooner. On July 6 she was launched and named the "Resolution."

(August) They were fitting her out.

Evry thing seemd to be had without trouble or Dificulty except sails, and how to procure them we Could not tell, Matting being scarce and at the Best very unservisable, and tho we had Cut up our Cloaths, we had not sufficient Canvas amongst us to make her one Sail which would be fit to set at sea.

A change now took place in their fortunes. They became Warriors for their kindly friends.

(September)

12th. this Day a Messenger arrived from the Young King desiring our Immediate Assistance to quell the People of the District of Tettahah<sup>345</sup> who had rebelld, and made

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<sup>345</sup> WWB: *Faaa*

an inroad into Oparre, burning all before them; the Messenger also informd us that the Oparre people had repuls'd them forcing them to leave two of their Dead behind them which were brought to the Young Kings Morai, and that they were preparing for another attack, being set on by the People of Attahooroo. — he told us also that Areepaeaa-Waheine the Young Kings Aunt who had been at Ryeatea for some years, was arrived at Oparre with a Numerous Fleet which were all ready for War.

As we did not know that ever we should be able to effect our purpose, tho evry thing was getting forward, we found it necessary for our own sakes, to assist them, and therefore returnd for Answer that we should be at Oparre Next morning — and Armd Accordingly. On the 13th, leaving one to take Care of the Schooner, We marchd to Oparre, where Areepaeaa-Waheine received us, and a Dressd Hog was presented to us. — Byrn & Ellison being at Tetooroa and Musprat on a Visit to Papaara with his Friend Areepaeaa, we were now only Eight in number, but were here Joind by Brown, who informd us that the Attahooroo people had made war on Tommaree;<sup>346</sup> which was further Confirmd by a Letter from Burkett desiring our assistance. Having made our breakfast we proceeded to Tettahah Surrounded By a Multitude (with Poeno & Pyeteea two Chiefs at their head) from Maatavye.

Before that we had proceeded half a Mile We found the Marro Eatooa or Signal for War (which is several Fathoms of Cloth in one piece passd round several Trees, crossing the path several times) and a Hog tied to each tree which the Marro passes round; this is generally Put up with some Ceremony, and the Enemy are defied to take it down.

On seeing this our party ran instantly and seized on the Marro & hogs, when the Enemy who lay conceald till now, made their appearance, and a Fray instantly commenced and Several heavy blows exchanged before We were observed by them — on our approach they Fled, but this Confused Method of engaging prevented us from knowing our own people, who were so scattered that we were not able at a Distance to tell them from the Enemy and we were therefore of No use but to look on while the Enemy retreated to the Mountains & our party returned with a deal of Plunder, & several Canoes which they had not been able to remove. We Now informd the Chiefs that they must alter their mode of Fighting, and bring their people under some Command, in Case they should have occasion to go to war again which they promised to do; and having Demanded Matts to make sails for the Schooner, we took our leave of Fatowwa, or Areepaeaa Waheine, and returned to Maatavye...

Mean while the Tettahah & Attahooroo people had united their forces & were began to Commit Hostilitys both on Papaara & Oparre, and on the 20th we were demanded to assist again, which for our Credit we could not refuse, nor was the Sails any excuse, as we were wanted on Shore, and the Enemy looking on our peaceable inclination as the effects of Fear, sent us word that they would Come to Maatavye & burn the Schooner and a Challenge sent to each Separately by their Warriors, who bid us defiance, telling us that each would have his man to Carry to the Morai,<sup>347</sup> and much more such language. — they had also entered Oparre again burning and destroying all before them.

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<sup>346</sup> WWB: (*of Papara*)

<sup>347</sup> WWB: (*burial place*)

On the 21st early in the Morning, leaving one as before to take care of the Schooner, we got into our Canoes and paddled to the Lower end of Oparre. Here we were Met by Poeno, Tew, & Fatowwa, and almost all the Men of Maatavye with Pyeteea, & Mattaheyapo at their head who were both principal men & their head Warriors. We were now but Eight in Number, and having given the Chiefs such directions as we thought necessary, they promised to observe them, and being willing to take the Cool of the Morning, we set forward in Good order, surrounded by Multitudes of all ages from both Districts, but the Maatavye men kept Close to us, claiming the preeminence, and keeping the others in the rear. — on our approach the Enemy retreated to a high steep eminence in the Mountains, which Commanded a narrow pass, which was the only one by which they could be approachd, and as this place had resisted all Former attacks, they had got all their property to the place in readiness, & had formd an encampment of Huts ready to dispute the Pass; however we determined to proceed, as we could not hope for Peace without driving them from their strong hold: but it being some miles up in the Mountains, it was Noon before we got near enough to see the pass & the situation of the enemy, who we found well posted. The heat became so intense that we should have been in a bad plight had not our friends brought with them plenty of Cocoa Nuts which we found very refreshing and tho we had Marchd at a slow pace, we now stood in great need of—having halted a few minutes we proceeded to the Pass, which was along a Narrow ridge where two men could scarcely pass in safety. — the Taheiteans made a full stop when they came to the place but seeing us proceed they followed, and Pye-teea & Mattaheyapo came in the Van to be our guides over. — in crossing the pass we found ourselves open to their Stones with which they plyed us briskly from the Eminence above our heads, where our Musquets would not reach to do execution — tho we were forced to walk over at an easy rate for one Hundred yards or more, none of us except Coleman was hurt, and he only received a blow of a Stone in the leg which did not disable him—however his Taheite friend received a blow between the Mouth & Nose that brought him down, & having English Cloaths on was Mistaken for one of Us and they gave us a loud Shout & redoubled their Vollies of Stones, by which upwards of twenty more were wounded before we could fire a Shot. However we got over and with a warm fire advanced up the Hill; when they soon gave way. As soon as this was observed by our Party they rushd in, & three of the Enemies Head warriors having fallen by our shot they fled; and our party persued them down the other side of the Mountains. Mean time the Plunder of their Camp was seized by the Oparre Men, the Maatavye people being more intent on driving their Enemies; the Chief part of their Houses being burnt, and distroyd, we returned in the evening to Maatavye. The Number of Hogs taken here were incredible.

Two victories to the credit of the Army of 8, but the campaign was not yet over.

... the Party in Attahooroo, being Yet in arms, the Young King was desirous that we should assist him to quell them, and force them to Restore the Marro-Oora, or Royal sash, together with the Morai Tabbootaboatea, being the Movable place of sacrafice; — the Pehharaa or Sacred Chest wherein their Images are kept with the Valuables belonging to the Deitys; the Farre 'Atooa, or house of God, with several other things which belongd to them, which the Father of the Present T'towha Chief of Attahooroo had taken in war from oToo or Matte,<sup>348</sup> and which had been kept in Attahooroo ever since, but we found it so fatiguing that we Got the Sails ready in Order to Shorten our marches. —

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<sup>348</sup> WWB: (*his father*)



We had by this time between 6 and 7 hundred weight of fine Pork Salted, & got it on board, and having bent the sails and Got our Amunition on board, on the 26th we saild for Oparre leaving the Houses in charge of the Natives with what things We did not want and leaving only Skinner in Maatavye who was bad with sore eyes which made our Number still but Eight. At Oparre we found Heete-heete who had come from Papaara where he had been with Burkett & Sumner Who with the Assistance of Muspratt, Brown & Himself had repulsed the Attahooroo & Tettahah people with a great slaughter but as they would not submit to Tommaree, they Had Sent him to us to desire that We would keep them in play and appoint a day to let the Armies of Papaara & Tippirreonoo meet in the Center of Attahooroo. We kept Heete-heete and armd him with one of Matte's Musquets. — we found at Oparre a large Fleet assembled under the Chiefs of Tippirreonoo, who inform'd us that they waited our Orders, the Canoes with provisions being arrived from the different districts and the Morning of the 27th being Calm the Canoes drew up in a line and took the Schooner in tow. The line consisted of 40 Canoes paddling 50, or 60 hands; they had pieces of Painted Cloth hoisted on the Sterns of each, & Drums beating & flutes playing made a very war like show the Warriors Cutting a Number of Capers on their Stages, being dressd with Featherd headdresses & all in their best Apparal, the smaller Canoes being kept at a Distance on each side the line began to move forwards within the reef towards Attahooroo. Mean time Multitudes Went a head by land, and the beach appeard Covered all the Way as we passd. As we entered the enemys Country, they fled to the Mountains, and our party on shore persued them, Burning the Houses, and destroying the Country where ever they Came by rooting up the Plantains & Tarro, and notching the bark round the Bread fruit Trees to stop their Growth, and laying all in ashes before them. About Noon we anchor'd at Taboona, part of Attahooroo, under Pohooataya, the Same known to Captain Cook by the Name of Potatow. The Canoes were here hauld up, and an encampment made with the roofs of the Houses, which had escaped the fire, or that had been spared for that purpose. We were now informd, that the Enemy had posted themselves in a Strong hold in the Mountains, and Could observe them with the glass going up in large bodys to the place where they intended to stand a Siege. — A Council of War was now held, and finding it would be difficult to approach them, it was agreed to send out several partys to burn the reeds on the Sides of the Hills to prevent them from approaching unseen, or laying in ambush for any Stragling party.

Heete-heete was appointed to this business, and in the mean time Ambassadors were sent to demand a Surrender, and a White Flag was hung out on board the Schooner and an[other] sent to be stuck up at about 2 miles distant. During the time the Hills were burning several Skirmishes took place between our party & theirs; but Heete-heete having the Musquet with him always repulsed them, and they were forced to retire to their Strong hold, as we did not approve of their destroying the Trees the partys were Calld in and placed to look out and Heete-heete always caused one or More of His party to Cry out 'alls Well' in the best Manner they Could pronounce it every half Hour on Notice being given on board the Schooner, for which purpose, we fixed one of the Hoops of the Ships Anchor stock to serve as a Bell, striking it with a hammer, and this was repeated by all who happened to be awake in the Camp, which together with Continual fires which were kept burning all night, served to shew the Enemy that we were always prepared for them.

The enemy surrenders without a fight.

In the Afternoon of the 29th we observed a White Flag coming down the Hill, and orders was given not to Molest any who came with it, and before Sunset the Chief Pohooataya with his Wife, attended by a Priest bearing the Flag, came to the Camp. A Council was

now held of the Chiefs & Principal Men; when it was determined that peace should be made, on Condition that evry thing should be restored to the Young King; and that the Chiefs of Atta-hooroo<sup>349</sup> should acknowledge him as their Sovereign. To all which Pohooataya agreed, & with His Wife Came on board the Schooner as hostages for the performance of his part. — but as several of the things were in posession of the other Chief T'towha, messengers were sent to Him to demand them, with orders to tell him if they were not produced in 24 Hours that He might expect no quarter.

In the Night Came Burkett from Papaara, and told us what dispositions were made there, and We informd him how we intended to proceed if Tetowha was obstinate and having appointed the time for storming him on both sides Burkett return'd to Papaara. He inform'd us that Te'towha had, in their attack, been forced into the Mountains & had several killd & wounded. 31st. This Morning we were informd that Te'towha had passd by in the Night, and was gone to Oparre with the Royal Marro which he intended to present to the Young King in person...

(October)

On the 1st of October the Canoe bearing the Morai, Ark &c. — was brought and deliverd into charge of the Priests of Maatavye and Oparre; who proceeded with her directly to Oparre, and Orders were now given for the Fleet and Army to return home, when they accompanied the Sacred Canoe escorting it Carefully to Oparre, and in the afternoon a breeze springing up we Weighd, having Poeno & the Two Attahooroo Chiefs, and run up to Tetta-hah where we anchord for the Night, and weighd at 9 Next Morning the 2nd. here we were Joind by Burkett and Oammo who came to assist at the Peace and Worked up to Toa Roa harbour where we anchord in the afternoon where we landed the Chiefs and Went with them to the Morai, where the Peace was Concluded, and by our advice they were continued in posession of their Land; and Paa, an Old Chief who was out of Commission, was put into the District of Tettahah as a Substitute for Mottooarro to whom it was voted, the Attahooroo Chiefs promised on their parts that they would always honor the Young King as their Sovereign, and by way of strengthning the Peace each of them took one of us as his Friend. Great feasting now took place a Volly of Small arms was fired on the occasion...

The Army of 8 disbanded and were in hopes of being called up no more but it was not to be.

6th. We were visited by Burkett & Oammo (the same mentioned by Captain Cook) Tommarees father, who stayd three days, and returned to Papaara...

(November)

12th. At 4 in the Afternoon we got inside the reef at Tettahah and run down to Taboona, intending to sail for Morea as soon as our sails were repaired, here we came to an Anchor, and Pohooataya came on board, and brought two roasted hogs & some Breadfruit, Yams, & Tarro, we also met with Poeno here, who had left Maatavye the same time we did, bound round the Island; we got one of his Men as a Pilot, and having repaired our Sails, in the Morning, Weighd and run over to Morea, Where we anchord in Vyeerre harbour on the same day; the distance being little more then 10 Miles.

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<sup>349</sup> WWB: (*district*)

We were well received...

As we began to think our visit long enough, and some of us thought we had been too long from home, we weighd on the 25th having on board Mottooarro, his Wife Fatowwa and several men of distinction, and workd up to Vyeere where we anchored the same day. Mottooarro was very desirous that we should stay some time longer, but we thought short visits best, and promised to come again, he made us each a present of Hogs & Cloth, and Norman having a fancy to Stay a while at Morea he took him at his word and taking his leave of us set out the same night on his return homeward and we prepared to sail next day having on board 48 hogs & a large quantity of Cloth &c. &c...

The Wind being light we did not reach Taboona till the 28th, when we entered the reef and worked up inside of it to Oparre, here we landed the Hogs, and sent them up by land. On the 29th Arre-paeaa Presented us with a large baked Hog and Accompanied us to Maatavye the same day, together with several of his Friends.

As soon as we could see the Beach at the Point <sup>350</sup> we saw it lined by the Inhabitants who had Flockd to the place to see us as soon as the News of our approach began to spread, and when we Anchord could scarce get from the Schooner to the Houses for our old Friends, who flockd about us and were as eager & seemd as much rejoiced as if they had found some of their lost relations...

(December)

December, 1790. Having got evry thing on shore by the 10th of December and expecting the wet season now to set in shortly, we got the Schooner hauld up and housed over to shelter her from the Weather.

Coleman having declared that he would not have any thing to do with the Schooner, and our finding that our hopes of reaching Batavia or any other place without sails, and finding that even Matts could not be had, we dropd any further attempts that way.

1791

(January)

January, 1791. We had now frequent Visitors from different parts & particularly from the Ryeatea <sup>351</sup> people, who made much inquirey about Captain Cook, Sir Joseph Banks &c. &c. — and as we were also Visited by several people of note from Hooa-heine, <sup>352</sup> the Island where Captain Cook had left Omai, <sup>353</sup> we learnt of them that he died (of the Hotatte, a disorder not much different from the Fever & Ague) about four years after he had landed, and the New Zealand boys both died soon after, they greived much for Poenammoo their Native Country, and after Omai died, they gave over all hopes & having now lost their chief friend, they pined themselves to Death. — They also inform'd us that Omai was one of the Lowest Class (Calld Mannahownee) and had been condem'd to be sacraficed for Blasphemy against one of the Chiefs, but his Brother getting wind of

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<sup>350</sup> WWB: (*Venus*)

<sup>351</sup> WWB has *Raiatea*.

<sup>352</sup> WWB has *Huahine* here and elsewhere.

<sup>353</sup> WWB has *Mai* here and elsewhere.

it sent him out of the way, and the Adventure arriving at Taheite at the Time, he got on board her and came to England, and his Friendship with Captain Cook afterwards, made him more respected then his riches, and the meanness of his birth made him gain very little credit with his countrymen tho he kept them in awe by his arms. —His Horse was killd soon after his landing by a Goat who Gored Him in the Belly which they knew no remedy for, and the only revenge he could have was to kill the Goat; the Mare remains yet at Hooaheine, and part of the House which Captain Cook had built for him.<sup>354</sup> His Goods were devided after he died, & he distributed many before his death, the Musquetts are in possession of a Chief who was his Friend (Calld Tennanea, brother to Tayree-tarieea king of Hooaheine) but are of no use being both disabled; these Accounts we had also from a very intelligent man who lived with Omai some time as a servant, and who informd us that he was very careful of His property till he died, when it was distributed among his friends—they also informd us that His Arms and the Manner in which he used them made him Great in War, as he bore down all before him, and all who had timely notice fled at his Approach and when accouterd with his Helmet & Breastplate, & Mounted on Horse back they thought it impossible to hurt him, and for that reason never attempted it, and Victory always attended him and his Party...

On the 10th arrivd here Eddea from Tyarrabboo, bringing with her Teano her sister & a Number of Attendants. She Congratulated us on the Success which attended us in the War which had proved very beneficial to Her Son, who was now to be invested with the Royal Marro, for which purpose she had now come to prepare. She made each of us a present, and next day we were entertained with a Boxing Match by the Ryeatea Men, & Wrestling and Dancing by the Taheite Men & Weomen. Eddea was Mistress of the Ceremonies, and the Numbers of Spectators present was very great, and among them came Areepaeaa Waheine who had returnd from Morea to assist at the Ceremony of Investing the Young King with the Royal Marro.

Next day the 12th I attended Eddea at her request to Oparre on a visit to the Young King; at entering his bounds she was forced to Change her Cloaths, and put on those which belongd to him, before she could Enter his house, but he desired me to wave that Ceremony, and received Me very Courteously...

14th. Arrived here Burkett on a Visit, with whom I set out on the 17th for Papaara, having heard much of His friend Tommaree who I had not yet seen. We reachd Papaara next day, where we were received by Tommaree himself. He is a Handsom well made man of about 27 or 28 years old and about 6 feet high. He received me with evry token of Friendship, and desired me to be one of His friends; we soon became perfectly intimate, and during my stay he feasted me evry day, and begd that I would be in no hurry to return home.

While I was here the Young Kings Flag arrived, and was received by Tommaree and Conducted to His Morai, but they kept by the Beach close down in the Surf till those who Carried it were abreast of the Morai, when they turnd short round and proceeded to the Morai — as the Flag passd, the Inhabitants hid themselves, and all Fires were put out — we attended them to the Morai, where Tommarees priests having set the Flag up, made the Usual peace Offering of a Hog and a Plantain tree, the Priests repeated it and several young Pigs & Plantain Trees were Offered with long Harrangues and Tommaree made a long speech declaring Toonooeaiteatooa to be his Chief, and ordered a feast to be

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<sup>354</sup> WWB places this sentence after the final sentence in this paragraph.

provided for those who bore the Flag — this Flag was the Union Jack which they had got from Captain Cox, and was Slung a Cross the Staff with a stick in the tabeling as we sling a Pendant, it was decorated with Feathers Breast Plates Tassels &c. — as the Chief People of the District were present, we honord the Ceremony by firing our Musquets,— which was received as an honor...

On the 23rd I took leave of Tommaree who gave me a pair of Canoes & several Hogs Cloth &c. and Burkett accompanying me we set off for Vyeerre, where we were received by Tootahah, Poenos brother & Moenannoo his brother in law — who entertaind us civilly and we set out for the Isthmus where we hauld the Canoe a Cross, this part of the Island is a low level spot about 3 miles [broad;] it is thick of Wood, but as the Inhabitants frequently travel this way there is a Good road, and it is much easier to haul the Canoes a Cross, then to go round the Peninsula when they are Bound to Towtirra.

As soon as we reachd the North Side we were met by Messengers from Matte desiring us to come up to Him at Affwhaheetae about 6 Miles from the Isthmus; we accepted the invitation, and leaving the Canoes at a house Close by set out by land, and arrived there in the same afternoon, 25th, when a feast was prepared for us, and Matte was glad to see us.

He now informd us that the people of Tyarrabboo had used him very uncivil, altho the Flag had been received, and passd with all the Ceremonies; which he said was only for fear of us and not their regard to His son. He told us that we had yet a right to Chastise them for Killing Thompson, and said that if we once made our appearance in Arms in Tyarrabboo they would never make any resistance and he would be at the Expende of the Amunition, that his Son might be Sole King, he also told us that He had conversed with Tommaree who was ready to furnish Men & Canoes when ever we thought proper to take it in hand.

27th. Having told him that we would Consider of the Matter we signified our intention to go homeward, when he ordered his Canoe & went down to the Isthmus with us, when we launchd our own and set out in Company for Heedee, <sup>355</sup> and having landed at Teetoes (a Man of Rank) we had a dinner prepared, and we then proceeded to Avey Myes where a Feast was also provided, and we remain'd here all Night.

And on the Morning of the 28th a hog & some Cloth being prepared for me I took my leave, and leaving Burkett to return to Papaara, and Proceeded to Maatavye, where I arrived on Saturday the 29th and found Numbers assembled at Maatavye and Oparre to attend the Approaching Ceremony and among them Mettooarro with Norman, Ellison and Byrn from Morea, and all the principal Men of the Island, and the Beach was filld with Canoes.

(February)

13th. This day the Ceremony of Investing the Young King with the Marro Oora or Royal Sash took place; the Sash is of fine Network on which Red and Yellow Feathers are made fast, so as to cover the netting; the sash is about three yards long, and each end is devided into six tassels of Red Black & Yellow feathers, for each of which they have a name of

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<sup>355</sup> WWB has *Hitiaa*.

some Spirit or Guardian Angel, that watches over the Young Chief while the Marro is in his Possession and is never worn but one day by any one King; it is then put into the Sacred Box and with a Hat or Shade for the Eyes Made of Wicker & Covered with feathers of the same kind and never used but on the Same occasion it is delivered to the priests, who put it Carefully by in the Sacred House on the Morai, where no person must touch it.

This Ceremony was performed at Oparre on the New Morai which was built for the reception of the Movable Morai &c. which we had brought from Attahooroo and where these things were now kept. The Chiefs (or their Substitutes) of Tipperroonoo and Morea attended, and Toonooeaiteatooa <sup>356</sup> the Young King being placed on the Morai, a Priest making a long Prayer put the Sash round his Waist and the Hat or Bonnet on his head & haild him King of Taheite. Mottooarro then began by His Orator making a long Speech and acknowledging him his King, when three Human Victims were brought in and offered for Morea, the Priest of Mottooarro placing them with their head towards the Young King and with a long speech over each, he offered 3 Young Plantain trees. He then took an Eye out of each, with a Piece of split bamboo, and placing them on a leaf took a Young Plantain tree in one Hand, and the Eyes in the Other Made a long speech holding them up to the Young King, who sat above him with his mouth open; after he had ended his Speech & laid the Plantain trees before the Young King, the Bodys were removed & buried by his priests in the Morai, and the Eyes put up with the Plantain trees on the Altar — the rest of the Chiefs then brought in their Sacrafices in the Same Manner, going through the like Ceremony, some bringing one Victim & Some two according to the bigness or extent of their districts, after which large Drovers of Hogs and an immense quantity of other Provisions such as bread, Yams, Tarro, Plantains, Cocoa nuts &ca. were brought and presented to the Young King. Several large Canoes were also hauld up near the Morai on the sacred ground; these were dressd with several hundred fathoms of Cloth, Red Feathers, Breastplates &c. — all which were secured by the priests & Young Kings attendants—the Marro being now removed and taken Care of by the Priests, they all repaird to feasts prepared for them, which lasted some weeks, the Number of Hogs destroyd on this occasion were beyond all conception, besides Turtle', Fish &c. &c. — I enquired the Cause of the Eye being offered, and was thus informed. The King is the Head of the People for which reason the Head is sacred; the Eye being the most valuable part is the fittest to be offered, and the reason that the King sits with his Mouth open, is to let the Soul of the Sacrafice enter into his Soul, that he may be strengthend thereby, or that He may receive more strength of discernment from it, and they think that His Tutelar Deity or Guardian Angel presides to receive the Soul of the Sacrafice. Several Large Hogs were placed upon the Altar and the Human sacrifices offered this day were 30, some of which had been Killd near a Month.

These were the First that had been offered since our coming to the Island. They never offer Men but such as have committed some great Crime Nor then, but on particular Occasions, but Hogs Fish &c. they offer without Number and on evry triffling affair.

20th. Arrived Millward and McIntosh who having settled the Matter relative to the War, we determined to put it into execution, as None of the Chiefs of Tyarrabboos had assisted at the Ceremony of investing the Young King with the Royal sash. Tommaree had proposed to Make a Grand Feast, under Cover of which he Could have his Men and Canoes collected before he told them what he wanted them for, and by that means would

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<sup>356</sup> WWB has *Tu-nui-e-a'a-i-te-atua*.



prevent it from being blazed about — the English were to be there as partakers of the Feast, and when we were ready to attack them we could be in their Country before they knew what we were at, and by this means make an easy conquest. This appearing to us a very good plan, we agreed to prepare for it as fast as possible, and began to get things in order for Launching the Schooner; but from the Number of Visitors which daily came to see us, owing to the Number collected together in the two districts, we were not able to make any Progress, and it was the 1st of March before we Got her Launched...

(March)

Among our Visitors We often Had the Young King, but as his presence in any House would render it useless to any of the Natives he Never came in.

Sunday the 13th. He was Carried round the Beach of Maatavye on Mens Shoulders dressd in a Cloak of Black feathers and his Head almost Hid in a large Garland of Black and Red Feathers — he was attended by the principal people of the District carrying the Union Jack horisontally over their heads, but as all could not get under it, several Fathoms of painted Cloth was added to it. His Ceremonies are not all performd yet, for which reason he can only pass by the Beach, and cannot go inland, except on sacred Ground leading from the Beach — he made us presents, and appointed each to a portion of Land, being very fond of the whole of us, and desired his Subjects to treat us as his relations, calling us his Uncles (or Medooa's).

14th. Bent the Sails and got evry thing on board and on the 21st Weighd & saild for Oparre, leaving in Maatavye Mr. Stuart, Mr. Heywood, Coleman & Skinner. We anchor'd at the lower part of Oparre where we were Join'd By Norman, Ellison and Byrn, making our number now seven, being McIntosh, Millward, Heildbrandt & Myself.

Burkett, Sumner and Muspratt were already at Papara. All appeared set and rosy for the campaign but tragedy for them all was nigh.

The 25<sup>th</sup>.

... it was night before we reach'd Papaara. We anchord for the night with in a break of the reef about a Mile from Tommarees house. Some went on shore to Tommarees to Sleep, & he Came down to View the Schooner as soon as he had notice of Her Arrival. Next Morning we Weighd, and workd up to the Morai, and Came to an Anchor, here we found Burket, Sumner, Brown & Muspratt. We went on shore to Tommarees to Breakfast but were scarcely sat down when a Friend of Heeteheetes arrived in haste, telling us that a ship had anchord at Maatavye since we had left it, that those who we had left there were gone on board, and that the Boats Mand and Armd were then at Atahooroo in their Way after us, that Heete-heete who was their Pilot had sent him to give us Notice that we might know how to act. No time was now to be lost in fixing on the best plan, and it was agreed to avoid seeing the Boats: and for this reason we got on board leaving Brown & Byrn on shore, and Got under way stood out with a fresh Breeze at E S E standing to the Southward on a Wind. — we hoped by keeping out of sight of the Boats to reach the Ship and go on board of our own accord, hoping thereby to have better treatment then if we stayd to be made prisoners, and Heete-heetes Messenger had given us a very unfavourable account of the Treatment of those who went on board from Maatavye.

But the winds were against the schooner and by the 27<sup>th</sup> they were back at Papara.

When we Anchord we were informd that Mr. Hayward, formerly of the Bounty, was Officer of one of the Boats, which proved to be the same we had seen, who finding they were not like to come up with the Chase had returned to the ship; we also learnt that Byrn had gone to the Ship and Brown having plunder'd Burketts house of all that he could, was gone on board also.

Temarii makes wild efforts to save his 9 friends.

Tommaree, seeing Brown seizing on all that he could find, had sent evry thing back into the Mountains where Burkett, Sumner, Muspratt, Heildbrandt, McIntosh & Millward, went after them, leaving Norman, Ellison and Myself to take Care of the Vessel; in the Mean time I went on shore to get some Cocoa Nuts & some provisions dressd, leaving Norman and Ellison on board, and as the surf run high on the Beach I took no arms with me, when I left the Vessel, when I went to Tommaree he promised that I should have what I wanted Imediately. I told Him that we must go to the Ship, when he said 'if you do Hayward will kill you for He is very angry'. He ordered some hands to carry off Cocoa Nuts and in the Mean time pressd me to stay with him, saying 'if you will go into the Mountains they will never be able to find you'; but I still denyd him; telling him that I must go to the ship. He then upbraided me with deceiving him, and told me that I should not go, and at the same instant I observed several of the Natives on board the Schooner (where they had gone by Tommarees order and under pretence of carrying Cocoa Nuts on board) had taken the Opportunity of Seizing Norman and Ellison and throwing them overboard. I then begd Tommaree to prevent them from being hurted, when he told me that there was no fear of them, and in a few minutes after they landed and were Conducted to Me amidst a Thousand or More of the Natives, when they Poured so fast on board the Schooner that they bore her down on one side and she rolld the most of them overboard; however they soon stripd her of evry thing that they could remove and brought the things on shore, unbending the Sails & unreeving the rigging which they brought away with them.

We askd Tommaree what was the Meaning of this Treatment, and seeing nothing of our Companions and being unarmed ourselves we hardly knew what to think of our situation; he told us it was because we wanted to leave Him, and told us we must go and secure ourselves in the Mountains and keep away from the Ship and we should have our arms and evry thing restored, and he would make good all our damages. We still refused; when he said 'then I'll make you go', and his men Seized us and was proceeding in land with us when we begd of Tommaree to let us see some of our Shipmates before we went, which he agreed to & a Guard was placed over us, till he should return. We were conducted to the house of Tayreehamoedooa where we had provisions prepared in abundance.

We staid here all Night, and next day, When we proposed to make our escape, and a Trusty friend who had lived with me all the time I had been on the Island, being one of Poenos Men, found us out and promised to have a Canoe ready by Midnight to carry us to Maatavye, where he said that Poeno waited with impatience to see us. As soon as it was night, he took his station on the Beach, and about 10 oClock brought Brown into the House; we asked him if he had any arms, when he produced a Pistol which he said he had brought from the Ship with two hatchets & a knife, these He delivered into Normans hands, and asked us what we meant to do, & where the rest were, to which we answerd that we had not seen the others since they landed and we were going to the Ship and askd Him the Name of the Ship & her Commander; but the only account he could give was that she was an English Ship of War and Could inform us No farther. He also Produced a

Bottle with some hollands Geneva of which he offered each a Dram, but the smell proved sufficient for Me and the other two drank but sparingly. Brown told us that He had been Landed at the North Side of the Isthmus by the Ships Boat of which Mr. Hayward had Command, and was sent to Papaara with presents for Tommare, but had not seen him, he said he had been beset near the Moral and narrowly escaped being Killd, his Pistol being wet would not fire, and was forced to shelter himself in the thick Brush near the Morai, and was proceeding to return to the Ship when he was met on the Beach by our Man.

The Canoe being ready we armd, Norman & Myself with a hatchet each Ellison the large Knife, and left the Pistol with Brown, who fresh Primed it, & we set forward; having got to the Canoe without interruption we got in and paddled to Attahooroo, landing about 6 Miles from Papaara on a sandy Beach, which being white was of some help to us in Travelling; here we left the Canoe and proceeded alongshore for 12 or 14 Miles and reachd Pohooatayas House at Tyetabboo about 4 in the Morning of the 29th. Here we found a launch at anchor near the beach, and some Canoes hauld up near the House. We haild the boat but received no answer; those on board being all fast a sleep, as were those who were on shore in the Canoes.

On Enquirey we found that the Canoes belong'd to Areepaeaa, who was Here with them, and the Officer Commanding the Boat was Mr. Robert Corner (Second Lieut of His Majestys Ship Pandora, Captain Edwards) who being asleep in one of the Canoes we waked him and delivered our selves up to Him, telling Him who we were, and delivering the Hatchets to Brown when he came up, also the Pistol and amunition which he had given to Norman by the Way.

Having informed Mr. Cornor where the Schooner was, and what had happend to us, he left us in the Launch with Mr. Rickards, Masters Mate of the Ship, and Six Men, and with 18 more he set out (as soon as daylight enabled him to proceed) by land for Papaara, taking Brown with him, we remain'd here till two in the afternoon when Mr. Hayward (who we found was Third Lieutenant of the Ship) arrived with the Pinnace and 20 Men Armd, and by his orders we had our hands tyed and Mr. Rickards being ordered into the Pinnace, Mr. Seville a Midshipman was put on board the Launch & ordered to proceed to the Ship then 25 or 30 miles distant. Mr. Hayward askd us no other question but where the others were, which we could not answer not knowing ourselves. We parted from the Pinnace about 3 oClock, and during the Passage up, Mr. Seville gave each of us half a Pint of Wine and from Him we learnt the Fate of the Bountys Launch, and he also informd us that Lieut. Bligh was made Post Captain. He also enquired what was become of the Bounty and who was in her, which we answerd to the best of our knowledge, and we reach'd the Ship at 9 oClock when we were handed on board and put both legs In Irons, under the Half Deck, after which our hands were cast loose; there being no Marines, two Seamen & a Midshipman were posted over us with Pistols & bayonets.

Here we found in Irons Geo. Stuart, Peter Heywood, Josh. Coleman, Richd. Skinner, & Michl. Byrn, who informd us that Handcuffs were Making by the Armourer which were next day put on, and orders Given to the Centinals not to suffer any of the Natives to speak to us, and to shoot the first Man that spoke to another in the Taheite Language. We remaind under the Half Deck some days, during which time we had full allowance of evry thing but grog, which we did not then want, having plenty of Cocoa Nuts provided for us by our friends, who were not sufferd to speak or look at us, any who lookd pitifully toward us were ordered out of the Ship...

(April)

On the 9th of April the Schooner was brought to the Ship by Mr. Hayward, and in her came Thos. Burkett, Jno. Sumner, Thos. McIntosh, Willm. Muspratt, Jno. Millward, & Henry Heildbrand who were Iron'd Hand and foot in the Same manner as we were as soon as they came on board.

The Poop or Roundhouse being finishd we were Conveyd into it and put in Irons as before. This Place we Stiled Pandoras Box, the entrance being a Scuttle on the top of 18 or 20 inches Square, Secured by a bolt on the top thro' the Coamings, two Scuttles of nine inches square in the Bulk head for air with Iron Grates, and the Stern ports bar'd inside and out with Iron; the Centrys were placed on the top while the Midshipman walkd across by the Bulk head. The length of this Box was 11 feet upon deck and 18 wide at the Bulk head, and here no person was suffered to speak to us but the Master at Arms, and His orders were not to speak to us on any score but that of our provisions.

The Heat of the place when it was calm was so intense that the Sweat frequently ran in Streams to the Scuppers, and produced Maggots in a short time; the Hammocks being dirty when we got them, we found stored with Vermin of another kind, which we had no Method of erradicating but by lying on the Plank; and tho our Freinds would have supplyd us with plenty of Cloth they were not permitted to do it, and our only remedy was to lay Naked, — these troublesome Neighbours and the two necessary tubbs which were Constantly kept in the place helpd to render our situation truely disagreeable.

During the time we staid, <sup>357</sup> the Weomen with whom we had cohabited on the Island Came frequently under the Stern (bringing their Children of which there were 6 born, Four Girls & two Boys, & several of the Weomen big with Child) Cutting their Heads till the Blood discoloured the water about them, their Female friends acting their part also and making bitter lamentations, — but when they came to be known, they were always driven away by the Captains orders and none of them sufferd to come near the Ship.

Notwithstanding which they continued to come near enough to be observed, and there performd their Mourning rites which on the day the Ship Weighd, were sufficient to evince the truth of their Grief & melt the most obdurate Heart...

(May)

May, 1791. The Schooner being fitted, & the Water Compleat we saild from Taheite on the 19th of May...

From that day the island on which they had dwelt for 19 months became but a memory of the Past.

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<sup>357</sup> WWB: — to the 19<sup>th</sup> of May

## Tahitian Chiefs and Treaty Making

from “Polynesian Reminiscences” by W. T. Pritchard <sup>358</sup>

In November 1836 and again in January 1837 the Roman Catholic priests in pairs had come and gone from Tahiti — expelled. In August 1838 Commodore Du Petit Thouars had come — and gone after having forcibly secured (1) an Apology, (2) an Indemnity, (3) a Salute of 21 Guns to the French Flag and (4) the appointment of the Belgian Moerenhout as French Consul.

Near the close of 1840 Queen Pomare IV went on a visit to the Leeward Islands. <sup>359</sup>

In compliance with repeated invitations, Queen Pomare, near the end of 1840, went on a visit to the “Leeward Islands,” commonly called the Society Islands, the Chief Paraita being appointed Regent during her Majesty’s absence. My father also left Tahiti on the 2nd of February, 1841, on leave of absence, to visit England, my mother remaining still at Tahiti. M. Moerenhout, the French Consul, now had everything his own way, and soon won the confidence of the Regent, who became his fast friend. Before the Queen returned, M. Moerenhout had quietly obtained the signatures of the Regent and three of the leading chiefs to the following document, which at the time of signature bore no date :—

*“This is a word from the Representative of the Queen and the Chiefs of Tahiti, administering the government of the Queen, now absent, to the French Consul, J. A. Moerenhout. Health to you. On account of the growth of evil in this land among certain foreigners residing here, who are breaking our laws and regulations, who kill people, and commit all manner of crimes, and who are being protected by influential persons residing here as the representatives of countries where those crimes are punished with greater rigour than in ours; this is our word to you. Make known this our word to the King of France, that he may speak to a captain of a ship of war to visit this island, to examine the regulations of this land, and assist us in enforcing the laws of this country, and also to assist us in reference to the false decisions resolved upon. And when our practices shall be understood and the truth made known, then the evil designed by the false party will be removed. Make known our word to the King of France, we wish him to assist us. It is our wish that you send this our desire. Peace be with you,*

*“Paeaita, Regent,*

*“Paite, Hitoti, Tati, Governors of Districts.”*

When on her return the Queen discovered what had been secretly done, she wrote at once to the King of the French, to Queen Victoria, and to the President of the United States, entirely disavowing the document, and stating that it had been surreptitiously obtained by the French Consul during her absence. How the signatures of the Regent and his three

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<sup>358</sup> [William Thomas Pritchard \(1829–1907\)](#) was the son of [George Pritchard \(1796–1883\)](#), who was appointed British Consul at Papeete in 1837; see *The Consul Pritchard* in the Appendix. This addendum is extracted from Chapter II, *Tahiti Ceded to France*, of *Polynesian Reminiscences*, which can be found [here](#).

<sup>359</sup> In his addendum, WWB has edited the extracted text. Rather than presenting WWB’s text, pages 22 to 29 of Chapter II have been reproduced; the text that WWB has not extracted is shown in grey.

accomplices were obtained, is recorded by the Regent himself in a note addressed to the British Vice-Consul in charge of the Consulate during my father's absence.

*“Dear Friend Cunningham, — This is our word to you respecting the letter which M. Moerenhout, the French Consul, brought, that we might write our names to it. This we declare to you, that we did not know what had been written, we did not rightly understand the nature of the writing. We signed our names to that letter ignorantly. Let that document be thoroughly undone. By no means let the letter written by Moerenhout be acted upon. That is all we have to say. — Paraita.”*

Again, in 1843, when the Queen instituted a stringent inquiry into the proceedings of the Regent, the Chiefs Tati and Utami declared in evidence that M. Moerenhout himself wrote the letter; that he got them into his house in the night to sign their names, under a promise of one thousand dollars each; that they signed it before the Queen either saw or signed it; and that in all they did they acted under fear.

The Queen received from the French Admiral, Buglet, an assurance, which, gratifying as it was at the moment, was subsequently totally contradicted by the acts of another French Admiral. Writing from “the French frigate ‘Thetis,’ in the Bay of Valparaiso,” under date of the 21st January, 1842, Admiral Buglet tells the Queen:—

*“I know that many alarm your Majesty by stating the intentions of France in regard to your possessions, but I can assure you that the Government of the King neither wishes to conquer your States nor to take them under its protection; that which it wishes is to maintain with Tahiti the amicable relations which it has with other States. As soon as possible, my successor, Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars, will send a ship of war to Tahiti, not to enforce the execution of treaties which your Majesty, I am convinced, has not broken, but to prove to you yet further the advantages you derive from your amity with the French, and that our missionaries wish nothing but to do good to your subjects, and not to put arms into their hands, as some seek to persuade your Majesty, in order to injure them in your opinion and that of your subjects.”*

Again, on the 21st August, 1842, Queen Pomare was gratified by assurances of a similar nature from Captain Du Bouze, commanding the corvette ‘L'Aube.’

Early in September, 1842, Du Petit Thouars once more appeared at Tahiti, after a visit to France and his promotion to the command in chief of the French naval forces in the Pacific. His first week in port was spent in quiet daily interviews with the French Consul. At the expiration of that time, M. Moerenhout requested the Regent, Paraita, to invite Utami and Tati, two of the great chiefs, to a friendly interview with the Admiral. They came, and what took place is thus described by the Chief Tati:—

*“When Admiral Du Petit Thouars arrived, the Regent sent for Utami and me, telling us that M. Moerenhout and the Admiral wished to see us at a friendly interview at Papeete. From the Consul’s house we went on board the Admiral’s ship, with the other chiefs and the Regent. We were told by the Admiral that he had come to Tahiti because the flag of the priests had been insulted and hauled down, Frenchmen had been maltreated, and the words of the Consul of France had been disregarded. The Admiral said he had great compassion in his heart towards us, but his compassion must give way to his duty to his King, and he must demand redress. The Queen must either give him money or Tahiti, or he would fire upon the land. We were greatly afraid, and talked amongst ourselves. The*



Chief Utami and I said to the Regent, 'Is this the friendly meeting you asked us to attend?' The Regent said, 'Who would have expected such work as this!' It was now night, and when we had taken some wine, we all went ashore to M. Moerenhout's house. There he showed us the agreement, and told us to sign our names at once. We objected. The Regent said all would be well if we signed our names. I told him that he was the Queen's representative, and that if he said all would be right, we could do nothing else but sign. M. Moerenhout said <sup>360</sup> we should all have one thousand dollars each if we put our names to the paper, and then we signed it. We were afraid of the Admiral and his great words. The Chief Utami said, 'How will it be with Britain in this matter?' M. Moerenhout replied, 'This is between France and Tahiti; Britain will be work for me.'"

On the day after the interview, Admiral Du Petit Thouars' frigate 'La Reine Blanche,' was prepared for action; springs were put on her cables, guns shotted and run out, and boats armed. Notice was sent to the various Consuls, that "difficulties of a graye nature having arisen which would probably lead to hostilities, 'La Reine Blanche' was offered as an asylum for themselves and their families." The Queen was at Moorea, an island some nine miles from Tahiti, and under her Government. Her Majesty was summoned by the gallant Admiral "to appear at once at Tahiti to answer to the demands of the great French nation for indemnity for injuries and injustice suffered by Frenchmen at the hands of the Tahitians." Her Majesty was hourly expecting her confinement, and sent over the Rev. A. Simpson, an English missionary, together with Tairapa, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, as her delegates. Mr. Simpson was soon disposed of. M. Moerenhout wrote to him thus:—

"The French Admiral, Du Petit Thouars, has commanded me to inform you that he will not receive you as a messenger from the Queen of Tahiti, you being an Englishman and a missionary." Tairapa was received, and directed to return forthwith to his royal mistress with the document which the Regent and the Chiefs had already signed, and with the Admiral's message:— "Sign this paper, or pay ten thousand dollars within twenty-four hours; if the paper with the Queen's signature or the money be not before me within the twenty-four hours, I fire upon Papeete without further notice." It was evening when Tairapa arrived in the presence of his Queen and delivered the message. Long and severe was the struggle, whether her Majesty would sign or not. Silent and thoughtful, Pomare lay on her bed in the pains of labour, putting off the moment of decision as long as possible. At length Tairapa reminded her Majesty that the hour was approaching when he must return with the answer, — her signature or her money. "Money?" she exclaimed, "where has Pomare ten thousand dollars in cash? I have the land of my ancestors and I have my people, but where have I ten thousand dollars?" And then Pomare wept! She sent for Mr. Simpson:— "My good missionary, I must sign this paper. I sign it only through my great fear, very reluctantly. I cannot pay the fine. If the Admiral fires on my people, they will massacre all the white men in Papeete before they run to their mountains. Therefore I sign this paper through my great fear of the French, and to prevent the bloodshed they will cause by firing on my people." And then, weeping and sobbing as she took the pen, Queen Pomare signed her name to the document, and Tahiti was gone! Turning to her sleeping boy, she took him up in her arms and exclaimed, as audibly as her sobs would let her, "My child, my child, I have signed away your birthright!"

The following is the document:—

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<sup>360</sup> WWB: *This for the 2<sup>nd</sup> time it must be noticed.*

*“Tahiti, September 9, 1842.*

*“To Admiral Du Petit Thouars.*

*“As in the present state of affairs we can no longer govern so as to preserve a good understanding with foreign governments, without exposing ourselves to the loss of our islands, our authority, and our liberty, we, the undersigned, the Queen and the principal chiefs of Tahiti, address the present letter to you, to solicit the King of the French to take us under his protection, upon the following conditions :—*

*“1. The sovereignty of the Queen, and her authority, and the authority of the chiefs over their people, shall be guaranteed to them.*

*“2. All laws and regulations shall be issued in the Queen's name, and signed by her.*

*“3. The possession of lands belonging to the Queen and to the people shall be secured to them, and shall remain in their possession; all disputes relative to the right to property or lands shall be under the special jurisdiction of the tribunals of the country.*

*“4. Every one shall be free in the exercise of his form of worship or religion.*

*“5. The Churches at present established shall continue to exist, and the English missionaries shall continue their labours without molestation; the same shall apply to every other form of worship, no one shall be molested or constrained in his belief.*

*“Under these conditions, the Queen and the principal chiefs solicit the protection of the King of the French, resigning into his hands, or to the care of the French Government, or to the person appointed by him and approved by Queen Pomare, the direction of all relations with foreign governments, as well as everything relative to foreign residents, port regulations, etc. etc., and of such further measures as lie may judge necessary for the preservation of peace and good understanding.*

*“(Signed) Pomare.*

*Paraita, Regent.*

*Utami.*

*Hitoti.*

*Tati.”*

The French Protectorate became a fact. <sup>361</sup>

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<sup>361</sup> Regarding the establishment of the Protectorate, see Chapter X of *Old Time Tahiti*.

## The Pritchard Affair

from “Polynesian Reminiscences”, p. 42 and sequence

by W. T. Pritchard

This book published in 1866 was written whilst  
“my father still lives, a hale, hearty old man”.

### Prelude

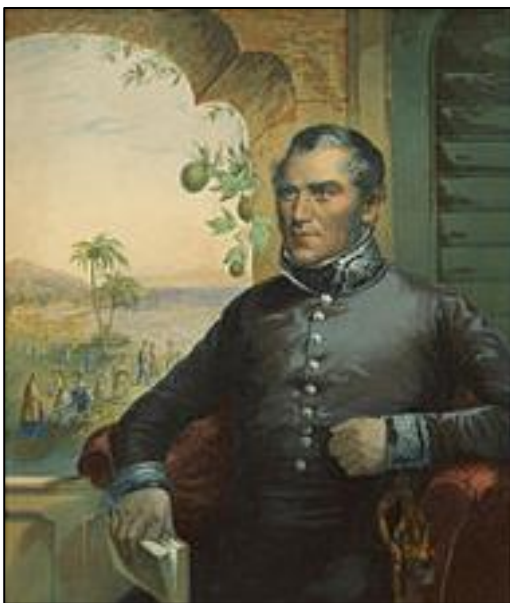
On November 7, 1843 Pritchard struck his Consular Flag on the ground that he was accredited as Consul to his Tahitian Queen’s and not to a French government that day proclaimed by Du Petit Thouars : but though striking his Flag he reserved to himself his functions as Consul till the instructions of his government should be received. Much trouble ensued on Thouars’ action. The Queen fled to the Consul’s protection. A British warship lay in the harbour which did not allay the excitement on both sides.<sup>362</sup>

It soon appeared that my father<sup>363</sup> was a marked man. In the afternoon of the 3rd of March,<sup>364</sup> just as he was about to step into the ‘Cormorant’s’ boat, to go on board that vessel on official business, with Captain Gordon, — and in presence of my mother, who

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<sup>362</sup> The text below can be found [here](#). Text not extracted by WWB is shown in grey. See also *The Pritchard Affair* in the Addenda.

<sup>363</sup> George Pritchard, Her Britannic Majesty’s consul, by George Baxter (1840–1867), from the Rex Nan Kivell Collection of the National Library of Australia, Canberra. The scenery represents the bay of Papeete, Queen Pomare’s palace, the chapel and natives returning from a week-day service.



<sup>364</sup> WWB: (1844)

was standing on the verandah, <sup>365</sup> — he was seized by a party of gendarmes, and, without ceremony, led through mud and rain to a “blockhouse,” hastily prepared for his reception. No reason whatever was assigned for his capture, no charge alleged, either to my father or to Captain Gordon. *Inter arma silent leges.* <sup>366</sup>

The place to which my father was taken, commonly called a “blockhouse,” was a building fifteen feet by ten, and twenty feet high, and in place of doors and windows, had loopholes every two feet apart, just large enough to admit the muzzle of a musket. Ten feet from the ground was a floor, dividing the building into upper and lower compartments. A ladder led up to this floor from the outside, through an opening just wide enough to admit one man at a time. The lower compartment had the bare, wet ground for floor, and as the building was on the side of a hill, the rain, which fell in torrents, drained down the slope, making the place quite a mud-hole. My father ascended the ladder, and when the last soldier had followed, it was drawn up and put down into the lower compartment through a trap-door, and my father ordered to descend to his quarters below. As he stepped off the ladder, he alighted ankle-deep in mud, and found a mattress, blanket, and bolster for his bedding; no other furniture was there in the place. My father asked the officer in command to let my mother know where he was, just to relieve her mind. But nay, — *martial law knows not the feelings of a wife.* And for sixteen hours my father lay in his dungeon without tasting food or water, without changing his wet clothes, or my mother knowing what had become of him: he might have been hanged or shot for all she knew. At the end of the sixteen hours my mother heard where he was, and at once sent him food and clothes. The guards examined everything, even the plates, to see that there was no secret message written by the wife to her husband, and then gave the prisoner a little cake, a little water, and a change of clothes, — at the same time handing him a paper with the Commandant’s signature and these words:— “A French sentinel was attacked in the night of the 2nd to the 3rd of March. In reprisal, I have caused to be seized one Pritchard, the only daily mover and instigator of the disturbance of the natives. His property shall be answerable for all damages occasioned to our establishment by the insurgents; and if French blood is spilt, every drop shall recoil on his head.” No sentinel had been attacked; <sup>367</sup> but that did not matter. And instead of moving the natives to attack the French, my father had exerted all his influence to prevent a collision, well knowing that if the Tahitians drove the French into the sea, France could send men enough to sink the island itself.

From this time my mother was allowed to supply food at 8 A.M. and at 4 P.M. As the servant who took the food was seen approaching, a soldier advanced to meet him some fifty yards from the prison, to prevent any communication with my father. It was solitary confinement, the only man entering the dungeon being the soldier who passed the food through the trap-door. On the third day after his arrest, my father had a severe attack of dysentery, and begged that the Commandant would allow Dr. Johnston, who attended our family, to see him. In reply the Commandant stated he was “truly sorry the exigencies of his position did not allow him to comply with the request except under certain restrictions,” which were “as soon as Dr. Johnston presents himself at the blockhouse, accompanied by the interpreter Latour, he shall be introduced to the upper story; the trap-door shall be opened, and the prisoner shall converse for ten minutes with the doctor, but

<sup>365</sup> WWB: *The Consulate house is on the waterfront.*

<sup>366</sup> Among arms, laws are silent.

<sup>367</sup> WWB: *News flies fast in a small community and Pritchard would surely have heard of it. The signature reads strangely as Commandant Bruat reported to his authorities in France that he was absent at the time from Papeete.*

the doctor shall not be permitted to descend into the chamber of the invalid. Dr. Johnston shall be admitted to converse in this manner with the prisoner at 8 A.M. and at 4 P.M. daily, and the medicines shall also be sent at these hours.” As soon as Dr. Johnston saw the place in which my father was confined, he pronounced it unfit even for the dungeon of a dog, and requested that a French doctor might be sent for. M. La Stoiique attended, and declared the place very suitable and proper for the prisoner! Nevertheless, Dr. Johnston represented to the Commander that, to save my father’s life, it was absolutely necessary to remove him at once. In the meantime the dysentery increased, and a fever supervened, which brought my father so low that the exertion of clambering up the ladder and standing on the upper step, to let the doctor feel his pulse, induced so great a tremor and excitement throughout his frame, as to make it utterly impossible to ascertain his real condition. In reply, my father was allowed to go into the upper story, and to sit there ten minutes for the doctor to examine him. No conversation was allowed on any subject other than the dysentery and the fever; and the medicines were emptied out of the papers in which the doctor wrapped them, the papers minutely scrutinized to detect any writing that might be a secret message, and then the medicines put back. On the 8th the Commandant was convinced by Dr. Johnston that if my father remained in the blockhouse another three days, it would cost him his life. At night my father was startled from a doze by the opening of the trap-door, and a soldier descending the ladder with a lantern, followed by an officer, who stated that he had orders from the Governor to convey the prisoner on board the French frigate ‘La Meurte.’ A guard escorted my father, at dead of night, from the blockhouse to the seashore, where an armed boat was awaiting him. Not a word was spoken above a whisper, and the officer in command never relaxed his tight grasp of my father’s arm until the prisoner was safely in the boat between the bayonets of the marines. Arrived on board the frigate, he was put into a compartment on the maindeck, screened off for the occasion from all intercourse with the rest of the ship.<sup>368</sup> As compared with the place from which he had just passed in a high fever, and through the damp midnight air, this was a palace. In the “blockhouse,” not to particularize the vermin and dirt generally which fell through the flooring of the upper room, the guard spat about the place so much that there was a continual drop, drop, drop through the crevices on to my father’s head or face, as he happened to be sitting or lying on his mattress.

Captain Gordon, of H.M.S. *Cormorant*, demanded the release of my father; and after a rather sharp and brisk correspondence, the Governor agreed to put him on board the ‘Cormorant,’ after the vessel was at sea, if Captain Gordon would give a pledge that there should be no intercourse with the shore. By the firm persistence of Captain Gordon, my mother was afterwards allowed to meet my father at sea, on condition that they merely took leave of each other, without making any arrangements as to my father’s property or anything else. On the 13th of March, 1844, the ‘Cormorant’ steamed out from Papeete harbour, and when well out to sea, awaited the French boats. After some little delay — just to exercise the patience of the British commander — my father was put on board, took leave of my mother, and the ‘Cormorant’ steered for Valparaiso; and thus were the French rid of my father.

While my father was in the “blockhouse,” the report of a musket was heard one morning, followed quickly by the sound of drums beating to arms. My mother, to whom a copy of the proclamation containing the words, “if any French blood is spilt, every drop shall

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<sup>368</sup> WWB: *This also reads strangely as Bruat reports that Pritchard had his meals with the Captain who had ordered the arrest.*

recoil on his head,” had been politely sent by the Governor, thought the next she would hear would be the execution of the threat, and awaited the result of the call to arms with trembling anxiety; and my father momentarily awaited the same result, as he lay on his hard bed, and heard the sentinels cock their pieces, while the sergeant of the guard gave the order to look well to the prisoner. But their anxiety was relieved, and my father still lives, a hale, hearty old man. It turned out to be a false alarm. Two erratic donkeys, not considering themselves bound by martial law, were strolling about the bush in search of grass; as they passed one of the sentries, he heard the leaves rustle, and concluding at once that the natives were coming, fired in the direction of the noise. Though the donkeys escaped the bullet of the watchful sentry, they could not evade the vigilance of the commandant. They were duly captured and duly impounded in the Governor’s yard for I don’t know how many days.

Proceeding to Valparaiso in the ‘Cormorant,’ my father there found his old friend, Commodore Toup Nicolas; and together they came home to England in the ‘Vindictive.’ In his place in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel declared “a gross indignity has been offered to Britain in the person of her Consul;” and some sort of apology was tardily made by the French Government of the day.

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But what compensation did my father ever receive, further than the intimation conveyed to him by Lord Aberdeen, that the “French Government had pledged themselves to indemnify Mr. Pritchard for his pecuniary losses, his illegal imprisonment, and the consequent sufferings of his wife and family,” and “had apologized for the insult offered to the British nation in the person of the Consul”? <sup>370</sup>

Leaving Tahiti as he did, his immediate pecuniary losses were, in round numbers, about £4000. My mother had to do the best she could for herself and family, and she found it necessary to be off from Tahiti as quickly as possible, for the Frenchmen annoyed and insulted her in every possible way, even to sending gendarmes on to the premises to kill pigs and fowls, and to taunt her as she stood on her own verandah. From the Foreign Office my father received, while in England, the sum of £1000, for which he gave the following receipt:— “Received from the Earl of Aberdeen the sum of £1000, which I promise to repay to her Majesty’s Government when I receive my indemnity from the French Government.” This receipt bears date the 12th or 13th of January, 1845. Towards the end of 1846 another £1000 was “loaned” to him by the Foreign Office on the same conditions; and there, with fine phrases, wordy apologies, ample pledges, and considerable loss, the matter rests, <sup>371</sup> so far as my father and his indemnity is concerned. <sup>372</sup>

My father’s consular district comprised Tahiti, Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji, with the intermediate islands. After the “Tahiti affair,” he was directed by the Foreign Office to return to his post, making Samoa his residence. In 1845 my parents went there, and my

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<sup>369</sup> WWB: *Pritchard’s compensation*

<sup>370</sup> WWB: *Though he had struck his flag he was still “Acting” Consul till he heard otherwise.*

<sup>371</sup> WWB: *in 1866*

<sup>372</sup> WWB: *This definite statement should silence the generally accepted belief that the Indemnity was finally paid in 1847 by a subterfuge owing to the strong opposition to payment met with in the French Chamber of Deputies, it being smothered in other sums voted. The “loans” were eventually cancelled and the matter dropped.*



mother having returned to England, I joined my father in 1848, after he who had made Pomare an “ex-Queen” had himself become an “ex-King.”

In concluding the narrative of the “Tahiti affair,” — now a mere matter of history, — it is with pleasure that I find myself able to state that, however unhappy my father’s intercourse was with the officers of the French navy at Tahiti, my own personal intercourse with the gallant officers I had the honour to meet in the Pacific, both officially and in my private capacity, was invariably marked with cordiality and a good understanding; and especially from Captain Lévêque, commanding the corvette ‘Cornelie,’ I received, while Consul at Fiji, the utmost courtesy, and experienced the most friendly feelings. It was also always my good fortune to be on the most friendly terms with the French priests in my consular district.

## The Spanish Marine's Story

### Prelude <sup>373</sup>

Máximo Rodríguez, <sup>374</sup> a young man in his 20s having served with particular credit as a marine in the frigate *Aguila* throughout her voyage to Tahiti and back in 1772–3, was selected by the Viceroy of Peru to return in the quality of Interpreter with the expedition which his Excellency dispatched in 1774 in the same vessel to the same destination. The Instructions issued to Máximo required him to remain on the island with the 2 Franciscan friars embarked at the same time whom Captain Boenechea was commissioned to install there as missionaries. The Diary he kept of his sojourn is for the most part a document of simple domestic interest but it contains some historical matter not recorded elsewhere and shares with the more fragmentary report of the Fathers the distinction of being the record of the first sojourn of Europeans at Tahiti without the continuous support of their ship. It has the merit of having been written on the spot. Other records such as those of Wallis, de Bougainville and Cook describe what they saw but none of them acquired the opportunities that fell to Máximo's lot through enjoying the confidence of Chiefs and the common natives alike and living in familiar relationship with them. Moreover he moved amongst them with a competent knowledge of their language which he naturally steadily improved. He had acquired this by prolonged association with 2 of the 4 natives who were taken to Peru in 1772–3 and who remained there in close touch with him until they re-embarked for home in 1774. His record of the important Chief Vehiatua is unique as only the barest mention of him would otherwise be known. It is indeed the outstanding feature of the Diary.

He does not name the place of his birth but many things point to his having been born at Lima and was a halfcaste. This parentage may well have brought about the readiness with which Tahitians gave him their confidence and the actual affection they showed towards him from first to last. It may also account for his aptitude for falling into line with their mentality and merging in their domestic life. <sup>375</sup> Though he alleges that he was “*without education*” <sup>376</sup> it is evident that he had received some teaching by the only teachers in Peru, the Fathers stationed there. They had left their impress on his mind for he shows on occasion the narrow-minded, fatuous religious bias that prevailed in South America in his day. He was no scholar but he had abundant application for the tasks imposed upon him by his Viceroy which were to act as Interpreter for the Fathers and also to acquaint himself with the physical features of Tahiti, its harbours, roadsteads, produce and so forth, as well as the manners and customs of the natives and to keep a record of events day by day. All this he certainly did, with the credit to himself and value to posterity. The writing of the Diary gave Máximo a good deal of trouble and worry even to the ink required but in chief owing to the attitude of the 2 Fathers saw fit

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<sup>373</sup> WWB's prelude has been adapted from Corney's introduction to the diary, *Some Account of Máximo Rodríguez and His Diary: and the Mystic Bowl of Marae Taputapuataea*, and from his *Descriptive Index of Personal and Place-Names Quoted in the Diary of Máximo Rodríguez*.

<sup>374</sup> Unlike Corney, WWB writes *Maximo Rodriguez*, and other proper names, without accents.

<sup>375</sup> On page xvii of his introduction, Corney quotes David Samwell, surgeon of the HMS *Discovery*, at Tahiti in August 1776: “*They [the Spanish ships] left three Spaniards behind them on the island... One of them was a common person, whom the Indians called Marteemo; he was very much liked by them & had, during his abode here, rendered himself by far the most noted of any of the Spaniards... Marteemo made the tour of the Island & lived upon a very friendly footing with the Natives, conforming himself to their customs & manners, & indulging himself with those pleasures which the Islands afforded, more particularly among the Girls, which last Circumstance was so agreeable to the Genius of these People that they looked upon him on this account to be the best Fellow among his Countrymen, who preserved a haughty Distance in their Behaviour to the Indians.*”

<sup>376</sup> Page xx.

to adopt towards him. The mainspring of their ill will was jealousy on 2 counts : jealousy of his popularity and jealousy of his accountableness to other and higher Authorities than themselves. The seaman servant Pérez also, who had been allotted to cook for the party, tend the garden and livestock and carry out menial duties in general at the Mission House, turned out to be sulky, churlish and disorderly lout and Máximo had to turn cook, gardener and general servant at times. There was heavy domestic discord all too often, there were wrangles into which he was sometimes forced, but throughout his demeanour towards the Fathers was respectful and obedient and he took their language of disparagement and even abuse with fine resignation.

Of the 2 fathers, Narciso <sup>377</sup> and Gerónimo, the latter was the most human and more genial towards Máximo than the former, who seemingly ranked as the senior of the 2 in authority. They came from the Franciscan College of Santa Rosa raised at Santa María de Ocopa in Peru, Narciso an Estremaduran, Gerónimo a Catalan, both in Old Spain, and the 2 men were clearly unfitted both physically and mentally for their task.

Besides the Diary borne off by Máximo on his return to Peru he carried with him a great and unique treasure, a mystic bowl of stone, unique, to be forwarded to His Majesty of Spain from the Chief Tu. This stone came from the island of Maupiti <sup>378</sup> in the Leeward Group. Only 6 miles in circuit it consists mainly of 2 hills and contains a dolerite quarry from which natives were used to procure adze blades and pestles for pounding food. The bowl's experiences were many and varied, finally it was altogether lost but by great good fortune D<sup>r</sup> Bolton Corney discovered it in the National Museum in Madrid in 1912. It was lying, hidden away, as Exhibit Number 2664, none knowing aught concerning it. <sup>379</sup>

<sup>377</sup> WWB writes this name as *Narcisco*.

<sup>378</sup> *Maurua* in Corney's introduction, page xxxiv.

<sup>379</sup> Plate 2, *The Mystic Bowl of Marae Taputapuatea*



The photograph of the *Mystic Bowl of Marae Taputapuatea* below is reproduced in Langdon, [The Lost Caravel Re-explored](#), page 120, from the Auckland City Art Gallery. "It was taken in 1977 when the bowl was on loan to that gallery

Upon Máximo's return to Lima, His Majesty gave him a Commission as Sub-Lieutenant of Infantry with full pay "*as a recognition of merit*".<sup>380</sup> He married, settled down in Lima and died somewhere around the 1820's for his widow held a copy of the Diary in 1825.

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*for an exhibition entitled 'The Two Worlds of Omai'. The bowl was displayed below a portrait of Omai by Sir Joshua Reynolds."*



<sup>380</sup> Page xxvi.

**The Story** <sup>381</sup>

Condensed from “The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti”

by Bolton Corney — Vol III.

H.M. Aguila and the storeship Jupiter sailed from El Callao on the 20<sup>th</sup> of September 1774 and arrived at Vaiurua <sup>382</sup> at the extreme southern end of Taiarapu <sup>383</sup> or Lesser Tahiti, where the same ship had come to an anchor in 1772, on the 15<sup>th</sup> of November 1774. The frigate’s boat proceeded to reconnoitre for a better harbour and location for the Mission House, Máximo and Pautu in it. Passing through the reef at the entrance to an anchorage some canoes came out asking for the 4 natives; Pautu, a man of 30 years of age, Tetuanui (Manuel), a lad of 14 years, both of whom had been baptized, Heiau and Tipitipia who had voyaged to Peru on the previous visit of the frigate. The last 2 had died, Heiau, a lad of about 16 years of age, who had expired as the frigate entered the harbour of Valparaiso in February 1773 and Tipitipia, a young man about 25 years of age, at Lima the same year. The natives had understood by signs from the storeship which had arrived 7 days ahead of the frigate that their fellow countrymen were aboard. Pautu was recognized and as soon as the shore was reached the boat party stepped to his home in front of which a multitude had gathered, some delighted, others weeping at the news of the death of those named : here he met his mother and sisters, the din so great that conversation was impossible. Tetuanui’s home was close by. Máximo went off to see Tipitipia’s father where he consoled them assuring them that everything possible had been done to save his son. He then met with Tetuanui’s parents explaining that he was slightly unwell but would soon be ashore. Heiau’s parents were not on the scene, their home being Vairao. <sup>384</sup> The boat was re-entered, not without difficulty owing to the crowd and confusion, and keeping inside the reef they rowed to the harbour of Tautira <sup>385</sup> where the Vaitepihu river reaches the sea, a secure one with good holding

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<sup>381</sup> *The Story* is condensed by WWB from the *Daily Narrative kept by the Interpreter, Máximo Rodríguez at the Island of Amat, otherwise Otahiti, in the year 1774*, and from Corney’s footnotes. WWB also included comments of his own, in addition to the Diary, in text that is indented on both the left and the right in his manuscript; those comments are also indented here. Quotes from the Diary are given in italics, with edits by WWB in parentheses. WWB is less than rigorous when quoting the text of the Diary; corrections to WWB’s text and quotes, and other additions, are given in square brackets. In places where the ‘quoted’ text is far from being verbatim, the quotes have been removed. At the time of transcribing this addendum (June 2012), the text of the Diary was not available online; WWB’s text has, however, been checked with a printed copy of *The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti*, Vol. III. WWB has translated the personal and place names in the Diary to those in modern use, based on the *Descriptive Index*; the first instance of each translation is footnoted. The dates of the entries in the Diary from which WWB has quoted the text are footnoted. See also *The Grand Tour* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*. (The text was subsequently made available online [here](#).)

<sup>382</sup> *Guayurua* in the Diary.

<sup>383</sup> *Tayarapu* in the Diary.

<sup>384</sup> *Guayuru* in the Diary.

<sup>385</sup> *Ohatutira* in the Diary.



ground and shelter and where Tu<sup>386, 387</sup> and Vehiatua were at the time, after reconciliation had taken place at the close of some trouble between their respective domains.

Note This Vehiatua, an hereditary title of the Paramount Chief of Taiarapu or Lesser Tahiti was Ta'ata, a lad of about 18 who with a younger brother Tetua, not yet in his teens, were left to a mother named Purahi by the late Vehiatua Taitoa. She soon after married a lesser Chief named Ti'i-toria<sup>388</sup> and bore a daughter. Ta'ata's domain was extensive, covering not only Lesser Tahiti but extending up the west coast to Papara and on the east coast to Hitiaa. Tu, a man of 30, was the "first" Pomare, whose domain was at Paré, the north end of Greater Tahiti, but who aspired to gather under him not only the remaining free Districts east and west of him but Lesser Tahiti as well. He laid claim to the latter as against the youthful Vehiatua — and a little later the still younger Vehiatua who succeeded him, and still later the child nephew of the latter, the son of his stepsister and therefore not in the male line — on the grounds of cousinship : Tu's ancestor 4 generations back having married Tetua-e-Huri, the sister of the Vehiatua of that day. But throughout Máximo's stay on Tahiti, Tu and Ta'ata were friends.

The boat party met Vehiatua first whose canoe made for the boat from the harbour's shore and Pautu began according to custom to throw off his clothes in so august a presence but was stayed by the Officer in command, his belt and his sash he insisted upon handing over. Next came Tu in a canoe. He brought one of his 2 younger brothers with him, named Hinoi,<sup>389</sup> leaving ashore his father Ha'apai, his mother Tetupaia, another brother Ariipaea and his sisters so keen was he to see again the young returned marine and so warm a feeling was his that he there and then adopted Máximo as his brother and exchanged names, a lasting bond and sign of highest favour. The boat was told of Cook's and Furneaux's arrival the previous year at Tautira in H.M.S. Resolution and Adventure for a short

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<sup>386</sup> *Otù* in the Diary.

<sup>387</sup> Plate 1, *O TU-NUI-E-A'A-I-TE-ATUA*, Lord Paramount of TAHITI (1747–1803). From the original portrait in Greenwich Hospital, drawn from life by William Hodges in 1773.



<sup>388</sup> November 15, 1774. *Titorea* in the Diary.

<sup>389</sup> *Hinoy* in the Diary.



stay and their anchorage at Matavai <sup>390</sup> and to prove it Tu gave the Officer of the boat a game bag which he had received from Otute (Cook). <sup>391</sup>

Before the 2 ships, still outside, cast anchor it was decided to test other likely situations for the Mission House. The boat under an officer with Máximo aboard left the next day and reached Pueu <sup>392</sup> on the eastern side of Lesser Tahiti, the 2 Chiefs with the party. They met Pahiriro <sup>393</sup> the Arii of that part of Vehiatua's domain, his uncle, a man of some 70 years of age, and soon to pass away with obsequies which Máximo describes vividly. The anchorage was no good. The 2 Chiefs parting company with the white men, the boat was headed for Hitiaa where Riti <sup>394</sup> ruled and de Bougainville had anchored despite grave danger to his 2 ships La Boudeuse and L'Etoile, leaving 6 anchors behind and had borne off Riti's brother Uturu <sup>395</sup> in 1768 who died of smallpox on his return voyage by other vessel. Hitiaa was declared an altogether impossible spot. They now turned and headed for the western side of Lesser Tahiti reaching [Vaiurua]. <sup>396</sup> The 2 Chiefs were there. The harbour unsuitable they worked [westward] <sup>397</sup> to Teahupoo <sup>398</sup> with Vehiatua on board. Here they came across his father's elaborate sepulchral erection, he being a Great Chief, but it was by now in a very tumble down condition. Here Pautu was missing, he was found surrounded by his relatives of the place who were scarifying their heads and smearing the blood over both face and body. This he said was the custom to celebrate a home coming and he evidently quite approved of it. His baptism had not changed his mind. Worse was to come.

The boat next essayed Vairao. <sup>399</sup> Here was the lad Heiau's home and Máximo — with Pautu carrying the boy's clothing to hand to his parents — started for the house but so blocked were they by the huge crowd who swarmed around them that even with busy blows the 2 men failed to get through and had to return to the boat. Neither of the 2 last named spots being satisfactory they returned to [Vaiurua] <sup>400</sup> where they met Tu's old parents offering up prayers at the sacred marae, their object unstated. With the 2 Chiefs and Hinoi the boat headed round the southern end of the island for the frigate to make their report; Tautira was the only spot. <sup>401</sup> Both the boats were well out to sea to avoid danger, but by sundown the following day the Aguila was boarded where Boenechea presented both Chiefs with axes in the name of His Majesty of Spain. Out to sea again he headed, the Chiefs aboard, for heavy squalls forced him to avoid the reef bound coast nor could he return for 3 full days, when Purahi came quickly on the scene <sup>402</sup> in a canoe, anxious as were Tu's people to see her son and their own arii. The Chiefs had had so good a time that they did not land till the following day <sup>403</sup> amid a weeping and wailing and blood besmeared multitude. At last the anchors were dropped in Tautira's harbour and the business that had brought them began. Máximo already had seen much for his Diary,

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<sup>390</sup> *Matabay* in the Diary.

<sup>391</sup> WWB has *OTute*.

<sup>392</sup> November 16. *Anuhi* in the Diary.

<sup>393</sup> *Pahairiro* in the Diary.

<sup>394</sup> *Oreti* in the Diary.

<sup>395</sup> *Outuru* in the Diary.

<sup>396</sup> WWB has: *They now turned and headed for the western side of Lesser Tahiti reaching as far northward as Papeari (Vai-ari) one of the chief residences of the Vehiatua and the site of the marae Fare-pua, the most sacred of all on Tahiti.* But at this point in the Diary, November 17, the party had reached Guayurua, i.e., Vaiurua (or Vaiura), at the extreme east end of Lesser Tahiti, and not Papeari.

<sup>397</sup> WWB has *southward*.

<sup>398</sup> November 17. *Oayautea* in the Diary, among other spellings, at the extreme south corner of Lesser Tahiti.

<sup>399</sup> November 18. *Guayuru* in the Diary.

<sup>400</sup> *Guayurua* in the Diary. WWB has *Papeari*.

<sup>401</sup> November 19.

<sup>402</sup> November 22.

<sup>403</sup> November 23.

been very useful as interpreter, done his kindly duty to his deceased native friends and been very busy with his pen the past dozen days.

His rest was short for on the 1<sup>st</sup> of December a site for the Mission House and grounds was selected some 150 yards from the mouth of the river and Vehiatua was asked to give orders for the ground to be cleared and a couple of houses removed therefrom. This was done but a scare — one of many to come — soon arose. One of the seamen ashore had his shirt stolen whilst bathing and threatened those natives around that unless at once returned he would bring seamen with muskets to see to the matter. At once every one got on the move. Vehiatua himself entered his canoe to flee and Tu was about to follow suit. The movements were observed from the frigate and by the order of Boenechea Máximo went ashore and both his knowledge of the language and his standing with the natives soon straightened matters out.

But another difficulty arose. When 20 large breadfruit trees had been felled the natives appealed to Vehiatua to stay the slaughter or they would perish of famine if continued in such measure.<sup>404</sup> He sought to stay the Spaniards' hands. By orders inconsiderately given Máximo had to tell him that if they could not get the trees they needed, the outfit would quit Tahiti, and rather than that, they had to submit and assist in the slaughter.

This was very different from Cook's way of doing things in raising his little fort at Matavai. "[The wood we made use of for this occasion we purchased of them, and we cut no Tree down before we had first obtained their Consent.]"<sup>405</sup>

Máximo formed one of the working party day after day, all was going well, when felling a tree close by the house to be, it struck one of his gang, broke his spine, killing him instantly.<sup>406</sup> Again every native and both Chiefs began to take themselves off by canoe and land, and Boenechea himself had to come ashore to assure them through Máximo that it was a pure accident. The seaman was interred the next day close to the front corner of the proposed residence, near the marae Vaiotaha, the special shrine of the Vehiatuas, adjoining.

On the stump of that same tree the Cross was later erected which Cook found and added so aptly to the Inscription thereon.<sup>407</sup>

This seaman was the first white man to be buried on Tahiti but unfortunately all too shortly followed by his Commander.

Hardly had this trouble passed before everyone ashore was seen to be wildly excited. Up the valley the natives had refused to bring in the food supplies due their Chief.<sup>408</sup> There was War in the air. Vehiatua had gone with 200 men and Tu had followed with 400 more. Máximo was ordered ashore and went up to the valley. The rebellious ones had already fled and the avengers were very busy, wrecking every dwelling and looting everything they could lay their hands on. That done, all was over, and the 2 Chiefs with their mutual friend returned as happy victors to Tautira.

Máximo's duties were set as had been seen but he now had to commence another, that of Family Physician, and there was plenty ahead of him. He served from the highest to the lowest with unflinching

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<sup>404</sup> December 3.

<sup>405</sup> WWB condensed a quote in Corney's footnote to December 3; the full quote is given above.

<sup>406</sup> December 6.

<sup>407</sup> For the text of Cook's addition, see *The Coming of the Spaniards* under *Inter Alia : Jottings and Details Various*.

<sup>408</sup> December 11.

generosity and put the native priests and doctors with their incantations to rout. He gave his patients the choice, they or him, the young marine, the winsome friend of all won out, yet all is told without any trace of boast, and as if the aiding of the sick was but a pleasant duty.<sup>409</sup>

Things were now ready as to foundations for the portable house to be brought ashore and on the 20<sup>th</sup> of December the first white man's residence was raised though as yet unthatched. Vehiatua asked to be allowed to sleep in it which was of course granted to the young man but he made request that the beds should be changed as to have heads not feet pointing to his adjoining marae. This too was granted.

Pahiroiro dying, the Vehiatua's uncle aforementioned, Máximo had to attend the funeral through Tu's adoption of him into the 2 cousinly families. Granted leave of absence he was soon<sup>410</sup> at Pueu with the crowd and noted down all the happenings : the women in the funeral procession besmeared with blood, the Chiefs with their everlasting plantain shoots as signs of friendship, the men howling as if they were dogs, the cloth wraps heaped up on the burial site, a stretcher raised above the ground bearing the body at the residence, feathers placed between the fingers of the dead man, the 4 guards at each corner with switches of the ginger plant to ward off the flies, thence to the marae for prayers by the priests, the return along the beach and the committal to the ground nigh the home.

The thatching was going nicely when more trouble arose. Another theft of clothing from a workman and blows in which the seaman got the worst of it, knocked unconscious.<sup>411</sup> The natives scented trouble, rushed to their canoes and decamped in shoals. Soon only Vehiatua remained. Máximo was again called upon. The Chief said the assailant had fled up the valley but he would get hold of him by his servants. He did and the native got a wholesome cat-o'-nine tails. But Boenechea took stern action this time stating that the Fathers were unwilling to stay among such people and the house would be therefore shipped aboard again. Vehiatua went aboard with Máximo and the ultimatum was withdrawn.

Now Pautu and the boy Tetuanui (Manuel) gave trouble, both of whom were aboard as guests of Boenechea. They feared being detained if the frigate sailed as was threatened. They declared they wanted nothing from the white man, only to stay in their own land. They stayed when the frigate did sail but before that time both of them reverted to the faith of the ancestors to Máximo's great disgust, "apostates" to his zealous Catholic mind.

At last the thatched was completed and on the 31<sup>st</sup> of December, exactly one month since the start, "*provisions, utensils and furniture*" were landed, the Fathers also, who took possession and the Catholic Mission, such as it was, began.

*"On the 1<sup>st</sup> of this month (January 1775), at 8 o'clock in the forenoon, the launch came in with all the marines in uniform, who then formed up on the beach. A little while afterwards the Cross arrived in the boat, with all their Honours the Officers, and the Padres (Fathers) sallied forth to receive it at the landing-place; and as soon as the procession had been formed they began to intone the Litany of the*

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<sup>409</sup> For example, from December 14 to 16, he treated a sick aunt of the arii Otù with the assistance of the storeship's phlebotomist. On December 17, Máximo writes: *About this time several Indians, nobles and commoners, died of a pestilence that attacked them, which was neither more nor less than a severe chill; and as they always go into the water and observe no care to sweat themselves as we do, it takes such hold of their bodies that many of them die. But they say that this illness comes from our sojourn amongst them, because it was the same way during the first expedition of the frigate [in 1772].*

<sup>410</sup> December 21.

<sup>411</sup> December 26.

*Saints, and the marines fired off the first volley. When they reached the spot where the Cross was to be erected, and at the moment of setting it up, they fired off the second volley. After that first mass was said... and when that was done, Salve Regina ! was intoned, after which the marines fired the third volley and the frigate responded with a salute of 21 guns."*

*"In the afternoon (on the 5<sup>th</sup>) their Honours the Officers landed, and after calling the Chiefs together... the Articles of Agreement were drawn up inside the house and I was directed to explain to them the terms of the Instructions, in the name of our Sovereign. To this they agreed with much pleasure, and proclaimed the King of Spain arii over all the island."*

So came about what was known as the Convention of Hatutira (Tautira) for what it was worth.

*"(On the 6<sup>th</sup>) a print of our Monarch was fixed on the front of the [mission] house. This was done at the pressing request of the Indians, inspired by what Otù had told them after having seen it himself (aboard the frigate)."*

This portrait had disappeared when Cook arrived on the scene not long after their removal, a like fate befell Cook's portrait left by him at Matavai, 1777.

Pautu now ashore had handed over his sea chest and clothing within to the care of the Fathers. He now asked for them intending to make a present of them to his Chief.<sup>412</sup> They first looked through every article *"for everything that pertained to a Christian, lest God should be profaned"*. Vehiatua accepted the gift but left the lot where they were. Later on<sup>413</sup> he asked for and secured them from the Fathers to offer them to his gods in the hope of better health, the priests got them.

The Diarist reports a sham fight. When a Chief is staying in the territory of another, food is brought him and his from his own District. More than 200 canoes were seen inside the reef laden with supplies for Tu from Paré.<sup>414</sup> When these reached the beach a mighty clamour arose, the Tautirans with sticks in their hands made as if to plunder the arrivals. Great confusion but only a sham, Tu got the supplies.

Now Máximo sees an archery meeting which he mistakes as merely good sport but was actually a religious act.<sup>415</sup> Only Chiefs could take part, nor might a fire be lighted in the vicinity during the meeting (which often extended for many days) lest the god they called upon to bless the meeting should be offended and trouble arise among them. He who had the lowest record had to provide a banquet for the rest.

The 2 ships had sailed to Raiatea<sup>416</sup> and had been gone a fortnight. Upon their return<sup>417</sup> the Fathers were told that Boenechea was dangerously ill : the Fathers went aboard : the Commandant gradually sank and 6 days later<sup>418</sup> expired. The following day the body was brought ashore, the marines letting off volleys and the frigate firing minute guns, the natives awe struck as the body was laid to rest clothes in uniform with sword and baton. The grave was dug at the foot of the tree that killed the seaman and which formed the pedestal for the Cross.

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<sup>412</sup> January 11, 1775.

<sup>413</sup> February 24.

<sup>414</sup> December 4. *Opere* in the Diary. Supplies for Tu also arrived from Paré on January 14.

<sup>415</sup> January 17.

<sup>416</sup> *Orayatea* in the Diary; also *Ysla de Parayso*.

<sup>417</sup> January 20.

<sup>418</sup> January 26.

Two days later <sup>419</sup> Gayangos who was now in command — having been the First Lieutenant — weighed anchor along with the storeship : and the 2 Fathers, the seaman servant and Máximo were left alone to face the future.

By foot and canoe Máximo headed for Papeari <sup>420</sup> to report the departure of the ships to the 2 Chiefs then there and essayed on the way the Isthmus then a tangled locality and dreaded as the home of evil spirits.

Taravao connecting the two mountain chains is less then 2 miles in length by Máximo's reckoning.

Arriving, Tu at once secured his services for a sick [great-] uncle of his whom Máximo arranged to be carried to Tautira for further treatment. At Vehiatua's house he noted a wonderful concave stone stool, black of hue and highly polished (from Maupiti) which he meant in due time to possess.

In this he appears he failed but he got the Mystic Bowl instead.

Having a couple of days on his hands till the Chiefs were ready to return with him he visited afoot from Papeari to Vairao and was everywhere welcomed, the natives as he passed their homes coming forth to greet him with cloth, coconuts and even hogs. He demurred at such outpourings on a lone traveller. Where he slept the inmates went to the extent of stripping off their clothing and offering the plantain shoot as if he was a Chief. <sup>421</sup> Disclaiming the title he declared — as was indeed the truth — that he was merely the friend of one and all. The throngs that gathered round him so pressed “*that I had nigh been smothered*” just as Cook reports. He thought he would like to see how many there were in one spot he reached and asked the crowd to arrange themselves for count on a piece of open ground. “*I made them out to number [rather] more than two thousand souls.*”

It would appear from this, that Cook's large estimate of the entire population <sup>422</sup> had right on its side with 2,000 in a tiny corner of Tahiti.

Arriving back at Tautira <sup>423</sup> with the Chiefs and invalid he passed into the Mission House expecting a welcome home but got only surly words and a rebuff. “*[But] I omit some of their taunts, [in order] that I may not be vexatious.*” There was no love lost in that household nor with these priests and the public at large.

The Mission's pigs got into the natives' houses and rooted out the stored provisions. <sup>424</sup> The natives chasing them out, the Reverend Father Narciso pelted them with stones and followed it up by intrusion into their dwellings and beating them up, “*... the impetuosity of the person referred to obliged many of them to escape in their bare skins, [including several women] who chanced to be napping [because the day was inclement].*” Then Tu and his young brothers Hinoi and Ariipaea <sup>425</sup> seeing the gate locked, jumped over the fence and Máximo welcomed them. <sup>426</sup> The fathers who had the key were

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<sup>419</sup> January 28.

<sup>420</sup> January 29. *Guayari* in the Diary.

<sup>421</sup> January 30.

<sup>422</sup> Cook estimated the population to be 200,000 in 1769. See Chapter I and Note #3 to Chapter XI.

<sup>423</sup> February 2.

<sup>424</sup> February 4.

<sup>425</sup> Tu's brother Ariipaea does not appear to be named in the Diary; Corney refers to *Ari'i-paea* in a footnote to July 12, 1775.

<sup>426</sup> The incident regarding the mission's pigs took place on February 4, whereas Tu and his brothers jumped over the mission's fence on February 11, a week later.

enjoying an afternoon siesta and “*their Reverences fell out with me in such sort that I was [presently] sorry enough [I had let the Chiefs go at all]*” and the poor fellow was already in enough trouble with them. He was by this time <sup>427</sup> gardener in chief and he was now told that he must take turns with the seaman as cook week by week to give the other a turn in the garden. He protested “*I was willing to help in everything [because] we were all one party [together, and therefore I felt committed to whatever might crop up, and I told them further that] I had writing [and other things] to attend to [as occasion offered. But] they said [they bore no instructions with them to that effect: that] I came assigned to whatever job they might direct, and as to writing, they themselves were sufficient thereunto. And then they began to sneer at me... alleging [other] things which I forbear to quote.*” So he became a cook.

On top of all this Vehiatua fell sick, <sup>428</sup> the beginning of a long struggle with death, and Máximo devoted to the young patient, doing for weeks his utmost to save him, a record simply told of fine, unselfish service. Though he failed — and even Father Gerónimo gave spasmodically a hand in the effort, he won the love of the young Chief’s mother Purahi — a fine character, strong, but gentle in disposition. She had acted as Regent during her son’s minority (and later did the same for his child brother). She mothered Máximo who throughout tendered her profound respect. So attached did the lads, the mother and their relatives become that they always called him by the special name Oro-iti-mahea-hea : Oro-iti being the name of a priestly ancestor, Mahea-hea meaning “pale”. To them he was “Little Oro the pale faced”. The young Chief had his good days and his bad. At times he was prostrate : “*I [nevertheless] took matters in hand... called for [one of their] canoe cuddies... [Then,] taking Vehiatua in my arms, [I passed him into the cuddy, with his stepfather; and after] covering him well up [I retired to my house], telling [the aforesaid] stepfather not to let [them disturb him on any account].*” When good spells came and he stepped abroad “*they became [very] pleased, saying [that] their god was of but little account, [since he had done the chief no good,] but [that] our god was greater*” and added to their kind words with gifts of fish.

It was now February and for 6 months more the struggle went on. Those were anxious times for all Taïarapu and one would have thought that the Fathers would have been considerate but they had no thought other than for themselves.

They wanted a paved entrance and flooring. From the adjoining marae of Vaiotaha <sup>429</sup> they walked off with much of its trimmed stone work. Purahi had begged them not to. They paid no heed to her distress at such irreverence to the sacred spot of her family. She informed them that she could no longer visit them as was her wont, since she dared not cross the threshold by stepping on those sacred stones — and here for once (and not the only time) her “Paleface”, warped by his bigotry, disclaimed the sacredness and supported his superiors. Their lack of feeling and of decency she nobly repaid with fish for their fast days.

Conversing with some of Tu’s followers the subject of Cook’s visit came up. They declared him to be the owner of Matavai. Máximo quickly undeceived them and assured them that they would not see Cook so long as his Sovereign’s people resided on Tahiti. They replied that they expected his return within 17 months.

In point of fact, Cook returned just 17 months and a few days from that day. <sup>430</sup>

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<sup>427</sup> February 7.

<sup>428</sup> February 4.

<sup>429</sup> February 17. *Guayotaha* in the Diary.

<sup>430</sup> This incident took place on 18 February 1775; Cook returned to Tahiti, during his third voyage, landing first at Tautira on 12 August 1776, so 17 months and 25 days later.



Vehiatua went off to Teahupoo for a change of air,<sup>431</sup> and Tu went off with his followers to Paré by way of the west coast nor would he return, so he said, till the frigate reappeared. Tautira was deserted by all but a handful. The young Chief had a relapse, “*had lost all power of movement*”<sup>432</sup> and now sent for the sea chest and clothing as aforesaid belonging once to Pautu. Recovering he returned with his mother to Tautira bringing Tetuanui (Manuel) with him, who given the option of staying at the Mission House or quitting for good and all “*very bluntly*”<sup>433</sup> declared for quitting to Máximo’s disgust. The lad had previously walked off with some “*goods*”<sup>434</sup> of the House but there was no return so far of the stolen goods.

The seaman now got surly and quitted both House and Kitchen and Máximo got into hot water for his failure as a cook. There were high words. Narciso told him to hurry up. “*I replied that [he (the seaman) understood how to (cook), but] that I did not... (that) I had not come... to work as a menial. [Then,] turning on me in a passion, he declared that I did come as a menial and [that] they were honouring me too much in seating me at their table... I leave out some further abuse, and gibes that they aimed at me, mocking me by addressing me as (‘Sir Knight’).*”<sup>435</sup>

From this time he took his meals apart “*so as not to have any more squabbles.*”

The young Chief returned to Teahupoo and Máximo set out soon after for the same place to recover the stolen goods and got into real trouble. This place was one of Tetuanui’s parents’ residences. “*I reached the house of Manuel’s father, who received me very coolly, [and when I asked him to account for what he had stolen] he said he had stolen nothing... (but soon after) gave me a bolt of cotton cloth. Manuel arrived very self-possessed... and on my asking him to account for the things (stolen) he retorted very impudently ‘Not I! you son of a harlot.’ This made me angry, and I told him to drop that sort of talk... or I would land him a punch or clout o’ the ears. He retorted that I daren’t do [that]... Thereupon I set to and gave him a pummelling... At the first stroke [Manuel’s] father rushed in and grabbed hold of a club I had in my hand, in order to hit me with it, [so that] for some time we were struggling together, [none]... having the courage to part us... On laying hold of the knife I had he let go the club and made a dash for another stick... I sprang out of the house, where... the bystanders [had] got hold of him... I went off at once to [find] Vehiatua... who... started off... there and then to give [me] satisfaction for the affront, and [the] robbery... [On our arrival]... provoked as he was, [Vehiatua] ordered the house to be burnt, Manuel and his father to be banished and their relations to be dispossessed of their lands.*”<sup>436</sup> Máximo pleaded for them but the 2 were left landless and all their plantations were destroyed by their neighbours. Manuel’s mother whom Máximo wished to see after this trouble was dwelling 2 leagues distant by sea for there is no way by land but he tried to make it.

He was attempting Te Pari, the towering and menacing cliffs at the extreme southeast of the island, a rugged maze.

He fought and climbed for some distance, then on the seashore met with a double canoe which, with another [canoe], shot the treacherous shoal Toatapua (within the Barrier reef) where one canoe was swamped but his lived through it. To land ashore was found impossible, his object was unattainable,

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<sup>431</sup> February 13.

<sup>432</sup> February 24.

<sup>433</sup> March 10.

<sup>434</sup> March 10: “*The Padres then told him [Manuel] he was afraid because his father and uncles had robbed us of some cotton goods and two hatchets or adzes when they were at the house...*”

<sup>435</sup> March 12.

<sup>436</sup> March 13.

as he kept on till he reached Vai-ao-tea <sup>437</sup> where he found the family of Tu residing and Tu himself among them.

Tu through ancestors had considerable land in his young cousin's territory.

Again by canoe he pushed on towards home and reached Mataoae where he encountered a rarity among Polynesians — a dwarf “*whom I measured and found a bare vara (2 ft [9] inches) in height, 3 [quartas] (24 inches) in girth [round the belly], a geme (a span) <sup>438</sup> the legs, the head very large, [and a gruff voice, the entire body hairy, and scarcely able to walk for weariness].*”

At Matavai in 1802 there was a dwarf 39 inches high and well proportioned, 25 yrs of age.

He reached home <sup>439</sup> and delivered up the stolen goods but found that some of his own had been stolen during his absence.

And now at last the Vespers Bell was hung, no call for prayer for other than themselves, the outhouses were completed, the inner fencing finished — real barricades for timid souls — those priests within the now well set up residence as cantankerous as ever, nor any attempt recorded at contact with the common folk whom they had come to convert, a disgrace to their cloth with hearts of stone.

The young Chief had gone to Papeari and news came that he “*was lying sick unto death*”. <sup>440</sup> Máximo got leave and was off to give aid. With Vehiatua was an “*inspired*” quack, beating himself up and raving. He then stripped off the best cloth wraps from those present and keeping for himself those he most fancied he ordered the rest to be given to named friends outside the premises, those present meekly obeying, believing that the trickster's body was possessed by their god. Puhetea, Chief of Punaauia, <sup>441</sup> was there.

Described by Forster of Cook's day as “tall, comely and majestic, one of the noblest models of nature.” [According to Corney] *his family connections with the aristocracy of Raiatea constituted him a patrician among the Chiefs* and of great moment in the politics of Tahiti.

There was trouble in Papara which was much worrying Vehiatua and he was greatly relieved when Máximo took upon himself to send a message to the malcontents that the frigate on its return would avenge anything done to the sick Chief. <sup>442</sup>

This was sent to Terii-rere, the then Chief, a minor under the Regency of Amo, but really of Pura, his imperious consort.

Máximo returned home <sup>443</sup> to meet all kinds of trouble : more thefts even to that of a surplice (a cotton with lace fringe worn by the server at Mass) : the Vaitepiha in flood : everything under water

<sup>437</sup> March 14. *Oyatea* in the Diary; like *Oayautea*, among other spellings, at the extreme south corner of Lesser Tahiti, in Teahupoo.

<sup>438</sup> March 14. According to Corney, *the distance between the tips of the thumb and forefinger when extended to the full, i.e. about 8 inches.*

<sup>439</sup> March 15.

<sup>440</sup> Máximo arrived back home on March 15; word came regarding Vehiatua on April 5.

<sup>441</sup> *Atehuru* in the Diary.

<sup>442</sup> April 8.

<sup>443</sup> April 9.

*“especially our kitchen-garden”*<sup>444</sup> where they had so laboriously planted and tended cabbages and turnips, brocoli and garlic, parsley and onion, lettuce and watermelon, purslane, tobacco and rice : and rats in countless numbers despite cats numerous and Lima dogs, the outhouses full of the rodents. *“I... found it full of rats, of which I succeeded in killing seventy five [over and above those that escaped]”*<sup>445</sup> : the barrels their rendezvous, *“a hundred and eleven rats were killed during [the first part of] the night”*<sup>446</sup> : and again *“Twenty-nine [rats were] killed at night”*<sup>447</sup> ... and *[a little while later we... killed] thirty-one more* : Pérez the seaman who refused to cook meals for him : the fine net and canoe which Vehiatua had just given him with no place to hold them they being semisacred, until at last a house in which no woman had lived was found and moved to the beach.

Again Vehiatua collapsed and this time (let note be made where credit is due) the irascible Father Narciso hastens to his aid with Máximo. They find him still at Papeari and urge him to return to Tautira *“where we could minister to his needs”*.<sup>448</sup> It was May but nigh a month before he arrived, the delay inspired by his fear of the gods, this kept lively by his attendant Tahuas (priests) who had no love for the white men’s interference. Weeks gone by, Máximo went after him, got him into a light canoe *“that he might travel with less fatigue”* and started for home round the wild coast of the Pari. At the islet Fenuaino<sup>449</sup> he had had enough for his weak state. A week’s rest and he reached Tautira. Now began a course of dieting, Máximo the cook but the Fathers were softening at the sight of the consumptive and opened up their medicine chests, the devoted mother Purahi ever at the side of her dying lad.

Máximo had well earned a rest and with the consent of his superiors he was given leave to tour the entire island. Father Narciso actually proposed to go with him but backed out. He made this — his first tour afoot and by canoe — in 16 days and took men with him as paddlers when required. Starting on July 2<sup>nd</sup> he made good progress by sea, stopping off a Afa’a-hiti<sup>450</sup> on the east coast which lies just beyond Pueu and found Purahi there, despite her anxiety, with men gathering timber for a fresh house for her at Tautira, then on to Hitiaa for the night. He met again Riti and as the wind was too high for the canoe *“took a look round [his land, which seemed to me good, in addition to the district being a large one] and well peopled. [I examined] the harbour...”*

One of the 6 anchors lost here by de Bougainville was recovered by the natives and was given to Puni, the noted Chief of Pora-Pora who conquered Tahaa and the most part of Raiatea. In 1777 Cook purchased it from Puni, less the ring and palms. Here the Aguila had grounded in 1772.

The wind not dropping he walked on to Mahaena<sup>451</sup> *“where the arii Otù’s rule begins”* and was warmly received but as usual harassed by the crowd that assembled. The following day *“I went for a stroll about [his]”*<sup>452</sup> *District which [is not a very large one since it] comprises but a single valley.”* He found the soil good and gave the Chief some likely seeds for planting. Taking to his canoe which had followed him he was forced to land at Tiarei<sup>453</sup> where Hinoi, Tu’s brother, held sway. He was absent but those people presented him with cloth and a baked hog as if doing homage to a Chief.

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<sup>444</sup> April 15.

<sup>445</sup> December 31.

<sup>446</sup> May 4.

<sup>447</sup> May 3.

<sup>448</sup> May 8. They had also visited Vehiatua in Papeuriri — *Guayuriri* in the Diary — on April 24.

<sup>449</sup> May 31.

<sup>450</sup> July 2. *Afaaiti* in the Diary.

<sup>451</sup> July 4. *Ohaena* in the Diary.

<sup>452</sup> July 4. The arii of Mahaena.

<sup>453</sup> July 4. *Otiarei* in the Diary.

Hinoi, besides Tu, and Máximo had exchanged names.

The next day he walked as far as Onohea <sup>454</sup> where Tu's mother had property, then — as there was very broken country ahead — he took to canoe and landed at Papenoo <sup>455</sup> where yet another brother of Tu was Chief. Here he saw the Papenoo river, the longest of all the countless streams of Tahiti, fed by the mountain torrents from the central masses of the island. He trod the wide valley and noted the large number of its inhabitants; then taking canoe reached Matavai at sunset where he was so overwhelmed by the dense crowd that he had to ask the local Chief to send off to Paré for Tu to come to his aid. Hinoi came to protect him from an all too welcoming community. The following day he took a look at the district (Ha'apape). *"I found it finer than any of those I had seen before, both as to size and goodness of the soil and the density of the population. [They showed me the spot where the Englishman set up his barracks, which is a point of land shut off between a rivulet and the sea, its surface flat and clear of trees. No sign was left, except a fragment of cable, for he razed the barrack that he had set up. There were two ships, here this last time, of which the natives make mention the one as Otute and the other as Opono. <sup>456</sup>] I then made my way back to the harbour, of which I express no opinion, since I am not of the nautical faculty; [but I do say this much, that it appeared to me good, both by reason of its smooth water and its sufficient depth]."* Thence on foot to Paré and Tu with whom he stayed for 2 days. Then off again for Faaa on the west coast, stopping the night at Fare ute <sup>457</sup> owing to heavy rain.

To reach Faaa he must have walked over the site of the present town of Papeete. He makes no mention of such a place, showing clearly that it did not then exist.

He was now accompanied by one of Tu's brothers till a Bowl of great value — a present to His Majesty of Spain — lying at Punaauia was handed over to him. He had his doubts as to even thus securing it. Reaching Faaa he was entertained by Chief Tepahu <sup>458</sup> whose wife as Máximo had learned possessed 3 very fine pearls. He tried his best to secure them but the lady was adamant. He found Faaa very populous, its coast flats under extensive cultivation. The following day he reached Punaauia and his friend Puhatea. To escape the crowd he had to take to his canoe till sundown. The next morning he set off with Tu's brother to the great marae Taputapuatea where *"from a small hut that stands in the said marae [and presently] they brought out the bowl and delivered it to me, it being carried between four men who placed it on board the canoe."* From there he canoed to Paea where Chief Teahatu ruled. He was old and enormously stout. The following morning he went for a stroll, to find upon his return that the Bowl had disappeared. He got busy and found out that one of Vehiatua's relatives who happened to be in Paea had made off with it and had buried it in the sand of the beach to carry it off later on. He found the spot, diggers got busy, the Bowl was recovered and Máximo kept anxious watch over it till he reached home.

Thence by canoe to Papara *"the largest District of all [in] the island and pretty densely [peopled]."* It was late when he reached the youthful Chief Teriirere. Here looking over the countryside he spent 2 nights. The next morning, fearful of a dangerous section of the coast he walked with all his traps — and the Bowl carried by 4 of his men — to where the 2 sections of the District meet : Papara proper belonging to Teriirere, and Atimaono belonging to his cousin Vehiatua. He arrived at Papeari at sundown. Thence he canoed to the isthmus where the canoe was hauled over to the east coast and thus stayed the night. Here news awaited him that Vehiatua was prostrate again. The next morning,

<sup>454</sup> July 5. Nonohea in the Diary.

<sup>455</sup> July 5. Apayano in the Diary.

<sup>456</sup> July 6. Corney notes "i.e., Cook and Furneaux, in *H.M. ships Resolution and Adventure, 1773.*"

<sup>457</sup> July 9. Efareura in the Diary.

<sup>458</sup> July 10. Tepau in the Diary.

it looking as if the breeze was too much for the canoe he forsook it : “*I went ahead by land and reached [Ohatutira at] nightfall... I presently arrived home and found nothing noteworthy, except the [Padres'] lack of interest in my journey... (The next morning) I went to see Vehiatua, who received me [weeping], with his mother, and [related to] me how the [Padres] would not afford him any aid...*” He asked for ointment which had relieved him previously and in order to let them down gently Máximo told him falsely that it was all used up.

In fairness to the Fathers one should realize their fear that Vehiatua might die whilst under any treatment of theirs with possible consequences to themselves at the hands of the priests in revenge for the contempt shown them. But they failed to realize that Purahi would at once [be] the Regent, of strong character who would have stood no nonsense, especially as it would affect her beloved Little Oro the pale faced.

These were anxious times for Máximo but his pen, despite makeshift ink he tells of, never failed him even in minor incidents. Evidently to please the sick one, his little brother Tetua of 8 years was arrayed in a shirt of white folks' clothes Manuel had once possessed which gave Ta'ata and their mother real delight “*and they sent us some fish*”.<sup>459</sup> Ta'ata urged presents of many kinds to his kindly physician. “*I would not accept anything and made them all understand that it was our duty to assist the sick from the highest to the lowest*”<sup>460</sup> and when told that our Sovereign “*maintained hospitals they were lost in wonder*”. Nothing escapes this Diarist, “*the monkey was found dead at day break and was greatly bewept by the natives*”,<sup>461</sup> surely the first one Tahitians ever saw.

Those were sad days throughout Lesser Tahiti : in desperation the priests ordered human sacrifices to please their gods and restore Ta'ata. Learning that some of the natives proposed to plunder the Mission upon his death, desperately ill as he was, he had himself carried in a litter to the Mission House to reassure the Fathers and tell them that banishment had been meted out to the plotters. His dieting fell again on Máximo who was cook again, Pérez refusing all duty : there was chocolate and rice to prepare, eggflip with cinnamon, broth and chicken stew, cereals and wood pigeon. But Ta'ata after all was a Tahitian and would constantly revert to native foods despite advice and warning of the danger. Máximo applied such remedies as he could lay his hands on but the Fathers were adamant despite the pleadings of the heartbroken mother as she watched her Ta'ata sinking.

“(August) 6<sup>th</sup> day:— *At midnight we heard unmeasured cries and wailing, [and as they caused us alarm, we put sleep aside and kept within our enclosure in some fear; but] towards day break one of the Chiefs came to call me, [on the side where my bedroom faces] to hasten across to [his arii,] who was wishing to see me for the last time... I resolved to go, and the [Padres] hastily shut the door. [Once outside, I was more scared than ever, for the] darkness [seemed to me] intense, and the natives were all in confusion... everywhere turmoil and wailing. They had a canoe in waiting to ferry me across the stream that flows between his dwelling and [our own]. When I arrived they broke out into still louder cries, and hung about my neck, hurling me along... I approached [the arii] and, taking hold of his pulse, I recognised that he was at his last breath, so that in [a] little less than a quarter of an hour he expired.*”

Purahi and Chiefs were supporting him in their laps and the youth's most treasured articles lay around him. It was the day he notes of the “Transfiguration of Our Lord”.<sup>462</sup> Going home he soon returned with Father Gerónimo to offer sympathy to the stricken mother “*whom we found clinging to the corpse*

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<sup>459</sup> June 15.

<sup>460</sup> June 27.

<sup>461</sup> June 29.

<sup>462</sup> August 6. Corney notes that this was mentioned in the diary of the Padres; it was not mentioned in Máximo's diary.

(*[which was] now laid on a dais*), *her head and arms smeared all over with blood, and slashing herself about from the waist upwards with a shark's tooth; [which shocked us not a little. In the presence of them all] I began to condole with her, as the [Padre] told me to, but the mourner retorted with a flood of tears and an outburst of passion, [rebuking us for indifference and disregard towards the deceased, and] ending [her complaints] by exclaiming 'Here lies the object of their loathing, [to] whom they [many times denied admission to their dwelling, and whom they] refused to succour with their medicines.'* She gave utterance to *[the concluding] words with such wrath that the [Padre], though he did not understand (nor did I interpret them to him), [became apprehensive that some tumult would arise and] urged that we [must immediately] retire. On our moving off she followed us, begging me with much tenderness to remain with her, for that she regarded me [in the light of] her own son: [with] which request I complied [by the Padre's advice]."* He proved himself indeed a son as his Diary without thought of self relates.

The following day he was at her side again and those about her begged him to get her to cleanse herself from the bloody condition she was in which they dared not attempt. *"In her utter despair she wished only for death. To this moment she had not tasted one drop of water. It was a great consolation to those around [us] to see her softening [down] towards me, and they made signs to me not to leave her by herself, [for they feared she would collapse altogether.] I stayed with her as long as I could."* That afternoon the corpse was borne to Vaioletaha, the family marae, till the formal catafalque<sup>463</sup> for a Great Chief was prepared. No fishing nor kindling of fires was allowed but Purahi ordered the prohibition not to affect the Mission. She refused to eat but Máximo won her over *"which cost me no small effort [to persuade her to]"*.<sup>464</sup>

The following day she arrived at the Mission House for consolation, her gentle disposition had mastered her passion and *"I accompanied her [as far as her house]."*<sup>465</sup>

He reports the gathering of Chiefs and people from all parts, the ordered silence till a certain time, the gifts brought to the child Tetua<sup>466</sup> Vehiatua, and the hunt after the doomed human sacrifices.

There is here no account however of the Mortuary Couch and the last rites, for he wrote of them in a now lost Supplement. The Couch is happily preserved to us in an aquatint made by John Webber,<sup>467</sup> Cook's official artist, from his own sketch

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<sup>463</sup> [Catafalque](#): a raised bier, soapbox, or similar platform, often movable, that is used to support the casket, coffin, or body of the deceased during a funeral or memorial service.

<sup>464</sup> August 8.

<sup>465</sup> August 9.

<sup>466</sup> *Tetuanouna, or Guatupua* in the Diary.

<sup>467</sup> [John Webber \(1751–1793\)](#)



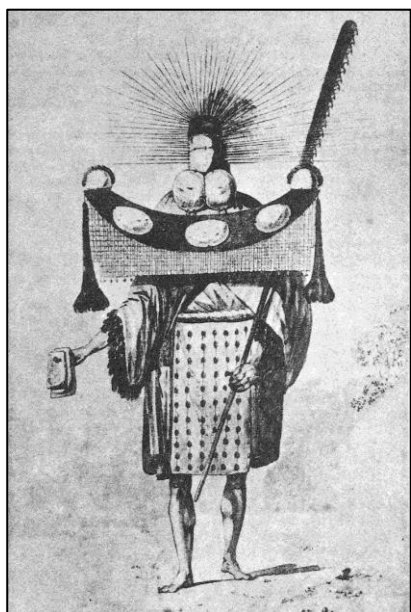
made on the spot in 1777.<sup>468</sup> Other writers moreover deal with the rites and the Hiva, the ceremony at the conclusion when the Chief Mourner, generally a priest or close relative, is arrayed in weirdest garb, its most striking feature the mask worn, with its twin pearl shells with small apertures to look through.<sup>469</sup> Máximo saw the latter at an earlier time.

Some days later they were honoured by the presence of the new Vehiatua to dinner who courteously refused to dine of certain birds shot the previous day as they were scared. Whether those shot by the Father Narciso were herons, cuckoos or kingfishers we are not told but the boy arii had evidently

<sup>468</sup> Plate V. The Mortuary Couch of *Teri'i TA'ATA-'URA'URA*, VEHIATUA-I-TE-MATA'I, Overlord of the clan TE TEVA-I-TA'I (1755–1775). From an aquatint executed by John Webber (afterwards R.A.) from his own sketch made on the spot in 1777.



<sup>469</sup> Plate 7. The HEVA, with PAA RAE; from a drawing in water colour by John Webber.



been well schooled. The same Father later set out with Máximo to climb the heights of the Pari and a fierce gale benighted them. They spent 2 days and nights on the top of those cliffs, very sorry for themselves and deeply grateful to the natives who came to their rescue.

Máximo now made a flag out of native cloth “*with the arms of our Sovereign on it*”<sup>470</sup> to fly when the frigate should come which they were now looking forward to, and tried it out on a staff set up on a nearby hill, saluting it by “*firing the small cannon*”.<sup>471</sup> He had not mentioned before their possession of such a weapon of war.

On the plea of hunting more “*stolen things*”<sup>472</sup> he was granted leave to make a second tour of the entire island. He started on October 4<sup>th</sup> and was home again by the 11<sup>th</sup>. By canoe he made Hitia’a by nightfall and by the next night he had reached Paré and Tu where he attended an Arioi entertainment, trivial but amusing. He had not as yet got the thief. Ha’apai was at Paré and he gleaned much concerning government, customs and politics. This held him for 2 full days. Hinoi now joined him in the hunt and the next evening they had reached Punaauia where Poluetea<sup>473</sup> welcomed them and had heard that the thief was hiding in his District. They got him the next day and the stolen property — part of it for “*Vehiatua’s stepfather’s cousin*”<sup>474</sup> [who] had the rest. The Chiefs wanted to kill the thief but Máximo pleaded and saved his life but not his banishment. The roamer reached Mataiea<sup>475</sup> that night. He crossed the isthmus the next day and arrived home to find that the rest of the stolen goods had been handed over by Vehiatua’s stepfather’s cousin.

“*[There was a great] rumpus between the [padres] and [the seaman out of] which I, [in the character of] mediator [came off] with a drubbing.*”<sup>476</sup> The seaman quit.

On the 14<sup>th</sup> of October the formal Induction of Tetua Vehiatua took place with much ceremony, the six weeks period of mourning over.

On the 26<sup>th</sup> Máximo had had enough of the Fathers himself and declared his intention like Pérez to quit the Mission House. The next day “*[the natives to the number of five hundred souls] joined me, [and began,] some [of them] to carry [the] materials, others to [tidy] and tread down the soil*”<sup>477</sup> about 40 yards from the Fathers’ dwelling. The next day it was completed and Máximo moved in.

And then, just when things had reached a climax, the Aguila appeared in the offing. On the 30<sup>th</sup> “*I embarked in a double canoe with [the arii’s step-father]*”<sup>478</sup> to go off and board her [and] we arrived [alongside when it was already nightfall,] pretty tired [with out exertions].” The night was passed in recounting to the Commander — de Langara — “*all the events that had happened, as I have related*”.

November 1<sup>st</sup>. Owing to squalls and winds they were unable to make harbour.

November 2<sup>nd</sup>. When 2 miles offshore Máximo went off in his canoe to get numerous canoes together for a tow, the frigate made the harbour and dropped anchor.

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<sup>470</sup> September 21.

<sup>471</sup> September 16. The trial flag was a strip of native cloth and not the flag with the Sovereign’s arms, which was made five days later.

<sup>472</sup> October 4.

<sup>473</sup> Potatau in the Diary.

<sup>474</sup> October 10.

<sup>475</sup> Guayuriri in the Diary.

<sup>476</sup> October 14.

<sup>477</sup> October 27.

<sup>478</sup> October 30. WWB has *Vehiatua’s stepfather Ti’i-torea*.

November 4<sup>th</sup>. “*The frigate was beflagged, and a salute was fired in honour of our Monarch, [which caused gratification as well as] terror to the natives.*”

November 6<sup>th</sup>. The Commandant wrote to the priests asking them for their reasons for not holding their post.

November 8<sup>th</sup>. The Fathers replied “*with some lukewarmness*”. A further letter was sent them for a definite resolve “*failing which he could not receive them on board*”. They replied that they refused to stay on unless a guard of soldiers together with food for them — till the frigate’s return the next year — was left them : “*in consequence of which [it was] immediately ordered [that they should] embark*”.

November 9<sup>th</sup>. The embarkation was accomplished — that of the cattle also.

November 10<sup>th</sup>. Máximo as Interpreter made clear to Purahi, in the presence of the Officers, the handing over to her care the house of the Fathers and his own, which she promised to maintain in repair and take care of the furniture.

In 1777 Cook found the Mission House still standing but within it only a table, 2 or 3 stools, a useless tub and an old gold-laced hat. The ephemeral kitchen garden had disappeared.

November 11<sup>th</sup>. “*We watered ship.*” They left goats, fowls, cats and dogs.

November 12<sup>th</sup>, 1775. “*We made sail at ten in the forenoon...*” The Commandant refused passage to any native. Máximo had to forego his wish to take with him a boy of 13, first cousin to Tu.

Such was the end of the Spaniards’ Occupation of Tahiti : the memory of it and of them alone remains.

## Atimaono's Plight

Extract from « La vérité sur Taïti »

by Louis Jacolliot <sup>479</sup>  
Imperial Judge

Paris  
1869

A translation <sup>480</sup>

*This Pamphlet — 56 pages — is a spirited defence of the Commandant and Imperial Commissioner, the Count de la Roncière, in all his official actions covering the years of his residence on Tahiti, 1863–1869.*

*M. Jacolliot was sent out by the Home Government to investigate and report on the troubles of the island.*

*(The underlined are by the writer.)* <sup>481</sup>

And what about the Atimaono plantation? <sup>482</sup>

Toward the end of the administration M. de la Richerie, the predecessor of M. de la Roncière, an English traveller, M<sup>r</sup> William Stewart, <sup>483</sup> arrived on Tahiti. Charmed by the beauty of the place and the climate, by the abundance of the streams, he conceived the plan to establish on the island one of those immense cotton plantations that his fellow British have a talent for establishing in all those parts of the world where gold intelligently employed can fertilize. He returned to London and laid his plans before one of his friends, M<sup>r</sup> Augustus Soarès, who, with the lively comprehension which the English have in such matters, immediately placed several millions at his disposal to carry out his enterprise.

Upon arriving on Tahiti M. de la Roncière realized that the founding of this immense plantation of cotton ought to be the agricultural destiny of the country : others should follow this means, consultation should develop all the riches of a soil so fertile which requires to receive but one grain in its care to return you a hundredfold. Readily seconded in this idea by the Queen of the Society Islands, the Imperial Commissioner accorded to the great plantation that had been started, all the liberties and facilities that the ordinary Colony encounters only upon the land of free America or upon the soil of English colonies.

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<sup>479</sup> [Louis Jacolliot \(1837–1890\)](#)

<sup>480</sup> The French version of the pamphlet can be found [here](#). The punctuation and formatting of WWB's translation, and the use of italics, parentheses and ellipses, follows that of the pamphlet.

<sup>481</sup> That is, WWB.

<sup>482</sup> The translation begins on page 29, « *Et d'abord qu'est-ce que c'est que la plantation d'Atimaono ?* » The book has *Atimaouo* throughout, yet another example of the handwritten “n” at the time being mistaken for a “u” by the typist.

<sup>483</sup> Jacolliot spells the name as *Steward*.

In less than no time, lands were purchased, stores, houses, workmen's homes were constructed, and 2,000 Chinese engaged, came to lend the help of their arms to cultivate more than 2,500 hectares of land.

Is it necessary to say so? recognizing the welcome that France under the Protectorate gave him, M<sup>r</sup> William Stewart threw his home open *freely* to all the Officials and functionaries of Tahiti... After a while M. de la Roncière felt compelled to make certain comments anent this and to require of M<sup>r</sup> Stewart a less Scottish hospitality... The English gentleman who allowed without a tremor his champagne to freely flow, his horses to become foundered, his purse to disgorge right and left... restrained such actions... and soon found himself blended and mixed up in all the animosity which circulated around M. de la Roncière, who had only done his duty as an honest man, in putting an end to this exploitation... I hold my peace, scandal is repugnant to me, only that it is the same hatred which, keeping prudently anonymous, has trailed in the mud, both in America and France, the man of heart whom I defend. <sup>484</sup>

I arrive at the famous case of M<sup>r</sup> William Stewart, Manager of the Atimaono plantation, with his brother James [Stewart], a case in which the bitter enemies of M. de la Roncière and of the Soarès Company of London reckoned unsullied, united to act together with such unanimity as to leave such traces of their fraud and collusion that I affirm, I say it with my hand upon my heart, I say it as a law advisor and magistrate, instead of breaking Langomazino <sup>485</sup> and Boyer, instead of sending their accomplices to France, I should have charged the Criminal Court to elucidate the matter.

<sup>486</sup> Know you that they have killed his reputation and honour throughout the world, and that Madame de la Roncière died of grief in her Paris home, demanding an enquiry which she could not obtain? <sup>487</sup>

The following is an account of the case W<sup>m</sup> Stewart v James Stewart.

Mr W<sup>m</sup> Stewart, [Managing] <sup>488</sup> Director of the Atimaono plantation, had brought with him his brother James Stewart and had supplied him with the means to open a store upon the plantation itself, where the Chinese work people could secure both articles and food of their country. James Stewart had at the same time established a store in Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, to serve Europeans, contrary to the advice of his brother who told him that this double enterprise would lead to his ruin.

That which was foreseen happened. Soon James Stewart was forced to liquidate his business. The Director of the Atimaono plantation refusing to continue to aid him, the 2 brothers quarreled, and James Stewart decided to leave Tahiti.

He announced that he would sell his stores for provisioning the Chinese, which were situated on the plantation his brother directed. An Englishman, M<sup>r</sup> Keane, came forward to purchase them. To James

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<sup>484</sup> WWB here omits the following paragraph: « Je me tais... Si on veut savoir la vérité, qu'on fasse une enquête... il y a un an que M. de la Roncière la demande... et un an qu'on ne l'accorde pas. »

<sup>485</sup> [Louis Langomazino \(1820–1885\)](#). Jacolliot spells the name as *Longomazino*.

<sup>486</sup> WWB omits the following at the beginning of this paragraph: « Je ne me dissimule pas la gravité de mes paroles, et cependant je n'hésite pas à les prononcer. Savez-vous que depuis plus d'une année, ces mêmes hommes envoient à la presse américaine leurs calomnieuses délations, traitant M. de la Roncière de forban, retournant sous toutes les faces les malheurs de sa jeunesse, savez-vous qu'ils l'ont tué de réputation... »

<sup>487</sup> And here WWB omits the following: « Il est des gens qui disent : M. de la Roncière est par terre le scandale serait plus grand, si on essayait de le relever... Eh bien ! non, M. de la Roncière ne restera point par terre ; si la vérité et le bon droit ont encore quelque poids en France. »

<sup>488</sup> WWB has *Acting Director* for « directeur gérant. »

Stewart who was leaving the country, ready money was essential, and Keane, although enjoying a private fortune in England, had not for the moment disposable funds of sufficient quantity.

We shall shortly see why James Stewart *wished to sell only for ready money*.

Keane then went to W<sup>m</sup> Stewart, the Director of the plantation, and said to him, "I am in parley to purchase the merchandize and stores of your brother, he demands an immediate payment; you know my family and position, advance me the 92,000 francs I need, you will hold as guarantee the goods I purchase." "I cannot advance you that sum in specie," replied W<sup>m</sup> Stewart, "the funds I have in bank belong to my [shareholders], <sup>489</sup> and I cannot use them in such kind of operations.

Here is all that I can possibly do to aid you," and W<sup>m</sup> Stewart handed to Keane a Draft as follows:

"Six months from the present date, I will pay through my Bankers Owen and Graham of Auckland, the sum of 92,000 francs to M<sup>r</sup> Keane." "As it will not take you six months to receive funds from England, you will be in time to re-imburse me on the date of falling due; this is a way of helping you without running any risk, my personal position does not permit me to do more."

Keane then returned to James Stewart, and offered him an assignment of this Draft. The latter accepted, and the purchaser took possession of both the merchandize and stores.

A month passed. James Stewart busied himself in liquidating his second business in Papeete and made his preparations for departure.

For these reasons, the Director of the plantation wrote to his brother to reclaim from him the 24,000 francs as freightage of merchandize brought during several years to James Stewart by the plantation boats.

James Stewart, fully recognizing the legitimacy of the demand, claimed that it ought to be reduced to 17,000 francs.

Court action was taken upon this between the 2 brothers, before the Tribunal of Commerce, presided over by Langomazino.

#### Long a bitter opponenent of Wm Stewart.

Here was the opportunity of satisfying the intense hatred of the man, and the Judge Longomazino, one of the leaders of the party,

#### in opposition to both Governor and Stewart,

the acquirer by fraudulency of the property of the native woman Vahine Heau, <sup>490</sup> did not fail in his job.

Listen to this outrageous discussion.

James Stewart, brought before the Tribunal of Commerce as to payment of 24,000 francs by his brother W<sup>m</sup> Stewart, as Director of the Atimaono plantation, and for a debt contracted towards the Plantation,

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<sup>489</sup> WWB has *Company* for « actionnaires ».

<sup>490</sup> Jacolliot has *Vahineheau*.



Demands : that this sum of 24,000 francs be reduced to 17,000 francs that he acknowledges is due. Then producing the Draft for 92,000 francs subscribed by W<sup>m</sup> Stewart to Keane, he demands that this Draft, underwritten for six months, be rendered demandable at once, and that the 17,000 francs which he recognizes as due be set against and the like sum deducted from the Draft of 92,000.

Before a French Tribunal, it would not have taken five minutes to do justice to so scandalous a pretension. *The Imperial Judge Langomazino agreed to the demands in their entirety!!!*

It was in vain that W<sup>m</sup> Stewart's lawyer pleaded :

1. The 17,000 francs that you, James Stewart, recognize due, are due at once; the Draft for 92,000 francs that Keane has transferred to you is not due for 6 months.
2. The 17,000 francs are payable at Tahiti; the 92,000 francs are payable in 6 months at Auckland, New Zealand, at the Bank of Owen and Graham.
3. The Law requires that, for a double debt, they should be demandable on the same date and payable at the same place. These 2 conditions fail you, payment becomes impossible.
4. He who owes "on account" owes nothing, says the legal action, and no power on earth can make payable on sight a Draft payable in 6 months.
5. This Draft is not made out to you, James Stewart, you have received it from Keane. You cannot change the nature of the obligation, the contract is between W<sup>m</sup> Stewart and Keane. If the delay of this Draft appeared too long to you, who forced you to accept it in payment?
6. Another outrage : you owe 17,000 francs to the shareholders of the Atimaono plantation.<sup>491</sup> How do you imagine that this debt to a Company can be covered by the debt of W<sup>m</sup> Stewart, engaging himself not as the Managing Director, but *personally* to render Keane a service?

At this moment the Imperial Judge Langomazino interrupted, "Is it not that by this Draft of 92,000 francs W<sup>m</sup> Stewart becomes surety<sup>492</sup> for Keane?"

"That does not change the situation in the least," replied the lawyer for W<sup>m</sup> Stewart.

1. W<sup>m</sup> Stewart would be surety for the goods sold to Keane by James Stewart but that does not change the nature of the 2 debts : James Stewart owes to the Company, W<sup>m</sup> Stewart is personally engaged with Keane.
2. Suretyship cannot render payable on sight a Draft payable in 6 months.

At bottom to pretend that there is suretyship is impossible.

1. By terms of Law, Suretyship is not possessed, it must be expressed, written, precise.
2. If there be Suretyship, why not assign Keane the principal debtor, for examination as the Code Napoleon requires, before demanding the payment of Suretyship?

(An unheard of thing, Keane was never assigned in this case.)

<sup>491</sup> WWB omits: « pour marchandises apportées à vous par les navires de la plantation. »

<sup>492</sup> The word *guarantor* would be used now.

3. Suretyship, if you claim there is Suretyship, being a purely civil matter, the Tribunal of Commerce is incompetent to handle it.

These principles of Justice are so common that, at the least sign of fraud, deceit or bad faith, a magistrate cannot fail to recognize them. What do I say? a magistrate! I defy that any man, gifted with common sense, can be found capable of ordering the immediate payment of a Draft of 6 months expiration.

Langomazino rendered a judgement, ordering W<sup>m</sup> Stewart to pay forthwith, into the hands of his brother James Stewart, the 92,000 francs, shown on the Draft payable in 6 months, at Owen and Graham's bank in Auckland. W<sup>m</sup> Stewart was authorized in making payment to retain the 17,000 francs which his brother acknowledged due to the Atimaono Plantation.<sup>493</sup>

*On Appeal, the Order rendered by Boyer*

The President of the Superior Court

*was worse still.* W<sup>m</sup> Stewart had brought this Appeal, and had subpoenaed his brother James for 3 weeks later.

What did James Stewart do, who had gained his objects on all lines? He appealed in his turn, and by virtue of an Order by Boyer, to shorten the time, the Director of the plantation was given only 3 days to prepare his Appeal.

The 3 days expiring, W<sup>m</sup> Stewart obeyed the legal Order, and presented himself with his lawyer.

Despite all their efforts, the right was given to James Stewart to first present his accompanying Appeal. He demanded the confirmation of the judgement rendered by Langomazino in all its ends and aims, and moreover now added that his brother W<sup>m</sup> Stewart should be ordered to pay over to him a sum of 25,000 francs, naming a Draft which he had received from him 3 months before...

Here then was the reason for James' Appeal... he sought to procure through it a new demand against his brother...

Moved, and indignant, W<sup>m</sup> Stewart rose and gave the following explanation :

"I signed, 3 months ago, a Draft to the order of my brother for payment of 25,000 francs for merchandize... I wished to come to his aid in his then position short of cash for I owed him nothing. Be that as it may, I accept the responsibility of this act of kindness I committed. That Draft engages me as if I really owed. Here is how the Draft reads : 'Three months from date I will pay to the order of M<sup>r</sup> James Stewart the sum of 25,000 francs at my bankers Owen and Graham of Auckland, value of merchandize.' We have no bank on Tahiti, I am therefore obliged to arrange all my affairs with Auckland, which is the nearest place to our island. I refer this matter to my brother [James Stewart], to know if he has not sent this Draft to Auckland to be paid by Owen and Graham."

James Stewart, being unable to show the Draft, was obliged to own that he had sent it to Auckland to be paid by Owen and Graham. But he added that there was no guarantee against the risks at sea, that he did not know if the Draft had reached Auckland, and finally, desiring to leave Tahiti, he had need

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<sup>493</sup> WWB here omits: « Rien ne pourrait dépeindre la stupéfaction dans laquelle me jeta la lecture des pièces de ce procès, et surtout de cet inqualifiable jugement. »

of this money at once. One feels that one is dreaming on reading such things. Despite his lawyer who wished to stand firm on the ground of rights to repeal this insensate demand, to pay a Draft which is acknowledged to have been sent to the bankers to pay, W<sup>m</sup> Stewart spoke as follows, "I ask the Superior Court to kindly remit the matter for 3 weeks.

"The Draft, the payment of which is asked of me is both due and been paid without any doubt by this time by Mess<sup>rs</sup> Owen and Graham. In 3 weeks, the *Eugénie*, which runs the service between New Zealand and Tahiti, will arrive in our port, bringing the accounts of the bankers Owen and Graham, and consequently the proof of my own non liability."

Can one believe it? this delay was refused!... The matter was merely transferred to the next meeting of the Court.

M. de la Roncière begged Boyer to grant this delay since there was no danger in doing so. This request<sup>494</sup> gave a pretext for a calumnious denunciation of the Imperial Commissioner accusing him of attempting to influence justice.

At the next meeting, Boyer made an Order confirming in all his rights the judgement of Langomazino, and moreover condemning W<sup>m</sup> Stewart to pay the 25,000 francs, of the new demand, which the Director of the plantation affirmed with good right, as we shall soon see, had already been paid in Auckland.

Not content with that, the Order was to be carried out on the instant, and 48 hours later, in the name of James Stewart, a Sheriff seized all the possessions and tools of the Plantation, and even, contrary to the Code of Napoleon, the provisions serving to feed the Chinese work-people.

Thus, W<sup>m</sup> Stewart was condemned to pay, in 24 hours, under pain of<sup>495</sup> seeing his Chinese terrified whose food had been seized : 1. The sum of 92,000 francs, less the 17,000 francs that his brother recognized due ; 2. the sum of 25,000 francs mentioned in a Draft sent to Auckland by James Stewart himself and which, according to the date of its being due, ought to have been already paid.

100,000 francs to be paid in 24 hours! <sup>496</sup>

How could it be done?...

When one is a capable administrator one does not keep 100,000 francs unproductive at his home. There was no bank on Tahiti. Owen and Graham were in New Zealand, that is to say 20 days sail from Tahiti...

To the unanimous plaudits of all his enemies, this Atimaono plantation, worth several millions, was to [go bankrupt].<sup>497</sup>

M. de la Roncière intervened to save it. He authorised the Caisse Agricole, founded to purchase the coton of small planters, to purchase 100,00 francs worth of cotton from the Atimaono plantation, and W<sup>m</sup> Stewart could then avoid for his London [associates]<sup>498</sup> a ruinous discomforture.

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<sup>494</sup> WWB here omits part of : « Cette démarche échoua, ou plutôt elle eut un résultat... Elle donna le prétexte... »

<sup>495</sup> WWB omits part of : « sous peine de voir vendre tout son matériel et l'exploitation arrêtée, sous peine de voir révolter ses Chinois dont on avait saisi la nourriture »...

<sup>496</sup> WWB omits: « 100,000 francs dont on ne devait pas le premier centime!... »

<sup>497</sup> WWB has *be made a fiasco* for « va faire faillite ».

<sup>498</sup> WWB has *shareholders* for « associés ».

What did James Stewart do now? With 100,000 francs in his pocket, he escaped under cover of night on a schooner for San Francisco, abandoning his store in Papeete, in which were found neither ledgers, nor merchandize, and leaving over 60,000 francs in business debts... The Law has only one word to define that situation : it is *fradulent bankruptcy* ; and the tribunal to judge it is the criminal Court.

Thus, thanks to the connivance of Langomazino and Boyer (I do not mention the Assessors who were only underlings),

Dr Bonnet and Holozet the Procureur

James Stewart could abstract from his brother 100,000 francs which the latter did not owe him, and escape from Tahiti without paying his creditors.

Fifteen days after his departure, the *Eugénie*, arrived from Auckland, bringing the accounts of Owen and Graham with W<sup>m</sup> Stewart, and in these accounts was found the famous Draft of 25,000 francs to the order of James Stewart which the bankers had paid exactly upon its time expiration.<sup>499</sup>

This was not an error of honest folk who have been deceived, but a collusion, a planned deceit of the first rank, inexplicable otherwise than by the action of open hatred, seeking vengeance...

That was why Langomazino first, and Boyer later, were cashiered from their posts by M. de la Roncière, amid the unanimous plaudits of public opinion (those of honest men), which was scandalized by those odious judgements and by the flight of the fraudulent bankrupt, James Stewart.

Bonnet was given a 6 months sentence of imprisonment and Holozet removed from office.

A final word concerning Boyer.

Scarcely had he rendered his Order than he ordered its execution ; profiting by the absence of M. de la Roncière who was absent on the *Sous-le-vent*,<sup>500</sup> he placed the troops under arms, under the absurd pretext that M<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Stewart might be opposed to the approaching execution by guillotine of some of his Chinese, and a revolt possible.

The Chinese had been sentenced to death for premeditated murders, during a period of 4 months, of several of their compatriots. There was never any fear of a revolt.

<sup>501</sup>

Again, the day of the seizure of the plantation, M<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Stewart's lawyer [wants to go] to the home of his client to arrange by legal means, correct opposition to the seizure.

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<sup>499</sup> WWB omits the following: « Ainsi, tous les principes les plus simples du droit foulés aux pieds, un billet de 92,000 francs à échéance de six mois rendu exigible de suite par un tribunal de commerce, bien que cet engagement fût purement civil, un autre billet de 25,000 francs déjà payé à Auckland, que le souscripteur est obligé de payer une seconde fois, sans qu'il puisse obtenir un délai de trois semaines pour prouver sa libération. Que dis-je ? un delai ! — Est-ce que la libération de William Stewart n'était pas prouvée par l'impossibilité où était son frère de lui représenter le billet qu'il avoue avoir envoyé à Auckland à la présentation chez Owen et Graham ? Comme résultat, 100,000 fr. qui n'était pas dus, extorqués, et James Stewart qui s'enfuit frauduleusement, laissant 60,000 francs de dettes sur la place ! »

<sup>500</sup> WWB omits: « pour passer un traité avec le roi de l'île d'Huahine ».

<sup>501</sup> WWB here briefly summarises a rather long paragraph.

Boyer learning of it, [arrests him and throws him in prison]! <sup>502</sup>

Jocolliot now passes to other matter. <sup>503</sup>

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<sup>502</sup> WWB has *ordered his arrest and the entry of his name in the jail book* for « il le fait arrêter et écrouer à la prison ».

<sup>503</sup> WWB concludes his translation on page 41. The photographs below, taken at Atimaono in October 2014, shows the golf course that then occupied the site of the plantation. See also Tale #70, *Atimaono*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, and *Tragedy of Atimaono, Story of the Rise and Fall of a Tahitian Cotton Enterprise*, Section 1 and Section 2, by J.L. Young and edited by W.W. Bolton, in the 25 May 1938 (pages 33–39) and 22 June 1938 (pages 34–38) editions of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, in Part VII



## Transactions

**Extracts  
from the “Journal” or daily diary  
of the first permanent white residents  
on Tahiti.**

**3 Volumes  
covering the years 1797 to 1808.**

**L. M. S.  
London.**

*Preliminary Note.*

*Long gaps often appear owing to the manuscripts, through shipwreck or other misfortune, being irretrievably lost on their way home.*

*Many extracts already appear in the MS of “Old-time Tahiti” dealing with the first 2 Volumes. Others of Volume 3 now follow in addition to the former.*

*The writer was fortunate enough to secure the 3 Volumes for the Papeete Museum on Tahiti.* <sup>504</sup>

*The phonetic spelling of Names and Places are corrected so far as is now possible.*

*Brackets are by the writer as helps to the reader.*

### 1802

February 2. State of the garden.

Cabbages, melons, pumpkins and cucumbers we have had in great abundance. Several bushels of Indian corn have been gathered in. Many of the European vegetables will not come to perfection or produce seed. The vine and fig tree brought from Port Jackson (*Sydney, N.S.W.*) are doing well. Potatoes are good for nothing.

September 23. The Margaret, Capt. Byers and Mr. Turnbull, (*part owner*) anchored.

September 25. H.M.S. Porpoise landed, for the purpose of our self defence, 8 muskets, 10 lbs of powder, 32 flints and 320 musket balls.

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<sup>504</sup> Some of the extracts can be found in *Transactions of the Missionary Society, Volume 2, Issue 1*, 1804: [here](#) and [here](#). The text in the *Transactions* has been edited for publication, whereas WWB appears to have had access to the text of the original journals. While WWB’s text and the *Transactions of the Missionary Society* are consistent, it is clear that WWB has often condensed or edited the journals.



October 1. Tomorrow the Porpoise takes her departure and by her we send our Journal containing material respecting the island, occurrences, ourselves, etc. It will be a great cause of thankfulness to hear that our Journals sent by the Royal Admiral get safe to your hands.

*Editor's note. The above have never come to hand.*

October 22. It was resolved to send a letter to the Directors requesting an additional quantity of axes, scissors, etc., etc., for the use of the brethren that travel round the island, that presents may be made to those who receive them in their houses and provide them with food.

October 26. This morning a lad was convicted of having stolen 2 razors. Tu <sup>505</sup> (*Pomare II*) requested that in order to deter others, we to give him 20 lashes with the cat. We declined. He commanded one of his servants to do it, which he did in a public manner.

November 23. This morning Teu <sup>506</sup> (*Ha'apai*) the father of Pomare <sup>507</sup> (*I*) and the grandfather of Tu breathed his last in a house a few yards distant from us. His daughter Ovo <sup>508</sup> applied to us to make him a coffin. The corpse was taken to Paré <sup>509</sup> and is to be placed on pillars after the manner of burying people of consequence. Teu died of old age, being we imagine the oldest man on the island.

*(Evidently he was in his 90s — as was Tati I — he had met Wallis 30 years back, an "old man" then.)*

December 23. A barbarous murder was committed this morning in a house a few yards distant from us.

*(One of Itia's residences at Point Venus)*

He was struck by a tomahawk that almost severed his head from his body. The perpetrator of this savage act walked about afterwards with the tomahawk in his hand with as much unconcern as if he had been splitting up firewood. The murdered man had been guilty of a very petty theft. Toward evening Pahiti <sup>510</sup> (*The Head Chief of Matavai*) arrived and ordered the corpse to be dug up and placed within view of the murderer's abode at the Point. This is held by the natives as very unpleasant to the guilty party.

## 1803

February 2. Tu (*Pomare II*) sent to desire that we would write to England that a Still for distilling liquors may be sent for. It is probable that the Sandwich Islanders who are with the King have induced him to make the request. (*Declined.*)

February 5. If our neighbours were more honest we should almost be able to keep ourselves in every article without being burthensome to our brethren in England by rearing and curing pork and sending

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<sup>505</sup> *Otoo in the Transactions of the Missionary Society.*

<sup>506</sup> *Otáoo*

<sup>507</sup> *Pomarre*

<sup>508</sup> *Owo*

<sup>509</sup> *Oparre*

<sup>510</sup> *Paheete*

it to New South Wales, but it is with difficulty that some of us can get meat to eat. Since the departure of the Royal Admiral we have lost by theft near 200 hogs great and small besides ducks and fowls and things from gardens.

February 28. The last divisions of our sugar was made today : the last of our tea has been made some time.

March 13. The various situations in which the natives are found when we seek to address them render it very difficult to get them together. Sometimes they are busy at work about their houses or making cloth, etc., etc., which they quit — if at all — with no small reluctance, at other times they are feasting and gorging themselves and at other times they are stupefied with kava.

April 4. The ship Unicorn of London, Porter Commander and Mr Newton Supercargo and part owner, anchored in the Bay. It has been reported among the natives that the King is angry with certain of us because they have gone on board ships and desired the captains not to give arms. A charge most untrue. Some of the great people now conceive that we are in their way. It is easy to perceive that a very little matter would turn the favour of the Chiefs against us, and from being our professed friends they would become our open and avowed enemies; in that case the consequence is very obvious. Prudence inclines us to wish that the Mission was speedily put upon such a footing as to provide against any fatal catastrophe taking place. It was judged expedient to request a return in gunpowder for some articles sent to the ship to make a present of it to Pomare (I).

April 11. The Unicorn made signal for sailing. The care of our Journals has been committed to M<sup>r</sup> Newton.

*Editor's note. Mr Newton has had the goodness carefully to preserve these Journals, notwithstanding that his ship was seized by the French.*

April 27. Last evening Pomare (I), Pahiti, Ovo and their attendants arrived to see the young Chief of Taiarapu <sup>511</sup> (*Lesser Tahiti*) who now appears very near death.

*(He was Teriinararoa, younger son of Pomare.)*

April 28. A human sacrifice passed by from Faaa. <sup>512</sup> Toward evening Brothers Jefferson and Scott came home. They had arrived at Faaa, put up at the Chief's house who received them friendly, and that same night the Chief killed the man for a sacrifice

*(For Pomare's use for his dying son)*

that was carried past us in a canoe today. The man was sitting with the Chief and others when the brethren arrived. A little after the brethren were laid down to rest, the natives proposed to remove themselves to the sea beach a short distance off. The intended victim not suspecting their designs accompanied them : there they soon dispatched him with stones and his body was put up in a long basket of coconut leaves. The deed was done with so much quietness and secrecy that the 2 brethren had no suspicion of anything, and were not a little surprised when they heard of it at a distance from the house. The Chief and his attendants appeared as easy and unconcerned as if they had only killed a hog.

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<sup>511</sup> *Tyarraboo* in the *Transactions of the Missionary Society*.

<sup>512</sup> *Fwhanna*

May 17. The arrows of death continue to spread in a very awful manner among the remains of this once — as has been reported — island, <sup>513</sup> many persons in the prime of life falling a prey to the virulence of intermitting fever which has proved so fatal to the inhabitants.

Statement of the medicines by Brother Elder :

The medicines are in as safe a state as I can put them. Through the length of time they have been kept the greatest part of the powders and some of the liquids have lost much of their native qualities. The powders of bark, rhubarb, ipecacuanha, <sup>514</sup> cream of tartar, sugar of lead which all are in glass bottles are turned into a soft, mouldy lump. Neither can I prevent the medical instruments from rusting.

May 27. Between 3 and 4 o'clock something like a boat was seen in the N.W. quarter making towards Point Venus. Soon after, 2 guns were fired from her. M<sup>r</sup> Turnbull

*(who had remained ashore whilst the Margaret had cruised amid the neighbouring islands)*

immediately supposed some disaster had befallen his vessel. He got a double-canoe launched and sent off Peter Hagerstine, <sup>515</sup> 4 seamen and some natives to meet them. The weather proving very windy and squally, the seeming boat could not fetch into the bay and night coming on she made for Paré. After sundown Peter Hagerstine relanded with the tidings that the Margaret was lost and that Captain Byers and crew were in the above boat : 2 of the crew were wounded.

May 28. This morning Captain Byers, M<sup>r</sup> Wood his mate and M<sup>rs</sup> Wood arrived by water, all in a very weak state. Brother Nott has given up where he dwelt on the west side of the river to accommodate M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Wood, and removed to the Society's new home. (*The "British" house.*)

May 31. The chest Captain Byers and his crew — in all 18 souls — saved themselves in, is come up from Paré. It is about 17 feet long, 5 broad and 4 deep. Having no carpenter among them, it is not only poorly patched together but was withal so leaky that it took one person to keep baling by day and night. Providentially they met with a favourable wind and calm weather.

June 15. Some time ago Brother Eyre had begun to enclose a spot of ground.

*(All of Matavai had been ceded to the Society by Pomare I.)*

Yesterday a neighbouring Raatira <sup>516</sup> (*sub-chief*) broke out upon the native who was renewing the work on the fence and much abused Brother Eyre, told him that the land was his and he would have no fence there. When told that his conduct would be reported to Pomare (*I*) he said, "Your God is killing us now, but bye and bye our gods may get the upper hand and then you will be killed." However, this morning the Raatira came, bringing with him a small pig as an atonement for his conduct according to the custom of the country.

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<sup>513</sup> The island referred to is Raiatea.

<sup>514</sup> [Carapichea ipecacuanha](#)

<sup>515</sup> *Hagerstin* or *Hagerstein* in the *Transactions of the Missionary Society*.

<sup>516</sup> *Rateera*

June 22. A prohibition is laid upon the inhabitants against lighting any fires near their habitations. This is on account of the death (*on the 19<sup>th</sup>*) of the young Chief of Taiarapu. How long it may continue is to us uncertain. The natives are now obliged to retire far inland to cook their food.

June 29. The seaman that was desperately wounded when the Margaret was wrecked is recovering. The prohibition of lighting fires is withdrawn.

July 9. Pomare is very busy preparing canoes to visit Atehuru <sup>517</sup> (*Punaauia*) but Tu (*his son*) has sent word from there to forbid Pomare and Itia going down, as the Atehurians have laid a plot to cut them off.

August 1. The Atehurians have delivered up to Tu the shapeless log of wood which they call their god Oro, or rather his body into which Oro occasionally enters. By this act, peace is assured towards Pomare.

September 3. A messenger arrived from Paré in the afternoon with the intelligence that Pomare was dead. From a man in the canoe when it happened we learned that he was paddling with 2 of his men in a single canoe towards the Dart and was not far from her when a sudden pain seized him in the back which occasioned him to cry out and catch himself up and put out one of his hands behind him to the place where he felt the pain. This he had no sooner done than he fell forwards with his face towards the bottom of the canoe and his hands over the sides dropped the paddle out of his hand and never spoke more. The natives about us do not express themselves with much concern on the occasion.

September 5. Nine of the brethren were down in Paré to show their concern. It appeared to be taken kindly by Itia. <sup>518</sup> The corpse was laid out under a small shed erected for the purpose opposite Tu's dwelling

*(The King's House still so called)*

and decently covered with white cloth. At the feast on the left side sat Itia, and on the right side sat Ovo and her 2 daughters, both once the wives of Tu and Teriinararoa <sup>519</sup> (*their cousins*), and Pipiri <sup>520</sup> (*Pomare's 2<sup>nd</sup> wife*). Muskets were fired in a confused manner as tokens of respect for the dead. Preparations were being made for putting the corpse on a scaffold after the manner of the country, the body placed in a large canoe house such as they carry on their double canoes. Behind Pomare's Fare Tupapau <sup>521</sup> will be that of his father's (*Ha'apai*) and Pipiri's brother, on the right of Tu's dwelling that of Teriinararoa, so that he (*Tu*) soon will have before his eyes the remains of his grandfather, his father and his brother who have all been cut off within 12 months.

September 7. Brothers Jefferson and Youl returned from Atehuru. Tu received them friendly but by his behaviour he is little affected with his father's decease. They had passed the night under the roof of his palace which was not only mean in the extreme but so full of fleas that not much sleep could be got.

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<sup>517</sup> Attahooroo in the *Transactions of the Missionary Society*.

<sup>518</sup> Edeea

<sup>519</sup> Ta-are-navo-roa

<sup>520</sup> Pepere

<sup>521</sup> farre teapahpow

1804

February 22. <sup>522</sup> At daybreak the natives shouted that a vessel was in sight : presently afterwards something was seen floating on the ocean. The King looking at them with his spyglass conceived them to be very large canoes full of men and making towards Matavai. Immediately a report was circulated that the natives of the Pearl Islands (*Northern Tuamotus*) to the eastward were on their way to attack Tahiti. <sup>523</sup> Some months back the Pearl Islanders invaded and took Makatea <sup>524</sup> (*the present day phosphate isle*). The Makateans fled to Lesser Tahiti and described the invaders as a vary savage people and man-eaters. Tu sent to inform us and desired that our boat (*purchased from the Margaret*) might be launched and sent off to reconnoitre. Some of the brethren went to His Majesty and were no more able to discover by the help of the glass — the weather being cloudy and a drizzling rain — what the floats were than the King. The boat was launched and Brother Shelley <sup>525</sup> with some seamen (*left from vessels which called in the Past*) went out 4 or 5 miles to meet them : but instead of the man-eaters it proved to be large trees that had been washed away from the land, drifting at random.

April 28. Ovo and Pipiri arrived. The latter has changed her name to Tane-ruu-ruu-a. <sup>526</sup> Not long after Pomare's decease, Itia with some priests met to invoke the Manes of Pomare to make his Appearance. The vision was to appear at sea. During their invocations a famous priest among them got into his canoe and paddled off some distance from land to meet the ghost. This he did several times but was unsuccessful. At last, while they were at the height of their ceremonies, a strange noise was heard in the midst of them and Itia immediately cried out "There he is." On this the priest put to sea again and soon afterwards returned with the report that he had seen him : that the upper part of his body appeared out of the water and that it was bound round with plaited cord such as the natives use on occasions. From these circumstances Pipiri took the name which signifies "A bound husband".

May 8. About noon a furious whirlwind. It was a grand though very fearful spectacle. It passed close by Itia's house on Point Venus and near the shed erected for building a boat for the King and the old (*Bligh*) house. Had it touched our dwelling (*the British House*) the consequences might have been fatal. (*The last named was a 2 storied building.*)

June 11. A boat was perceived making for Point Venus. On landing we found her to belong to a vessel at anchor in Taru harbour, Moorea : the vessel is the Harrington of 14 guns and 50 men, M<sup>r</sup> Campbell from New South Wales, and bound to the coast of Peru in the privateer business. The vessel was bound to Norfolk Island for certain supplies and water but gales of wind prevented and she was constrained to call at Tahiti, and being leeward to this island put into Moorea. Having no intention of calling here till on her return she has brought nothing from Port Jackson for us where we understand letters and articles from England are lying for us awaiting conveyance. We are much in want of clothing.

June 30. Drew upon Captain Campbell for a supply of our exigencies. Spared Captain Campbell a quantity of hoop iron : for part payment of which 6 lbs of gunpowder is to be given to Tu.

July 11. Enlarged our demands to the amount of near £ 130 to be paid with between 5 and 6 tons of pork to be ready on his return.

<sup>522</sup> The day these events took place is given as March 18 in the *Transactions of the Missionary Society* [here](#).

<sup>523</sup> *Otaheite* in the *Transactions of the Missionary Society*.

<sup>524</sup> *Maitea*

<sup>525</sup> William Shelley (1774-1815). WWB has *Shelly* here and elsewhere.

<sup>526</sup> *Tahne-roorooa*

July 13. A Bible and Prayer book were sent to the crew, also a few tracts and sermons. At p.m. the Harrington sailed from Eimeo.

July 21. About 4 a.m. we were alarmed by the report of a cannon. Supposing that a vessel might not know her situation with respect to the land, a fire was lighted on the beach. A vessel was presently seen to the eastward. As she came more in sight it appeared that she had met with some disaster in her main-mast. About 6 a.m. she entered the bay. She proved to be the Harrington and had reached as far as latitude 23 degrees when she carried away the head of her main-mast which snapped off her fore-topsail yardarm.

August 6. Since his return Captain Campbell has been so obliging as to permit one of his crew who is a tailor to come ashore and make sundry garments for the brethren. Another of the ship's company has been putting us in a way to make soap.

*(The Harrington sailed the following week.)*

August 20. Some months ago it was agreed that the brethren should build for the King a vessel of 42 feet keel. The shed had been erected by the King's order and timber for the ribs provided. It is found necessary to hasten the work as the King seems very urgent. Brothers Bicknell and Shelley, the shipwrights, and Brother Nott to direct the natives in their work : Aiken, a negro from the Margaret, to assist at one axe and a tomahawk per week as wages. The Society has engaged a foreigner from the Harrington to make bricks, he being by trade a brickmaker and stone-mason. He is engaged to make 5000 bricks at 2 axes and a tomahawk per thousand.

October 15. Oro is brought from Moorea and was landed on the islet in Nanu Bay (*today Papeete*).

October 19. The King sent 5 short notes to as many different brethren concerning his vessel to hurry it on. They were written in a legible hand, tolerably good sense and pretty well spelt. Tu has assumed the name of his father and signs himself in some of his notes "His Majesty Pomare".

November 3. The bricks have been finished and some of the brethren began to bring them home. They were made near One Tree Hill of a red clay.

November 10. The Harrington brig, Captain Campbell, anchored in the bay. Since her departure (*July 13*) she has visited the coast of America and captured 2 Spanish vessels, a brig laden with wheat and flour, etc., and a king's schooner. The prizes are expected in a few days. (*They arrived on the 19<sup>th</sup>.*)

November 12. Captain Campbell removed his vessel to Paré (*to Papaoa in that District*) where His Majesty's ship Bounty had formerly anchored, a far more secure situation than any part of Matavai Bay.

December 8. The King has lately sent to this District a piece of a human body as a confirmation of friendship between him and the District. It is the end of a finger. Pieces taken from the hand, foot or hair of the head are used as tokens of amity.



1805

January 22. Brothers Elder and Wilson departed for Tairapu (*Lesser Tahiti*). They took with them to defray expenses 2 hatchets, 12 knives and 9 combs. Brothers Bicknell and Henry also set out for Moorea. They took with them 2 hatchets and 6 knives to defray charges.

April 22. Last night was lost a trunk containing a variety of carpenter's tools out of a small house standing about 50 yards at the back of our dwelling. None of our neighbours will ever impeach the robber at the time but months afterwards we learn from them who was the thief.

April 30. Some time ago there was stolen a very good copper sieve. A boy was the thief. This morning the boy's relation sent us 2 hogs as a recompense.

May 3. The brethren returned from Moorea and with them a King's messenger who is charged by Pomare to signify to the Raatiras to search for our lost property and to send all strangers that have not business in Matavai to their homes. When he returns to this island depends on religious ceremonies which must first be performed.

May 6. This evening there died in an adjacent dwelling a robust young man of about 20 years of age. He was wrestling in sport and ran a splinter of bamboo into his right leg near the heel. Lancing was proposed by Brother Elder as the splinter was invisible. This was refused and yesterday his jaws were firmly locked. Though no strangers to a locked jaw the natives consider it impossible that it is produced by a wound in the exterior frame.

May 8. About 8 o'clock p.m. there was a very uncommon rising of the sea which overflowed Point Venus. At the east end of the district where the low land is narrow the people were obliged to go to the mountains. The oldest here do not remember ever to have seen the like. There was a rise of the sea of several feet.

June 3. A third attempt has been made of soap making but it failed. We have no book of directions.

June 13. The Alexander, Captain Rhodes, anchored in the bay, coming from New South Wales. As it was not intended to visit this island we are again disappointed in letters and supplies. (*They are in need of pork.*)

June 22. The Myrtle, Captain Barber, anchored in the bay coming from Port Jackson. The captain had no such intention of calling, so nothing was on board for us. Both ships bartering for hogs with muskets. Captain Rhodes has sold a 3 lb cannon to the King for 50 hogs.

July 4. A Chinese has eloped from the Myrtle.

*(The first of his race on Tahiti. Possibly became Nott's servant  
which tradition affirms.)*

July 26. Read over the Journal prior to its forwarding by the Alexander.

October 9. Learned that some weeks ago in our neighbourhood a sick young man was actually buried alive : he was a native of Raiatea and had frequently been employed by us but was taken ill and stayed in a hut near our dwelling where he was fed by our native boys. He went off to some of his acquaintances inland who being tired of him dug a hole, put him into it and covered him with earth. Another sick young man is now with us who was appointed to suffer the same fate.

October 28. A sail was seen. The vessel proved to be the American brig Taber, Captain Sowle.

November 2. Captain Sowle made a present to us in the name of his owner John Clark Esq of Providence of 5 cakes of shaving soap, thread, 7 lbs of tea, a box of figs, 13 bottles of Madeira, 12 bottles of claret, 7 bushels of grounded wheat, corks, and 4 bottles of essence of peppermint.

November 4. The King has sent from Moorea notes to several of us desiring that melons, pineapples, limes and pumpkins be sent him. It is pleasing to observe the rapid progress he makes in his writing and spelling.

## 1806

January 18. Our neighbours carry their affectation of European dress so far that they will give almost any price for an old black coat or blue coat or shirt : and no man thinks that he can go before the King with any appearance of consequence except he has a musket, a coat and shirt or at least a coat to accompany his musket.

January 20. Nine of the brethren went down to Nanu (*present day Papeete*) to meet the King on his return to this island.

January 27. The King and his retinue arrived at Matavai. The great god Oro and his human sacrifices are deposited for the present in the marae at Hiti-mahana. Soon after Pomare's return he desired that we would ask Itia if he might enter our dwelling or not and to do this not in his name. She gave her consent. Soon afterwards he entered several of our upper apartments (*for the bachelors*). This was the first time of his coming under our roofs without making them sacred or his own property.

January 28. Much noise and confusion about us and the marae. Oro has 5 other gods to accompany him to Lesser Tahiti, then the others are to be returned to Moorea. Oro is in his house upon a sacred canoe : in the same house is the Too — or image — of Hiro.<sup>527</sup> The Too of the other gods is wrapped up in cloth and placed on separate canoes covered with the thatch of pandanus leaves. Their names are Tane, Te Mehara, Ruahatu and Hu'ae-ma'a, the 2 last are shark gods. The putrid carcasses of the men sacrificed are hanging up in long baskets of coconut in the branches of the trees about the marae.

January 30. Pomare after dining with us went to Paré for that District's gifts — Titis — to him. In the evening some cloth was sent to us together with a little pig as a present to our King George. This is a ceremony observed on all public occasions when the names of the principal Chiefs are called over one by one and something given to each : and ever since the time of Captain Cook the name of "King George" is added to the list and when the name is called if there be any Englishman present he receives the present, if not it goes to the natives.

March 1. The Lucy of London anchored in the bay, Captain Ferguson. She is a privateer and has been on a cruise off the coast of New Spain and touched here on her way to Port Jackson.<sup>528</sup> One object

<sup>527</sup> Possibly a reference to Hiro, the legendary king of Raiatea, the island formerly known as Havaiki. See [The Lost Caravel Re-explored](#) by Robert Langdon.

<sup>528</sup> The *Lucy* had stopped at Nukuhiva, where Edward Robarts, his Marquesan wife, their daughter, and an elderly Marquesan matron boarded. They disembarked at Tahiti and remained there for eighteen months. See pages 12 and 162 of [Greg Denning \[ed.\]. 1974. The Marquesan Journal of Edward Robarts, 1797–1824.](#) Canberra: Australian National

of his calling here was to enquire after a South Sea whaler called the Minerva whose crew mutinied, murdered the Captain and took the ship. Some few that did not join them were put into an open boat : these were providentially picked up by an English boat. What is become of the Minerva is not known.

March 13. Sent the King the following :

*(In answer to a request from him for a room in their house — see sketch.)*

May you live O King

We are thinking it would be a good thing to make a room for you for a writing place. Do not you cease to write, do not cease to learn English, it is a very good thing to know it.

March 18. Received the following note in English.

Friends

Give you M<sup>r</sup> Nott and M<sup>r</sup> Bicknell for craftsmen to do my room towards the sea in the new home for their it will be made if agreed by you.

May it be well with you. Pomare. King.

*(An answer was sent "Agreed to".)*

May 25. The Queen is very ill. This afternoon the King called and said that she had been delivered of a dead child but his servants have told us that it was a living child and quickly strangled.

June 29. It is difficult to get the natives to hear us at all, they will frequently interrupt telling us that they are all dying of English diseases.

July 1. The Queen continues very ill. A native was sent for by the King to cure her who [it] is supposed has the spirit of Mani Mani, the old Chief killed a few years back by Itia.

July 21. Ariipaea, Chief of the District of Paré, is ill. He sent for sugar, but sugar and tea we have been without for many months past. They are some of the most necessary articles we can have, and the want of them is severely felt especially when any of us are sick which is frequently the case. The Queen departed this life this morning. She was about 23 years of age, of middle stature, affable in her behaviour. Her mother Ovo, Itia and other women cut their heads with sharks teeth according to custom.

August 1. All the articles the Queen used have been put up in the marai where she is in a canoe on a scaffold. To prevent them being taken away they are broken in pieces or spoiled, such as her cup, combs, baskets. All her cloth was about her body. A house has been made about 8 feet high, supported by 6 posts, the sides covered with matting. Her relatives take her food which is laid near the corpse, fish, umu, coconut and water, the natives believing that the deceased come and eat the spirit supposed to be in the food.

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University Press. See also pages 83–84 of C.W. Newbury [ed.]. 1959. *The History of the Tahitian Mission, 1799–1830, Written by John Davies*. Hakluyt Society Series II, No. CXVI. London.

November 25. This afternoon a sail was seen off Moorea. Its appearance being very small, some thinking it might be a large canoe, the King sent off his canoe. Late in the evening the canoe returned with the following note :

Gentlemen

I have to inform you of my having stores, etc., on board for you, this vessel having been chartered by M<sup>r</sup> Marsden. She is a private colonial vessel. I sailed from Port Jackson on September 15 and have had a very indifferent passage, being out of meat and firewood. My intention is to get to Matavai but the vessel being out of trim and very foul is not able to do as well as I wish.

E. Edwards

Some of the brethren went off to her in Brother Bicknell's boat with wood and a hog.

November 26. The vessel came to anchor, the Hawkesbury of 20 tons, so small that we are surprised she ever reached this place.

## 1807

March 2. Yesterday a neighbouring Raatira died. It is reported that the cause of his death was that he had been nanatiaha — sorcered by a man who lives at Atehuru who can, it is said, kill anyone he pleases by his enchantments. Few people die but think they have been sorcered or that some other diabolical art has been the cause.

May 9. During last night Pomare had a fit. A message was sent (*to Papaoa – Arué*) requesting the King to come to Matavai. He arrived with some priests and a number of people. Three carried each a young plantain and invoked their gods by repeating prayers all the way. Priests belonging to Matavai began their prayers, singing their orations in concert. Soon after he arrived a man came to the place who claimed to be inspired by Oro and says that the King must go to war with the people of Atehuru.

May 11. The man continues to say that Oro is angry and that there must be war. The people of Taiarapu have also offended by their not wholly leaving land given to Oro (*for the priests' use*). The King and the people about us are busily employed in cleaning their muskets and preparing themselves for war and seem much delighted with the certainty of its taking place after certain religious ceremonies have been performed.

May 25. Today some people came from Atehuru and report that Pomare is encamped there and that the inhabitants have fled to their Paré (*a place of refuge*). All the houses and plantations have been destroyed by Pomare.

June 2. Some of the brethren went towards Atehuru to see if they can do anything to save those fugitives said to be in the mountains.

June 3. The brethren Nott, Elder and Wilson returned. They had visited Pomare's camp. He was on the point of sailing for Papara where most of his warriors had preceded him : he had sent a party to Taiarapu to seize all canoes. The District presents a horrid scene of desolation. The King appeared as if conscious of acting wrongly and was not for entering into conversation.

*(This ends Jefferson's work as Secretary.)*

September 25. *(Jefferson died and Davies took over the work of the Journal.)*

## 1808

October 3. A letter was received from the King :

Friends : be on your guard : the people of Matavai and Mahena are continually talking of war and forming themselves in a party against us. Pomare.

October 11. The alarm of approaching war increasing, the brethren agreed to keep watch during nights.

October 25. The brig Perseverance from Port Jackson anchored in the bay.

November 6. We hear there is much probability that all the east side of the island from Matavai to the Isthmus is likely to unite against the King.

November 7. It is understood that Tauta, the Chief of Fa'ena, and Teahea, the Chief of Hitia'a, will also join the disaffected. This gave great alarm particularly on account of the courageous and enterprising character of Tauta. Pomare advised that our women and children should be sent on board the ship. The married and their families having gone aboard, the single brethren kept watch the night.

November 8. In much anxiety of mind but the rebels did not stir from Papenoo. The vessel was to sail in the afternoon but a letter was sent to the Captain requesting him to stay 48 hours, to which he consented. A meeting was called and it was unanimously agreed

That the state of the island is such that there is no prospect of safety or usefulness even should the disaffected Chiefs prove our friends. We dread the thought of living under a government where nothing is to be expected but constant quarrels and confusion. The consideration of these things together with the little success that has hitherto attended the labours of many years and that Providence had at the present juncture put in our power the means of removal to another island has fully determined our minds.

Pomare intends to leave the island for Huahine.

November 9. The brethren Nott and Scott went to the camp of the rebels to persuade them to meet the King, but to this they objected mentioning several instances of treachery that had occurred during the late war (*with Atehuru*). The Chiefs behaved friendly but though the Chiefs may have regard for us they have not the power to restrain the rabble.

Pomare began to hesitate about going away in the ship, thinking that he should thereby lose all his authority on Tahiti, but added "Perchance bye and bye the people will cut off my head as the people of France did with their King." We told him that if he was determined to stay, some of the single brethren would stay with him. This pleased him much. Brothers Nott, Haywood, Scott and Wilson then offered to stay since they had neither property nor families but with no expectation of doing any missionary work. Leave was then taken of the King and the rest of the brethren went on board together with some of our servants and most of the other Europeans on the island.

November 10. About noon the Perseverance sailed, and at the same hour on the following day the brethren were landed on Huahine.

End  
of the strictly Tahitian Journal : there follow entries from Huahine  
till they come to a close at Sydney in February 1818.



## The Pritchard Affair

1838.

British Consulate. Tahiti.  
14 September 14 1838.

To Governor Gipps  
Sydney. N.S.W.

Sir,

Permit me to make Your Excellency acquainted with what has happened on this island within these few days. The frigate La Venus by which I forward this has been to Tahiti to demand satisfaction for not allowing 2 Roman Catholic priests to remain on this island to teach their peculiar doctrines in opposition to those taught by the Protestant missionaries who have occupied this field for more than 40 years.

Considered only in a civil point of view, to have allowed them to remain in a small community like this, when every individual is professedly under instruction, would in a short time have created anarchy, confusion and bloodshed. I have lately received dispatches from Lord Palmerston in which I am requested to inform Queen Pomare that she is at liberty to receive or reject Roman Catholic priests : that according to the laws of nations no Foreign Power can force upon her any particular sect or party contrary to her own wishes.

French citizens who have come hither as mechanics or merchants have always enjoyed the same privileges as all other foreigners. The 2 priests came with the avowed intention of opposing those who were already instructing the people, the result of which would be, a party would soon be formed by certain disaffected Chiefs and would at once lead to civil war.

The redress demanded by the French Government has been sought in the most arbitrary and illegal manner. On the arrival of the frigate an embargo was laid upon all the ships in the harbour and a letter was sent to the Queen allowing only 24 hours to comply with the requisitions therein contained or the frigate would fire upon the settlement and carry on the work of devastation and death through the whole group of islands. They demanded at the mouth of the canon :

- 1<sup>st</sup>        A letter from Queen Pomare to the King of the French apologizing for having ill treated the French priests,
- 2<sup>ndly</sup>     The sum of Two Thousand dollars and
- 3<sup>rdly</sup>     That she hoist the French Flag on shore and salute it with 21 guns.

It was impossible for the natives to comply with these requisitions in so short a time. To prevent the direful consequences which were pending, I have been obliged to assist the Queen by paying the sum demanded.

Is it consonant with the laws of nations thus imperiously to demand whatever claim they may think proper to make upon a few defenceless natives without the slightest investigation being made or allowing an explanation to be given?

The Commodore has appointed a French Consul and formed a Treaty between the Queen of Tahiti and the King of the French. I herewith forward a copy of the letter to Queen Pomare. There are now at anchor at Tahiti 3 French ships-of-war and 2 more are expected.

The natives know not what to make of it. They consider themselves not only on a friendly alliance with Great Britain but as under the special protection of the British Government.

I hope you will send me of Her Britannic Majesty's ships-of-war this way as frequently as possible. It will be rendering essential service to these islands.

G. Pritchard  
Her Britannic Majesty's Consul.

Before any letter was ready to be sent to Du Petit Thouars aboard his vessel, the Venus, then in port, he called upon the Governor in a courtesy visit. A few days later the following was sent by command of the Governor.

Colonial Secretary's Office  
Sydney. 3 December 1838

To Captain Du Petit Thouars  
Majesty's Frigate "Venus"

Sir,

With reference to the verbal communication which took place between yourself and the Governor of New South Wales at a recent interview with His Excellency relative to your proceedings on your late visit to the island of Tahiti, I have the honour, by command of His Excellency, to repeat to you officially that he has received a letter from Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at that island, representing to His Excellency that on the occasion in question the French Flag was hoisted on the island by your orders, and certain demands were made by you on Her Majesty Queen Pomare, which not only placed Her Majesty in fear and under restraint but forced her to borrow money from the British Consul in order to avert the hostilities with which she was threatened.

The island of Tahiti forms no part of His Imperial Majesty's Government or of the territories of His Royal Majesty but is on the contrary recognized as an independent State under the Sovereignty of its own Queen.

At the same time, in consequence of the strict relations of unity and alliance which exist between this Government and Queen Pomare, His Excellency has thought it right to transmit to Her Britannic Majesty's Government a copy of the British Consul's letter above referred to, and His Excellency deems it due to you as the Officer of a Friendly Power to inform you of the circumstances.

His Excellency will not fail to convey at the same time to his Government the assurance which you have verbally given to His Excellency, that in causing the French Flag to be hoisted at Tahiti you did not intend to indicate the assumption of any act of Sovereignty over that island.

E. Deas Thomson

Du Petit Thouars explains in reply. (A translation.)

Frigate Venus  
Sydney Harbour. 5 December 1838.

M. Secretary-General,

I have received the letter which you have done me with the honour to write to me the 3<sup>rd</sup> of this month by order of His Excellency the Governor of New South Wales.

Alike as you inform me I know that the Government of the Queen of Tahiti is a recognized and independent government. In consequence I desire to inform you, Sir, that having received the Order of my Government to proceed to Tahiti I conceive it my duty to report the details of my action to the Government strong and glorious and to it alone. Already I have informed M. the Minister of Marine of my conduct and to him alone I feel is due the official account.

My relations with M. the Consul of Great Britain have been those they ought to be, polite and full of those regards which are due to the Envoy of a Friendly Power. I rendered to M. the Consul the honours that our Orders accord to his rank, although he never appeared on the frigate other than in the costume of a midshipman. I received him many times at my table as also the gentlemen the missionaries Mess<sup>rs</sup> Rogerson and Barff and all those who did me the honour to visit me.

I offered him for instance — later it is true — an asylum for himself and his family : finally I gave him in his quality as Consul powder which I asked for, and on my departure I offered to carry his correspondence to Sydney and it is I who have brought them. His Excellency will see by the recital of my relations with the Consul of Her Britannic Majesty that I have failed in no attentions which in various forms would be rightly due in a similar case. Such have been, Sir, the only connections which I have had with M. the English Consul Pritchard.

However, independently of the Consular charge of which M. Pritchard is invested at Tahiti, he is known under many different characters and which, in connection with these diverse functions, I found myself under the necessity of having dealings with him : and agreeably to M. the Governor, M. Pritchard being a subject of Great Britain, I desire without going beyond my duty to be allowed to state what have been those fresh relations.

As a Protestant minister I have had the pleasure of seeing M. Pritchard in the pulpit of the principal Church and of hearing him preach.

As a merchant I have had to address myself to M. Pritchard on behalf of the succession and the orphan heirs of M. Captain Bureau, slain along with his crew in 1834 in the Fiji

islands, to ask account of the possessions which the unfortunate Captain had placed in his charge.

As Agent, or rather Factotum of the Queen, M. Pritchard came to see me, bringing up without preamble the subject for which he was sent. I stopped him and asked him to make known to me in what character he appeared in a matter which seemed to have nothing to do with his consular functions. I declared to him that if it was so, I could not listen to him, but if he came as the Envoy of the Queen I was prepared to hear him. M. Pritchard then said that Queen Pomare having no one, by reason of the language, who could communicate with me had sent him as her Agent to propose a Letter of Credit in her name. I replied to the Queen's Agent that if all the resident Consuls would guarantee her signature and the validity of the Letter, I would consent. M. Pritchard asked me if I would not be content with his single guarantee as British Consul. I did not consider it advisable to consent to the request of M. Pritchard, being himself as the Queen's Agent as active party in the matter, but I limited the guarantee I required to himself as Consul to Her Britannic Majesty and to M. Moerenhout, Consul accorded to the United States.

As Interpreter M. Pritchard came aboard accompanied by a Chief who had been sent to me by the Queen to beg of me the loan of a French Flag of which she had need.

Here I think that it is convenient that I should cease. There are all the details which it appears to me that I am permitted to give to His Excellency the Governor of New South Wales. In entering upon these intimate particulars on M. Pritchard's conduct as Agent of the Queen I incur, maybe, the risk of wounding a susceptibility that I respect and which is far from my thoughts to offend.

I beg you to thank His Excellency the Governor for the thought which he desired to be made known to me of his intention to send M. the Consul Pritchard's letter to the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain.

I subscribe myself with respect, M. the Secretary-General,

Your humble and most obedient servant  
the Captain Commandant of the Venus  
A. Du Petit Thouars

## The Old Time Laws

From 1880 Tahitians have lived wholly under French Laws. For 60 years before that date they lived under their own special Code drawn up under the second Pomare. Prior to then, Law was an unknown word or thing, each Chief did and acted as he saw fit. It would be indeed strange if the Laws of 1820 held good today as first promulgated at Arue on Tahiti. Other times, other needs and manners. Some matters of great moment then are of trivial consequence today. Their Law prohibiting Tattooing causes us a smile and breadfruit as a serious issue seems absurd. From that Code slightly amended at a later date one can picture life and people not as fancy paints them but in truth. One thing of great moment then, even as today, was put a stop to for all time. From the day the Code was issued — printed at the Huahine Mission Press — the slaughter of infants at birth or before birth's arrival was called by its right named Murder and the penalty was Death : nor was Life in general to be taken wantonly without equivalent payment by the slayer. And shortly later on along with that stern Law another equally beneficent was added, Trial by Jury took the place of a Chief's whim or the passion of the crowd. The framers next turned to lesser matters but of great local importance being breeders of endless trouble among the people. As there was no money in circulation then, and such a place as Jail unthought of, penalties had to be paid in kind and very strange they were. It was no good crying poverty. Brazen theft was dealt with and pilfering likewise, the former was well nigh scotched thereby as the records show, but the latter was far too deeply ingrained to be eradicated. Even the Sabbath Day came under the Law. The start was made with 18 Laws, later increased to 30 and others were added as time went on. Pigs are given the chief place, no less than 4 are seen handling this all important matter. Herewith follow samples of this crime with their penalties.

Law 2. If a man steal one pig, four shall he bring as a recompense : for the owner of the pig 2, for the King 2. If he have no pigs, 2 single canoes, for the owner of the pig 1, for the King 1. If he have no canoes, bundles of native cloth, 2 of them. Each bale shall contain 100 fathoms of cloth 4 yards wide. For the owner of the pig 1, for the King 1. If he have no cloth, arrowroot. If the pig was a large one, 400 measures (nigh 220 lbs) : for a half grown pig 20 measures, for a small one 10. If not property, let him be set to work on the land of the person he has robbed.

Law 3. If a pig enters a garden and destroys the produce, let no recompense be required, if because of the badness of the fence he entered. If the pig be injured or killed, the man thus injuring or killing it shall take it and furnish one equal in size to the owner of it. If he has no pig, he shall take some other property. If not, he shall give personal labour : for a large pig he shall make 20 fathoms of fencing, for a small one 5. If it be a good fence and is broken through the hunger and the obstinacy of the pig, it shall not be killed but tied up, and the magistrate shall appoint the recompense for the produce destroyed. The owner shall mend the broken fence. (!!!)

Law 21. Hogs accustomed to devour young pigs, kids or fowls and accustomed to bite and attack children shall be removed to another place or killed. If the owner be obstinate the magistrates shall kill the hog and punish the owner with labour for obstinately keeping such a dangerous hog.

Law 22. There are no pigs without owners. No one shall hunt pigs on the mountains or in the valleys under the pretext that they are without owners. The wild pigs whose owners are not known belong to the people of the valley. The man who is obstinate in hunting pigs on the mountains or in the valleys is the same as a thief and punishment shall be that written in Law 2.

Damage done by dogs is handled in the same manner. Breadfruit, coconuts and general garden produce are in :

Law 25. Climb not unauthorized another person's trees for food : the man who does this is a criminal and shall be punished with labour such as erecting a fence, the length being regulated by the value of the food stolen. If it be food unenclosed he shall make no fence but 40 fathoms of road or 4 fathoms of stonework.

So far women play no part but that omission is met in :

Law 27. No person shall mark with Tatau. The man or woman that shall mark with Tatau shall be punished. The man shall make a piece of road 10 fathoms long for the 1<sup>st</sup> marking, 20 fathoms for the 2<sup>nd</sup>. This shall be the woman's punishment : she shall make 2 large mats, 1 for the King and 1 for the Governor of her District or 4 small ones. If not this, then native cloth 20 fathoms long and 2 wide : 10 fathoms for the King and 10 for the Governor. The man or woman that persist in Tatauing themselves, the figures marked shall be destroyed by blackening them over. (!!)

As a closing extract let us turn to the Sabbath Day :

Law 7. For a man to work on the Sabbath is a great crime before God. Work that cannot be deferred such as dressing food for a sick person, it is right to do, but not such work as erecting houses, building canoes, cultivating land, catching fish and every other thing that can be deferred. Let none travel a long distance on the Sabbath. For those who desire to hear a preacher it is proper to travel on the preceding day. If inconvenient (e.g., if it be the day of preparing food for the Sabbath) it is proper then to travel on the Sabbath to attend public worship but not to wander about. The individual who shall persist shall be set to work by the magistrates making a piece of road 50 fathoms long and 2 fathoms wide. If still he persists they shall make it one furlong (*an 8<sup>th</sup> of a mile!!*).

Throughout the list, the King and the countryside appear to have come off very well in the dealing with criminals. Pomare was far from keen to have a Code but the rewards were too ample to be lightly thrown aside. He consented and signed.



## Pomare and Aimata

Not father and daughter as might well be supposed, nor brother and sister, but the young Chieftain of the island of Tahaa in the Society group, 16 years of age, and the fate destined Queen of Tahiti, then but 8 years old. For years already they had been betrothed by their respective parents and the boy Chief had been given the dynastic name of his father-in-law to be. That betrothment was now to be publicly made and moreover a ceremony of marriage was to be carried through on the island of Huahine which lay between the homes of their respective families. The Nuptials of the Great has ever interested the crowd and this was no exception to the rule. Though Tahiti was not the actual site yet all that befell was the talk of the day thereon, nor has it been lost for future years. It is from the pen of one who saw it all and made a recording of the scene that we can picture it today.<sup>529</sup>

It was December 23, 1822 when Pomare and Aimata were to meet each other for the first time. A week before Aimata should arrive from Tahiti, Pomare left Tahaa landing on Huahine where he was entertained by the highest of the land. The afternoon fixed upon for Aimata's landing saw the "Queen Charlotte" — a brig belonging to the Pomares — drop anchor in Faré's capacious harbour. The young Chief had already entered an open dwelling, dressed in full native costume capped by an English beaver hat. For his age he was tall and remarkably stout. He seated himself on a native stool at one end of the building and the company about him stood silent and grave. Shortly after this, boats from the vessel were seen rowing ashore, the attendants on the young princess in the first, and in the second Aimata, her mother the widowed Queen Terito, and her Aunt Teriitaria (*Pomare Vahine*). Met by High Chiefs and High women they were led to the building and after greeting friends at the entrance took seats near to where Pomare sat. He neither rose to welcome them nor uncovered his head. He sat motionless and dumb. Aimata sat close by her mother. A dead silence followed for a full quarter hour, when Aimata, Mother and Aunt rose and retired to the residence prepared for them. Not a single word has passed between the parties. Custom ruled the meeting.

At noon the following day, Pomare, arrayed as before, reached the Chapel and Aimata soon after accompanied not only by Mother, Aunt and attendants but the island's Queen's Guards under arms, lesser Chiefs in plenty were there, some appaelled in European dress, others wearing large, loose gowns of chintz highly glazed in red or yellow, others in cloaks of broad cloth black or blue, edged with fringe, others in plain native costume holding their right hands a highly polished staff of blackest ironwood; the crowd around, the womenkind in special, all clothed in their very best, colours of every hue "making a rich and amazing spectacle" so pens the writer. The most simply dressed was Aimata in a white English gown with a light pink scarf and a plaited hibiscus bonnet trimmed with white ribbon.

This was to be a Christian ceremony. Pagan days were over. No more the cutting of heads with shark's teeth by the kin of the bride nor exhibiting the skulls of her ancestors, no sitting down on the stony pavement of the marae but a standup affair. It did not take long, the pastors were lenient to the youngfolk. Due registry made and signatures attached, Pomare and Aimata were saluted with 21 guns from a british ship lying in the harbour and volleys of musketry fired by those attendant guards. A sumptuous feast naturally followed — our "wedding breakfast in fact — from which the chronicler asserts he excused himself — and more than likely wisely.

*Aimata did not ascend Tahiti's throne till 1827 upon the death of  
her younger brother Pomare 3<sup>rd</sup>, too young to be present above.*

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<sup>529</sup> See [Ellis, Polynesian Researches \(1831\), Volume III, Chapter X, page 287.](#)

## A Sailor's Yarn

In 1851 Lieutenant Conway Shipley<sup>530</sup> published a series of “Sketches in the Pacific”<sup>531</sup> which he dedicated to his old Commander Sir George Seymour,<sup>532</sup> H.M.S. Calypso. The narrator was an observant young officer who could both write and sketch, for his book — now rarely to be secured — contains many pictures by word and pen of places visited among the Georgian and Society groups and many others where his Commander dropped anchor. There were many interesting personalities living when the young man sailed the Pacific in 1848.

On lonely Pitcairn's Island was Susan, an aged Tahitian, the sole survivor of those who had sailed from Tahiti with Fletcher Christian. George Hunn Nobbs<sup>533</sup> was still teaching school to the descendants of the Bounty mutineers.<sup>534</sup> Tahiti was still suffering the reaction which followed the French occupation and the Queen — Pomare IV — was a very sad woman indeed. And on the island of Huahine its Queen Ariipaea<sup>535</sup> — an Amazon if ever there was one — was defying the French.

From England, with an elaborate assortment of beads and other trinkets, H.M.S. Calypso sailed round Cape Horn to Valparaiso. There she collected a couple of whale boats, agricultural implements and other useful gifts donated by the local folk for the Pitcairn islanders. Arriving, Shipley found that the latter spoke English with “great correctness but with a Yankee drawl”. When told of the presents aboard Edward Quintal remarked, “Well! we have a good Queen.” The veneration of the simple island folk for anything and everything English was “pathetic”. When H.M.S. Calypso left she carried a letter of thanks from them to Queen Victoria, with every chance of its reaching Royal hands. The island held 140 inhabitants, only 4 of whom had not been born there — Susan, Nobbs who arrived in 1828, Buffet and Evans who landed from the whaler Cyrus in 1823. The memory of Adams,<sup>536</sup> the last of the mutineers, was still dear to the Pitcairners. They denied stories depicting him as a dictator. “He merely held a patriarchal command, and mainly framed their laws which bear evident traces of the old man-o'-war's man.”

Papeete was reached on March 23, 1848. The “settlement” consisted of a number of white washed “cottages” along the waterfront. Pandanus thatch formed the roofing. The Queen's “palace”, the Commandant's residence, the barracks and the hospital were more pretentious buildings erected beyond what the Tahitians called “Te ara Brooma”, the Broom Road.<sup>537</sup> This he says was a curious relic of the early missionary days — actually it was completed in the 1830s. It was, in the main, he adds, built and kept in order by native transgressors of the excessively strict Code established by the missionaries. As punishment they were ordered to build or repair a defined number of fathoms. This work was generally confined to men. Women who broke the laws were usually ordered to make cloth. He was much impressed by the hospitality of the Tahitians in their homes.

Of Queen Pomare he writes “We often met her in our walks, attended generally by her maids of honour, and not infrequently sitting on a fence smoking a cigar made by rolling a little tobacco in a leaf. The Queen is very fat, about 40 years of age and not interesting. Her present husband (Ariifaaite)

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<sup>530</sup> Conway Mordaunt Shipley (1824–1888)

<sup>531</sup> [\*Sketches in the Pacific: The South Sea Islands by Conway Shipley, 1851\*](#)

<sup>532</sup> [\*George Francis Seymour \(1787–1870\)\*](#)

<sup>533</sup> [\*George Hunn Nobbs \(1799–1884\)\*](#)

<sup>534</sup> Shipley's sketches of Pitcairn in the State Library of New South Wales can be viewed [here](#).

<sup>535</sup> [\*Teriitaria II, also known as Pōmare Vahine or Ariipaea Vahine \(1790–1858\)\*](#)

<sup>536</sup> [\*John Adams \(1767–1829\)\*](#)

<sup>537</sup> See *The Island Highway* in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti*.

is a troublesome, vulgar looking man, very much given to drinking; and if report says true, not more amiable to his wife than other disciples of Bacchus. Indeed the attendants have more than once been obliged to interfere when he has been beating her. She has several children by him who have been adopted by the Kings and Queens of the other islands as their successors.

Shipley has left a much more favourable impression of Tapoa II, King of Pora Pora and Tahaa, the Queen's first husband. There was no living issue of the union. The marriage was later dissolved but there was no ill-feeling between the two. As he had no child of his own he adopted her daughter Teriimaevaua. (On his death in 1860 she was crowned Queen of Pora Pora and Tahaa.)

Of Tapoa, he writes "He was great warrior (in the Society not the Georgian Group) in the of Pomare's father. He is a fine, stout, gentlemanly old fellow (he was only in his late 40s and died in 1860 aged 54, Tapoa like all natives "age" early in appearance), very fond of good English bottled stout and bread and cheese. Altogether he is by far the best informed and best behaved Society islander we have met.

Equally pleasant are his pen pictures of Ariipaea, Queen of Huahine (Queen Pomare's aunt) an "old warrior of some 70 years who, in her young days, often led her troops to the assistance of her brother in his fights with the heathen part of his people on his island during early Christian times. She is a woman of great spirit who has a vast idea of the respect due to her rank. Her husband, less nobly born, has antagonized many of her Chiefs by his dissipated conduct. They decided to ask the Queen to divorce him. She flatly refused, saying that she would not be dictated to by them, that she was supreme and would do as she pleased. She has adopted Queen Pomare's 2<sup>nd</sup> son (who later was the last King of Tahiti under the title of Pomare V). The young Prince arrived on board a man-o'-war, with a pig clasped in his arms and even slept with him."

Another monarch met with was Tamatoa IV, the King of Raiatea, "a tall, ungainly man, married to a woman of inferior birth." Neither had Tamatoa a son to succeed him and had adopted another son of Queen Pomare — Tamatoa V as he was known after his coronation in 1860 upon his adopted father's death : he was deposed by his subjects in 1871 for impossible conduct.

As were most of the English naval officers who visited the Pacific at that time, Shipley was definitely pro-missionary. He had nothing but good to say of them. "It is true that a great degree of licentiousness prevails on all the islands but it is equally true that it prevailed to a much greater extent in the heathen times." Therefore he could well understand that by "ill-disposed" the missionaries were extremely unpopular. The dance called "upa upa" fell under this ban. He observes "the performers are invariably girls of bad character and the performance itself anything but decent and graceful."

A wide-awake and observant young man was  
Lieutenant Conway Shipley.

## PIONEER MISSIONARIES OF TAHITI <sup>538</sup>

### “The Journal”

of the pioneer missionaries to Tahiti is to be found as follows.

1. A manuscript covering from the departure of the Duff from England, September 1796 to August 4<sup>th</sup> 1797. (Herewith dealt with.)
2. “Transactions” Vol. I, covering from August 4, 1797 to July 29, 1801. (Dealt with in “Sketch”.) For this see “Old Time Tahiti”. <sup>539</sup>
3. “Transactions” Vol. II, covering from July 1801 to 1804. (Extracts in other Journal.)
4. “Transactions” Vol. III, covering from 1805 to 1808. (Extracts in other Journal.) <sup>540</sup>
5. The “Quarterly Chronicles” Vol. I, covering the years from 1809 to 1819. (Herewith dealt with.)
6. The “Quarterly Chronicles” Vol. II, covering the years from 1820 to 1824. (Herewith dealt with.)
7. The “Quarterly Chronicles” Vol. III, covering the years from 1825 to 1828. (Herewith dealt with.)

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<sup>538</sup> The original text of *Pioneer Missionaries of Tahiti* is stored in the Mitchell Library as Volume 20 of the Bolton Papers (Collection 1–7A, Call Number A3376).

<sup>539</sup> For extracts of the Journal in *Transactions of the Missionary Society*, Volume 1, see Chapters V and VI of *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>540</sup> For extracts of the Journal in *Transactions of the Missionary Society*, Volumes 2 and 3, see *Transactions* in the Addenda to *Old Time Tahiti*.

## 1. A MS of the Voyage of the Duff to Tahiti

### Extracts

#### from an MS Journal — not printed

by the L.M.S. — covering the Voyage of the Duff from England to the time the Pioneer Missionaries landed at Matavai, Tahiti, March 6, 1797 : continued in another hand up to August 4<sup>th</sup> when the Duff finally sailed for Home. It would appear that Smith (Ass<sup>t</sup> Sec<sup>y</sup>) wrote the earlier one, and Jefferson (Sec<sup>y</sup>) the latter as he was personally involved in dispute during the voyage and not likely to have described his difficulties as was done.

These MSS were addressed to M<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Shrubsole, Sec<sup>y</sup> to the L.M.S., Old Street Road, London.

(Among the Haweis Papers : Mitchell Library, Sydney.)

### 1796

Sept 2. <sup>541</sup> James Gaulton arrives on board as cook to the missionaries and to be accepted as a missionary should his conduct and conversation be found suitable thereto.

(Left at Tonga and killed by the natives.) <sup>542</sup>

Previous to sailing, those aboard had elected by ballot the following Officers : Committee : Revs Cover, Eyre, Jefferson and Lawes : Secretary Jefferson : Asst Sec<sup>y</sup> Smith : Librarian Lewis, Asst Smith. In charge of medical supplies D<sup>r</sup> Gillham.

September 23. Fresh committee elected : Cover, Jefferson, Harris and Henry. Agreed that the Sec<sup>y</sup> and others hold office for a month at a time. Hours fixed for Study, Prayer, etc. Three night watches appointed 2 of 9 members, the other of 8. The D<sup>r</sup> does not appear in the lists. According to Harper's Journal "he was not relished by many of us." Mention is also made by him to M<sup>rs</sup> Eyre, her age 63, her husband 28, who "through weakness and infirmity incident on age has enjoyed but little health since our departure from England."

October 1. A meeting held, presided over by Captain Wilson. It was Resolved "That all other studies of every kind shall from now give place to the study of the Otaheitean language till a tolerable proficiency is gained therein."

(Harper's Journal states that while the Duff lay at Spithead they had access to an original MS of the Tahitian language which had been compiled by some of the Bounty mutineers. "We were employed some days in transcribing it. The original was left in England." Harper was left on Tonga and killed by natives.)

<sup>541</sup> WWB is inconsistent in the manner in which he writes the dates; the format used here is applied throughout *Pioneer Missionaries of Tahiti*.

<sup>542</sup> WWB writes his comments in parentheses and they are often indented.

November 24. Capt Wilson asked each one to indicate in what capacity he should consider himself among the heathen : as a mechanic, a teacher, or preacher. Exclusive of the Ordained, 8 gave in their names as Preachers, viz Bowell, Broomhall, Henry, Harris, Kelso, Main, Smith and Puckey (J?).<sup>543</sup> The others considered themselves as mechanics and teachers.

December 28. A Committee consisting of Bowell, Buchanan, Cover, Henry, Jefferson, Lewis, Main and Shelley with the Captain as Chairman was elected to draw up a Code of Articles of Church Government for the future conduct of all : together with a Statement of religious principles; to be signed by each individual.

December 31. Resolved “that Henry and Kelso do in conjunction with the ordained ministers join in the regular dispensation of the Word of God.”

## 1797

(By the middle of January when the Duff was to the southward of Australia, Henry became the prime mover in a “Heresy Hunt”.)

January 18. For some time past some of the brethren had entertained doubts as to the soundness of the religious principles of Jefferson and Cock, knowing that both of them had been members of Calvinist Societies. On the 14<sup>th</sup> Henry in conversation with Harris spoke against Calvinism. Jefferson joined in and later on Cock and an informal debate ensued. The following afternoon the brethren met as usual to discuss a text of Scripture. That chosen was Romans viii, vv 29 and 30 : each speaking in turn. Cock asked to be excused as he required time to consider so important a text. Jefferson however spoke freely thereon, in general agreeing with those who had preceded him. His views were not wholly satisfactory but on further explanation and stating that his views were not final his statement was considered acceptable.

“But from some other circumstances which transpired the other day, Brother Henry with some other brethren requested a public meeting in order to have these matters more fully enquired into, which had caused much uneasiness in the minds of many of the brethren and had given rise to the suspicion that 2 of our number were of Arminian (Calvinistic) principles.”<sup>544</sup>

(Jefferson’s age was 37 : Henry’s 23.)

It was the 18<sup>th</sup> when under the presidency of Capt Wilson the Heresy Hunt was in full cry, and continued relentlessly till the close of the month when both culprits having dutifully acknowledged their errors, peace once more reigned aboard.

February 21. The “Articles” ordered in December were read, approved and signed by one and all. Work not Talk now lay ahead.

(No copy appended of Articles.)

February 25. Sighted the island of Tupuai (Austral Group).

<sup>543</sup> There were two Puckey’s, William Puckey and J. Puckey

<sup>544</sup> [Arminianism](#) is based on the theological ideas of the Dutch Reformed theologian [Jacobus Arminius \(1560–1609\)](#).



March 4. Sighted Tahiti <sup>545</sup> and Eimeo (Moorea).

March 5. At 7 a.m. were off the Western end of Tahiti. "Soon many canoes were about the ship and the decks were crowded with natives, among them the High Priest Manne-Manne. Two Swedes came aboard and said that Otoo was King of Tahiti and Eimeo. They said that all the English had left Otaheite in a man-of-war which called several months ago."

(This would seem to refer to the "Matilda" whose crew after being wrecked lived on Tahiti. There is a Report among the Haweis Papers supplied by the first mate of the "Prince William Henry" (which called in in March 1792) that "Captain Weatherhead and 17 of his men were taken off (no mention of by whom) and carried to Nootka (on Vancouver Island) but 7 or 8 chose to remain" and these latter were seemingly referred to by the natives.)

They also said that Manne-Manne was a person of great influence on the island and as much respected as the King, being the father of <sup>546</sup> Pomarie (formerly called Otoo) and who lately changed that name for the former on account of the recovery of his son (the present King) from a disorder that attacked him in the night called the Night Cough (Po-Marie).

March 6. Monday. Came to an anchor in Matavai Bay.

(They had gained — not lost — a day, so it was actually March 5<sup>th</sup>.)

As we entered the Bay we discovered a long building near the extremity of Point Venus. Manne-Manne informed us it was Nobrittane Efare (or the British House) built for the reception of the English who might come there.

On being told the intention of the missionaries he asked that some might be left on Eimeo, the island on which his estate lies. In the afternoon Capt Wilson and the Committee attended by Andrew Cornelius Lund, one of the Swedes, landed. They found the house admirably suited for their use, being 120 feet long and 48 feet broad.

March 7. The Captain went ashore and the King met him at Point Venus, shook him by the hand and together they proceeded to the British House. Through Peter Haggerstein, one of the Swedes, the Capt told the King the purpose of their coming and asked the use of the British House. The King said the house was not his, that it belonged to the English being built for them, that we might take possession of it and so much land in Matavai as we wanted and that he would give orders that the people should be well treated. The King and Queen were carried on man's shoulders. The King about 19 years of age well made and tall appears thoughtful, speaks but little and surveys things with great attention. Upon the whole there is something of majesty in his appearance. The Queen appears about the same age, is comely and well proportioned and also has a look of majesty about her.

March 8. The missionaries left the ship about 9 a.m. They were met at Point Venus by the King and Queen who shook hands with each of them and then led the way to the British House. During the rest of the day they were engaged in preparing the house for their accomodation. In this they were assisted by natives. They slept in the house that night.

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<sup>545</sup> WWB appears to use the modern spelling — e.g., *Tahiti* — when condensing the text in the Journal and the original spelling — e.g., *Otaheite* — when quoting from the Journal.

<sup>546</sup> WWB underlined *the father of* and wrote *Error* in the margin, since Ha'apai was the father of Pomare I.

(Those allocated to other islands, i.e., Tonga and the Marquesas, slept throughout aboard. When divisions of bamboos had been set up in the house, the various rooms for sleep were chosen by lot.)

March 9. Natives brought presents of food, also 10 live hogs, and helped them in the house arrangements. All day bringing goods ashore, the Swedes assisting. The King and Queen often looked in.

(From another anonymous Journal we read “In the course of the day a young woman came aboard who had been wife to one of the Bounty mutineers, by the name of Mackintosh and brought with her a fine girl about 5 years of age who had all the features of a European. The woman behaved with great modesty while on board and seemed to have a very great love for her daughter who she informed us was named Mary Mackintosh. She informed us of the manner in which her husband was torn away from her by the Pandora as evidenced to us that she had a strong affection for him. For the missionaries going to other islands Bowell was elected Secretary.)

March 10. Busy on apartments. The Capt ashore presented suits of clothing to the King and Queen, unfortunately too small for them but were put on after the missionaries had ripped open some of the seams. The Queen was very pleased, but not so the King saying they were of little use and would have preferred a musket. Slept ashore.

March 11. Busy at house. The wives and children came ashore in the afternoon and were met on the beach by the King and Queen who were exceedingly delighted with the children. We have as yet not beheld any improper conduct in the Otaheiteans, men or women, neither have we lost any article to our knowledge, though many have been unavoidably exposed. All for Otaheite slept ashore for the first time.

March 12. Sabbath. Services ashore. Many natives present, among them Manne-Manne, the King and Queen standing at the door of the house, it being customary for them not to enter under the roof of any home but their own. Their own dwelling nearby was a shed, no ways equal to a cart house in England, erected hastily for the purpose of being near the newcomers. Jefferson took the first service on Otaheite, Andrew the Swede translating, the natives seemed greatly interested. The evening service was taken by brother Lewis.

March 13. Pomarie arrived in the neighbourhood and went aboard the Duff. He and his wife Iddeah had come from the southern end.

(He had a residence in Papaoa – Matavai Bay.)

March 14. Much alarmed this evening because Peter the Swede told them “that he had overheard some natives talking of setting the house on fire.” Accordingly kept guard all night. Those ashore strongly opposed to separation of the entire band of missionaries. They would be safer all together. Division of supplies, books, etc., very difficult. Jefferson deputed to interview Capt Wilson on the matter.

March 15. Jefferson went aboard requesting all to remain as violence was feared. Letter received from the Capt saying “that the missionaries remaining on board thought that if they joined those ashore it would have a tendency to weaken instead of strengthening and after the improper conduct of some of the members ashore this feeling was strengthened.” This information gave us some uneasy sensations

as we could neither devise the cause or subjects of such an unchristian reflection. Jefferson aboard to investigate matters, had an interview with the Capt and 2 of the brethren “who informed him that the cause of their reflections was the imperious behaviour of brothers Cover, Lewis and Henry who appeared to assume authority, but did not mention a single instance to justify such an accusation : the truth is we deemed it a mere subterfuge as it is well known that some of the brethren have long viewed the married people with a jealous eye and made no secret in declaring that they would want many more things done for them than for single persons, hence their intention of separating from them if possible.

Pomarre with his attendants called. Jefferson took the opportunity to inform him through one of the Swedes of the purpose of our coming. Pomarre said that it was very good and that he would send his sons for instruction. We were glad to find in him a picture of good nature, very different from the morose figure which represents him in some editions of Cook’s voyages. On being asked for a portion of land to be granted for the brethren’s use, he answered — after consulting with his Privy Counsellor Iddeah — that the whole district of Mattavai should be given to us to do with it what we pleased, adding that Pyteah the present Chief of the district was a good old man, that it would be for our benefit to permit Pyteah to have his residence near our House and that he would be given orders to enforce obedience from the natives and bring us whatever we needed of the produce of the district. He then asked for sky rockets, a violin and lastly for a bagpipe which he humorously described by putting a bundle of cloth under his arm and twisting his body like a Highland piper. When told that we had none of those things he seemed rather dejected. Iddeah though still considered as Pomare’s wife has not cohabited with him for some time but with one of her Toutous by whom she has had one child and is again pregnant. Her youngest sister Whyreede next cohabited with the Chief but left him through dislike for one of far inferior rank. His present wife is a very stout young woman. The father of Pomarre is Otew (formerly called Whappai) now a very venerable looking man, aged about 70, his head covered with grey hairs.

March 16. In the afternoon the Capt came ashore where Pomarre had been awaiting his arrival “to make a formal surrender of the district of Mattavai into our hands”. This was done by Manne-Manne in a long speech which was interpreted by Peter the Swede, and concluded “by making a formal surrender of Mattavai into our hands, informing us that we might take what houses, trees, fruits, hogs, etc., as we thought proper.” After this, Manne-Manne sought the Capt’s help in taking the island of Ulicter, of which he had been King but was driven from it several years ago. The Capt said that he could not do this. In order however to keep in with Manne-Manne, Brother Cover said that the brethren would help the Swedes to finish the vessel which they — the Swedes — were building for him on Eimeo ; and after that and they had learned the language they would go with him in his vessel and talk to the inhabitants upon the matter. This seemed to satisfy him.

The Capt met with the Committee with respect to the brethren aboard, said that he had no authority to land anyone on any island against his will and that the brethren aboard were determined in their view. This information convinced us all that all further effort to prevent separation would be fruitless. Asked if he knew what those on board alleged against those on shore, he replied that it was on account of certain remarks made by Cover, Lewis and Henry settling the allocation of the different members some time back. They acknowledged the remarks which had been made in the best interests of the Society which sent them out. “We are rather inclined to think that the real cause of offence was a difference of opinion concerning the celebrating the birth of Jesus Christ, that Bowell and Buchanan had repeatedly spoken of it as rank idolatry.” The matter was now allowed to drop.

March 17. Engaged in sawing planks and fixing the Store house.

March 19. Kelso and Harris were ordained on shore, the 4 ministers officiating.

March 21. The Duff sailed for Eimeo to view the harbours and Manne Manne's vessel. W<sup>m</sup> Puckey went to see the state of the vessel. Peter the Swede went as interpreter, and along with him his woman Tanno Manno, a man the mutineers called Tim and a boy called Harraway. Whilst there Micklewright the steward deserted. Another Swede now appeared at Matavai named John but "whose mind was gone".

March 22. The Brethren aboard the Duff discussed the question as to arms being left with them on Tonga and Marquesas. The majority was in favour. Some allocated to Tonga felt that Crook and Harris should not go alone to the Marquesas but both men were against any alteration, nor did they think it necessary for the Duff to revisit them once landed. They proposed to the Capt that he should forthwith go first to Tonga, then to the Marquesas, thence return to Matavai and heading home from there, call in at Tonga on his way. The Capt approved of the proposal.

March 24. Busy making a large pigsty. Guards mounted day and night.

March 27. Cock and J. Puckey went to Eimeo with Andrew the Swede to assist in putting Manne Manne's vessel in such a condition as to float it to Matavai to finish the work. The vessel is 42 ft long but disproportioned in her breadth by being fuller aft than forward and the timbers appear to be too small for her size.

March 31. "Some of the brethren being last night troubled with rats, we this day applied to the King for some cats. The King and Queen immediately supplied 4 cats.

(Another hand takes up the Journal.)

April 1. Visited by Mawroa the husband of Pomarre's sister, a man of good sense and great authority.

April 3. Our women crossed the Matavai stream to visit our garden and the countryside nigh.

April 6. Cock and Puckey returned. They had planked up the vessel so that it would be fit to come across shortly.

April 9. Iddeah is mentioned as belonging to the Ariioie Society and Pomarre's sister, wife to Mawroa, as the widow of Motuaro, the late Chief of Eimeo.

April 10. Looking about for a site for erecting new habitations where the soil is better. Did not select one but favoured the spot which the Bounty mutineers had chosen. The land seemed suitable for cultivation "being cleared of trees which had been burned down by the mutineers, with an opening to the west which let in a beautiful view of Matavai Bay and a distant prospect of Eimeo".

They had spoken the previous day to Pomarre as to Iddeah who had murdered her newly born child in spite of their appeal and remonstrance and "is a bold, daring spirit and much more warlike than her husband Pomarre". They had told him that "if they despised our institutions and continued in their evil practices we should leave them and go to another island where we could hope for more attention". "Pomarre was evidently affected by what was said and especially could not bear the thought of our leaving him and promised he would use all his authority to put an end to these practices."

Speaking of child murder they say that this is only one among many unnatural crimes committed daily without any idea of guilt or shame ; that in many districts they hear of men who dress as women do, work with the women in making cloth, are under the same rules of eating and dressing, may not eat with the men or of their food but have separate plantations for their peculiar use. They acknowledge however that the natives have never acted unseemingly in their presence "indeed they

hardly profess to know what we are and suspect we are not Englishmen or like any others they have seen who have ever visited these islands”.

April 14. They report that they have now 59 hogs in their sty.

April 20. They confine a native for 3 hours for theft of a box.

April 21. Two of the brethren went up the nearby valley for wood accompanied by natives. The valley is about 7 miles long and ¼ mile broad, “thickly populated”. One of the two, his feet becoming sore, rested at a native’s house, “the kind inhabitant presented me his wife, and tho’ I excused myself from the favour, he instantly prepared a hog”.

April 24. The Society met and agreed upon new Regulations, abolishing the Committee of 5, only a Secretary being considered necessary. A presiding officer to be chosen at each meeting. Rules for each day’s work were drawn up : “We then proceeded to divide our iron for traffic, and cast lot for the watch hours.”

April 27. Five went over to Eimeo with Manne Manne to finish his vessel.

April 29. They returned without the vessel. A contrary wind drove their canoe to Attahooroo <sup>547</sup> and they footed it home from there. On their way they visited the Tupapaow of Orapiah. <sup>548</sup> “He is in a sitting posture, clothed in red cloth, under a shed.”

April 30. Three of the members, Broomhall, Clode and Main, went with Pomaree <sup>549</sup> on a journey through the island “to make observations”.

May 3. Visited by the King and Queen “who supply all our wants. Our hogs have increased to 70 and we have entreated them to bring us no more. One of our sheep brought a fine ram lamb much wanted.”

May 7. Mention is made of “A chief priest from Papara, Temaree, who is reputed equal to Manne Manne. He is called an Eatooa : sometimes Taata no i Eatooa, the Man of the Eatooa.” They report that he is of the Royal race and son of the famed Oberea. <sup>550</sup> He is the first Chief of the island after Pomaree <sup>551</sup> by whom he has been subdued and now lives in friendship with him and has adopted his son. He is also high in esteem as a priest.”

May 13. “The birth of little Otoo Hassall but this name is so sacred here that every word into which Otoo enters is prohibited, and may only be used in speaking of or to the King”.

May 15. The 3 brethren return. They had made the circuit of the larger peninsula (90 miles) and had also entered Lesser Tahiti where they visited Pomare’s youngest son at Matowee. His district the best cultivated and most populous seen. They had also stopped at Wyoteea.

“The accounts of former navigators as to the populousness of the country are greatly exaggerated. We think that not a fourth part so many will be found as Capt Cook supposes, perhaps not a tenth.”

May 23. Sister Henry gives birth to a daughter.

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<sup>547</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Punaauia*

<sup>548</sup> WWB, in the margin: *corpse*

<sup>549</sup> Pomare is usually spelt *Pomarre* in WWB’s text, but here he has *Pomaree*.

<sup>550</sup> WWB, in the margin: *error*

<sup>551</sup> WWB, in the margin: *error*

May 29. “Resolved : without delay to erect a building for M<sup>r</sup> Lewis to print therein a Vocabulary and Grammar : and that each member have a copy and one be sent to the Directors.”

May 30. Brother Cover received a latter from Andrew Lind on Eimeo written at Manne Manne’s request asking again for help to finish his vessel ; adding that Iddeah has a spite against the priest and himself and also the Society for telling her that she was wrong to destroy her child and that she has instructed the Eimeo people to kill the priest and all who take his part. It was thought unwise to send anyone over. “We have strong intimations that Micklewright and the Swede intend to seize the vessel as soon as she is fit for sea and make for Port Jackson.”

May 31. The mechanic brethren “completed Pomaree’s promised boat and launched her in the river with the help of the natives : 22 feet long, 6 ft broad, 46 inches at each end, the bottom 17 feet, height 2 ft 6 inches. 3 of the brethren and 40 natives rowed her down to the sea. She moves very swiftly considering her flat bottom, draws only 2 inches of water and is about 6 tons burden.”

June 2. “Fitting up a printer’s shop”. Visited by some new folk, and by Whyooa, the younger brother of Pomare, together with his wife, “a very elegant woman”.

June 7. Complaints of much pilfering.

June 9. D<sup>r</sup> Gillham had his clothes stolen while bathing. The brethren caught the thief and chained him to a pillar of the house but he broke away and went off with the padlock which was recovered shortly afterwards.

June 11. “We walked up the valley about a mile where we have thought of erecting our new mansions”.

(This fell through.)

June 12. “A fact was reported to us which if true was shocking. In one of Capt Cook’s visits he left a great monkey who was made a Chief of Attahooroo, given a wife and 30 servants, also abundance of everything. They called him Taataooree harrai (the Great Man Dog). One day the woman seeing him catching flies and eating them, which insect they abominate, ran away into the mountains, the Monkey and his Toutous pursued but being met by Temaree who was jealous of his authority, he knocked him down with a club and killed him.

“One of our brethren this afternoon sitting in his berth writing, a young girl came in and expressed her surprise that we behaved so different to them from what all our countrymen had done. He told her that such practices were wicked and that if we did such things our God would be angry. “Oh,” said she, “but I will come to you in the night and then none can see us.” He replied, “Nothing can be hid from God, the night to Him is as bright as the day and there is no darkness or shadow of death where any of the workers of wickedness can hide themselves. But if you first put away your evil customs then we should love you.”

June 19. They erect a Flagstaff 40 feet high, rigged like a mast.

June 29. They had a nest of 6 young rabbits “if they prosper, the hills will soon breed them in abundance”.

(A false hope, never found possible.)

July 6. The Duff returned to Matavai.



(Strangely this MS abruptly ends here. Nothing further of record till August 4 which appears in the printed "Transactions" Vol. 1. But along with the above combined MS went an Extra and Special Report of the missionaries dated August 4<sup>th</sup> : as follows.)

### Extracts

from the Report (or Letter) forwarded Home by the Duff, leaving Matavai Aug<sup>t</sup> 4<sup>th</sup>. See Haweis Papers for the original in the Mitchell Library : Sydney.

Beautifully written — evidently by Jefferson, the Secretary. Not signed by anyone in particular but as from "The Missionaries on the island of Otaheite."

In the perusal of our Public Journal you will meet with occurrences which may excite different sensations in different minds and produce an endless variety of thoughts on our mode of proceeding on various occasions ; and while some may endeavour to justify, others may be severe in censuring and condemning us. But let all wait patiently for the end of the harvest when the ingathering shall prove what we are and what we have done.

Our receiving Brother John Harris after his declining the mission to the Marquesas was on the ground of his Christian character and long standing in the Church of Christ, his objections appearing to us well grounded.

Mentioning the departure of Gilham,<sup>552</sup> the surgeon of the party, it says that it has caused great disorder and uneasiness, and that whatever his motives are for such a proceeding they anticipate his explaining to the Directors on his return. They ask that should he "to justify himself" make any charges against those he had abandoned, to remember that "he that is first in his own cause is not always just" and asks them not to be biased in judgement against a body of persons by the evidence of an individual seeing that they are so many thousand miles away and thus prevented from answering for themselves.

(There was clearly a good deal of unpleasantness on the voyage aboard the Duff, much of which will never be known. A fanatical crowd, largely uncultured.)

Remarks that the behaviour of all classes of the natives towards them far exceeds their most sanguine expectations. Their knowledge of the language is increasing and they hope in a few months to be able to preach to them in their own tongue.

Concludes by referring the Directors to Capt Wilson and their Journal for further particulars and "where wherein you may perceive we have deviated from our Instructions and in our transactions appear to have acted unbecomingly we entreat you to call in mind the peculiarity of our situation and hope that you will look upon them charitably."

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<sup>552</sup> This name is spelt *Gillham* above and *Gilham* here; both spellings are found in the literature.

A P.S. Reminds the Directors of their solemn engagement made in their Farewell Letter read at Haberdashers Hall and that they will “in due course give us a man who will be content to endure hardship for Christ’s sake”.

(This evidently refers to a promise of a Doctor in case of the defection of Gillham.)

## 2. Voyage of the Duff to Tonga

### Harper's Journal

among the Haweis Papers  
Mitchell Library  
Sydney.

Many pages missing in the MS.

March 26. <sup>553</sup> The Duff sailed from Tahiti for Tonga. Aboard was the Swede Peter Hagerston, a Tahitian girl accompanying him, also a Tahitian man and a boy.

March 27. Saw Ulitea, Huaheine, Bola Bola and Otaha.

April 1. Arrived off Palmerston Island. Boat went ashore for a supply of coconuts.

April 5. Passed Savage Island.

April 9. Saw Eooa and several other islands. At 4 p.m. sighted Tonga. On account of the weather the Duff lay to for the night.

April 10. Arrived at Tonga. The following missionaries disembarked : Harper, Bowell, Buchanan, Cooper, Gaulton, Shelley, Veeson, Kelso, Nobbs and Wilkinson.

April 15. The Duff left Tonga for the Marquesas.

August 18. The Duff returned from Tahiti on the ship's way Home. "Brother Nobbs intends to get permission of the Captain to return to England on account of ill health." He went.

September 6. The last entry. "The vessel was unmoored to take her final departure from us. We understand that Capt Wilson intends to visit the island called Feejee."

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<sup>553</sup> 1797

### 3. Voyage of the Duff from Tonga to the Marquesas

**MS among the Haweis Papers  
Mitchell Library  
Sydney**

From the handwriting the MS appears to be the work of Crook.

Uses the 3<sup>rd</sup> person at first then changes to the 1<sup>st</sup> person.

April 15. Sailed from Tonga for the Marquesas with the 2 missionaries to be left there, Harris aged 40 and Crook aged 22.

May 22. <sup>554</sup> Saw islands in all directions.

(They were in the southern archipelago of the Tuamotus.)

May 24. Attempt made to land on an island shaped like a half moon with a lagoon inside but was given up on account of the hostile appearance of a party of natives on the beach.

(This was a new discovery by white men. The name given to it was “Crescent Island”).

May 25. A further new discovery — Mangareva. Found this to be a group of islands. Two peaks close together on one of the cluster were named the “Duff Mountains”. The Capt named the Group The Gambier Islands “in compliment to the worthy Admiral of that name”. <sup>555</sup>

May 26. At dawn they almost grounded on a lone island, which the Capt named “Sir Charles Middleton Island”, encloses a lagoon. No inhabitants to be seen. Possibly may be Capt Edwards of the Pandora’s “Lord Hood Island”.

(It actually was Marutea.)

May 28. Saw island, tried to make landing but failed thro’ surf.

May 30. A party of 10 made a landing on an island to procure coconuts. Unable to return they spent the night ashore. No natives seen.

May 31. Got the men aboard again with great difficulty. Capt gave it the name of “Serle’s Island” who is in the Transport Office at Home and author of some valuable works. The crew reported the

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<sup>554</sup> WWB does not write the name of the month for “22” to “31”, but according to [James Wilson, A Missionary Voyage to the Southern Pacific Ocean \(1799\)](#), it did not reach the Tuamotus until May 1797; this explains the date “31”.

<sup>555</sup> [James Gambier \(1756–1833\)](#). Gambier was the uncle of Sophia Rose Pym, née Gambier, the mother of WWB’s mother, Lydia Louisa Bolton, née Pym; thus Lord Gambier was WWB’s great-great-uncle. See *Genealogy* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

remains of 2 huts. A morai or burial spot was also seen. Some very lofty trees to be seen “something of the nature of the Lime tree”.

June 4. Saw the island of Christiana (one of the Marquesas). <sup>556</sup>

June 5. “Working to windward to reach Port Madre de Dios. Saw Dominica, Pedro and Hood Islands.”  
<sup>557</sup> Two men came off from Christiana in a canoe and went aboard. Came to an anchor in the Bay (seemingly Resolution Bay). <sup>558</sup>

June 6. “A few natives came off in canoes and many others came swimming, among the latter several women who were very fair and had much of European countenance. There were to be seen several beautiful young women swimming quite naked except a few green leaves tied around their middle : they kept playing around the ship for three hours — they are called Waheine (women) — until several of the native men had got on board, one of whom being the Chief of the island requested that his sister might be taken aboard which was complied with. The Tahitian young woman who was aboard was much shamed to see a woman on the deck quite naked and dressed her in a Tahitian cloth (a Pareu or robe). The number of girls in the water had greatly increased and they clamoured to be taken on board which was done but it was impossible to clothe them like the first. Nor did our mischievous goats even suffer them to keep their green leaves, but as they turned to avoid them they were attacked on each side alternately and completely stripped naked.” Among those who went on board was “the Great (High) Chief, the son of Honoo mentioned by Capt Cook who is since dead. This Chief is named Tennae. When he was informed of our intentions he appeared overjoyed and made us many promises of houses, canoes and food. Some presents were made him by Capt Wilson with which both him and his brothers who were with him were highly pleased, without showing the least jealousy or desire of having anything they saw. About 9 a.m. Brother Harris and Brother Crook with M<sup>r</sup> Wilson, the Chief Mate, went on shore. We were conducted by Tennae to his house by the road mentioned by Capt Cook which crosses the rivulet of water. When about halfway we halted and rested ourselves on a raised pavement where we were regaled and refreshed by the coconut liquor, after which we reached the house of Tennae. It is built on a pavement of stone and is formed as if against a wall with half a roof or the roof a right angle. It has not the appearance of the houses of Otaheite, nor is it thatched so well, but on the inside it discovers better workmanship. The Chief was desirous of our taking up our residence immediately and gave us a number of coconut leaves full of fruits. After a while we returned to the ship and promised our friends to come tomorrow.”

June 7. “Met Capt Wilson in his cabin and consulted how to proceed. It was agreed for Brother Crook to go on shore and Brother Harris to stay on board until the things are on shore. Agreeable to the same, Brother Crook accompanied by M<sup>r</sup> Wilson and Tom the Otaheitean went on shore. They were met on the beach by Tennae who conducted them to his home and they endeavoured to sling the hammock, when the Chief, observing the roof was too weak, lead them to another house which was within the bounds of a morai (sacred place to worship or burial) where the women are prohibited coming. Here Brother Crook with Tom took up his lodgings and prayed and sang praises to God before the Chief and some of the natives who were very silent and attentive.” After supping on fish went to bed when the Chief thinking Crook was asleep took the bundle of clothing he had brought with him and carried to his own house for greater safety, bringing it back in the morning.

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<sup>556</sup> [Tahuata](#)

<sup>557</sup> [Hiva Oa](#), [Mohotani](#) and [Fatu Huku](#), respectively.

<sup>558</sup> Vaitahu's harbour on Tahuata

June 8. Sent Tom to the ship with a letter. In the meantime sowed some orange seed and turned up a little ground, the native not forward to help as at Otaheite. Dined on hog and sour pudding and then went to the ship and brought off my chest with several other articles.

June 9. Sent the Chief's 2 youngest brothers to the ship and after preparing a little ground and sowing shaddock and pompions <sup>559</sup> seed went and met them with Brother Harris on the beach. Found several things landed but much damaged by the surf. However got them up the hills to the house.

June 10. Got off to the ship but with some difficulty on account of the badness of the canoe and the ship having broken her cable was at a greater distance. Brought off several things.

June 11. Lord's Day. According to agreement attempted to go aboard to spend the Sabbath but could not get a canoe, therefore was obliged to return and despaired of having a moment alone. However got away from the natives and spent a few hours alone, or rather in the company of Heaven, in the woods.

June 12. Early this morning went to the beach with the Chief and his 3 brothers and found the boat on shore watering, which took us all on board. In the evening returned with some goods and 2 cats.  
<sup>560</sup>

June 13. Went to the beach to meet Brother Harris and found Tom with the small canoe brought from Tongataboo who took me on board. Brother Harris not being ready to come on shore, went by myself, bringing with me a goat. <sup>561</sup>

June 14. The blessing of God attends my little labours. The pompion seed appears to sprung up. The Chief lead me up the country to a large house where we dined on fish and a dish not unlike gooseberry-fool made of the fermented breadfruit and coconut. Heard the ship had again broken her cable and went on the top of a hill where I saw her at anchor further out. At sunset Twharawaya, the Otaheitean boy, arrived at the house and informed me that Brother Harris was waiting on the beach. I immediately proceeded to the same accompanied by the Chief, his brothers and several more. We were soon benighted and the rising of the waters occasioned by the late heavy rains rendered our situation dangerous, as we were obliged to cross the stream, which ran very rapid, several times to the middle in water. <sup>562</sup> However we were much benefited by the ingenuity of the natives who made torches of reeds which gave a good and lasting light, and after much toil we got to the house in safety.

June 15. Went off to the ship in a canoe with 3 natives but before I arrived she was under way, and I was obliged to return. In the afternoon, the ship coming to an anchor I went off and proceeded with all expedition to write letters as the ship is in danger of being driven to sea.

The following "Remarks" conclude this MS. They were apparently rushed through to get all away to the Directors by the ship.

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<sup>559</sup> WWB, in the margin: *pumpkin*

<sup>560</sup> WWB has *Cats* in the margin, perhaps to indicate one of the first recorded instances of cats in the Marquesas.

<sup>561</sup> Likewise, WWB has *Goat* in the margin.

<sup>562</sup> The meaning of "*several times to the middle in water*" escapes the transcriber. *Tunes* should perhaps be *times*, but there is no dot of an *i* in the text (and the meaning would still be obscure). Perhaps the use of *tunes* is archaic, but no references were found online. Or perhaps the text has been mis-copied.



The people appear kind, friendly and teachable but very childish. They have no human sacrifices neither do they kill their children. I have observed no religious ceremony, but that the Chief must not eat inside the bounds of the marai where his father is buried, nor women enter there nor must the women eat hog. The language is, in many parts, like the Otaheitean especially the pronouns. Some words with a little alteration (? “might be Otaheitean” seems to be omitted in his haste) as the numbers — Mayya — May ah how — Cah how — Tootow. Catow. Some words are like the Friendly Islands as hog, axe, Chief. Many words like neither. All we can do with this people till we have learned their language is to set them a good example, which we hope through Grace to do. Amen.

But though Crook here says nothing of his companion, the Duff has the following note in the Capt’s Report of his voyage.<sup>563</sup>

The Capt asked both of them (after each had been ashore) what they thought of the place and if they still intended to settle there. Crook said that he was encouraged by the reception received, he thought that the Chief had behaved exceedingly well, he approved of the home assigned them, the place and the people, and concluded by saying that though there was not the same plenty here as at the other islands, he had no objection to stay, as he never before, nor since his engagement, had comforts in view, therefore the present state of the island was not so great a disappointment to him. However, appearances gave him reason to think that they had their plentiful seasons here as well as the other islands.

M<sup>r</sup> Harris delivered his sentiments with hesitation, as if fear had taken possession of his mind, his opinions were quite contrary to M<sup>r</sup> Crook’s, he disapproved of everything and judged the scene before him as a solemn one, and in short seemed entirely to have lost his firmness and ardour. The Capt left it to them entirely as his Instructions were to use no compulsion in the case of any of them.

Crook was left Alone, the only white man in the Group.

He was only 22.

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<sup>563</sup> WWB has *June* in the margin.

#### 4. Extracts From the Quarterly Chronicle, Volume I

covering the years from 1815 to 1819.

Published in Book form  
1821.

Map.

“Georgian” and “Society” Islands marked separately. On the East side of Tahiti reads “Pureonu” — West side “Atahuru”.

1815

<sup>564</sup> About 700 persons have renounced idolatry, attend the preaching and keep the Lord’s Day. They are distinguished from their countrymen by the name of “Bure Atua”.

Letter from Eimeo, September 6, reports the death of Scott but makes no mention of place of burial on that island. “Needs of medicines and other articles is very great.” Crook of great service at Sydney N.S.W. in correcting the proofs of the Old Testament. Have sent a small spelling book there from Tahiti for printing, the London issue being exhausted. Received from Sydney 400 copies of our New Testament history, 900 catechisms, 100 copies of a few hymns composed. Heathen priest of Papetoai (Moorea) <sup>565</sup> converted who, burdened with his idols, burned them publicly, the morais destroyed, altars overthrown, their wood used for cooking. Both sexes now eat together. In May the Queen and her sister Pomare Vahine went over to Tahiti from their residence in Eimeo, the latter seeing the island for the first time. The party stayed in the District of Pare where the King’s daughter Aimata resided with her nurse. The King sent over with his Queen a book for Aimata — “a sign that she was to be brought up in the new religion.”

566

They urge a printing press to be sent, also a medical missionary. Letter signed by Nott, Bicknell, Davies, Henry, Hayward, Wilson and Tessier.

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<sup>564</sup> WWB, in the margin: *From the Preface*

<sup>565</sup> Text in parentheses are comments inserted by WWB.

<sup>566</sup> Here WWB has, indented, *See “Sketch” pp. 113 and 413 for plot here recorded.* The pages referred to concern (a) the great feast of the Atiroos on Moorea, with kite flying, and the four boys of Marama’s people, who were killed, and (b) the names taken by Pomare II, which suggests that the references to these page numbers are incorrect. The visit of the Queen and her sister to Tahiti in May 1815, with a strong force to attempt to overthrow the pagans, and the subsequent fight of 12 November 1815, is condensed from *The Memoirs of Arii Taimai* in Chapter VII of *Old Time Tahiti* — this text commences on page 100 of WWB’s handwritten manuscript — and from the letter of the missionary Davies of 30 March 1816, to Marsden in Sydney, in *November 12, 1815, When Pomare II Won Kingship* in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti* — this text is on page 221 of the manuscript.

Pomare's letter (not yet from Papeete) to those at Uaeva (as he termed Papetoai) :

Maatia. July 3. 1815 (Moorea)

My dear Friends

May you be saved by Jesus Christ, the only Saviour by whom we can be saved. This is an account of our journey : the Ratiras <sup>567</sup> are inclined to hear and obey the Word of God : the Word of God is now growing in Moorea <sup>568</sup> : Jehovah <sup>569</sup> himself He it is that causeth the growth of his own Word : for that reason it prospers : it grows exceedingly. Many there are now that lay hold of the Word of God : there are 34 or 36 in Atimaha <sup>570</sup> of this description. There are others of the common people that are left, they pay no attention to these things, but the Ratiras they all regard the Word of God. As for Maatea they all here, the Ratiras and common people, all of them have embraced the Word of God. 96 new ones are of this description. Not many of Haumi have as yet regarded the Word of God, Hamuna has. Hamuna is a man of knowledge, he has been hitherto a priest of the Evil Spirit, he has entirely cast away the customs of the Evil Spirit. I am highly pleased with these things, and particularly that the Ratiras attend so well to the Word of God. This was my business in this journey, it was to make known to them the Word of God and behold! they have listened unto it, they have regarded it. Had it been otherwise I should have been much grieved.

We shall not go from this place yet awhile. We were to go this day to Haumi but the Ratiras detained us saying Stay a while that you may know that we have in truth hearkened to the Word of God. To this I said Agreed. We shall not go till another Sabbath Day is over, then we shall proceed. They answered That is well. The idols of these Ratira are committed to the fire, they are entirely destroyed. Tomorrow is our meeting for prayer, the commencement of the new month. Should these Ratiras ask me to write down their names, how shall I act? Shall I write them? Write your mind to me without delay and give me instructions how to do. May you be blest of God.

Pomare. King.

There is later on a note that during 1814–1815 the names of those who embraced Christianity were taken down publicly but since the profession of Christianity has become general we have thought proper to discontinue the practise.

A letter from Marsden (Sydney) to Directors in London : October. "There is war at Otaheite. Pomare has no hand in the war, nor his people, he is on the island of Eimeo... <sup>571</sup> Pomare writes like an Apostle (!!!)... This mission has had many enemies but their adversaries must now be silent." Recommends the introduction of simple arts and commerce, mentions the culture of the sugar cane "remarkably fine there" and cotton. The Directors add such will be considered.

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<sup>567</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Chiefs*

<sup>568</sup> WWB, in the margin: *drops "Eimeo"*

<sup>569</sup> WWB has *Jehoval* here and in Pomare's letter of February 19, 1816, below, which may be the litteral transcription from the Quarterly Chronicle.

<sup>570</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Haapiti*

<sup>571</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Gross error*

1816

Davies to Marsden, March 30, describing the Fight of November 12, 1815. <sup>572</sup>

<sup>573</sup>

Marsden to the directors in London : October. "I have now the unspeakable satisfaction of forwarding to you some of the Idol gods of Otaheite."

The missionaries had sent them to London through Marsden's care. As to these idols, the following letters appear but out of sequence in the Volume. <sup>574</sup>

Letter from Pomare written from :

Tahiti. Motu'ta. February 19. 1816 <sup>575</sup>

<sup>576</sup>

Friends

May you be saved by Jehovah and Jesus Christ our Saviour. This is my speech to you my friends. (Offer made.) Those feathers of Vairaatoa's own god were from the ship of Lieutenant Watts <sup>577</sup> : it was Vairaatoa that set them himself about the idol.

I have written to Mahini for a house for the use of the missionaries <sup>578</sup> when you let Mahini know where the home is to be, he will get the people to remove it there. Let it be at Uaeva near you.

Should the missionaries arrive at Moorea write to me quickly that I may know. Let me know also what news there may be from Europe and from Port Jackson. Perhaps King George may be dead.

A list appended listing The Pomare Family Gods :

Oro was the principal national god. Temehara is said to have a brother called Tia : these 2 were famous men deified after death. Temeharo was protector of the small island Matea. Teriitapotuura was a son of Oro : Tetoimata his brother. Tiipa presided over the winds. Tii. The principal Tii's are 8 viz Tepiri, Temau, Tuvaipo, Tuvaiao, Tupuai, Aoapeapea, Atheoeo, Nanara. They dwell in the night and to them sorcerers direct their prayers when they want to injure a person. Oromatuas are the spirits of dead relatives. Prayers to these are directed at times for the recovery of the sick.

<sup>572</sup> WWB has November 15, 1815, here and below.

<sup>573</sup> WWB again has *See "Sketch" for this. pp 113 and 413.*

<sup>574</sup> The idols can be seen in the plate in the footnote to *Pomare II's Correspondence* in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>575</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Motu'ta the small islet in the lagoon*

<sup>576</sup> WWB here has, indented, *See "Sketch" for offer of Idols p. 445.* However, Pomare's letter in which he offers the idols is on page 225 of *Old Time Tahiti*, under *Pomare II's Correspondence* in the Appendix.

<sup>577</sup> WWB, in the margin: *of The Lady Penrhyn 1788*

<sup>578</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Fresh arrivals*

Also sent :

A head piece worn by the priest when officiating at the morai called Upooaha. Also one worn by the crier while he proclaimed the observancies at the morai called Horuru, also called Taupoono-te-poro. The handle of a sacred fan with which the priest drove away flies while engaged in prayers and sacrifices — called Tahivianunaehau.

The cloth in which the gods are wrapped is old and very sacred, being made by men, and women are forbidden to make it, working at night not in the day time.

A note is added : “It ought not to be conceded that though Pomare seems cordially to embrace the profession of Christianity and lends it all the countenance in his power, yet his spirit and habits do not manifest that he is under its influence.”

A letter to the Brethren to the Directors headed “Eimeo. August 13. 1816” (gives their account of the Fight of November 12, 1815 <sup>579</sup>) : They state that Nott, Hayward and Bicknell crossed over to Tahiti and toured it reporting upon their return to Moorea, keen reception given them. The School for Adults as well as for children has had great success, hundreds of Eimeo’s scholars are scattered through the neighbouring islands teaching others to read and write. 3000 now have books, many hundreds can read well. The spelling book was held back on hearing that a printing press would be sent out.

We do not think our present situation on this island (Moorea) so healthy — particularly in the rainy season — as many other places that might be found in the islands : yet circumstances have in a manner confined us to this spot so that for a long time past we have had no choice. Our vessel <sup>580</sup> is still in hand, not finished : partly through want of materials, and partly through illness and want of time during many of the past months... Some time ago the pearl fishery and pearl shells promised much advantage : but that trade (which we had partly in view when we began the vessel) was soon brought to a close and now the sandalwood business is also nearly terminated, but were it otherwise, we could not in conscience allow our vessel to be any way concerned in it, as we apprehend most, if not all the sandalwood is used in China or India for idolatrous purposes. The pork trade is likewise at an end for the present, as most of the hogs have been destroyed in the late wars, or have been purchased by the late vessels that have touched here... Our motives in attempting to build it were good whatever may be the result : we had no other view than to serve the purposes of the mission and lessen the expenses of the Missionary Society in respect of our support here. If it fail in answering these ends we cannot help it : we have made the attempt in the midst of many difficulties : but what grieves and perplexes us most at the present time is that the vessel in a manner prevents our removing from our present residence while there is such a loud call from all quarters for us to come. We enclose a letter from Pomare concerning his Family gods which have been delivered to us that we might either destroy them or if we think proper, send them to you. We have chosen the latter and send them mailed up in a case. These are the King’s Family gods and are a good specimen of the whole. The great national ones which were of the same kind, only much larger, have been some time ago entirely destroyed.

Signed by Nott, Bicknell, Henry, Davies, Hayward, Wilson, Tessier and Crook.

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<sup>579</sup> WWB again has *see “Sketch” pp. 113 and 413.*

<sup>580</sup> WWB, in the margin: *The Haweis*

1817

M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Ellis arrived at Eimeo on February 15 and M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Orsmond on April 27. With the former the printing press arrived and was fixed for a time at Afareaitu (Eimeo), Ellis, Davies and Crook residing there. Natives helped in creating their homes at that village. Some of the brethren were about to resettle on Tahiti. Crook extremely useful in his medical capacity. Pomare talks of visiting England.

Letter to the Directors headed :

Papetoai. Eimeo. July 2. 1817

Hope last (dated August 13, 1816) received — usual duplicate enclosed. Climate and disease have debilitated most of us, particularly Brothers Bicknell and Nott who are frequently afflicted. The addition to our number we hope will strengthen our hands, and as M<sup>r</sup> Ellis understands printing and you have been pleased to send us a printing press we hope that ere long we shall be able to print and distribute various portions of the Word of God. Out thanks for the medicines and other articles... At Tetaroa 3 places of worship have lately been put up... Afareaitu is on the opposite side of this island. Brother Davies wished to make trial of a School in that District. Brother Ellis was desirous to have the press put up there, considering it to be a healthy place for residence, and Brother Crook wished to accompany them. Sashes, doors and other implements were made here by us... At no period have we been in more need of counsel and direction... the King, the chiefs and people from all quarters apply to us for advice, not only in regard to moral and religious, but likewise civil and political affairs of every description. The religious and political systems of the islanders having been blended together in every affair of life, the change affects every custom and usage. During the many years of our residence on these islands we have most carefully avoided meddling with their civil and political affairs, except in a few instances where we endeavoured to promote peace between contending parties. At present however it appears almost impossible for us in every respect to follow the same line of conduct. We have told the King and Chiefs that being strangers and having come to their country as teachers of the Word of the True God we will have nothing further to do with their civil concerns than to give them good advice. We have advised the King to call a general meeting of all the principal Chiefs and with their assistance and approbation adopt such Laws and Regulations as would tend to the good of the community and the stability of his government : and that in these things, if he desired it, we would give him the best advice in our power and inform him of what is contained in the Word of God and also of the laws and customs of our own country and other civilized nations. The King having been used to arbitrary proceedings, and wishing to be exclusively at the head of everything, did not seem to relish the proposal of a general assembly of the Chiefs : however he expressed a great desire that he might be informed of proper laws and regulations. This affair is still in suspense. The numbers of our respective families are as follow :

Bro. Bicknell 4 children — 2 sons and 2 daughters

Crook has 7 children — 1 son and 6 daughters

Henry has 4 here — 1 son and 3 daughters — 1 son and 1 daughter in the Colony

Wilson has 4 children — 2 sons and 2 daughters



Ellis has 1 daughter

From those stationed at Afareaitu. Events of 1816.

March 18, 1817

It having been agreed by a majority of the brethren that the printing press should be put up for the present at Afareaitu, the press and a great number of other articles were placed on board the canoes at Papetoai which were 9 in number. Brother Davies accompanied them and with some difficulty they reached Atimaha <sup>581</sup> in the evening. Early in the morning the canoes left Atimaha and proceeded to Afareaitu where with some difficulty, the wind being against them, they arrived in the afternoon. The natives gave us a large house by the seaside for our present accomodation. After dark the brethren Crook and Ellis arrived. We took up our residency, together with many natives, in the large house. Fixed upon a site for the press and Brother Ellis' house near a stream of excellent water at the head of the bay : contiguous to this is a small house which the people had kindly put up for the use of the brethren. The natives appeared heartily willing to work and much pleased at our coming here. Much employed getting our habitations into some convenient order. Some of us are much annoyed by the **moschettos**.

There is a very large place of worship now building at Pare on Otaheite by order of the King. <sup>582</sup> A party of people came soon here to get rafters for it and have made a successful attempt to take over a raft of these.

By a canoe which lately arrived from Raiatea — one of the Society Islands — Brother Davies received several letters. Raiatea and Bora Bora earnestly entreating to send them a teacher : the little island of Mârua has also embraced Christianity, the other islands having resolved upon renouncing their idols the whole of that Group of islands have renounced heathenism.

When (this month) the King came over from Otaheite he was accompanied by a great number of the eastern islanders, commonly called Paumotu (as a Group). They were chiefly of the Parata party or inhabitants of Anna or Prince of Wales' Island. <sup>583</sup> Of late years there has been much intercourse between them and these islands, their dialect differs considerably from the Otaheitean and they have some consonants not in use at Otaheite. There is another party of the Paumotu with whom the Parata party have been at war for a long while. These are the inhabitants of the Awura <sup>584</sup> and the Palisier islands. <sup>585</sup> Many of them are at Otaheite and Eimeo now. Their dialect is much the same as the Otaheitean. The King has promised them land for their residence on Otaheite where they may be quiet and safe from their enemies but they seem very much attached to their own little islands, miserable as they are.

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<sup>581</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Haapiti*

<sup>582</sup> WWB, in the margin: *The Royal Mission Chapel*

<sup>583</sup> Possibly [Manihi](#).

<sup>584</sup> Possibly [Anaa](#), also known as Ara-ura.

<sup>585</sup> [Palliser Islands](#): Apataki, Arutua, Fakarava, Kaukura, Makatea, Mataiva, Rangiroa, Tikehau, Toau

The people became much diverted from their work for us on account of a large fishing net which had just been finished ; the first fish caught by which was sent to Puru and his son Taroa Arii as Chiefs of the island : however they have finished thatching the printing house. They went to sea with their new net and were very successful, catching a great number of large fish. They gave us half a dozen nice white salmon.<sup>586</sup>

We heard that a vessel with 3 masts had arrived and had entered Opunohu harbour. Pomare here was informed that the vessel was the King George, Capt Walker.<sup>587</sup> A parcel of letters arrived for Brother Davies that had been sent from England by M<sup>r</sup> Youl but which had remained in the Colony nearly 12 months. We were invited by the brethren at Papetoai to join them in observing the Anniversary of the Missionary Society (May week).<sup>588</sup>

Setting off early before daylight as we were leaving Timai many of the inhabitants were met with returning from the bush where they retire for private prayer which in general they have concluded before the sun has risen above the horizon. Brother Nott preached to a large congregation. The meeting was held in their large place of worship<sup>589</sup> lately erected near the spot where the Society's vessel lies in the stocks.

A letter has arrived from Utami, the Chief of Attahuru,<sup>590</sup> giving an account of an extraordinary phenomenon in that district of Otaheite. Some days ago, in the evening, the sky dark and cloudy, a loud clap of thunder was heard. Shortly afterwards the whole atmosphere appeared to be on fire which appeared to come from the clouds and spread itself over all the western part of the district, running along the surface of the ground and of the adjacent sea. The people fled out of their homes, and thought that the Day of Judgement had come.

Many of the natives have committed to memory the contents of their books. Chief Faito paying us a visit said he was anxious to see some book printed, and that he could repeat those in his possession without looking at them.

As part of the printing house floor we were much employed with the assistance of the natives in digging down the remains of the Altars in the neighbourhood of the various morais. On the 10<sup>th</sup> of June Pomare arrived to witness the first composing for the printing press done in his dominions. He was asked whether he would like to do the first himself. He answered Yes. The composing stick was then put into his hand and he was directed from whence to take the letters and how to place them until he had composed the alphabet at the beginning of the Otaheitean Spelling Book. He appeared much pleased. During the month of July application for books came from all quarters and numbers of people came over from Otaheite for the same purpose, the natives of Eimeo crowding in. We completed 2,300 copies of the Spelling Book.

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<sup>586</sup> [Milkfish \(Chanos chanos\)](#)

<sup>587</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Orsmund's vessel*

<sup>588</sup> WWB: *Note. S.P.C.K. founded 1698. S.P.G. founded 1701. L.M.S. founded 1795.* WWB is referring to the [Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge](#), the [Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts](#) and the [London Missionary Society](#).

<sup>589</sup> WWB, in the margin: *80 feet by 25.*

<sup>590</sup> The spelling of persons and place names in the text are inconsistent; for example, *Attahuru* and *Atahuru*, *Faaa* and *Faa*, *Opunohu* and *Oponohu*, *Maharepa* and *Maharipa*, etc.

A man of Tairarabu had a canoe lying on the beach. On the Sabbath a higher tide than usual carried the canoe adrift. A native ran to the owner who said that being the Sabbath he thought it would be sinful to secure the canoe. It was lost. Brother Davies explained to the natives the difference between the work of ordinary labour and those of necessity and mercy, the man should have secured his canoe.

Farifau is dead. A native of Bora Bora and a servant of Pomare Vahine. In December 1814 he renounced heathenism. In 1815 there was a meeting of all the Chiefs of Eimeo for the purpose of presenting food, cloth, etc., to Pomare Vahine. The Chiefs were mostly of the heathen party. It was the custom at these “feeding meetings” to make an offering to the gods by taking the head or ears of a pig or fish and some fruits to the nearest morai. Pomare and Pomare Vahine wished to prevent this. It was proposed that a prayer over the food should be offered aloud to the true God before the idolatrous ceremony took place. There was the question who was bold enough to do this. Farifau without hesitation carried it out. There was none taken to the morai. Later, at Pare when food was presented to the Queen and those with her, the priests made use of some threatening and insulting language, magnifying the power of their gods. Pointing to some bushes of red feathers they had set up to represent the idols, Farifau exclaimed, “Are these the mighty things whose power you magnify and with whose power you threaten us? If so I will soon settle the matter,” and seizing them he threw them into a native oven, the stones of which were red hot. There can be no doubt but that his action hastened on the war.<sup>591</sup> At the close of the war and Pomare issued orders for the destruction of the home and altar of the great god Oro at Tautira, Farifau was one of the party sent. They brought away the god on their shoulders after having stripped it of all its ornaments. The log of wood was taken to Pomare, who was in the district of Pare, and set up in what may be called the King’s kitchen to hang baskets of food upon. This was the end of the great god Oro, the possession or non possession of which has caused so many wars on Otaheite.

Our place of worship, becoming too small, had to be enlarged to 64 feet by 22. It is filled at every service, 600 present and others standing outside. Have learned thro one of the crew of Capt Walker’s vessel that Anna has renounced heathenism except one district. It appears from reports that come to hand that when funerals occur at a distance from the missionary stations, a native usually prays at the grave. The brethren Crook and Ellis having now residences of their own, the large house is the home of Brother Orsmond and Sister Orsmond who have lately arrived.

Note. The following is out of its place in the Chronicle. Fragment only.

From Ellis’ Journal of his voyage out : <sup>592</sup>

February 2. Touched at the island of Tubooi — we made various purchases by means of knives and fish hooks.

February 10. At 6 p.m. we were on the point of entering the harbour at Matavai (Otaheite) when the wind suddenly died away.

<sup>591</sup> WWB again has, in the margin: *See “Sketch” p. 113.*

<sup>592</sup> At the end of this phrase, WWB has “— *not given*”, without specifying what was not given.

February 11. The weather being calm, it was necessary to tow the vessel into harbour. Pomare soon came off in a double canoe accompanied by his queen and a numerous train of attendants. In the evening our Captain <sup>593</sup> landed a horse which the owner of our vessel, Captain Birnie, had sent out as a present to the King. Pomare and his people were much pleased with this animal, the first of the kind perhaps which was ever landed on their shores. <sup>594</sup>

February 13. Crossed strait to Eimeo. Arrived at Opunohu Harbour, and this terminated our voyage nearly 13 months from the time we set sail from Spithead.

March 24. Pomare arrived at Papetoai and soon after paid us a visit. Observing my portfolios he was much pleased with the drawings it contains and enquired if I thought it possible for him to learn to draw. He made a sketch of something on a slate and requested from me some copies of things on paper that he might practice with when alone. He seems anxious to improve himself.

Davies' Journal, taking up that from those stationed at Afareaitu. Events of 1816.

August. Set off in a double canoe with Bro: Crook on a tour of Eimeo. We came to Paeau where we saw Abarahama who a little before the late war on Otaheite was there pursued by Tevivirau, the husband of Inomedua, a chief woman of the district of Hitia <sup>595</sup> who was determined to kill him, he being a Christian, as a sacrifice to Oro. He was shot at and wounded in the thigh but ran in among the bushes and made his escape. He is now quite recovered but will carry the honourable scar to the grave. Preached in a very large house at Varari called Teataebuaa. The house which belongs to the King is much decayed. It was formerly used to entertain and lodge strangers in. Brother Crook was here obliged to return owing to severe ophthalmia so proceeded with 2 natives. Reached Atimaha. Found great disorder of various kinds notwithstanding almost all have renounced heathenism. Endeavoured to speak very plainly to the people, leaving with no satisfaction of mind. Opposite Atimaha there is an opening in the reef where a vessel might enter in favourable weather and anchor in safety. Between Oio and Atimaha there is a large tract of land entirely uninhabited and another tract between Atimaha and Maatea. These tracts in old time were thickly peopled but now are entirely deserted. Last night were much troubled with thousands of moschetoos and could get no rest from them till the morning when the wind blew them away. Haumi is a pleasant little valley and well watered by a stream. The land is capable of great improvement. There is an opening in the reef opposite to this valley and deep water quite close to the shore. Went on shore and took up our abode in an unoccupied house belonging to the King. Vara the leading Chief sent a present of fish, breadfruit, etc., to our lodging. Difference existed among the Chiefs' particularly about a place of worship. Motuau (the Chief of one part of this district) had cast away his gods and set apart one of their houses for a place of worship. Vara, then a heathen, persecuted them, his people worshipping in his morai. But of late Vara and his people have renounced heathenism and put up a new and very decent house for worship, the best indeed at this time on the island, large enough for the whole district. I proposed Vara's as the place of worship and Motuau's to be used as the school room, to which all parties were acceptable.

<sup>593</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Capt Powell*

<sup>594</sup> WWB, in the margin: ? *Bligh*

<sup>595</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Hitiaa*

Employed most of the day in visiting the sick, administering medicines and instructing such as had books. Brother Crook rejoined us, had come round the eastern part of the island, partly by land and partly by sea. His eye quite well, an abscess gone.

September. At cock crowing before it was quite light, all the people had scattered among the bush according to custom for private prayer. All had collected for family prayer before sunrise when we met together for Public worship.

<sup>596</sup> The Eyto tree is one of very large size, the wood of reddish brown resembles mahogany and is used in many parts of canoes. The bark affords a brown dye for cloth, nets, etc., which never washes out.

Arrived at Teavaro and was much incommoded by moschettoes. The District now called Afareaitu was formerly called Fareorii, also Matahiopo. In olden times it was very populous and was then in confederacy with the smaller Districts Haumi and Maatea and these 3 were often at war with the rest of Eimeo and were commonly more than a match for all the other Districts put together. The valley here (Teavaro) reaches to the foot of the mountain Tohiea, the highest land in Eimeo. At Papeare <sup>597</sup> were met also the people of the village, left then proceeded to Temae, an interesting little settlement situated inland and is very fruitful. A lake of fresh water perhaps not less than 2 miles in length and nearly half a mile across separates it from the sea. This lake abounds with large fish, particularly the white salmon. It is remarkable that there is no passage for a canoe round this part of Eimeo within the reef. Our men were however able to drag the canoe over a considerable piece of low land into the lake. Crossed the lake when our people dragged the canoe back again into the sea, the land covering about 300 yards. Walked along the beach for some distance till we were overtaken by the canoe which soon brought us to Maharipa which is the common rendezvous of people going to Otaheite or coming from thence as there is a convenient opening in the reef where canoes or boats may pass but it forms no harbour for shipping (as does Opunohu, close to Papetoai). Arriving at Pihaena we sent for the people of Paopao and Paraoro to meet us there which seemed to be taken amiss that we did not call at those places but it was very inconvenient to do so. They are at the top of Cook's Harbour. There appeared here too much of a disposition to find fault and incriminate one another. Having taken our leave we arrived home by canoe at an early hour in the afternoon, September 6<sup>th</sup>.

There is a note appended.

Instead of the multitude of various idols found a few years ago in every place, and the numerous morais, altars and sacrifices, there are now 17 or 18 houses of worship : and except a heap of stones here and there, scarce a vestige of the old religion remains to be seen.

The districts of Papeare and Teavaro lie opposite to Otaheite from which the distance is little more than 4 leagues. Papeare has a capacious harbour within the reef where ships of a large burden may anchor close to shore. The valley is divided by an inferior ridge of the mountains, of gentle ascent on which there is a path which leads over the main ridge, here moderately low, to Opunohu.

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<sup>596</sup> WWB: *Note by Davies and Crook on a grove of Eyto trees "where we went to prayer"*.

<sup>597</sup> Also known as Vaiare.

Brother Ellis and Brother Crook being nearly destitute of soap, ascended the neighbouring mountain, accompanied by some natives, to gather and burn a quantity of fern to make ashes. This is the first attempt on these islands to make soap with fern ashes. Soap has been separately produced with lye made from the ashes of the Aito or Toa tree but such is not easily procured on this part of Eimeo.

October. It was reported that 3 canoes which sailed from Eimeo for Otaheite some time ago, to proceed from thence to the little island of Tetiaroa, have been lost at sea. A gale of wind arose soon after they had set sail.

November. Some of the people had caught a large shark and had been poisoned by eating of it, particularly those that ate the liver. Bro: Crook administered an emetic to a great many which had the desired effect. Bro: Davies had often warned them against the liver of the shark. One afternoon a small canoe from Otaheite was swamped before it reached the opening of the reef. The 2 men were in immediate danger of being drowned or devoured by the sharks. Bro: Crook with assistance launched his large canoe and with Bro: Orsmond went off to their assistance. Some who thought the brethren would also be in danger soon followed. In a short time all were brought to shore in safety. Set out for Papearae. Formerly it was thickly inhabited but the people died of disease, war, etc., till some years back there was but one family left who, finding themselves solitary, removed to Atihama and for years the valley had neither a house nor a single human inhabitant. About 15 months ago some people were found in a transgression at Atimaha and the Ratiras banished them from that district. Some of these put up a home or two at Papearae and were later joined by others so that now they have 4 or 5 houses and lately they put up a small place of worship.

In the middle of the month a note arrived from Brother Nott at Papetoai informing us that a vessel <sup>598</sup> had just arrived and that Samuel Henry, Brother Henry's son, and 6 missionaries were on board. Brothers Crook and Orsmond set out for Papetoai (in a canoe). The next day a further note arrived requesting Brothers Ellis and Davies to join those at Papetoai. In consequence they set off late in the afternoon to go by land across the ridge of mountains as there was a difficulty in going by canoe owing to strong, contrary winds. They had great difficulty (spending all that night and the next day in making their way) reaching Papetoai about midnight, much fatigued. There had arrived Brothers Barff, Bourne, Platt, Darling, Threlkeld and Williams with their wives.

As a master mariner had come out to take command of the Society's vessel, it was determined that it should be finished as soon as possible so that by its means the brethren might move to their various stations. The Brethren returned to Afareaitu (by canoe) bringing with them a quantity of paper, a present from the British and Foreign Bible Society. The canoes mentioned as lost arrived here again at the closing of the month. They were 3 days and 3 nights at sea, suffered much but no lives were lost. Made the island of Huaheine with difficulty, repaired their canoes, then sailed for Tapua-manu <sup>599</sup> where they stayed some time, then sailed for Eimeo.

The Brethren here discussed Fish poaching. Though the open sea is free for all that desire to fish, yet within the reefs every part is claimed as the property of those living on the

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<sup>598</sup> WWB, in the margin: *The "Activa", Capt Thompson*

<sup>599</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Maiao*



adjacent coast. The Ratiras and landowners have their respective fishing grounds. Several instances lately of people pretending that since the old religion and customs were abolished, therefore the above custom is abolished raised the question.

It has been decided to sell all books and no longer to give them free of cost. The people have been told that it is so in order that we may have the means of purchasing more paper for printing other books for them. Everyone that wished for a book has been advised to prepare in time 7 or 8 bamboos of oil (about 3 gallons) telling them it would be measured and that whatever was above that measure would be theirs. They seem well pleased at the arrangement. It is of great importance to suit our plans to circumstances. Had such a plan been adopted with respect to the elementary books it would probably have done much mischief and certainly would have prevented many from learning to read, but now all those who have been taught and made some progress in their little books are eager to procure other books. The plan will be attended with many beneficial effects. It will prompt them to useful industry, to place a higher value on those obtained and show them the advantage of barter.

Capt Thompson attended here a native service. He declared that what he had seen here and at Papetoai as to the behaviour of the natives quite astonished him and he thought the people in England could not conceive, except they were to see it, that there was such an alteration in them.

December. The King sent letters to several here requesting that we should be informed that he had had a son born to him at Tetiaroa on the 21<sup>st</sup> of November. (The infant's grave is at Afareaitu.)

Pomare's Letter to Eyre :

Moorea. Afareaitu. July 2. 1817

Very good Friend

May you be saved by Jesus Christ the true Saviour. How is it that you are so attached to your residence at Port Jackson? Have you no thought towards Tahiti? Tahiti is now happy. My affection for you continues unabated my good friend. I have one small request to make. Do not think unfavourably of me for it. Send me some paper and quills, a good quantity. You need not be careful of the quality of the paper. I am writing a dictionary. Perhaps it will not soon be done. My wife Teritaria<sup>600</sup> is very ill. Perhaps she will die.

Pomare.

Pomare's Letter to Marsden :

Moorea. Afareaitu. July 3. 1817

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<sup>600</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Pomare Vahine not Terito his Queen*

Very good Friend

Health and prosperity to you and also to your family the salvation of Jesus Christ.<sup>601</sup> The Word of God has taken great root here at Tahiti and also verily at Raiatea and also in the other islands. By Jehovah himself the light was communicated. The Lord himself graciously sent his Word therefore it is that we are now instructed. The idols of these countries are wholly abolished, they are burned in the fire : also are abolished the various customs connected with them, they are totally cast away by the people. Do not criticize what I have written, do not smile at my blunders and what is faulty. I know not how to write as I ought, I resemble an ignorant man, his word is easily misconstrued when we write. My good Friend I am very ashamed that I am so poor, having nothing that you may esteem. M<sup>r</sup> Ellis, M<sup>r</sup> Crook and M<sup>r</sup> Davies are preparing to publish the Bible. Monday 30<sup>th</sup> of June was the day they commenced to make preparation of the publishing of the Word of God. The Word of Luke is nearly prepared and the Word of David. The Word of Jonah and also of Job are very nearly prepared. Write to me. Let me particularly know what you desire.

I am Reverend Sir Yours etc.

Pomare.

Ellis' Journal, Events of 1816 :

Early in the month of June Brother Crook and myself left Afareaitu in a canoe and reached Papearae about sunrise. We walked up the valley to the foot of the mountains which we began to ascend. On reaching the summit of one of the inferior hills we stopped to rest whilst one of our men climbed a coconut tree to get us some drink for our journey : after which we kept on our way, resting at intervals, until we reached the ridge where we intended to cross the chain of mountains which runs along this side of the island. Here we were delighted with the beautiful view which our exalted situation enabled us to take, on the one hand of the picturesque island of Otaheite and widely extended ocean ; on the other of the interior of the island of Eimeo diversified by sloping valleys, extensive plains, and meandering streams issuing from the mountains on every side. We found the descent very steep and were obliged to hold by the bushes and by the roots of trees as we proceeded. On reaching the bottom we found ourselves much fatigued and thought descending such a mountain more difficult than climbing one. We sat down beneath a Ve tree and regaled ourselves with some of the fruit which was nearly out of season, they were as large as a peach, of an oblong shape, very juicy, and in flavour resembled an English Magnum Bonum plum. Being recruited we proceeded on our journey, sometime walking through the bush, at others by the side of a rippling brook exposed to the scorching rays of the sun upon a level plain, or on the edge of a hill till we reached the Valley of Opunohu, then proceeded to the place where the vessel lay in the stocks, having been six hours walking from Papearae. We left Papetoai in the boat with Capt Powell and upon arrival at Afareaitu we walked to the printing office and the garden. Capt Powell thought we had made pretty good progress during his absence from Eimeo. After dining the Captain called on Pomare who was residing at his house here and presented to the

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<sup>601</sup> WWB, in the margin: *See p. 59.* This refers to the letter from Marsden of October 1815 to the Directors in London, in which Marsden states that "Pomare writes like an Apostle."

Captain some presents for Captain Birnie from whom the King had received the present of a horse. We sent back with the Captain a lad whom we had brought with us from the Colony. He might have been of great use to us in the printing office but he conducted himself very ill. The King called one day and asked me for a sunflower, 2 or 3 plants of which were just in bloom in my garden. I told him I wished to reserve them for seed. He said the Queen and her sister desired one very much. I therefore gave one to each of them and also one to another leading woman, with which they were very much pleased saying that they had never before seen such a flower. They asked for some seed which was promised them. With the assistance of the people, put sticks as a fence around our house. The houses here resemble large bird cages : 3 or 4 posts are put in the centre, on the top of which is laid a pole according to the length of the house. On each side of these, a number of smaller posts are fixed in the ground, on which small pieces of wood are laid. From this wall plate (as it may be called) to the ridge pole a number of sticks about 5 or 6 inches in circumference are placed at about 2 feet distance from each other. To these rafters, the thatch — which is made of the leaves of a species of the pandanus — is tied on with a string made of the inner bark of the Purau. From the lower edge of the thatch, sticks of the same size as the rafters are fixed in the ground 2, 3 or 4 inches asunder, an opening of course being left for the entrance. The ground or floor of the house is then covered with long grass, the house is finished. They are from 10 to 20 feet high in the centre, and from 4 to 8 feet high at the sides. Some of them are 50 feet in length, others not above 10 : their breadth varies from 16 to 20 feet. As long as they last they are much superior to the dwellings of the New Zealanders and those of the natives of New South Wales. We were for some time employed in laying down a boarded floor in our sleeping room which we shall find a great comfort. Hitherto we have had a sand floor which — our dwelling being by the seaside — has been very damp. Whilst employed laying down a similar floor in the sitting room M<sup>rs</sup> Ellis and M<sup>rs</sup> Crook were busy making covers for the books. By means of these covers, a sort of trade is carried on with the natives for food : a root or two of Taro (*Arum Esculentum*) or a bunch of *maiore* (the Breadfruit tree) is the common price of a book cover. Except a present now and then from the Chiefs, we purchase from the people almost every article of food the island produces. This will perhaps appear strange to our English friends who may suppose that a sense of gratitude would prompt the natives to supply us with the means of subsistence. This would be the case did those relative bonds exist among them which bind civilized communities but here they are wanting. They are a nation of Individuals and with the exception of the homage they pay to the King and some other like expressions of respect to the great men of the District, they act as individuals quite independent of each other. If indeed an application be made to the Chiefs on any particular occasion to unite in some project, such for instance as to put up a place for public worship, a school house or a dwelling house, the Chiefs as well as the people will join together to do it, but in everything else, each one acts according to his own interest or inclination. At the end of July we moved into our new house. It adjoins the printing office, our former was at a considerable distance from it and occasioned much unnecessary fatigue in walking. M<sup>rs</sup> Ellis finds in M<sup>rs</sup> Crook a very happy assistant. We now number three at this station. May the Lord graciously prevent any dissension amongst us. Busy in my garden : planted some peas and French beans, the latter thrive well but the former have not been brought to perfection. I am anxious to try further experiments by varying the soil and the season of planting. I settled up with Pati, one of the men who have worked at the press and in putting up our house by giving him 6½ yards of calico, a razor, a knife and a Looking glass. Agreed with him to continue his services until the Gospel by Luke is printed.

A garden in these parts is a great acquisition. We have now cabbages, French beans, carrots, turnips, parsley and Indian corn growing : cabbages, turnips and parsley do not seed here. We have also some mulberry trees and a species of the custard apple (*Annona Squamosa*) which I brought from Rio Janeiro. From thence I likewise brought a quantity of coffee seed some of which I planted in the Colony where it grew very well, as did some I planted in a box on board ship but the cats destroyed about 60 plants of it. On arriving here I planted some of the remaining seed but although I have made several different experiments I have not yet succeeded in raising any of it. The convolvulus, capsicum, sunflower and amaranthus together with some native flowers form the principal part of our flower garden.

August 29. It being the 23<sup>rd</sup> anniversary of my birthday, Brother Davies dined and spent the evening with us.

September. Finished printing 2000 copies of the Tahitian Catechism and 2000 copies of Scripture Lessons in that language. Puna and others observed that it was much harder work to learn to write and cipher than to paddle canoes, build houses, put up fences or any other “laborious” work. I urged continued application with pleasant results.

October. Took a sketch of our settlement at Afareaitu. At question time one evening a native asked if they were to suppose that every individual who had died on the islands was lost forever? Brother Davies answered in the affirmative according to the express declaration of Scripture.<sup>602</sup>

If often affords me peculiar pleasure to look around the district on a Saturday afternoon and see the smoke ascending from the cooking houses belonging to the various families who are cooking their food for the coming Sabbath. Not only is their food dressed but their calabashes are filled with water for drink, and their other vessels with water to wash with, and all things are got in readiness by sunset.

Taita Vahine has left us — a servant from the district of Attahuru on Otaheite. We gave her some paper, a copy book, a penknife and a pair of scissors. These and razors are in great request. Have been employed in showing the natives how to make wooden spoons to eat their food with : also went to the mountains to direct how to burn fern for making soap. Was much struck with the remaining vestiges of former habitations which are to be found even to the very tops of the interior hills. These districts must formerly have contained numerous inhabitants. Enquiring to what cause this great depopulation was to be attributed I was told that it was due to the strangling of infants, to diseases introduced from other countries, to the use of spirits and the effect of wars.

Tati Vahine, the wife of Tati, a Chief of Otaheite, paid us a visit in order to inspect the printing press. Most of the Chiefs of Otaheite and many of the people have come over to see it. Its mechanism still remains beyond the comprehension of most of them.

November. Sent 2 men to Papeanae to get Tii root (a species of *Dracana*) in order to try to make sugar from it or to use it as a substitute. Reached there and walked us that valley. On my return took a sketch of the place of worship. The natives of that place prepared food for us. When it was nearly ready they brought a bundle of the broad leaves of the

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<sup>602</sup> WWB, in the margin: !!!

Hibiscus and spread them on the ground for a table cloth. A coconut shell filled with salt water for each of us took the place of a salt cellar. Two coconuts were provided for us to drink the milk. The food was then brought on : a small pig for us, also one for our natives, breadfruit, taro <sup>603</sup> and feiis.

The woman we had brought from the Colony stole several articles we had missed. They were discovered in her possession. She besought us earnestly that we would not send her back. A note from Brother Nott just then announced that a ship <sup>604</sup> had entered the harbour bearing 6 missionaries. Brothers Crook and Orsmond left for Papetoai. The next day a note came from the Brethren. We agreed to set off the same evening. Proceeded first (by canoe) to Papeare and then directed our way across the mountains. <sup>605</sup> We had not ascended half way to the top of the chain before we felt ourselves greatly fatigued. Our men poured us some water to drink in the leaves of the Hibiscus. As night was fast approaching we hurried on our way but the ascent was sometimes so steep that we were obliged to stop and rest ourselves every twenty yards. By the time we reached the ridge of the mountains it was quite dark. Here we sat down to rest, we were however obliged to proceed for we had still ten miles to travel over the interior of the island. In ascending the mountains we were overtaken by a blind man and his leader. The old man was going down to meet his brother who had arrived in the Active. We were much surprised at the facility with which they travelled along, sometimes crossing brooks of water, then passing through thickets of trees : now going up steep ascents and anon down slippery rocks : yet the blind man excelled us, and even on a road where we could hardly walk five yards without climbing over or creeping under the trunks of large fallen trees that intercepted. He and his companion in short were guides to us and pursued their way faster than we could follow them. About ½ past 11 we reached the Oponohu valley (through mistake often called Taloo) and proceeded in a canoe to Brother Hayward's house. We spent the day very agreeably. Captain Thompson of the Active later visited us at Afareaitu and inspected the printing office. He expressed himself much surprised at the expertness the men who assisted us had already acquired. The man who pulls the sheets does it as fast as I.

December 10. About 4 a.m. set off for Papetoai in a single canoe with Pati (to witness the launching of the "Haweis"), landed at Papetoa, <sup>606</sup> passed through Tamai, crossed the lake and walked on to Maharepa. Here expected to borrow a canoe but the people had all gone to see the brig launched. Walked to the adjoining district, found only one canoe which was about to be used to carry food to Pomare. We were kindly put across Cook's Harbour. Walked on to Pihêna, met the Chief who was ill and infirm, everybody else gone to the launching.

"Found the bottom of an old fishing canoe, the edges of which were scarcely 2 inches above the water, but being too much fatigued to walk any further I got into it and keeping near the shore till we reached Oponohu harbour we crossed over safely and landed opposite Brother Hayward's. We had scarcely arrived when Pati observing the Flag hoisted on board the vessel wished to run on lest it should be launched before he could arrive. He took up his bundle of breadfruit which he had brought from Afareaitu (a

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<sup>603</sup> WWB has *tara*.

<sup>604</sup> WWB, in the margin: *The Active*

<sup>605</sup> WWB: *For a former crossing, see page 93.* This refers to Ellis and Crook's crossing in June 1816, described in the first paragraph of this section.

<sup>606</sup> Teavaro?

distance of 20 miles by sea) and ran on before : shortly after, I reached the place where they were endeavouring to get the vessel off the stocks. The King, the principal Chiefs and vast crowds of people were present assisting. After some time the vessel moved from the stocks when the King, performing the usual ceremonies, pronounced as she passed along “Ia ora na Haweis”, Prosperity or Peace to the Haweis. D<sup>r</sup> Haweis has always been considered the particular friend of the Otaheiteans and the King wished the vessel to be called after him.”

At the close of the month a canoe arrived from Otaheite to say that 3 American ships, each 3 masted, had arrived from Boston bound for Chile, that they would move to Oponohu for several days and spare the Society such articles as we were in need of. Canoeed to Papetoai the last day of the year.

## 1818

Brief review by the Directors of the Otaheitean Mission giving the Rules and list of officers of the Otaheitean Society, its object being to aid the Parent Society at Home by aid of gifts in kind. The Rules and names are in Otaheitean as well as English. This is followed by the various Stations and the Brethren thereat, with their wives and children a total of 60.

Extracts of letter from Eimeo dated May 30, 1818 signed by Henry on behalf of all (no special happenings). Also letter from Eimeo dated June 1, 1818 signed by the new arrivals Darling, Bourne, Platt and Williams. A further letter dated September 29, 1818 signed by Darling as “Secretary to the Missionaries in the Windward Islands” mostly dealing with the circulation of books.

Another letter dated October 19, 1818 signed by Charles Wilson written from “Waugh’s Place, Matavai, Otaheite” where he arrived for residence in December 1817 and lost his wife August 10<sup>th</sup> 1818 after a few days illness. Buried at Matavai. (Grave site lost.)

Another letter written in December of previous year (1817) from the Brethren concerning the brig just launched stating that it was calculated that in about 3 months from that time the vessel would be ready for sea, when it was intended that a part of the missionaries should be conveyed to certain other Stations chiefly in the Leeward Islands (none there so far) from whence it would proceed to Port Jackson with a cargo of pork and coconut oil. A Captain and mariners to assist in completing the rigging and in navigating the vessel had arrived at Eimeo by the “Active”.

A note by the Directors stating that “last summer (1817) an active and intelligent person was sent out for the purpose of introducing the cultivation of some of the indigenous plants of the Islands.”<sup>607</sup>

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<sup>607</sup> WWB, in the margin: *See p. 59.* This refers to the letter of October 1815 from Marsden in Sydney to the Directors in London that “Recommends the introduction of simple arts and commerce, mentions the culture of sugar cane ‘remarkably fine there’ and cotton.”



Hayward in Sydney is urged by Marsden “the highly respected and active friend of the Society in that Colony” to visit England to consult with the Directors as to future plans. Result proposed : to send out a Deputation to see and report.

1819

A letter from John Williams dated Raiatea, 30<sup>th</sup> November 1818 addressed to his friends of the Tabernacle, Moorfields, London. “On the 16<sup>th</sup> of November 1817 we saw Otaheite for the first time a little to windward. Our hearts leaped for joy at the sight of the long wished for land. On the 17<sup>th</sup> we landed at Eimeo, being exactly 12 months since we embarked at Gravesend.” He removed to Raiatea June 20, 1818.

Letter from Crook dated from :

“Bunaaūia in the District of Atahuru  
November 2. 1818

“Brother Bourne and I are situated at Wilks’ Harbour. <sup>608</sup> Although but ¼ of a mile apart we are yet in different Districts and this circumstance not originally contemplated has led to a train of events very different from what we anticipated. Brother Bourne is considered by the natives as the missionary of Pare, whilst I, living close to the boundary of the same District and having my school house therein, am considered by the people as more properly the missionary of Faa and Atahuru. This place (Bunaauiā) which is the residence of the Chief Utami and a populous place is more like a town or village than any I have seen on the islands. Utami who is the Chief of Atahuru is an excellent man. He and his people have promised to cultivate a large piece of land with cotton. The King is now making a tour round the island with a great number of people in his train. As to his person, he is I believe nearly 6 ft in height and proportionally stout, but he stoops and has rather a heavy appearance. He sometimes sleeps in a small Paumotu hut not high enough even for a short person to stand upright in. <sup>609</sup> He sits on a mat which is laid over grass spread on the floor. He writes a great number of letters and keeps a journal in his own language. His posture when writing is to lie at full length on the ground. He is now at Tiaiti in the south part of the island. He entreated me to hasten to the Missionary Prayer Meeting. Before sunrise we were all on board our large canoe, 40 persons in all. We arrived at Tiaiti between 8 and 9 o’clock (a.m.). The place of worship there is capacious enough to hold 15 to 16 hundred people. The subject of Preaching was brought up at the meeting. It was remarked that if our foreign dialect or accent was unpleasant, some suitable natives should come forward to exhort and teach the Word of God.”

Note by Editor. “To the ear of an Otaheitean the pronunciation of a European sounds like the hissing of a goose.” <sup>610</sup>

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<sup>608</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Papeete*

<sup>609</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Here*

<sup>610</sup> WWB, in the margin: *!!*

“Copy of Circular printed at the Mission Press in Eimeo containing an Account of the opening the Royal Mission Chapel in Otaheite : the first Anniversary Meeting of the Otaheitean Missionary Society : the Promulgation and Acceptance of the Laws, Baptism of Pomare,” etc. addressed to :

“Dear...

Otaheite. May 18. 1819”

Signed by Bicknell, Henry, Bourne, Crook, Darling, Pratt, Tessier and Wilson. (Nott’s name is absent.)

A lengthy Circular. Extracts :

The King, Pomare, has lately erected a large and vary long building at Papaoa in the District of Pare in Otaheite. This building we denominate as The Royal Mission Chapel. (Here follows its dimensions. See Chapter VIII.) It is filled with forms and laid with clean grass. The rafters are covered with a fine kind of fringed matting which is bound on with cords of various colours in a very neat manner : and the ends of the matting are left hanging down, like the naval and military flags in St Paul’s Cathedral. The whole building is surrounded with a very strong fence of wood, and the space between it and the building is filled with gravel.

On Monday the 10<sup>th</sup> instant the Brethren assembled at Papaoa. The people were encamped on each side of it along the sea beach to the extent of about 4 miles. They soon assembled together to pay their respects to the King and made a grand appearance being decently clothes in white native clothing. The King first wrote his own name and his gift to the Missionary Society viz 8 hogs. He desired each of us to write our names and our donations. In the same manner he proceeded with all the governors.

The Opening Ceremony — the Promulgation, the Acceptance of the Laws and the King’s Baptism are not in full quoted here (see “History of the L.M.S.” <sup>611</sup>), but extracts follow under *Circular (continued)* below.

Ellis’ Journal. Events of 1818 :

January 1. Went on board the Avon, the Enterprise and the Eagle. They are large ships containing valuable cargoes, arriving here from Owhyhee. The following day Brother Orsmond and myself crossed Cook’s Harbour in Captain Ebbett’s boat and then walked on to Maharepa. Darkness came on so stayed the night, lay down on a mat on the ground but the moschettoes and crabs <sup>612</sup> prevented our sleeping. Had to walk to Afareaitu without shoes and stockings most of the way on account of the frequent streams to be crossed.

Work in the garden. “It is too oppressive to labour in the middle of the day in these climates : the morning and evening are the only times we can employ in work out of doors.”

<sup>611</sup> *The History of the L.M.S., 1795–1895* by R. Lovett is listed in *Other Known Books* under *Inter Alia* in the Appendix.

<sup>612</sup> WWB, in the margin: “Land crabs.”

February. While at work at the printing we were visited by numbers of the natives who have lately arrived from the eastward or Paumotus islands. They appeared much surprised at the sight and use of the press. There is a rudeness in their manners which we do not find in the Otaheiteans and they are less ingenious than the latter, yet they are an industrious and hardy race of people. Their islands are chiefly lagoons, seldom rising 3 feet above the level of the sea. The soil — if such it may be called — is composed of sand and coral, nothing but coconuts will grow therein. Their principal food is fish, their land produces neither breadfruit, taro nor bananas.

March 21. Last evening Teina (Pomare's son) expired. His mother and sister are much distressed on account of the bereavement they have sustained but the King does not appear to be much affected by it.

Have been busily engaged assisted by Pati, Tahuaeva and Hitoti in binding books. The mill boards made from the bark of the breadfruit tree answer very well. Our beach is lined with canoes from different parts of Otaheite, and the district is crowded with people who are all eagerly waiting for books. Capt Nicholson, the Master of our brig, The Haweis, paid us a visit as he was anxious to sound the mouth of the harbour before he came in with the vessel.

April. A meeting was held here attended by the King, Brothers Nott, Davies, Orsmond and Ellis to arrange for the formation of a Otaheitean Auxiliary Missionary Society, which was to take place at Papetoai.

May. Our place much crowded with people who are waiting for books : we labour at them from morning till night but cannot get them ready fast enough. Some said that they could not sleep thinking that they might be unable to obtain a copy.

May 12. Left for Papetoai to attend the meeting which took place the next day and the T.A.M.S.<sup>613</sup> was duly formed.

May 28. Employed printing the Rules of the T.A.M.S. lately formed.

June. Hundreds waiting for the books (The Gospel of Luke). "It is truly gratifying to observe their care of the book when procured : a cover is immediately made for it, and a bag or basket to carry it about in : some are even afraid to take it out lest it should get dirtified or torn : afraid also to leave it at home lest it should be injured in their absence. A native who possesses a book is seldom seen without it save when he is at work : frequently they may be observed sitting in circles beneath the shade of a spreading tree and reading to each other in their own language. The books are bound partly with sheep skins I had brought from the Colony and partly with skins procured by the people, chiefly goat, cat and dog which we have dressed for them, not very well being but indifferent tanners, yet they are strong.

Circular (continued) :

On Tuesday the 11<sup>th</sup> we met the King at the east end of the house. He was dressed in a white shirt with a neat variegated mat around his loins and a tiputa over all, coloured and

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<sup>613</sup> Tahiti Auxiliary Missionary Society. See *The 1st President of the T.A.M.S.* (i.e., Pomare) under *Inter Alia* in the Appendix.

ornamented with red and yellow figures. The Queen and principal women were dressed in native clothing with an English frill around the neck.

No confusion ensued from 3 speakers preaching all at once in the same house — they being at so great a distance from each other.

After careful attention to the subject we suppose the number of hearers in the whole house to have been between five and six thousand.

Apprehensions were entertained from bringing together and from distant parts of the island, the inhabitants of different districts who formerly had been at variance and Pomare had taken the precaution to place 2 principal persons on whom he could depend at each door and window, but everything was very peaceable and orderly and not the least disturbance occurred.

On Thursday 13<sup>th</sup> at the promulgating the Laws, Pomare proceeded to read and comment upon the 18 Articles. He addressed the people and desired them if they approved of the Laws to signify the same by lifting their right hands. This was unanimously done with a remarkable rushing noise owing to the thousands of arms being lifted at one and the same time.

On Friday 14<sup>th</sup>, at a meeting of the T.A.M.S. Brother Darling moved “That the Treasurer put the property collected on board the first convenient ship and send it to the best market, that the Secretary write a letter to accompany it to the Rev. George Burder, Secretary to the Parent Society, and that the net proceeds be remitted to the Treasurer of the Missionary Society London.” This was carried unanimously.

After this meeting Pomare dined with the body of missionaries at Brother Bicknell’s house and was very affable and pleasant. He proposed that we should print and publish widely his wish, namely that he means to consider Palmerston Island as a place for Tahitian convicts, and that no vessel should remove them.

On the Sabbath at Pomare’s baptism it is noted that Brother Henry held the basin for Bro: Bicknell’s act.

Davies’ Journal of a tour around Otaheite in 1816. Published in sections in the Chronicle but here united. Preaching omitted.

October 21. Left Papetoai (Eimeo) accompanied by Brother Hayward and several natives. The Society’s boat being old and much out of repair leaked considerably. Landed at Maharepa where we intended to remain for the night.

October 22. Early rowed out to sea and set our sail. We had not proceeded far before our mast broke. Made shore at Papearae and after putting our boat in the best order that circumstances would allow made another attempt to reach Otaheite. Arrived in safety about 4 o’clock in the afternoon landing at Outumaoro.

October 23. Wrote to the King at Matavai as to our arrival and the object of our journey — preaching and looking over the ground. Left Outumaoro and came to Papetupa in Faa. At a meeting held there met Tino the famous prophet, an intelligent sensible man. Was kept awake late by visitors.

October 24. Returned to Outumaoro, leaving the boat behind to be taken over to Eimeo. Yesterday had sent to Faita one of the Chiefs of Atahuru to borrow a canoe for our use in going round the island. Our bearer had the canoe for us as we were approaching Outumaoro.

October 25. Came to Taipari in Atahuru taking possession of a small house by the seaside which was given up by the people who resided in it for our accomodation.

October 26. Utami came to join us. He and his wife greatly to their credit have paid much attention both to their domestics and to the people around them, teaching them to read and spell. I had sent some Spelling Books and catechisms to him some months ago. I now saw he had turned them to good account.

October 28. Took our leave of the people at Taipari and came to Teati the residence of Faita which is another subdivision of Atahuru. Faita himself was at Eimeo. Utami arrived.

October 29. Came to Afaina, the people provided food for us here as elsewhere. In the evening Tati, the Chief of Papara, and his wife arrived. They had come from the King and intend following us to Taiarabu. Had a long conversation with him, particularly on the great change which had taken place on Otaheite. He observed that if God had not sent His word at the time he did, wars, infant murder, human sacrifices, etc., would have made an end of the small remnant of the nation. I observed that the numerous old morais, far inland, up the valleys and the skirts of the mountains were proofs that the inhabitants had formerly been very numerous. He said it was an undoubted proof, all the low lands were formerly fully inhabited and in a good state of cultivation, but now the Fau and other bushes and trees cover the land and the remnant of the people inhabit merely the seaside. This led him to mention a threatening by their prophets in former times. When there appeared a backwardness in the people to observe the injunctions of the gods, the prophet used to cry out, "E tupu te fau. E toro te farero. E ore te taata," i.e., "The Fau shall grow and overspread the land, and the branching coral the deep, but the race of man shall be extinct." The Fau or Bureau is the most common tree in the deserted places of the low land, and coral is ever on the increase when not disturbed.

October 30. Left Afaina and proceeded by the sea, accompanied by Tati, for Terehe in Papara. At this place found the largest place of worship in the island, 87 ft by 80, put up by the direction of Tati, this being his own place.

October 31. There is a Chief at this place named Huapee whose wife had been one of my scholars in Eimeo. This woman can read well and has taught several others to read. Her husband is nearly related to Tati. They had left Otaheite and had gone over to Eimeo before the late war. On their return they were alarmed, having publicly avowed themselves Christians, when the war broke out and retired at night to the bushes for prayer, till Divine Providence graciously turned the public scale in their favour. At noon there being some appearance of fair weather we set off to Atimaono but before we could reach it we were overtaken by heavy rain. At worship was much grieved and discouraged by their inattention and levity. I thought it right to notice their behaviour publicly. It is probable that this affair will make some noise in the neighbourhood and it will be well.

November 1. Left Atimaono and came to Mairipehi in Papeuridi thence the following day to Atiteahu and Papeari where we landed opposite to a large old house which was

unoccupied. Here we established quarters. This District is but thinly inhabited and many of the people were absent having gone to Matavai with provisions for the King.

November 4. Proceeded in company with Tati to Toahodu in Taiarabu, thence to Papeuru Mataoae.

November 6. Detained by rain. I had observed a man who wore a check suit in our conversation the previous evening, the people here related the following concerning him. At the time of the late war after the Taiarabuans had joined the Oropoa and assisted them to subdue the Teporionu, the Tairabuans returned home and being displeased with the Oropoa (i.e., the people of Atahuru and their confederates of Papara) they agreed among themselves to make war upon them and in order to render their god propitious resolved to offer a human sacrifice. Accordingly this man above mentioned went in quest of a young man who had renounced idolatry and professed Christianity whom they determined should be the victim : having found him they told him that he would be put to death, that he could not escape. The young man answered "You cannot put me to death. You may Kill this body of mine and that is all that you can do." This ruffian then with the assistance of others immediately despatched him, placed his body in a basket and conveyed it to the morai where it was sacrificed as an offering to Oro. The Taiarabuans attacked the Te Oropoa at Tarehe in Papara and sustained a defeat attended with considerable loss and were driven by the Oropoa to the mountains. We hope that this will be the last human sacrifice offered up on Otaheite. I conceived an unfavourable opinion of the man, so full of religious talk and affectation. Proceeded to Faremahora.

November 7. The people wished us to remain but the weather being very unsettled and having some very dangerous rocks to pass in Taiarabu we thought it our duty to proceed as we might otherwise have lost much time waiting for favourable weather. After a rather difficult passage during which the rain descended in torrents we arrived at Papeote.

November 8. Went on to Temotuî where Tati was rejoined, thence to Papeurua, thence to Vaitoto, thence to Tiapatêê.

November 9. Reached Tautira. Here we found the Queen and her daughter Aimata with Pomare Vahine, the Queen's sister, and their retinue, also an encampment of Paumotu people, the Queen on a journey round the island from Matavai where she had left the King. She had travelled round the east side. Went to Veve's place. He was originally the Chief of Atimaono, is a relation of Tati and has lately been appointed the Chief of Taiarabu during the pleasure of Pomare. We had much conversation with him about the state of things in this island in former times. Among other matters he spoke of Matimo<sup>614</sup> as the natives call him and the Spanish missionaries, if missionaries they were, from Lima who visited Tautira in the interval between the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> voyages of Capt Cook. There is something mysterious in the circumstances of this Spanish visit. The people showed us the place, near the side of a river where the Spaniards had put up their house, the frame of which had been brought from South America. They had also erected a Cross to which they paid respect as though it had been their Deity, and the natives in general supposed that it was one of the Spanish gods.<sup>615</sup>

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<sup>614</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Maximo Rodriguez*

<sup>615</sup> WWB, in the margin: !!



November 10. There are 13 canoes of the Paumotuans here. They are of the Avura party, most of them idolators and have their gods with them in their canoes. Their custom is to keep together, not mixing with the other people. Their 2 chief men called at our lodgings. We endeavoured to persuade them to remain that they might be taught the Word of God. They said that those who had embraced the new religion intended to return home, the rest must be left to their own inclinations.

November 11. Came to Ahai. We were shown the grave of a man who a few days before fell from a precipice as he was climbing the mountains for Fei or Mountain Plantain, he fractured his skull and died on the spot. Passed on to Teoneuri, thence to Papehinano and thence to Afahiti.

November 12. Here was an abundance of provisions. In general we had found a scarcity in Taiarabu and had frequently experienced the pain of hunger, but had no cause to blame the people who were themselves in want.

November 13. Had some difficulty in launching our canoe as there was a considerable surf on the rough coral shore. We now took our leave of Taiarabu and crossed over to Hidia. Came to Faône. Here was one Fano, a Marquesan, a native of Ohevahoa whom I had not seen for a some years being formerly acquainted with him. He has resided here for a long time and cast away his idols. He says that he would gladly go either to Ohevaoa and Nooaheva with any of our number that they might receive the truths.

November 14. I had sent a message to the people of Papeiha, a little valley between the rocks in Hidia to invite them to come to Faaone. They returned a message requesting we would come to them. Accordingly we climbed over the precipices and when we arrived in the valley, found almost all the men absent. Collected a few old women and young persons together. We left, climbing over the rocks and precipices on the other side of the valley and came to Teiriiri, wet, hungry and very much fatigued.

November 15. Left Teiriiri and came on by land to Mahaena. Our canoe was brought by our people from Faaone from which place we had proceeded on foot. Took up our lodging with Roro, son of the famous Taūte who headed the rebellion in 1808.

November 16. Proceeded to Tiarai but finding the Mahaena river, which was much swollen by the rains, impassable we were obliged to fetch a great compass <sup>616</sup> inland where we with some difficulty crossed the river and arrived safe at Tiarai. The Ratiras had sent notice to the people at Nanananu, Oropea, Hiovau, Haapupuni and Farumai to attend.

November 18. Sailed in our canoe for Hapaiano. The sea ran high but we had a skillful man with us who proved of great service. Teau, the Chief of the District, was formerly a great persecutor and an instigator of the late war. The people assembled in a house situated near an old marai. The house formerly belonged to the gods.

November 20. In the course of this day a great many people came down from the valley of Hapaiano. We learned that they had several places for Christian worship up the valley,

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<sup>616</sup> *To fetch a compass* is a Biblical phrase meaning *to make a circuit* or *to take a circuitous route*.

one situated near the curious lake of Papehiria <sup>617</sup> which is perhaps 20 miles from this place.

November 21. Sent our canoe round to Matavai, and proceeded ourselves by land. Much tired by climbing Tapahi hill. Came to Ohonu river. Proceeded to Point Venus where we found the King residing in a house lately erected near the spot where the old British House was situated. We lodged there.

November 22. In the afternoon walked about and took a view of our old residence. Found most of the orange trees in good condition and bearing abundance of fruit, also the lemon, lime and citron trees : but the general aspect of the District is much deteriorated being overrun with thick grass and bushes. Most of the breadfruit trees and either dead or dying. The people are thinly scattered and most of them live by the seaside. They are very desirous that we should dwell among them again.

November 23. Heard that our 2 boats from Eimeo are over here, having come for pigs and coconuts. We informed that we should return in one of them.

November 25. Took leave of the King and came to Papaoa in the District of Pare. The place of worship here is a part of the old long house about 240 feet in length which was erected formerly by the Chiefs for public use and is one of the very few which escaped the general conflagration in the time of the late war.

November 27. Left Papaoa early in the morning and came to Papeete or Nanu. At this place they have lately put up a place of worship.

November 28. Set out for Hautaua Valley where there is a place of worship and where the first native prayer meeting on Otaheite commenced. Here Oito, one of the first who joined us, lives. We returned to Papeete.

November 29. Set out for Taupehodu. Most of the people were absent fishing. At this place Temetau, one of the wise men of Otaheite, lives. Until lately he was a great enemy to our religion and a violent promoter of persecution. He observed that it would be long before the people were instructed in Christianity unless our visits were more frequent. Returned to Papeete.

November 30. Left Papeete and came to a place in the District of Faaa called Tetahua. On our journey from Utami's to Faita's place we had met 2 men of Atahuru who told us they had a quantity of coconut oil to sell <sup>618</sup> and we had advised them to take it to Eimeo where they might exchange it for such articles as they wanted. Here at Tetahua we were informed that the men followed our course and on their return from Eimeo saw a small canoe with the bottom upward drifting between the 2 islands. The men observed to each other, "The man (or men) belonging to that has been lost." After paddling on some distance towards Otaheite they were pursued by a large shark which they caught and killed. When they landed at Otaheite they cut the shark up and found a human head in its belly, but the face was too much disfigured to be known. It was of course concluded that the man who had been devoured belonged to the drifted canoe.

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<sup>617</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Vaihiria*

<sup>618</sup> WWB, in the margin: See *October 26*.

December 2. Took our leave and set sail for Eimeo.

## 5. Extracts From the Quarterly Chronicle, Volume II

covering the years from 1820 to 1824.

Published in Book form  
1825.

“Georgian” Islands and “Society” still differentiated.

From the Preface :

“Civilization has been more or less progressive in all the islands. Towns and villages composed of neat and well built homes have been erected at the several Missionary Stations, furnished with tables, sofas, chairs, etc., the manufacture of the natives, and with sundry other useful articles procured by barter from the Colony. Many of the Chiefs are attired in European clothing and the native population in general are adopting dresses composed of native cloth, etc., made up according to the English fashion.”

Refers to the sending of the Deputation which left May 19, 1821 in the Tuscan, Captain Stavers, and arrived September 27<sup>th</sup> of the same year.

Notes Pomare II’s death on the 27<sup>th</sup> December of the same year, in his 47<sup>th</sup> year.

The Deputation while at Huahine met Capt Kent of H.M. Cutter the “Mermaid” convoying a schooner as a present from His Majesty the King to the King of the Sandwich Islands who had touched at the island and offered them a passage. Brother Ellis accompanied them. Kindly received in the Islands and Ellis agreed on request to remain, so returned for his things with the Deputation, leaving for those Islands — with his wife — on board the “Active”, Capt Charlton.

(Marsden’s boat was also called the Active — has caused confusion to students of the period. Charlton was the first British Consul for Tahiti — serving Tahiti in conjunction with his duties in a similar capacity in Hawaii.)

Notes the deaths of Tessier July 23 and Bicknell August 7, 1820. The missionary artizans Armitage<sup>619</sup> and Blossom<sup>620</sup> engaged in building a cotton factory on Eimeo.

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<sup>619</sup> Elijah Armitage (ca. 1780 – ca. 1863). WWB has *Armytage* here and elsewhere.

<sup>620</sup> Thomas Blossom (1777–1855)

Nott removed to Papara from Moorea in 1822 to take charge of the education of the child King. About the same time Princess Aimata, sister to the King, was married to Pomare of Tahaa, “a promising young man descended from the race of Otaheitean Kings”.

Refers to the Coronation of Pomare III and a note adds “The chief authority over Otaheite and Eimeo is exercised not by the Regent appointed by the late Pomare but by Pomare Vahine, sister to the Queen Dowager. The Kings and Chiefs of the Leeward Islands consider themselves perfectly independent of Otaheite.”

## General

“Of the multitude of islands in the South Pacific Ocean which are classed by Geographers under the name of Polynesia, the Society has established missions in the 2 Groups distinguished by the Georgian and the Society Islands.” Mentions discoverers, latitude and longitude of each and distances apart. Population of Otaheite computed, in 1769 at about 30,000 : in 1797 at about 16,000 : in 1802 at 7000 : in 1818 at 8000.

Several Printing Presses have been sent out. Population on the increase. Gyles (who has since returned to England) arrived Aug. 14, 1818, left Otaheite Sept. 8, 1819.

Copy of a printed Circular covering from May 1819 to May 1820 :

Matavai. This Station was formerly occupied by Bro. Wilson only but he has been joined by Bro. Nott who came up from Huahine in the Haweis and they have mutually attended to the duties of the Station. Bro. Nott is diligently employed in translating the Holy Scriptures.

Wilks' Harbour.<sup>621</sup> Bro. Crook is the only missionary at this place, Bro. Bourne having removed to Atahuru.

Burder's Point. This Station is situated in the large District of Atahuru. It is divided into 2 distinct parts. The people have united and settled at the Point, the labours of Bro. Bourne and Bro. Darling thus not having to entail travelling several miles each Sabbath Day.

Papara. It is with sincere concern we mention the decease of both brethren.

Eimeo. Roby's Place.<sup>622</sup> The brethren Henry and Platt stationed here. The whole of the inhabitants of that island look to them as their teachers.

Signed by Nott, Henry, Bicknell, Crook, Darling, Bourne, Platt, Wilson and Tessier.<sup>623</sup>

<sup>621</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Papeete*.

<sup>622</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Papetoai*

<sup>623</sup> WWB has an asterix beside *Bicknell* and *Tessier*, with the note “part only clearly”.

Crook's Journal, Wilks' Harbour, 1820 :

June 25. Deals with the confinement of the Queen and birth of the boy (Pomare III) which he and M<sup>rs</sup> Crook attended professionally. "M<sup>rs</sup> Crook took the child and managed and dress'd it in the English fashion. The King appeared much pleased and would suffer no one to touch the child but M<sup>rs</sup> C."

June 26. The Queen as well as if nothing had happened. Found Pomare sitting in the School with a few of the principal people about him conversing about a part of the Book of Samuel. Invited him to go home and take breakfast with us but he excused himself.

General till July 20. At our Family devotion we are reading Bogue's Discourses on the Millennium<sup>624</sup> and find them very animating. (!!!)

Met the King's messenger with a note saying that he "would come and eat flour (i.e., pie or pudding) with us". Arrived, he asked me to point out to him Lima on the map that hung up. He knew Cape Horn and the river Amazonia under the Line. We talked of the education of his son, and seemed willing that we should have the charge of him. Aimata attends the children's school, she is getting on very fast with her book.

The infant was most of this day at our house with Pomare Vahine who is his nurse. Our daughter Mary is denominated his mother, being the friend of the Queen. She is diligently employed in making clothes for him. The child is also called M<sup>rs</sup> Crook's son because she has the principal charge of him.

July 20. Brother Tessier who is ill sent to me last Sabbath Day, describing his case and requesting medicines, sent him in reply. Today Bro. Bicknell wrote who has had a severe fit of the fever and Brother Tessier was rather worse.

July 22. A letter from Bro. Bicknell requesting me to come. Set off in the evening and got as far as Burder's Point.

July 23. Found Bro. Tessier semi conscious, soon after, he passed away. "His disease was the dysentery. He was a man very short of stature, not endowed with great capacity but employed his talent faithfully. He was peaceable and inoffensive."

July 24. G. Bicknell made a coffin. In the evening the body was carried to the grave by 6 natives, Bro. Bourne, the 2 Bicknells whilst I held up the pall.<sup>625</sup>

July 29. Having returned to Wilks' Harbour a messenger arrived early this morning from Papara reporting Bro. Bicknell very ill. Got men immediately to prepare the boat and having a favourable passage arrived about sunset. Found him very ill with dysentery.

August 5. Brother Bicknell declining fast. Discontinued the medicine.

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<sup>624</sup> [David Bogue \(1750–1825\)](#). The [Discourses on the Millenium](#) is described [here](#): "The discourses on the millennium are entirely practical and devotional, and though they want the straining for effect, and the ingenious speculations with which some have clothed this subject, and gained for themselves an ephemeral popularity – for to all such trickery Dr Bogue had a thorough aversion – they will be found strikingly to display the enlarged views and sterling good sense of their venerable author."

<sup>625</sup> A [pall](#) is a cloth which covers a casket or coffin at funerals.



August 6. The symptoms of death appeared. Bro. Henry present. Brother Bicknell sent a dying message to his people at evening worship.

August 7. He had lain quiet for some hours apparently insensible and about half past four in the morning he died. He was aged 54. Brother Henry made a coffin and he with G. Bicknell conveyed the body to Eimeo. Our bereaved sister accompanied me home in our boat where we arrived safe at night.

September 7. The Queen and her sister walked hither from Papara. They much wish to live near us.

September 8. The marriage took place of 2 of the Royal Family. <sup>626</sup> Tupuatooroa, the eldest son of Tati, and Manihinihi, the daughter of <sup>627</sup> Once a relation of Pomare, being of the same line as his father. <sup>628</sup>

September 10. Bro. Nott arrived from Haapape. There assembled in the centre of the Royal Mission Chapel (at Papaoa) the King, the Judges, etc. Brother Nott baptized Aimata and Pomare Vahine calling the latter Taaroamaiturai : I baptized the infant Prince calling him Teariitaria, also the Queen by the name of Taaroa Vahine. <sup>629</sup> There were about one thousand people present.

September 19. The people are building a long good house for the Queen <sup>630</sup> : it is to be divided into several rooms with plastered partitions.

It appears to have been at Papaoa adjoining the Pomare Burial ground. <sup>631</sup> The King had already a home at Papeete.

Journal of Capt Grimes of the brig "Hope", 1821 :

April 28. Anchored at Matavai. Wilson and Hayward returned with him from the Colony. Pomare soon came aboard, and was saluted with 13 guns. Among other gifts to him aboard were 2 cows and calves "from a generous individual". Preparations were in hand for the annual May meeting.

May. Five thousand men, women and children gathered at the Royal Mission Chapel. Canoes daily arriving till the day of the meeting, laden with oil as subscription in response to Pomare's levy for the purchase of a ship for his use (other than the Haweis). <sup>632</sup> Pomare's soldiers were present "under arms". <sup>633</sup>

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<sup>626</sup> WWB: (?)

<sup>627</sup> The word *of* is missing in WWB's text.

<sup>628</sup> WWB, in the margin: *The Marama of Moorea*

<sup>629</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Terito*

<sup>630</sup> WWB: (*at? Papeete*)

<sup>631</sup> WWB has (*See Ellis' Reminiscencies*) [sic], whereas he is probably referring to Ellis' *Polynesian Researches*.

<sup>632</sup> WWB: (*This was the brig "Governor Macquarrie*). WWB has *Macquarrie* here and elsewhere, whereas the correct spelling is *Macquarie*.

<sup>633</sup> WWB, in the margin: *First Tahitian soldiers*

“The Chapel no doubt is a wonderful performance if we consider the means used in the building of it, but the wood is not sufficiently durable to insure its standing in its present state more than another year or two.”

The whole of the oil placed aboard was nigh 60 tons.

May 24. Removed to Wilks’ Harbour as not only a safe place for the vessel but more convenient as to receipt of oil.

June 10. Removed to Eimeo and having collected above 20 more tons of oil sailed to Huahine where the casks remaining were duly filled. Sailed to the Colony.

Report of Samuel P. Henry (Henry’s eldest son) dated Brig Governor Macquarie, February 3, 1821 :

Gives an account of his calling at Raivaivai or High Island for provisions and reports abolition of idolatry.

Report of T.A.M.S. Anniversary Meeting at Eimeo, May 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup>, 1821 :

“At 10 o’clock the bell (or rather iron hoop for that is our bell) rang for public worship in the Chapel Royal at Varare. <sup>634</sup>

Subscriptions were less than last year, amounting to only 1155 bamboos of oil, 284 small baskets of cotton, 88 pigs and 2 balls of arrowroot (but this total was later on largely increased).

The Secretary’s Report was “seconded in a spirited manner by Maamaa, formerly a prophet of Oro”.

“We are much pleased in the outward appearance of the people, most of the women having very decent bonnets made, in the straw bonnet fashion, of Purou bark plaited, or sword grass, or some other plant or grass. <sup>635</sup> The men also have got hats which made a very decent and respectable appearance.

Letter of Secretary of the T.A.M.S. to the Directors :

Matavai Taheite. June 15. 1821.

Dear Friends

With this we present you with some property. You are the root and we are the branches. Our country you know is destitute of money. We have therefore contributed property viz oil, arrowroot, cotton and pigs which is our money. We have sent the oil on board the “Hope” to assist you. We wish you to be candid respecting what we have sent, and if it should prove an article of little value or unsuitable, write to us. We shall not cease to subscribe, death alone will put an end to our subscriptions but the living will carry it on.

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<sup>634</sup> WWB, in the margin: *nigh Haapiti*

<sup>635</sup> WWB, in the margin: *!! Bonnets*

We all know how it is with a tree, that the butt end is the most solid part and the small end is soft and soppy. To the small end WE may be compared and YOU to the butt end.

Poihoi Secretary  
Pomare President

N.B. In the Tahitian language the same word when applied to a tree means “Solid” when applied to a person means “Mature”, also the same word applied to a tree means “Soft”, when it is applied to a person means “Immature”.

Crook’s Journal (continued) :

Wilks’ Harbour. 1821.

February 5. In the afternoon a vessel entered Taone harbour. Later the brig made her appearance inside the reef at Papeete, the boats towing her through an intricate channel. Went aboard to find she was from the “Governor Macquarie” under the command of Samuel Henry. She had been purchased at Port Jackson by Mr E<sup>636</sup> for the use of Pomare.

February 19. Pomare made me a very handsome present of stationary, cutlery and tools. His Steward said it was because I am a Toata Tupu — a friend or neighbour.

February 20. Reached my 47<sup>th</sup> birthday. While at breakfast a ship’s boat arrived and on going down the hill<sup>637</sup> I met Capt Grimes of the brig “Hope” which was anchored at Matavai, bring supplies for the brethren.

To May 5. Busy dividing the goods landed at Papeete equally between the brethren — 14 families stationed between the 2 groups of islands.

May 9. Attended the T.A.M.S. meeting in the Royal Mission Chapel at Papaoa. “Pomare’s soldiers, about 150 in number, were drawn up in order, with muskets and fixed bayonets.”

It was agreed that the Laws should be revised, improved and printed afresh, that Tati and Utami be appointed principal Judges, that the missionaries should be left to determine their Stations. Hoto representing the Chiefs of Raiatea demanded the young child Teriitaria that they might make him King, but this was strenuously opposed by Tati, who would not by any means hear of it. Much bartering was urged to be undertaken between the people and the brethren in the future. It was also agreed that people should be allowed to work for their teachers for wages and that no restraint should be laid upon offers to work (as had been the case for a time). Some conversation also took place concerning each Church supporting its own Teacher but this was left to be settled later.

A note here by the Directors :

It is remarkable that no mention appears to have been made before, respecting the support of the missionaries who have been obliged to maintain themselves chiefly by barter at a vast expense to the Home Society. Probably the missionaries thought it too delicate a

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<sup>636</sup> WWB, in the margin: ?

<sup>637</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Present day Semaphore hill*

subject to be brought forward by themselves. The Society should if possible be wholly relieved from the burden.

June. Relates to the discovery of a plot to murder Pomare. A man named Pori was at the head, aided by a man named Mooriri. They were apprehended, tried and executed on August 14<sup>th</sup>. Crook was informed by Pomare that the intention was to murder him and his family in consequence of these men's hatred of Christianity.

September 26. Arrival of the Tuscan with the Deputation at Papeete.

October 16. The Deputation with Bro. Nott crossed over to Eimeo to see Pomare whom we hear is dangerously ill.

November 13. The American ship "General Gates" lies in the harbour. The brig "Dragon", Capt Walker, here for repair and refreshing. The Deputation together with Bros. Nott, Davies and I breakfasted on board. We were taken to Burder's Point in his boat where we found the King very ill with the elephantiasis and dropsy in the abdomen, etc., so that he gave the appearance of being a mass of disease.

November 29. Pomare removed to Papeete.

November 30. Attended the King. He seemed restless.

December 3. The King was removed to the little islet for the benefit of the air. He is much swollen, the water fluctuates in the abdomen. Many companies of people, from various parts, have come to testify their concern. They came in procession bearing a very long piece of cloth which they call Ahuoto or Weeping Cloth. This is received from them by the King's attendants when they assemble round the King's bed and weep, the tears gushing from their eyes. After about 10 minutes they ceased weeping and the King desired them to withdraw.

December 5. I asked him of the Succession : he replied that it was settled on his son. I asked him of the Regency : he said that it was not settled but seemed to wish to avoid the subject.

December 6. A ship arrived from Port Jackson.

December 7. M<sup>r</sup> Redfern from Port Jackson — a surgeon — together with Brother Nott and I saw Pomare during the day. "We found him in a very low comatose state with short lucid intervals. Shortly after leaving we were hastily summoned. We saw that his end was fast approaching. In the evening I was sent for again. He continued in a kind of stupor. His wife and her sister hung over him, his cousin Manihinihi, all weeping aloud but Aimata seemed little affected. I held the young Prince at the foot of the bed and watched the King.

At eight o'clock he ceased to breathe.

December 8. The body was removed early this morning from the little islet to Papaoa. An immense coffin was made, nearly 7 feet long and about 3 feet wide at the shoulders. It was lined with broad cloth.

December 10. The people all busily engaged in gathering stones to build the King's tomb.

December 11. At the grave side the soldiers fired and the vessels in Wilks' Harbour fired minute guns.

December 22. The young King is called by his father's name Pomare and is to be formally invested with the government.

A letter from Crook to the Directors dated December 21 :

I shall be glad to receive dresses for young Pomare who is now 18 months old, some superior, some common : also a few elementary books, very well bound as I intend to teach him English.

The 4 bells applied for have been received and appropriated : one to Matavai, one to Eimeo, one to Huahine, and one to the Manufactory.<sup>638</sup> Three more are wanted for Otaheite.

There is a note as follows :

The late King stood full six feet 2 inches high and was proportionally stout. He was the largest man on the island. He stooped in walking, and appeared in general reserved and gloomy. He possessed a capacious mind compared with any of his people. He was fond of power and wished to have the persons and property of his subjects at his entire disposal. He supported the old practice that no woman should eat in any home which the King had honoured with his presence. He was naturally indolent and seldom walked out except to bathe. He was more averse than his people to adopt European customs. His father planted many groves of coconut trees but the only thing of that kind which he did was the planting in the Isthmus some trees of that description. He inherited from his father a partiality to foreigners and was always the friend of missionaries. He was much feared by the people.

Letters received from the Deputation :

August. Describing voyage so far : heavy storms, fireballs but no injuries to ship or those aboard.

“Eimeo. December 3. 1821

We have now been a considerable time — about ten weeks — in these beautiful islands, having landed at Matavai (in Taheite) on the 21<sup>st</sup> of September.”

They deal generally with the people and the Brethren, mention the serious illness of Pomare and their interview with him.

“The engraving which was published in The Evangelical Magazine is a tolerable likeness but conveys an idea of a person of much darker colour, and it has a heaviness about the eyes which he does not possess. It is the general opinion of the natives that the likeness is too short in the visage, that the forehead should have been longer and the eyes a little brighter.

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<sup>638</sup> WWB, in the margin: *At Pirae*

1822.

Annual Report of the Brethren, May 1821 – May 1822 :

Signed by Nott, Wilson, Hayward : Matavai. Crook : Wilks' Harbour. Darling : Burder's Point. Jones and Davies : Papara. Henry and Platt : Eimeo. The Artizans, Armitage and Blossom : Pirae.

The work of civilization progresses. This is evident. We can refer to the public roads and buildings, the large well built boats, the decent appearance of the females in European dresses cut out and made by themselves.

The Queen and her sister with the young King had taken up their residence at Papaoa.

Brother Bourne had left Burder's Point. It was feared that the printing department of which he had the charge would have suffered by his absence but Brother Darling has succeeded in learning the art.

At Papara the attention of the people has been diverted from their proper concerns by the arrival of ships in the neighbourhood, yet some have made considerable improvements in their dwellings which they have plastered with lime.

On Eimeo — at Roby's Place : On the 20<sup>th</sup> of February the brethren had the pleasure to lay the foundation stone of a new Chapel which is to be of an octagonal form and built with hewn coral rock. The people are carrying on the building with spirit, observing that it will be the first house of stone erected in these islands.

Annual Meeting of the T.A.M.S. held in the Royal Mission Chapel, Papaoa, on the 8<sup>th</sup> of May 1822 :

"The people made a much better appearance than they did last year. A great number were clothed in European style and not a single female was observed without a bonnet. <sup>639</sup>

Brother Nott lamented the death of their late President, King Pomare, who had given rise to this Society. He moved that the young King be appointed President in the room of his deceased father. This being agreed to Hitote (with the young King in his arms) <sup>640</sup> as his representative took the Chair.

General : Messrs Armitage and Blossom change site :

#### Report to Directors

Induced by the natives to settle at Pirae (in place of on Eimeo) in the District of Pare. They had hitherto met with great impediments in their efforts to introduce the manufacture of cotton cloth. The progress was very slow owing to the indolent habits of the people.

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<sup>639</sup> WWB, in the margin: !!!

<sup>640</sup> WWB, in the margin: *one year 11 months old*



May. The Westmoreland (Capt Potter) and the Sydney Packet (Capt Emmets) in Port :

Capt Potter and 2 gentlemen of his passengers dined during the May meeting together with the various missionaries and a few of the principal Chiefs at the young, infant King's house at Papaoa. In the absence of his mother the Queen, his Aunt entertained the company in the English Style as far as her means would allow.

## 6. Extracts From the Quarterly Chronicle, Volume III

covering the years from 1825 to 1828.

Published in Book form  
1829.

Deals almost wholly with the Deputation's Report.

Report "Down to July 24, 1823" :

Matavai is a fine district lying Eastward of Pare and joining it at One Tree Hill and at the distance of 8 miles from Papeete or Wilks' Harbour.

That part of the district in which the new Chapel <sup>641</sup> is situated and where the missionaries reside, and which is on the banks of the Matavai river, is called Haapape, near the head of the Bay. It was here the first missionaries landed and here they took up their residence. On the narrow neck of land which runs down between the Bay and the Matavai river and near Point Venus was a large house built by the natives for Captain Bligh. This house was given to the missionaries and here they resided for a season till they had completed a more substantial dwelling house on the opposite side of the river and about 100 yards from it. Westward of their house they planted a fine grove of orange, lemon, citron and tamarind trees, all of which are now in their prime and bear large quantities of fruit which the natives use. From these trees others have been raised all over this and the other islands both in the Windward and Leeward Groups. The missionaries had been driven from the place by war and did not return again till December 1817 when the Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Wilson came from Eimeo. The Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Nott who returned from the Leeward Islands joined him in 1819 to be near King Pomare and obtain his assistance in translating the Sacred Scriptures. In 1818 two Chapels in the style of the native buildings were put up at Matavai, one at each end of the Settlement for the convenience of the people. These going rapidly to decay, a large and well built Chapel has been erected 98 feet by 42 feet. It was finished and opened for public worship in the month of October last year (1822). It is situated within 200 yards of the spot of ground which was occupied by the first missionary Chapel built by our brethren soon after they first landed.

Papaoa. Since the death of Pomare, the Royal Family have resided principally here, the place of his internment, which is situated on the opposite side of Matavai Bay and distant from Haapape about 4 miles by land. As soon as M<sup>r</sup> Nott is settled in his new home here (he was then at Point Venus) Pomare is to be committed to his care for education. The Queen Mother Patia, <sup>642</sup> the widow of the late King has no authority. She has lately degraded herself by being tattooed; <sup>643</sup> her sister who goes by the name of Pomare Vahine is called the Queen and possesses the principal authority, in fact both in Tahiti and Eimeo

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<sup>641</sup> WWB, in the margin: *The 2<sup>nd</sup> Chapel*

<sup>642</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Terito*

<sup>643</sup> WWB, in the margin: *!!!*

through Ariipaea who is Chief of the District of Pare, who is officially Regent for the young King. The Royal Family all reside within Pare, having 3 or 4 establishments in different parts of that District. Pomare Vahine has her house very near the large Chapel Royal which is about the middle of the District, Pomare's tomb is within 2 or 3 yards of her dwelling.<sup>644</sup>

The tomb consists of a stone building, 10 feet long by 8 feet broad and raised above the ground about 4 feet : over this is raised a roof of wood which rests on the walls of the tomb on the 2 sides. In one of the gable ends, which are filled up with boards, is a door through which the coffin has been introduced, and which now stands within covered with black cloth and supported by a scaffold. This tomb is enclosed in a wood built and plastered house, the door of which is carefully nailed up. There is a small window.

Papeete. This Station is called by different names as Hope Town, Papeete, Paofai (the name of a very small part of the land near the missionary's house), Wilks' Harbour and Fare Uti as the natives call it.

The west end lying along the shore is where the Chapel, the Schools and the missionary's house stand.

The people have laid the foundation of a large new Chapel which is to be substantially and handsomely built of timber and plastered, of an oval form 80 feet by 47 feet and to have 2 galleries for the children of the schools. The Building at present occupied as a Chapel is old and going to decay. We had the satisfaction to assist at the laying the foundation stone of the new Chapel (1823).

Eimeo or as it is more commonly called by the natives, Moorea.

Afareaitu. The Royal Family are much attached to this place : and here Pomare's then only son, an infant,<sup>645</sup> was interred near to a large public marae. His grave<sup>646</sup> is enclosed by a strong high wall.

Several of the missionaries resided here for a season but it was afterwards forsaken until it was selected for the place of the School. (The South Sea Academy opened in 1824, for Chiefs' and the Brethren's sons. It opened with 27 pupils.)

Papetoai. The Chapel in present use is a native house 80 feet by 25 feet but this will soon be abandoned for a stone building of extraordinary workmanship. The walls were nearly completed when we left (for other islands) and are about 20 feet high. Over each of the 4 doors is an Inscription well cut in the coral stones. Those over the East and West doors are in Latin, that over the South door is in English and that over the North is in the Tahitian language stating the day of the month and the year of the reign of the King when the foundation stone was laid. It was planned and principally superintended by the Rev M<sup>r</sup> Platt. (He was stationed there 1817 to 1824.) The Building stands upon the site of an old

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<sup>644</sup> WWB: (*See Ellis' Sketch of 1821*)

<sup>645</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Teina*

<sup>646</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Still existant*

public marae. Its form is octagonal, 60 feet in diameter : the doors and windows are semi circular and well proportioned. (It was not completed and opened till 1829.) <sup>647</sup>

### Tahiti

Burder's Point — Punaaūia. Has a 15 mile waterfront. Four miles up the (Punaru) valley here, on the right hand side, is a curious basaltic mass called by the natives Ofaimarama or Moonstone on account of the face it presents having the figure of a half moon. It stands at the foot of a high perpendicular mountain of conglomerated volcanic rubble. It appears like the end of a cylinder, one half visible, the other half concealed in the ground. Round this stone there is cutting made into the mountain, 8 feet deep, made by the natives as if to examine the curious stone which is remarkably smooth on its surface.

About 10 miles up the same valley we came to a conical mountain, rising as it were out of the valley and filling it up. The view from its summit was of unexpressable grandeur.

Another valley, Orofura, lies 5 miles south of the Settlement. We penetrated it some 8 miles up. We were forced to cross the river (which labours down the valley) with great frequency. Masses of coarse pudding stone have been detached from the mountains at the side. One detached mass was formerly regarded with great fear. They still call it Hiro's Hiding Place. Once, they say, when Hiro, their god of Thieves, was detected in the act of stealing, he hid himself behind this grotesquely shaped mass.

Many battles have been fought in this valley between the natives north and south. Up this valley was the Pari or Place of Refuge which is a very narrow part where the mountains overhang and where the Attahuruans had thrown across a strong wall breast high behind which they entrenched themselves. A little above this Pari in a circular expansion of the now broad valley our attention was attracted by something white in a slight recess of the perpendicular face of the mountain 400 feet seemingly above the river. We were told that these were the bones of a Chief. We doubted if even a cat could have reached the place but the natives said that the man who carried the corpse was one who only by accident was not present with our company, that there were only a few who made such performances their business and were capable of doing it, and perhaps the Evil Spirit aided them. At the entrance to this valley there is the ruin of a national marae. Here High Chiefs were inaugurated to their office. Today Utami and Noho are the Chief and sub Chief.

The actual Settlement is almost the centre of Punaauia.

Haweis Town : Papara. A waterfront of some 14 miles. We gave the village this name in honour of that great and zealous patron of the mission and by request of his relicts who were desirous that some missionary Settlement might bear his name.

The many streams sweeping down to the sea have by their silt gradually formed land in a one time much broader lagoon before reaching the reef.

Tati, the present Governor of this District, is of a gigantic size being nearly 6 ft 2 inches in height and well proportioned. His manners are very agreeable.

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<sup>647</sup> See also *The Island of Moorea* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*.

Oberea's marae is now going rapidly to ruins. Its coral rock has been cut flat with stone adzes, the natives' only tool, and correctly squared. Other stones are of a black colour of hard texture, round at the ends and flat in the body so as to lie flat on each other.

Lake Vaihiria is about 24 miles from this place. We reached it with great labour. It is about 15 miles from the seashore. It took from 6 a.m. to 3 p.m. to get up to it, crossing afoot 73 times on the way up a river that has no visible commencement. The lake is about a mile in circumference, surrounded by mountains some 2000 ft high. By barometrical measure we found the lake more than 1300 ft above the sea. Its depth was found by a French visiting naval officer to be 17 fathoms (102 ft). Its only fish are eels of a great size. It does not appear to be the supposed crater of a volcano.

Bogue Town — Tautira. Pomare from Tahaa and Aimata, his wife, daughter of the late King, have lately been appointed Governors of this District where they now reside. Under them the principal Chief is Veve.

There is no low land at the eastern extremity of this part of the island. At the "Rocks" the sea washed the foot of the mountains. To pass round the end of the island, the mountains must be scaled or a passage made by sea, a dangerous undertaking.

Maupiti is nearly 40 miles due west from Borabora. It is about 12 miles in circumference. Its height and outline can be seen at a considerable distance, its central mountain being about 2000 ft high. Its reef is from 300 yards to a mile irregularly from the shore. On the reef are low islands of different sizes, one of these being several miles in length. There is only one Entrance, very narrow, not above 70 yards, a depth sufficient for vessels up to 100 tons, a dangerous Passage at any time. Its mass of central rocks are heavily verdured. One huge mass which rises almost perpendicularly some 700 feet from the sea shows seemingly parapets, doors, windows and niches. The common stone of the islands abounds, it is of a heavy colour, honey combed and indicates the presence of iron. The coarse building stone of conglomerated rubble abounds. Special kinds here seen were : one a fine grained heavy black basalt used for making their Penu (or pounders for making Poipoi) which takes a polish : another a near approach to granite of extreme hardness. There is one hill some 800 feet in height composed of this stone. The Vi apple abounds. There are a great variety and masses of sea birds. Ashore pigs and dogs were very numerous. Flies were very bad, but neither mosquitos nor fleas numerous. The people have built a stone pier, broad and extending 500 feet into the lagoon.

Taero, the amiable King of Maupiti, is between 40 and 50 years of age. Formerly he was the Chief under Tamatoa, the King of Raiatea, but is now in full control with consent of Tamatoa. He is much afflicted with Fefe (elephantiasis).

The ruins of idolatrous maraes cover this island. This is not a formal Station but is served from Bora Bora by Brother Orsmond.

Maiao or Maiao-iti signifies "a little foot" given to it since its form bears resemblance to the human foot. It is also called Tabuai-manu and Tapua-manu which mean the sole of the foot. It has no opening in the reef except a very narrow one on the west side which is always a dangerous venture. It appears to consist of several small islands : the principal one stands in the centre rising 600 or so feet and is of an oblong form. This and the others

are united by a low alluvial land formed by the sea, all of them within one continuous reef. The island's outline is about 10 miles. On it there are several Aito trees of an astonishing size, also a single Ana tree 80 feet in circumference. Both kinds are Sacred. The Chief is Mahini who lives on Huahine. The inhabitants are of a remarkably light colour, many of them as fair as some of the English, especially those women who here are not much exposed to the sun's rays.

Crook's Journal (continued) :

There is an unfilled gap from 1821, Vol. II.

1825

September 20. Bogue Town. The brethren Orsmond and Darling together with the young King arrived together with the Queen Regent, her two sisters and a large concourse of the people to attend the opening of our new Chapel.

September 25. The Court is become exceedingly corrupt and we anticipated much trouble from their presence. But they were under restraint and their stay was short so we have reason to be thankful.

December 14. Brother Pritchard has removed to Wilks' Harbour and M<sup>r</sup> Blossom is to remove to the Seminary at Afareaitu.

1826

May 10. Papaoa. A great number of people attended the Annual Meeting. The Chapel was filled and it was impossible for one preacher to make himself heard by all, Brother Darling preached from the easternmost pulpit and Bro. Orsmond near the west end.

May 12. Spent the greater part of this day in assisting the people to revise their Laws.

June 16. Went to Wilks' Harbour with our 2 daughters to spend a Sabbath with M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Pritchard.

Brother Pritchard is or speedily will be a zealous, effective missionary. I think it is a kind Providence that he is placed at Wilks' Harbour : and cannot but think that were there to be but one missionary on Tahiti, he should be at Wilks' Harbour as it is the general sea port and the key as it were of the island.



## 7. Crook's Journal of His Residence on the Marquesas

Notes  
from a MS in the possession  
of  
The Mitchell Library  
Sydney<sup>648</sup>

### Life

W. P. Crook. Born 1775. Arrived Tahiti March 5, 1797.  
Arrived at the Marquesas June 6, 1797, aged 22.  
Left the Marquesas January 9, 1799.  
Arrived England May 19, 1799. Married in London.  
Arrived Sydney 1801 and remained there till 1816.  
Arrived Moorea 1816.  
Appointed to Papeete 1818.  
Appointed to Taūtira 1823.  
Left Tahiti for good 1839 and retired from the L.M.S.  
Died at Melbourne June 14, 1846, aged 71.

See *Voyage of the Duff to the Marquesas* for Crook's Journal up to the departure of the Duff leaving Crook alone in the Group.

### 1797

Alone,<sup>649</sup> Crook spent much of his time at first studying his Bible. The natives thought that he was fretting after his friends and in their own way consoled with him. He tried to explain to them that his book contained the Word of God but they could form no better idea than that he worshipped the Bible and he found it very difficult to convince them otherwise.

Food was very short and he could seldom procure a canoe to fish at sea. Sometimes he swam out for that purpose with a hook and line in his hand, the bait tied round his neck. Many of the natives died of starvation.

He had not been long on the island when he saw the bodies of 2 persons — killed during a raid on Hivaoa — cooked and eaten by the priests. "It is pretty evident that persons are not slaughtered merely to be eaten, as it does not appear that even during the severity of this famine anyone was killed for that purpose."

He was occupying still Chief Teinae's (the Tenna of earlier Journal) "tabbued" house up the valley but his efforts to grow vegetables grew unsuccessful and his iron tools were stolen. In November he

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<sup>648</sup> Crook's journal was published in 2007 as [An Account of the Marquesas Islands, 1797–1799](#).

<sup>649</sup> At Vaitahu, in Resolution Bay, on the island of Tahua

therefore removed to the habitation of the Chief's younger brother Buakka where he had no longer to complain of want.

In January 1798 the main harvest of breadfruit proved a good one and many of the natives moved their habitations toward the seashore. He decided to follow their example and decided to build a home on the stone platform which from the period of Captain Cook's visit was known to outsiders as Hete Hete's Pipi.

In February the "Alexander" of Boston, Capt Asa Hodge, anchored in Resolution Bay and remained 3 to 4 days. The Captain showed him much kindness. Crook handed over to him his Journal up to date, also a vocabulary of Marquesan words which he had already compiled by degrees, all to be forwarded to the Society (which were duly received one learns) "but my mind was at that crisis so much agitated that I found it in vain to attempt writing a letter to the Directors".

The young Tahitian boy (Harrameia) who had come ashore from the Duff was willing to leave and went aboard but Teinae and one of his brothers followed him and prevented his departure.

Note. Elsewhere he reports that this boy had come on the Duff as an attendant of Peter the Swede. He was suspected of having stolen a ship's compass and fearing punishment he went ashore and secreted himself among the natives. Crook thinking that his remaining would be hurtful rather than useful to him endeavoured to have him sent on board the Duff but the natives who wished him to remain took him off to another part of the island to the house of Chief Duteitei. Quickly able to speak their dialect he had spread various reports to the prejudice of the Duff's people with a view to exalt himself in the opinion of his new friends.

A Sandwich islander on board the American boat greatly attracted the natives and he agreed to stop ashore. He spoke some broken English and accommodated himself with great facility to the native dialect. He desired Crook to teach him to read and write but his attention could not be fixed, and after a few days he gave up learning. He acted however in a friendly manner to Crook whom the natives had now begun to treat with comparative contempt, saying that he could do nothing but pore over his Book while Tama (the Sandwich islander) could throw a stone or a spear further than any of them.

This condition of affairs lead to Crook deciding to leave and take up his residence in another locality ; and he had started on his way to Anateiteina (where the Chief Duteitei lived) when Tama followed him and with tears said that where Crook went he too would go. Tama then returned with Crook and spoke sharply to the natives and Teinae the Chief concerning their neglect of the white man who finally resolved to remain at Wittahue, <sup>650</sup> the name of Teinae's village.

He could by now converse with the natives in their language on subjects within their comprehension but he had great difficulty in obtaining intelligent replies to his questions as to the meaning of many of their words. He failed entirely in his efforts to convey to them any idea of other parts of the world. They were apparently incapable of conceiving anything unlike what they had seen.

His attempt to teach the children the Alphabet and a few monosyllables was not much more successful. A few learned these perfectly but on the whole they preferred to laugh and play instead of being taught. Like the children on Otaheite and adults in some of the other islands near there, they expected to be rewarded for submitting themselves to be taught. "I had nothing to bribe them with but clothes and pieces of iron, and if these had been bestowed upon the children it would have given

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<sup>650</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Vaitahu*

umbrage to the Chief who considered himself as having first claim upon his adopted son's liberality." In consequence he desisted in his efforts in that direction.

His efforts to explain the Christian religion met with little understanding. Buakka would listen attentively and then say "Very good. Now hear of us and our gods." Tama, speaking to the natives of God said that the English had no gods. He had been in their country (meaning of course America) and never saw any but in his country (Hawaii) they had gods which he described. These being like their own gods they understood and were so pleased that they sacrificed a hog in honour of Tama's gods <sup>651</sup> upon which Tama feasted along with the priests. They made him their Toa or chief warrior.

Crook knew the island well by now, visiting various parts both by land and water.

On the 21<sup>st</sup> of May (1798) seeing a ship attempting to beat up to the harbour, Crook went off to her in a canoe in the evening accompanied by some natives. She proved to be the "Betsy", an American ship, Captain Edward Fanning, who despairing of getting up to the harbour had already determined on bearing away. Crook advised him to touch at Nuquheva of which island the Captain had no knowledge. "Wishing not to lose the opportunity of writing to the Directors of the Missionary Society and apprehending the great difficulty of regaining the harbour from the distance to which the ship had drifted, I resolved though destitute of everything to accompany Capt Fanning to Nuquheva from whence he knew it was possible — at some future period — to revisit Tahouatta." He told his intention to the leading native with him and was given by him the names of the principal persons on Nuquheva to whom to introduce himself. The natives however returned to the shore with the firm belief that Crook had availed himself of the opportunity to return to his own country.

The Betsy with Crook aboard arrived off the S.W. of Nuquheva on the morning of May 24, 1798. They approached Port Anna Maria and a boat was sent to sound the harbour. As the boat neared the beach of Tiyofoe the natives assembled on the beach. Crook called out to a party of priests (when he recognized them as such by their dress) in their language to send some one to speak with him. Two of the priests waded into the water and on Crook's invitation entered the boat. On hearing that he was Kruka of whom they had heard of from Tahouatta and that it was intended to bring the ship into the harbour, they consented to go to her, and went aboard. As soon as the anchor was dropped, they, with Crook, sprang overboard and swam through the surf, he being picked up by a native and carried ashore.

One of the 2 priests was a Chief who at once presented Crook with a piece of white cloth and asked him to declare himself the namesake with the native priest's little grandson Pakouteie (by which name he went during his stay) and as the Chief bore the same name it elevated Crook to equal rank with either of them. Some ornaments were also given him and he slept that night in a tabbu house along with the Chief and some others. Another name of the Chief was Keattonue.

The next morning till noon was occupied in installing Crook in his "new affinity and dignity". Presents were then taken on board the Betsy. By the next day she was fully supplied with coconuts, breadfruit, etc., and the natives helped to water the ship. After a short stay the Betsy sailed and Crook found himself in a new Station without any property, everything he possessed having been left behind at Witahha. <sup>652</sup> he had however procured a Bible and some coarse writing paper from those on the Betsy.

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<sup>651</sup> WWB, in the margin: !!

<sup>652</sup> Presumably another spelling of Vaitahu.

“Whatever I now asked for was given me and I found my situation so much preferable with respect to the abundance of provisions and the conduct of the natives that I determined upon remaining at this spot.” At the first opportunity he sent word to Witahha of his present place of residence so that any vessel which touched there might be advised of his whereabouts.

He was residing in Keattonue’s house at Maio where there was little or no privacy for him and desired to build a house and make a garden for himself. The Chief showed no objection to selecting an area. This he did on the advice of a native friend named Heehue. It was a cleared level spot near a stream where Crook had already planted some radish seed from the Betsy. The natives helped him fence it. Heehue assisted him both to build the house and plant the garden. They discussed religion and Heehue appeared to be impressed, asking many questions as to how he ought to conduct himself. Crook made prayer with him and ere long he could repeat some taught him. The Chief however avoided the subject saying that he did not know even this or that tree so how could he know God. Some showed a slight interest.

In December 1798 two ships anchored in Nuquheva’s Comptrollers Bay. Crook made 2 attempts to reach them by water but failed. He then went overland and proceeding down a valley called Okkabui reached the shore. Here a canoe was obtained and he together with the local Chief, his brother and his son in law went out to the ships. They proved to be the “Butterworth”, commanded by Lawrence Frazier : and the “New Euphrates”, its Captain, Henry Glasspoole, both ships whalers which had come from Wittahue to repair storm damages. When leaving that Bay, a Chief’s son named Temoteitei was aboard the Butterworth and was detained aboard as a boy was wanted. The cook of the New Euphrates — James Roberts — had deserted and a native named Onoete from Tahouatta had filled the vacancy.

Roberts had been secreted by the natives, his later conduct however lead them to treat him as “a most contemptible person”.

The 2 whalers were anchored near the district of Tipe (Melville’s Typee) between whom and the people of Tiyofae there was much enmity. On the approach of Crook’s canoe, those on board the “Butterworth” thought by his appearance that he was a native woman till he addressed them in English.

The people of Tipe pilfered many articles from these whalers and Crook advised the Captain to remove to Tiyofae but they delayed doing this, preferring to send the boats there for provisions. A land turtle was given to Keattonue and he was promised an English sow. Capt Glasspoole urged Crook to accompany him to England.

“I deliberated upon this proposal which was rendered eligible by the probability that this ship would arrive in England previous to a second voyage of the Duff. In the meantime little effect could be expected from my solitary attempts at Nuquheva and my opportunity of conversing with the native on board would be advantageous to my progress in the language. The information I could afford to the Directors might be of considerable use in the equipment of the next mission.”

A circumstance also unexpectedly occurred which at first added to his reasons for departing. All the able seamen in the Euphrates went ashore one evening with the resolution of deserting and settling down on the island. Some of them who had been with the boats to Tiyofae had observed the great respect with which Crook was treated and formed high expectations of their reception among the islanders. In this view they soon found themselves disappointed. The Captains tried to persuade the seamen to return on board but they refused saying that they had been ill treated, and that the Euphrates was so leaky as to endanger their lives. The Captains then detained suddenly all the natives who

happened to be aboard their ships which caused the natives on shore to threaten to kill all the seamen unless their friends were released. Crook mediated successfully with the different parties concerned in the strife and in a day or two the seamen returned and the natives were released.

Keattonue being informed by Crook of his purpose to go Home in order to return with better means of doing them service reluctantly agreed. He had been treated with much attention by the Captains and the sow which was on board the Euphrates was now sent to him to Tiyofoe, the ships being designed to follow the boats the next day. Crook went with the boats. On the evening of the 7<sup>th</sup> of January the whalers arrived at Port Anna Maria but did not anchor, standing off and on. Crook took charge of the bartering on behalf of the Captains, exchanging iron tools, earthenware, etc., for hogs, coconuts, native ornaments, etc.

Heehue much desired to accompany Crook to England but the Captains declined to take him on account of his age which was between 40 and 50. Onoete who had come from Tahouatta desiring to stay with Crook on Nuquheva was permitted to do so, and went ashore : a boy named Hekonaেকে of Tiyofoe agreeing to fill his place aboard as cook.

On January 8<sup>th</sup> 1799 “the ships made sail that night and at sunset the next day took their departure from Tahouatta” (where he had first landed).

Nothing of his reception there.

On January 28<sup>th</sup> he transferred (? at sea) from the Euphrates to the Butterworth, it having been resolved by the 2 Captains that the latter should proceed direct to England, while the former continued its whaling operations.

The whaler with Crook and Temoteitei on board reached London in May 1799 and the Euphrates with Hekonaেকে on board arrived there in October 1799.

Another whaler, the “London”, Capt Gardener, had dropped anchor at Wittahue on January 8<sup>th</sup> 1799 : made a run to Nuquheva in February. Returning to Wittahue it sailed for London on March 1<sup>st</sup> leaving behind on Tahouatta a French boy (? from where) named Jean Joseph, taking in his place the Tahitian boy Harrameia who had come ashore from the Duff (see above). The “London” arrived Home with Harrameia on board in November 1799.

The MS concludes with “The change of climate much affected the health of these 3 Islanders.”

In conjunction with the MS there is a very ample description of certain islands of the Marquesan Group, also of the physical characteristics, manners, customs, etc., of the inhabitants. There is nothing to show at whose hands. Crook’s knowledge was limited but likely enough he helped.

Islands mentioned as follows : only 6 inhabited.

- |           |  |
|-----------|--|
| Fetthieva | (Today Fatu hiva) Mendana’s La Magdalena. Distant about 10 leagues from Tahouatta. The rock 5 leagues south is called Moto nao or “The lost island”. Inhabited.  |
| Tahouatta | (Today Tahuata) Mendana’s Santa Christina. Wittahue is the proper name of the fertile country adjacent to the Bay where all European ships have anchored, including the level ground at the head of the harbour and the 2 northernmost valleys which open into it. This port was called by Cook Resolution Bay. Inhabited. |

Hevaoa	(Today Hivaoa) The most populous island of the entire Group.
Mohhotane	(Today Mohotani) Mendana's San Pedro. About 10 miles from Tahouatta. Uninhabited.
Fettuugu	Cook's "Hood's Island". Uninhabited. <sup>653</sup>
Wapo	(Today Upo) Named "Trevennen's Island" by the Commander of the "Daedalus". <sup>654</sup> When en route from Tahouatta to Nuquheva in the "Betsy" Crook went ashore for a few hours. A constant intercourse exists between Wapo and Nuquheva, its population equals Tahouatta's.
Huahuka	Also Huahuna. Island inhabited. <sup>655</sup>
Nuquheva	(Today's Nuku hiva) Also mapped as "Sir Henry Martin's Island". About 18 miles long and nearly as wide in its widest part. Not as thickly populated in proportion to its size as some of the other islands. Port Anna Maria is nearly in the centre of the south coast. Comptrollers' Bay is on the east coast. The distance between the two is about 2 leagues. These 2 harbours are superior to any yet known in the Pacific Ocean. Keattonue, the Chief of Tiyofoe (today Taiohae) is the Greatest Chief and also a priest.

The Windward Group are as follows : Fettueva : Tahouatta : Hevaoa : Mohotane : Fettuuga.

The Leeward are : Wapo : Huahuka : Nuquheva.

Note. Mosquitos very troublesome in the Leeward group, seemingly "not yet reached the Windward".

A good deal of inter tribal fighting and some inter island, the latter chiefly between Tahouatta and Hevaoa.

Whales sometimes driven on the coast and caught. Their teeth esteemed so valuable that natives will part with anything they possess in exchange for them.

There are rats, lizards and pigs, the latter alone eaten.

Captain Wilson of the Duff gave Chief Teinae a male and a female cat (also 2 cats to Crook). These quickly multiplied, went wild, killed off many of the rats. The only dog known is one that Crook received from the "Betsy". He took it with him from Wittahue to Nuquheva.

Capt Wilson also left a goat with Crook. After giving birth to 2 kids, a male and a female, it was killed. One of the kids was transferred to Nuquheva.

Fowls are mentioned as gifts, not indigenous.

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<sup>653</sup> [Fatu Huku](#)

<sup>654</sup> WWB has *Trevennon's Island*.

<sup>655</sup> [Ua Huka](#)



Concerning Crook's promise :

Crook's promise that he would return "with better means" of serving was not kept. Reasons are not known to the public for letting the opportunity pass. Crook however clearly did not forget, for years later whilst working on Tahiti, he sailed again for his first island Tahouatta early in the year 1825 leaving 3 native teachers there. It was too late : the field in general had been occupied by other Faiths than his.

Harris' Defection :

A MS dealing with this matter varies somewhat from Crook's diary as recorded on pp 45–49. By whose hand is unknown but seemingly taken down from conversation of Crook on his return Home by friends interested in his adventures.

Extracts.

On June 6, 1797 the "Duff" arrived in "Resolution Bay", Tahouatta or Santa Christina Island. Teinae the Chief urged Crook and Harris coming to reside with or near him. Their goods were landed the following days.

Crook at once went ashore with the Chiefs. Harris did not land till the 14<sup>th</sup> and "found their provisions (native goods) and manners disagreeable".

Teinae went off to Hevaoa and left them to get support as best they could during his absence. On his return he brought a gift of fish.

The following day he took Crook off on a visit to Enuapoo leaving Harris to the care of Tepaihena whose conduct was such as determined him finally against remaining. He had also been unprovided with food whilst Crook was likely to fare well.

On Crook's return the 2 went aboard the Duff, Crook returning ashore determined to remain even if alone.

The belongings of both men were at Teinae's, about a mile from the beach. Harris had a large red feather in his box and had shown it to the Chief's children. The Chief and others were keen to obtain such a prize and a part of it was given to them by Harris. When he prepared to depart they were reluctant to remove his goods to the beach.

Late in the afternoon of the 23<sup>rd</sup> he obtained the assistance of 2 men and they started for the beach despite Crook's warning of the danger of being benighted. Crook urged Harris to wait till the morning when he would assist him but Harris started off.

During the night Crook heard that Harris had been obliged to remain with his box on the beach but a stream which he would have to cross to go to the assistance of Harris being swollen with the heavy rain he dared not attempt it.

A crowd of the natives gathering round Harris in the night frightened him. They broke open and plundered his box. Teinae brought the news to Crook in the morning, with tears, and apparently in fear of Capt Wilson's resentment when he had heard of what had happened.

With the help of some natives Crook and the Chief carried some bags of his left behind to him. They found him on the beach sitting on his box. The boat from the Duff could not approach the shore on account of the heavy surf so Crook swam off to it and advised the officer in charge of Harris' situation. The boat was brought nearer, the box and bags put aboard and Harris himself (unable to swim) was carried to the boat and so to the Duff.

(He quit. He had had enough.)

## 8. Extracts From Lewis' Journal

from  
the MS among the Haweis Papers  
in the  
Mitchell Library, Sydney.

The daily Entry commenced July 7<sup>th</sup> 1798 and stops on August 21<sup>st</sup> 1798.

Where further Journal entries are is unknown, seemingly lost or misplaced by D<sup>r</sup> Haweis. It is not at all likely that they were destroyed by the Brethren at Lewis' death.

"The Haweis Papers" were collected by his son in 1872. He endorses the first page of Lewis' Journal, "Persecution of Lewis by his comrades". He further remarks on the copy of Lewis' reply to his being cast out of the Society, "This must be Lewis' defence for his native wife. Very able."

There is also a "N.B. My father called him Poor Lewis and wished he had been with Vanderkemp<sup>656</sup> in South Africa when he would have been better esteemed."

1798

July 7. This first entry records that the brethren received very coldly his intimation that he had determined to go live with his native friend at Ahonoo about 3 miles from Point Venus.

It appears that one of the first things he took in hand after leaving Matavai was the erection of a house for himself. (No thought of marriage?)

July 25. On a visit to the British House to obtain some boards he had there, he found the brethren a little better disposed towards him. They were "so kind as to let me have the use of a grinding stone".

July 29. Attending the Sabbath service he "found an amazing coldness of affection" in his brethren.

August 1. "This morning I was greatly distressed in spirit. My thoughts were much occupied and agitated concerning forming a connection with a native of Otaheite. The subject had been much in my mind for sometime before. The disaffection of my brethren on account of my coming here contributed much to my present mental trouble. However, after earnest prayer to God for direction, I wrote to my brethren the following letter, a copy of which is as follows :

"Brethren and Sisters

"After a long and great conflict of mind I now inform you that it is my fixt determination to take to wife one of these natives, and through the assistance of Divine "Providence to abide faithfully towards her until death, thinking it the most eligible step in the present circumstances, all things considered.

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<sup>656</sup> [Johannes Theodorus van der Kemp \(1747–1811\)](#)

“Dear Brethren, although you may be otherwise minded yet I pray you to remember this, that while in this tabernacle we see but in part and know but in part, many things might be said on the present subject, but I forbear, submitting the whole to Him who disposeth all things to their final end, and may the Lord order our steps, both yours and mine, to His eternal glory and our felicity.

“I hope you will return an answer to this by the bearer. I remain

“Yours affectionately in the bonds of the Gospel

“Thomas Lewis

“Wednesday Aug<sup>t</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> 1798.”

At the same time he wrote a few lines to Broomhall asking for some pitch. While awaiting the bearer’s return and “having the above subject greatly impressed on my mind I sent for the parents of the young woman and herself to my abode and told them solemnly what my intentions were and in what manner I meant to act towards their daughter and towards them as her parents, in the best manner I could in their language, to which proposals all three agreed by saying “Weteearoa” : in consequence of which I delivered to her parents some articles according to the custom of the country : may the Lord who is a witness to these transactions ratify them.”

He records that his letter was not answered nor did he receive the pitch but “was left to a conjecture as to the cause. The Lord, I doubt not, will unravel in His own time the present providence.”

August 2. He attended a meeting of the brethren at Matavai and notes that Jefferson, Eyre and Harris refused to marry him to the native woman.

August 4. Receiving the notice of his excommunication he enters a copy of his reply in which he reminds Harris and Eyre that when he had discussed the matter privately with them Harris had advised him to live for some time with the natives before raising the question of marriage as also giving time to soften any hard feelings over his leaving the British House for Ahonoo, “Be not hasty in such matters as these” : and Eyre had said that if he (Lewis) felt that what he proposed to do was for the glory of God, he (Eyre) knew of no objection in it to his performing his duty as a Minister.

(There is no mention of Cover’s attitude on the general Question — he the other minister had fled the scene.)<sup>657</sup>

August 5. “I spent this Sabbath in contemplating the above events, considering how far they might tend ultimately to the glory of God and the furtherance of the work of the Mission, as nothing but a conviction of such a connection being more to the glory of God and the furtherance of the work hath induced me to take this step : the conduct of my brethren and the event itself, with the circumstances attending both I hope the Lord will cause them to work for our mutual good and enable me to cast my burden daily upon Him.”

August 7. “I felt a great anxiety for doing some good to these poor natives, but they seem deaf to all as yet.” He notes that the erection of his house proceeds very slowly. (He appears so far to be with his friend.)

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<sup>657</sup> [Cover](#) went to Sydney on the Nautilus, leaving Tahiti on March 30, 1798 and arriving in May 1798.

August 10. “This morning I went to the British House and found brother <sup>658</sup> Bicknell friendly disposed and was informed that some words had passed between him and M<sup>r</sup> Jefferson. When the latter could no longer endure it seems the force of the other’s words he rose up and besought God to distinguish which of them was His by some signal judgement, and without waiting for the same addressed the other brethren beseeching them to do him justice by turning M<sup>r</sup> Bicknell out of the Society, which was not agreed to, for it seems they all agreed to commemorate the Lord’s death without administrating either of the elements to him, but is next door to it <sup>659</sup> : and without any form he is excluded from all their private conferences.

“I spoke to M<sup>r</sup> Broomhall and M<sup>r</sup> Harris, both of them spoke very freely to me on diverse subjects but we did not touch on the subject of my exclusion.

“I went to M<sup>r</sup> Eyre’s Apartment and offered to shake hands with him but he took no notice of it and turned off with a great air. I then spoke to M<sup>rs</sup> Eyre who answered me as usual. I stayed a little while, but he continuing quite sullen, I left the room. I spoke likewise to M<sup>r</sup> Nott who readily gave me his hand, but lying down and very feverish he spoke but very little. He did not seem morose. About 4 o’clock I returned.”

August 11. He records that about 7:45 a.m. he “felt a considerable shock of an earthquake”.

August 12. The Sabbath. He attended the morning worship, Jefferson’s address was made up of too much invectives, “may the Lord direct him to sobriety”. He had a short talk with Bicknell “but the other brethren were very sullen”.

August 13. Went to the British House for a few articles he needed. No one asked him “to stop a single moment” so he returned to Ahonoo.

August 19. Again attended the morning worship held “at the British House”. Eyre preached.

“After the service I was informed by M<sup>r</sup> Nott that it was the Society’s determination not so much as to eat with me, which indeed I found practised before but did not know the cause till now. This lead into a short conversation on some past events. I then took my solitary meal and took my leave of him, wishing him to consider the subject of Excommunications more maturely provided he should in the future be concerned therein.”

August 21. “This morning I set out for the British House to make the locks but found the brethren still the same distance. May God help me to bear it.”

This Entry is the last in the Haweis Papers, dated 18 months before his death in November 1799.

Nowhere in this Fragment are there any particulars as to the young woman — her name, her age, her disposition or her general appearance. The Journal is written on thick cartridge paper. He was a very poor penman as also speller, e.g., Coppy, Freeley, Moros, Excution, Nottice. He was seemingly of a moody disposition as he records a few days after his move to Ahonoo “For many years I have been subject to great depression at times, and at other times to as great elevation of thought.”

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<sup>658</sup> Elsewhere in *Old Time Tahiti* and *Pioneer Missionaries of Tahiti*, WWB tends to capitalise *Brother*, but in *Lewis’ Journal*, he uses *brother* more often than not.

<sup>659</sup> *Next door to it* appears to be an archaic expression meaning *close to it*, i.e., close to turning M<sup>r</sup> Bicknell out of the Society.

To follow him to his death and taking up his Journal where it so suddenly ends, the following references to him appear in the daily Journal of the brethren.<sup>660</sup>

## 1798

August 21. “M<sup>r</sup> Lewis at work for some of the great people at the forge; he cohabits with a young woman of Ahónoo as his wife.”

September 9. “M<sup>r</sup> Lewis attended our worship in the forenoon.”

October 23. “M<sup>r</sup> Lewis came and removed the remainder of his property to Ahónoo. We feel it a great sacrifice to our feelings, when visited by M<sup>r</sup> Lewis, with whom we formerly worshipped God, not to invite him to our table; but we must act according to the rule of Church discipline.”

October 26. “Michael Donald, who returned yesterday from Ahónoo, reports that M<sup>r</sup> Lewis’s habitation is a place of much discord; that the man called M<sup>r</sup> Lewis’s friend, with his woman’s parents, often abuse him... our conduct to him (however misconstrued into rigour) has been in love and tenderness to his soul.”

December 30. “M<sup>r</sup> Lewis attended the service fore and afternoon. We feel for him, and we feel for ourselves.”

## 1799

January 4. “M<sup>r</sup> Lewis attended morning prayers.”

February 7. In a letter to the Directors :

“Our proceedings against M<sup>r</sup> Thomas Lewis, we hope, have not been unbecoming the station we profess to hold in the church of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. As the whole transaction is too large to transcribe, we must intreat you till the arrival of our journal... As it is probable M<sup>r</sup> T. Lewis, in his letters, may attempt to justify himself, and throw blame upon the conduct of some of us in a particular manner, we beseech you to suspend your decision till our accounts are read...”

April 8. “Received a note from M<sup>r</sup> Lewis, requesting us to send him a little tea, which was immediately complied with.”

May 16. “Early this morning Tatóoā-noce, attended by a party of her lawless retinue, went to Ahónoo to plunder, as we hear, some of the inhabitants of that place : who had taken the liberty to plunder M<sup>r</sup> Lewis of some hogs, and of which he had made a complaint to the Queen, who went to right him... Those who had plundered M<sup>r</sup> Lewis thought proper to restore what they had taken, as soon as they heard he had informed the Queen, and that she was coming to chastise them for it. We understand, M<sup>r</sup> Lewis, on the Queen’s arrival at his place, interceded for the aggressors so that nothing further will be pursued against them...”

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<sup>660</sup> The daily journal, which has been published in Transactions, Volume I, can be found [here](#) for 1798 and [here](#) for 1799. Text quoted by WWB has been checked for consistency with the published text.



June 9. 16:30. "M<sup>r</sup> Lewis and woman were present at our worship in the forenoon worship." And again July 14.

July 17. "Received from M<sup>r</sup> Lewis the following note :

"Sirs,

"Having had a frequent desire to see the Journal for July 1798, <sup>661</sup> I hope no objections will appear on your side, therefore, if any particular time be more convenient than another, at which I may obtain a sight thereof, I beseech you to signify it by note ; or should any objection appear, I will thank you to inform me of it..."

He asks further if he may entertain any hope for the accomodation of their differences and signs as "Your well-wisher, Thomas Lewis".

On receipt of the above a Church meeting was called. At its conclusion it was agreed "1. M<sup>r</sup> Lewis, in his separation from the Church, cannot be permitted to inspect our Journal for July 1798. 2. For us to act in concord with the Word of God, and be faithful to our Lord Jesus Christ, we cannot shew the smallest signs of accomodation with him at this time."

"As the boy was waiting for our answer, to return to M<sup>r</sup> Lewis, and we judging it prudent to be deliberate in wording our reply, the following note was sent to him :

"Sir,

"The Church of Christ in Matavai has received your letter, the contents of which our minds are made up upon, and shall be communicated to you in a few days.

"To M<sup>r</sup> Thomas Lewis, Ahónoo.

"John Jefferson, Secretary to the Church."

July 19. Extracts from a lengthy diatribe sent to Lewis :

"Your request to see our Journal for the month of July 1798, we do not consider it prudent to consent unto, while you remain in a state of separation from the Church.

"That insuperable barrier, which the Holy Ghost hath placed between us and you (a righteous excommunication) we durst not remove.

"We think it our duty... to come to the following determinations :

- "1. As heretofore, so for the future, to grant you anything in our power that you may have occasion for, provided you signify the same by note to the Secretary of the church.
- "2. To forbid you entering our Apartments.
- "3. To refuse you our hand, when we meet you on the road or elsewhere.

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<sup>661</sup> WWB underlines the 8 in 1798.

- “4. To hold no conversation, or communication with you... The Apartment, in which we hold our public meetings, will be always open to you on the Sabbath.”

This diatribe was signed by Eyre, Harris, Jefferson, Bicknell, Broomhall and Nott.

July 23. “As some books belonging to M<sup>r</sup> Lewis were among us, they were this morning collected and sent to him, with the following note :

“Sir,

“I am commissioned by my brethren to return such books of yours as they have in their possession ; and at the same time to request you will send by the bearer, Bate’s Lexicon, and the books you may have belonging to the Society.

“John Jefferson.”

“The messenger returned in the afternoon with the books and under note :

“Sirs,

“I have sent the books in my possession belonging to the Society, except a Bible, and if you have any objection to my keeping that, only let know it, and I shall send it to you.

“I remain Your well-wisher, Thomas Lewis.”

July 26. “M<sup>r</sup> Lewis sent the under note to Brother Jefferson :

“Sir,

“If you please to send me a little tea by the bearer ; if not utterly disagreeable, to come so far as my abode, either today or tomorrow, or any day of the next week, as you may think fit, I desire to have a little private conversation with you, thereby you will greatly oblige.

“Your well-wisher, Thomas Lewis.”

The answer was as follows :

“Sir,

“I have sent you the tea, agreeable to your request ; but for the latter part of your note, I am not at liberty to comply with it... The brethren... do not see it my duty at this time to wait upon you, nor do I.

“John Jefferson”

July 30. “Received the following note and letter from M<sup>r</sup> Lewis :

“Sir,

“If you please to send the iron in M<sup>r</sup> Bicknell’s care, and tell him, if he pleases, to send me the lock of his chest, he may have a key made for it ; and Pott’s Observations, in M<sup>r</sup> Broomhall’s care, by the bearer.

“You will oblige your Well-wisher, Thomas Lewis.”

The book was sent. The iron (a pot it seems) had been lent to a man to finish Manne Manne’s (dead) vessel to heat tar in. It had been stolen, but if found will be forwarded. The key had also been stolen but he hopes to recover it.

Lewis Letter of that day was a spirited reply to their fulminations of July 19, e.g. :

“Your proceedings have originated from *pride, prejudice* and *passion*” and concludes “and (though some perhaps may proceed to their Popish degradation, and even say as Zedekiah — Which way went the Spirit of the Lord from me to speak unto Thee?

“Subscribe myself your well-wisher, Thomas Lewis.”

It was agreed that the Letter should be inserted in the Journal and some observations there made upon it but no answer sent “as we are persuaded it would only lead to an endless and unprofitable communication.”

August 6. They sum up their remarks in their usual manner resenting “pride, prejudice and passion”. Unalterably opposed to connection with any Otaheitean female, they “being not only professed heathens but professed prostitutes”, they quote D<sup>r</sup> Haweis in their favour, they refute the charge of lies and backbiting and profess “love to his soul”.

There is this to be noted as only fair to them. On November 20, 1797 the brethren discussed this subject of marriage, Lewis among them. Each spoke their mind thereon. It was unanimously agreed, each brother alphabetically acknowledging full consent “That to marry an heathen woman was directly contrary to the Word of God”. Lewis had clearly gone back on his word.

There was also the action taken on this matter on January 25, 1798, Lewis still among them, when Brother Cock “in great distress of soul” requested to know if Brother Cover might be permitted to marry him to a young native woman. “He was immediately answered in the negative.”

August 17. “Received the following note from M<sup>r</sup> Lewis with a small box :

“Sir,

“You please to inform M<sup>r</sup> Eyre if he’ll fix the hinges and the 2 locks of Pomère’s little box, and return the same by the bearer, he’ll greatly oblige a well-wisher.

“Thomas Lewis

“P.S. Please to inform me, by the bearer, whether you purpose to answer the queries in my letter or not.

“To M<sup>r</sup> Jefferson.”

The above was thus answered :

“Sir,

“The box will be finished as soon as convenient and returned. I am commissioned to inform you, it is not the purpose of the church to answer the queries in your letter.

“John Jefferson

“P.S. The bearer will deliver your map of the world, which our brother Broomhall had forgotten before.”

August 25. Lewis writes for an explanation of some words in their latest diatribe. Being the Sabbath they cannot reply.

August 27. They reply “The church... is of our opinion the letter sent you... is sufficiently plain, without an explanation.”

September 10. <sup>662</sup> “Received the under note from M<sup>r</sup> Lewis :

“Sir,

“If you please to send me one double *m.* quadrant, one *m.* quadrant, and *n.* quadrant, and a little tea, by the bearer, you’ll oblige yours, etc.

“Thomas Lewis”

The tea and quadrants were sent.

October 1. M<sup>r</sup> Lewis came and by Pomère’s authority got some iron out of the store room. (Note. They had for safety’s sake placed the store room formally under Pomare’s protection.) He left a note in which he writes :

“If things cannot be accommodated among ourselves... I wish to know if it be agreeable to you to *refer the subject to the Directors* and abide by their decision...”

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<sup>662</sup> WWB has *September 24.*

The brethren were of opinion the above should remain unanswered.

October 12. He tries again and gets the following :

“Sir,

“I am commissioned by the church to inform you no answer will be given to your note...”

October 27. M<sup>r</sup> Lewis and woman attended worship in the forenoon.

November 5. Again a request for some tea which was complied with.

November 10. The two again present at worship.

November 18. “M<sup>r</sup> Lewis came and got out from the store room for Edéā’s use, a bar of iron of which he is to take part and send back the remainder.” He requested some doses of peruvian bark which was given him and made request for brother Bicknell to make him a small box. The brethren consented.

November 22. “M<sup>r</sup> Lewis came to brother Eyre’s to grind a number of adzes, &c. he has been making for some of the natives.”

The End came on the 27<sup>th</sup>.

November 28. “Early this morning a man arrived from Ahónoo to Pitéā, the deputy Chief, to inform him that M<sup>r</sup> Lewis died about sunset last evening. This intelligence Pitéā immediately communicated to” the brethren.

There follows now an exhaustive account of great length in their enquiries as to the tragedy. For this see Transactions Vol. I, pp 146–157 covering dates up to December 12, from which is quoted :

#### The Burial.

November 29. “At 4 o’clock, the brethren being assembled and the weather dry, the disposition for carying the corpse to the grave” (from Ahonoo to Matavai) “was made” as follows. “Having lashed a long pole the length way of the coffin — as the roads are only narrow foot paths — the two men” appointed by Owo <sup>663</sup> to carry the body to the place of internment “took up the corpse... accompanied by brother Jefferson,”... brothers Eyre and Harris following it shortly after. Having arrived at our dwelling, brothers Nott, Jefferson, Eyre and Bicknell became the bearers, brothers Harris and Broomhall following. Brothers Nott and Bicknell with the assistance of some natives had dug the grave a few yards to the south of the 4 brethren’s dwelling. <sup>664</sup> “The corpse being let down into the grave” and prayer ended, the brethren assisted by 2 or 3 natives filled up the grace and withdrew to brother Eyre’s where a prayer meeting was held.

“Our feelings at this truly affecting season”  
“cannot be committed to paper.”

Note. (One is not surprised.)

<sup>663</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Pomare’s sister*

<sup>664</sup> WWB, in the margin: *The British House*

## 9. Notes From the Missionary Register

covering the years  
1813 – 1855

published  
in the interest of the C. M. S. <sup>665</sup>  
but  
covering all Foreign Missions.

Extracts  
from 1814 to 1824.

1814

The Directors of the L.M.S. have received a letter from Eimeo near (?) <sup>666</sup> Otaheite dated October 28, 1812 signed by Mess<sup>rs</sup> Nott, Henry, Davies, Hayward, Bicknell, Wilson and Scott. They report the deaths of M<sup>rs</sup> Henry, M<sup>rs</sup> Davies and M<sup>rs</sup> Hayward. They express gratitude to Governor Macquarie of the Colony and also to Rev. M<sup>r</sup> Ramsden, the Chaplain of the Colony. In number they are 9 men, 4 women and several children. They are about to build a vessel urged thereto by those in N.S.W. They have a school (no building) for children with under 20 scholars. Service is held twice every Sabbath for the natives in their language but thinly attended as most of the people are on Otaheite with the King, also the Chiefs and people of the Leeward islands who went over there on August 13 at the urging of 2 Otaheitean Chiefs.

They record that “On July 18 Pomaree requested them to baptize him professing his belief in the Christian religion. He said that he did this after having long considered the matter, that he had tried to persuade his father in law Tamatoa and Tapoa, the 2 principal Chiefs to the Leeward islands, to take the same step but they said they would cleave to Oro and Pomaree might do as he pleased : he added that if no one else would hear us or embrace our religion yet he would as he desired to be happy after death and be saved in the Judgement Day.” It was explained to him that it was the custom in cases such as his, to further instruct applicants and to watch their conduct for some time in order to be sure they were really converted. He seemed to approve of this and said that he was willing to do as they thought proper and that he left the date of his baptism to them. During the discussion which was lengthy Pomaree proposed the building of a Church (at Eimeo). He was urged to defer the matter until his and the missionaries’ affairs were more settled but he replied “Let us not mind these things, let it be built at all costs.” Owing to his removal to Otaheite nothing can be done however. From his letters to them and “verbal accounts of him” they learn that he “strictly observes the Sabbath and perseveres in an open profession of his new religion before the Chiefs and people, for which we understand he has already experienced a considerable degree of persecution, notwithstanding his dignity.” Though he has got a footing on Otaheite, his regaining the sovereignty appears to them a doubtful matter.

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<sup>665</sup> Commonwealth Missionary Society

<sup>666</sup> WWB condenses from the Missionary Register and puts his comments in parentheses.



They sent the Directors 2 of his recent letters (with translations). These letters are dated September 25, 1812 <sup>667</sup> and October 8, 1812, which reads as follows :

Papeite, Otaheite, Oct. 8, 1812

My Dear Friends

May Jehovah and Jesus Christ our Saviours bless you. Nothing bad (i.e. war) is talked of at Otaheite at present ; if it were otherwise I would not remain here. There is one thing which fills me with horror which I will inform you of by and by. Satan is perhaps the author of it, he is envious of me. May Jesus Christ save me. The affairs of Otaheite are pretty well settled, the Chiefs having sent professions of subjection, but how long this will continue is uncertain. However at present all is well. My dear friends write to me that I may know your minds. Inform me also of the news from Port Jackson and whether King George is alive or dead.

It is addressed to them at "Uaeva, Moorea".

Another letter appears from him dated Feb<sup>y</sup> 17, 1813 to them at the same address in which he says "Matavai has been delivered up to me. When I am properly assured of the sincerity of the surrender I will write you another letter my dear friends."

#### 1815

At Eimeo there were at last writing Nott and the others as above named and Tessier in addition. Part of the Scriptures have been translated, been printed in Port Jackson and distributed on the islands. From a letter from Eimeo dated April 23, 1814 it appears that about 50 converts are regular in their practice of Christianity. No missionary had as yet returned to Otaheite "nor has King Pomaree recovered yet his sovereign authority, but some persons of consequence there are among the professed converts." Many of that island have removed to Eimeo for instruction in Christianity, among them a Chief named Uparparu, who says that his brother Teirei (also a Chief) is like minded to himself. Among the converts is Matupupa, who was a priest and a principal of Areoi.

Mess<sup>ts</sup> Nott and Hayward who had visited Huahine, Raiatea and Tahaa were listened to attentively. At Huahine they met a young Chief who had visited Eimeo. He professed Christianity and asked for missionaries to be sent to his island.

They report their vessel still a-building.

#### 1816

A letter from Eimeo dated January 14, 1815 states that they have now 300 regular hearers and the number is increasing. The school has 295 scholars, mostly adults. Large numbers of people from Otaheite and other islands visit for instruction. Occasional visits have been paid to Otaheite, Huahine, Raiatea and Tahaa where they have again been well received and requests have been made for

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<sup>667</sup> WWB: (see "Sketch" for same)

Teachers. Many both on Eimeo and elsewhere have however suffered persecution, their houses burned down and themselves in danger. The missionaries ask urgently for reinforcements.

A History of the Old Testament has been printed at Port Jackson, also the same of the New Testament, together with a Catechism composed and Hymns “which the people sing with delight”. The translation of the Scriptures progresses.

It was hoped soon to complete their vessel. (They had yet long to wait.)

(Note as to the vessel) : It was not launched till December 6, 1817. It was named The Haweis. Was ready for sea in June 1818. Manned by 7 white men and 6 natives under the command of Capt Nicholson. After cruising in the Groups it was headed for N.S.W. January 1<sup>st</sup> 1819 with a cargo of pork and oil. Arrived at Port Jackson February 17, 1819 with Hayward on board.

A letter from Eimeo dated September 6, 1815 records the death of William Scott and urges that more men be sent. The work had greatly prospered, numbers being daily added, whilst morais were being destroyed and altars overthrown.

“In the month of May the Queen and her sister, called Pomare Vahine, went over to Otaheite, the latter having lately arrived from the Leeward islands. She had never seen Otaheite but intended now to make a tour of it.”

The King then residing on Eimeo (Afareaitu) made a tour of that island with a view of persuading the Chiefs and people to cast away their idols.

A letter from him follows (see page 57 of this Day Book).

During June the brethren had received several letters from converts of Otaheite. The King’s daughter Aimata was with her mother and aunt on Otaheite still and from Eimeo the King had “sent a book to her which was looked upon as a public testimony that she was to be brought up in the new religion. (Note. She was then his only child.)

Those attending school numbered 660 : no more could be admitted for want of books. Converts now number 3,621.

They report a conspiracy to massacre the Christians on Otaheite and the escape. (See “Sketch” for this.)

A letter from Marsden appears dated November 7, 1815. (See page 59 of this Day Book.)

For the final clash between Pomare and his opponents in November 1815, see “Sketch”.

## 1817

Reports that Crook had returned to give help and that John Williams, Ellis, Orsmond, Threlkeld, Barff, Bourne, Platt and Darling were en route.

From a letter received from Marsden, he had arranged that Crook should be conveyed with his wife, his 7 children and general supplies in Marsden’s missionary boat secured by him in 1814.

1818

Reports that idolatry has wholly passed away. About 3000 had learned to read and adds "It is painful to add to all this success, but it is ought not to be concealed, that though Pomare seems cordially to embrace the profession of Christianity, yet his spirit and habits do not manifest he is under its full influence".

A letter appears reporting that the small islands of Tapuamanu (Maio) and Tehiroa (Tetiroa) are now wholly Christian and that Tamatoa, the principal Chief of the Leeward islands, together with most of the Chiefs and people have cast away their gods. On Raiatea however there had been war between the heathen and Christians in which the latter were the victors but the heathen were still threatening trouble.

The register gives Pomare's letter re: his Family idols and a list of them (see page 61 of this Day Book).

The Register also gives Marsden's letter re: the Idols (see page 59 of this Day Book).

1819

The L.M.S. Annual Report states that Christianity is now firmly established in the Georgian and the Society islands. There are 67 places of worship on Otaheite and 20 on Eimeo, whilst 5000 people are reading the Scriptures in their own language.

The missionaries had suggested to Pomare the framing of laws, to meet the new conditions, by means of a general meeting of the principal Chiefs, offering their assistance and advice. This proposal however was not agreeable to Pomare who having been accustomed to the exercise of arbitrary power was unwilling to hazard his authority by a convention of the Chiefs. He however accepted the missionaries' offer of assistance and advice.

The King has issued orders for the erection of a school house in every district of Otaheite and Eimeo.

The printing press has been removed (by Ellis) from Eimeo to Huahine. 2 additional presses however have been sent out. 3000 copies of S Luke's Gospel in Tahitian have been issued. "We want to print 10,000 copies of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles which we expect will not be sufficient."

1820

Refers to the Society's Deputation about to be sent to Otaheite.

1821

Records the departure of the Deputation, also of missionary Thomas Jones for Otaheite and several artisans. Names the Deputation : the Rev Daniel Tyerman of the Isle of Wight and George Burnett Esq. of Sheffield.

Names Armitage, cotton manufacturer of Manchester, and Blossom, carpenter of London : both married, the former having 2 children.

1822

Refers to Tessier's death, also to Bicknell's "who it is believed was the first person to offer his services for the South Sea Mission". He was buried at Papetoai on Eimeo as he had a child of his buried there. "After the internment the people of their own accord paved the grave over regularly with stones and strewed white coral on the top : this they did as a token of esteem."

Records the arrival of the Deputation on Sept 25, 1821.

Pomare had intimated to M<sup>r</sup> Marsden of the Colony his wish "to learn to trade as is done at Port Jackson" and was embarking thereon. M<sup>r</sup> Marsden encourages this disposition as commerce will stimulate the industry of the islanders.

The natives of Raivavai (or High Island) have built a house for Christian worship, their idols being placed at the entrance to serve as seats for the people.

Reports the Annual Meeting of the L.M.S. Votes of thanks were passed to Pomare, the Chiefs and the peoples of the various Islands of the South Sea for their liberal contributions in kind. The year's total from the T.A.M.S. being over £1800.

Quotes Deputation "Among other marks of improvement we must mention a road (The Broom Road) which is already made to a considerable extent and which is intended to go round the whole island. This is of great and obvious importance. It has been formed by persons who were punished according to the new laws for evil doing : and the intention is that it shall be completed by persons of that description. It is remarkable that these persons have no need to be superintended in their labour, but they uniformly perform the portion of the work allotted to them. Before this, there was no road in any part of the island, except the narrow winding tracks by which the natives found their way from one place to another.

John Williams of Raiatea reported sick. Had sailed for Port Jackson by the Westmoreland.

"Intelligence has since the above information come to hand that King Pomare died of dropsy of the 7<sup>th</sup> of December 1821. His remains were deposited on the 11<sup>th</sup> of December in a new stone tomb at the upper end of the large place of worship which he had erected." (An error — not in the Royal Mission Chapel but near by.)

A Regency, consisting of the principal Chiefs had been formed, the heir to the Crown not being yet 2 years of age.

1823

Gives the Stations and men in charge of each :

Otaheite	Nott, Crook, Davies, Darling, Bourne, Hayward, Wilson, Jones
Eimeo	Henry and Platt
Pora Pora	Orsmond
Huahine	Ellis and Barff
Raiatea	Threlkeld and John Williams, who had returned from the Colony.

1824

Gives Stations as follow :

Matavai	Nott, Hayward and Wilson
Wilks' Harbour	Crook
Burder's Point	Darling
Papara	Davies and Jones
Eimeo	Henry and Platt. Notes the Chapel building there. Spot formerly occupied by the Royal Marae : coral chiefly procured from the ruins of neighbouring maraes.
Tahaa	Bourne
Raiatea	No change
Huahine	Barff

Notes that the Rev<sup>d</sup> George Pritchard and wife sailed from Gravesend July 27, 1824 on the "Fox Hound".

## 10. Notes From the Hassal Correspondence

at

the Mitchell Library, Sydney <sup>668</sup>

Hassall <sup>669</sup> made flight from Tahiti in March 1798 and made a permanent home in N.S.W. and amassed considerable wealth. Kept copies of his own letters and appears to have been a very methodical man. By trade a weaver. Died and buried at Parramatta.

1799

September 3 from London signed by D<sup>r</sup> Haweis and others of the Board of Directors. Roundly condemn them for their flight. A long letter.

October 21 from London signed by Joseph Hardcastle and John Eyre “By Order of the Directors of the Missionary Society”. Acknowledges receipt of letters from Port Jackson dated Sep. 1<sup>st</sup> 1798, one from the brethren save Cock, one signed by Henry and Cover, which set out the reason for their flight. The Directors while not so severe as in theirs of Sep<sup>t</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup> still incline to the belief that their flight was not warranted by the circumstances. They express the hope that the brethren will not look to the Society for any financial support and advise them of the lodging with the Governor of the Colony the sum of £200 as a Trust Fund for spreading the Gospel only, save in cases of extreme urgency when such a call must be agreed upon by the whole body of them.

Governor King was the bearer of this letter.

1800

December 9 from Coventry from M<sup>r</sup> Burder expressing regret at hearing of “the murder of poor Clode in New Holland”. (By a soldier July 2, 1799.)

1801

William Smith to Hassall at Parramatta from prison : “Iron Hutt — one of the strongest cells — 23<sup>rd</sup> of February”. It appears that this missionary was jailed for debt as he mentions that the Bankrupt Laws do not apply in the Colony. Says that “subscriptions are now in circulation” for him. “Youl is very ill with the flux. The Resurrection Men — Mason and Elder — have been reported to the Governor and bad consequences are likely to follow for them. Have you heard anything of Main? I’ll thank you to inquire of M<sup>r</sup> Marsden if he can give an Order, for Main’s wheat to be put into the Stores

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<sup>668</sup> [Hassall family - Papers of Rowland Hassall, 1797-1860](#)

<sup>669</sup> Rowland Hassall (1768–1820)



at Hawkesbury. If you can get an Order pray send word to him. I do not think he is a good principle (means “of”) he might have got my wheat ready long ere this.”

Smith was a good penman but a poor speller — was better educated than many of them. He had resigned from the L.M.S. May 14, 1798.

August 12. Davies to Hassall from “Matavai in Otaheite”. Reports that 12 of them (?) set out in a canoe to embark in the missionary canoe but their number is now reduced two thirds. (The rest is all religion — a letter difficult to understand.)

August 15 from W<sup>m</sup> Waters to Hassall from “Taheitee”. Says “We came to this place the 10<sup>th</sup> of July”. Asks “How our brother is which was left at Sidney”. Hopes for “a season of joy at M<sup>r</sup> Shelley’s wedding”. (He was one of the new arrivals on the Royal Admiral but showing signs of mental aberration left Tahiti Dec. 29, 1804 and returned to England. Later on (May 23, 1805) Hassall sent his bill to the L.M.S. “for 11½ weeks board, clothing and supplies, etc., to M<sup>r</sup> W. Waters £26-10-4½” !!!

1802

January 9 from Henry to Hassall, “Point Venus Otaheite”. Tells of “being employed at our new home” : that Nott has commenced preaching publicly every Sabbath, that Jefferson had also begun to address the natives and Eyre to catechise. Adults pay little attention but some children promise well. (They had left the Bligh House for a new one in 1798 — the British House — and were now in another move.)

August 18, Davies to Hassall from “Missionary House Matavai”. (The name of the new house. Mostly on religion.

January 7. Cooper to Hassall from London, Jan<sup>y</sup> 7, 1802. (He was one of the Duff company but had fled to Port Jackson with Hassall and the rest.) Took ship to return but owing to an error in navigation and bad weather he writes that they failed to make the island and put in at the Friendly Islands (Tonga). After a 9 days stay the ship shaped its course for the west coast of South America but changed it later for Cape Horn. They reached the Falkland Islands on December 3, 1800. After about 3 weeks there, they sailed for Home and made Plymouth May 11, 1801. He says that he received a very poor welcome from the Directors, on account of reports which had reached them by the “Reliance” of his holding false doctrines. They supplied his immediate needs and he had offered his further services. He was awaiting their reply. (He was refused and resigned from the L.M.S.)

July 30. Smith to Hassall from London advising of the Royal Admiral’s safe arrival after a passage of 15 months from Port Jackson (his debts evidently paid), reaching Home on July 2<sup>nd</sup>. When the ship put in at the Cape of Good Hope, Reed took up the mission work there. “Nobbs and Bill Puckey are all of our party I have yet seen. I saw D<sup>r</sup> Haweis t’other day — gave us a good scolding and considered us robbers for bringing from Otaheite £2000 worth of their property and converting it to our own use.” (? The cargo of oil and port on the “Royal Admiral”) Smith had gone into the drapery business in Leicester.

August 18. Shelley to Hassall from “Taheity”. (He and his wife had landed on January 6, 1802.) Asks for axes “all he can”, also casks for salt pork which he hopes to forward by the “Porpoise”. “Our voyage here was very disagreeable owing to the conduct of the Captain, mostly through the instigation of M<sup>r</sup> Lewin who is the most detestable of characters.” (Not a missionary but sent as a Naturalist to

report.) “During his residence here he has behaved as bad as Vermin on the island plundering the natives and abusing the women.” Says that there has been much fighting and many killed including women and children and that “but for the presence of so many of our countrymen, the missionaries would probably have been driven from our habitations” : that the leading “rebels” had been slain and Pomare remains “Governor”. “We are in no danger while the Porpoise remains and expect an effectual blow will be struck before she goes : if not, in all probability we shall quit the island.”

1803

February 2. Davies to Hassall from “Missionary House. Matavai.” Says that owing to the late disturbances and the frequency of the visits of ships there is a great scarcity of hogs. At present the brethren were enjoying peace and tranquility. Most of the natives of Otaheite and Eimeo had had the Gospel preached to them but so far with no visible results. He complains of the behaviour of Europeans and asks for a collection of Otaheitean words, having heard that there are those in the Colony who know a good deal of the language, among them a M<sup>r</sup> Commings.

August (date torn off). Henry to Hassall from Otaheite. Since last writing, he has had a daughter born — Eleanor — baptized by Jefferson. “The island is still in peace but rapidly depopulating through the ravages of disease and the horrid practice of killing children and of human sacrifices. The district of “Mattany” pretty well escapes from the latter by means of our residence in it. I wish I could give you some favourable account of our labours among these heathen. We have now arrived to a period of trial and discouragement. Satan is now evidently hard at work here striving to stir up enmity and opposition to us and the Gospel. We have experienced but a trifling degree of it as yet, but I think we are likely soon to experience much more. The people are very reluctant to hear us, and often laugh at the most awful and alarming truths they hear.”

Says that the brethren work in pairs — Davies and Henry — Jefferson and Scott — Nott and Hayward — Bicknell and Youl — Elder and Wilson. They daily expect a vessel from the Society (in London) and need it badly “both on account of our still precarious situation and the smallness of our present stock of wearing apparel, etc.” Says that Nott requests Hassall to add another “musquet” to his (Henry’s) own request.

Enclosure of a note from Nott to Hassall from Huahine contains the above request.

February 7. Bicknell to Hassall from “Otaheite”. “The reason for my not writing before was because the last letter I sent you came back and caused some trouble to me though I know not “aney” thing in it but the truth and not to be retracted : and the man I wrote about I have seen nothing worse in his conduct since then than in my own. I send you this in confidence, burn it when you have read it but I hope I shall write nothing untrue... I often wish you had not left the island or the others. I would ask M<sup>r</sup> Hodges to send me as many razors and scissors as he pleases for I have none to give to the natives when I am out among them. I am now enabled to preach to the natives ’tis said to their edification. We are obliged to live without “aney” help mates. I have never thought that women were “unsaff” here and would not be afraid to leave one among the natives, go to other islands and return to find her in safety.”

March 21. Hardcastle to Hassall from London. “Signed in the name of the Directors of the Missionary Society.” Commends to M<sup>r</sup> Caw and M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Crook “who are on their way to replenish the Mission at Otaheite. We are extremely desirous of augmenting the number of female missionaries on that island, not only for their sakes who are already there but for the convenience of the single brethren

also, who find it is not good to be alone. Do you think there are virtuous and pious women in your Colony who would be willing to accompany Mess<sup>rs</sup> Crook and Caw?"

September 12. Burder to Hassall from London. "I am sorry to find that you have lost your place (a post under the Colonial Government) but trust that your representation of it is just (a charge made against him by the Governor's Secretary and later proven false) and that your character will not suffer. I have confidence in you that you would do nothing you believe to be wrong, for it is of great consequence in your situation as a religious man in the midst of rogues that you prove yourself a truly honest man and very accurate in all your dealings. I shall be very glad to hear that you have recovered your post (he did) and hope you may as, by your letter to Coventry which I have seen, it appears that the Governor's lady seemed to think your cause good."

1804

August 15. Hassall's father to him dated from Coventry. Says that he has had a visit from a young man from Port Jackson named Ralph Wigan who said he had dined with Hassall on March 15<sup>th</sup> last. "He informed one that you had been robbed of near £100 but that notwithstanding the loss you were in very flourishing circumstances when he came away, and that you keep a carriage and deal in all sorts of cloth, Silks, Rum, Brandy, Liquors, in short everything but Bread, that you gave 100 guineas for a mare and kept her one year and sold her for the same again, that the weekly return of your business amounts to £100, and that you was grown very fat. All these things gave me great pleasure to hear of, particularly of your regularity in keeping the Sabbath very strict. P.S. Ralph Wigan informed me that £20 or £30 was no more to you than a penny or twopence to me."

September (?). Hardcastle and Burder of the L.M.S. from London. This letter of no special moment seems to have been held back for over a year as it has a P.S. dated October 1805 saying that they are sending it by M<sup>r</sup> Gregory Warner who will sail in the "Sinclair" with a view to going on to Otaheite. (Warner was sent out as a Missionary Surgeon — arrived on Tahiti in 1807 — left Tahiti in 1809 and went to Fiji.)

There is a gap here of 2 years in the records.

1807

January 1. The letter from Pomare to Hassall of this date is to be seen in the "Sketch".

May 6. Copy of Hassall's letter in reply to one from missionaries residing at Serampore : India. (Broomhall leaving Tahiti went there.) Of general matters requested. Deals however with some of the brethren : "Crook is now in this Colony with a wife (a very agreeable companion) and 2 children in order to proceed to Otaheite to rejoin the Mission. He preaches each Sabbath in his own residence at Parramatta : Harris serves at Hawkesbury" : and he (Hassall) at Kissing Point and Castle Hills on alternate Sabbaths. (Crook took his time — he returned in 1817 with 7 children.)

June 12. From Nott to Hassall dated from "Tahaete". All business "as you will learn everything respecting the Mission from brother Youll".

June 12. From Davies to Hassall dated from "Taheite". Signed "John Davies for the Society" but handwriting differs from other letters of his. Says that Youl is proceeding to the Colony to see if he

can find a suitable partner there. If successful he intends to return : if unsuccessful he will probably go to England. (He failed — and resigned from the L.M.S.)

Says much about Crook's contemplated return but there would seem to be something holding him back, "embarrassments" which Davies thinks should be laid clearly before the Directors. "This island is again engaged in war. Pomare has again invaded the disaffected districts of Atahuru, Papara and Papeurede, and has killed a great number of the inhabitants, among whom were most of the disaffected Chiefs which are all, they say, to be cut off root and branch before peace is restored. We are grieved at these proceedings but cannot prevent them, and as the conquering party is friendly to us we do not conceive ourselves to be in danger from the present commotions."

Jefferson very ill (died September 25), would have gone to the Colony but feared that he would die on the passage. Youl will give news. Asks for certain articles of clothing including "a pair of stays for M<sup>r</sup> Eyre (presumably for M<sup>rs</sup>), Youl has the measure".

1808

June 13. Letters dated from "Leeds. England" to Hassall from Marsden (business in chief, spelling bad and writing worse) notifies that he has "sent some soul leather for my men".

From M<sup>rs</sup> Marsden, regrets to hear of Shelley (who had resigned from the L.M.S.).

August 5. Letter from Hassall to "My dear Brethren" at Matavai. Advises that he is sending large supplies to them by Captain Faulkner of the "Perseverance" : reports that Elder had married Miss Mary South who is of good character : and that in a letter he had lately received from Marsden, he says "I have seen many of the Missionary Society and shall endeavour to settle the business of the Mission at Otaheite and expect to return to Port Jackson in 5 or 6 months when you will hear from me many things that will gladden your heart and strengthen your faith in the Mighty God of Jacob." Hassall expresses his confidence in the ultimate success of the Mission. As to Crook he will not hinder his return to the island owing to his indebtedness to himself, that the debt could stand over till he could pay it. As to Youl, that he had not accomplished his purpose in coming but is employed at Hawkesbury and "if he could find a suitable partner, you will soon see him again".

September 8. Hassall writes a Statement to London (seemingly to some high Gov<sup>t</sup> Official). He gives the history of the removal of Governor Bligh from Office and protests against the actions of Major Johnston and his colleagues. Hassall explains who he is, gives an account of his career and says that he is at present acting as Agent for His Excellency, Governor King, as also for Marsden. (Both of them were in England.)

There is also the draft of a Petition setting out briefly what had happened and praying that Bligh may be reinstated as the Governor of the Colony. The Petition is addressed to the Right Hon. Viscount Castlereagh, H.M. Principal Sec<sup>y</sup> of State for the Colonial Department. <sup>670</sup>

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<sup>670</sup> [Robert Stewart \(1769–1822\)](#)

1809

March 6. Hassall to Burder at London. Says that the “Parramatta” by which supplies had been sent to Otaheite did not touch there and is thought to be lost. Refers to Capt Faulkner’s suicide on board his vessel at Matavai. “The brethren are quite silent upon the solemn subject and neither mention his name nor refer to his act in their letters addressed to M<sup>r</sup> Marsden or myself.”

While the “Perseverance”, now returned, was at Otaheite a serious rebellion broke out against the King : the inhabitants of Matavai as well as the greater part of the inhabitants of the island joined the rebel party. Some of the natives advised the missionaries that they would be cut off as well as Pomare, and seeing that Pomare had lost all his influence and authority, it was decided that Pomare and all the missionaries should leave and proceed to Huahine in the “Perseverance”. They went on board the vessel with all the property they could collect. Pomare however on second thoughts decided to remain on Otaheite, on the ground that by leaving he would lose the sovereignty of the island forever. He accordingly returned on shore and 4 of the single brethren decided to remain with him : they were Nott, Scott, Wilson and Hayward. Those who left were M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Henry and children : M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Eyre : M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Elder : M<sup>r</sup> Davies and M<sup>r</sup> Tessier. The Perseverance sailed at 11 a.m. on November 10, 1808, reaching Huahine the following morning. (The 4 went with Pomare to Moorea, awhile later Wilson and Scott left Moorea for Huahine. Still later Hayward left Moorea for Huahine, leaving Nott alone — with Pomare.)

Note on :

Hayward	Visited England 1819. Married. Returned to Tahiti 1821. Retired to N.S.W. 1822 on a/c wife’s health and resigned.
Scott	Left Huahine 1809 for Port Jackson. Married 1810. Returned to Tahiti 1811. Died on Moorea 1815.
Wilson	Left Huahine 1809 for Port Jackson. Married 1810. Returned to Tahiti 1812. Wife died at Matavai 1818. Married 2 <sup>nd</sup> wife at Port Jackson 1821. Returned to Matavai 1821 — retired 1842. Left for Samoa 1844. Wife died on Samoa 1848. He died at Falealili, Upolu, Samoa July 3, 1857, aged 87.

July 22. To Hassall from those on Huahine. Says that brother Hayward had arrived from Eimeo to join those already there. “The brethren were truly sorry to hear from brother Hayward that M<sup>r</sup> Nott had taken a native woman to be his wife.”

There is no comment made upon this Action of Nott’s nor mention of it in general Reports Home but there is this to be said in defence of his action :

1. Too inconsistent with Nott’s attitude in Lewis and Cock’s cases not to have possible reasons of justification.
2. The woman may have been a convert to Christianity.
3. A marriage could not be “solemnized” as all ministers had fled.
4. May have learned of D<sup>r</sup> Haweis’ broadmindedness on the subject which was given to the Captain of the Royal Admiral which reached Tahiti in 1801 with a view to guide him with the brethren.

P.S. It was possibly the cause of Mrs Nott — the shrew — giving Nott so bad a time thro' their married life. (See February 1813 here.)

October 9. Nott to Hassall dated from “Aimeo”. Reports “The schooner commanded by M<sup>r</sup> Berbeck has been taken by the Otaheiteans and one man killed. The rebellion that took place at the time the Perseverance was here ended in an engagement in which the King was defeated and obliged to fly to Emeo. On the 1<sup>st</sup> of this month he engaged them again and has since been obliged to retreat having lost 24 men. A temporary peace is made which is not likely to last long.”

November 18. Nott to Hassall dated from Huahine. “Yours came safe to hand and is the first line I ever received from you though I perceive not the first you ever wrote to me. I came down here from Tahaiti to this island in the “Northumberland” but before we arrived all the missionaries had left it for Port Jackson in the “Hibernia”, Captain Campbell, except Brother Hayward. I hope they may all safe arrive in the Colony but I fear they will be in great danger at the Feegees. Had the musquets you sent to M<sup>r</sup> Henry been good ones I should have taken them, but they are of no use : those sold to the natives by M<sup>r</sup> Halford being so neat in their eyes that they would not esteem those you sent at all. But if you will be so kind as to send me 2 neat ones the first opportunity I shall esteem it a favour.” He asks for half a dozen looking glasses and adds “Had I it in my power to make you any recompense I would gladly do so, and if there is any instance wherein I can serve you I will thank you to mention it in your next. I remain dear Fried, Yours truly. H. Nott.”

The letter makes reference to articles which he and Hayward had received through Captain Campbell who in 1811 lost his vessel on Manihi, one of the Tuamotu islands, was rescued by the vessel “Trial” and reached Moorea.

1810

July 27. Broomhall to Hassall and Harris from “Calcutta”. Congratulates them on the accounts he hears of their preaching the Gospel to the “wretched convicts” : tells them of his final Conversion after 8 years of refusing offers of grace, “t’is true I still feel doubts at times”. Asks them to direct to him by the name of Captain Bloomfield at the General Port Office — gives no reason for this subterfuge.

October 16. Hassall to Directors from Parramatta. The letter of M<sup>r</sup> Wilks of March had arrived along with M<sup>r</sup> Bicknell and the female missionaries sent out. Tells of a meeting held when the majority of those who had lately fled expressed their willingness to return to the field. He urges the sending out of at least 30 families, and the purchase of a vessel.

Hassall held in his possession the original Instructions given by Letter from the Directors addressed to “M<sup>rs</sup> Chrystie and all other Sisters on board the “Canada” : Captain Waite”. It has no date and is signed by “M. Wilks”. <sup>671</sup> (M<sup>rs</sup> C was a widow : her daughter, Sarah Christie.) One reads therein “When you reach Port Jackson, follow my advice and proceed as soon as possible. It will put fresh life in the brethren and perhaps preserve the Mission from ruin. God will take care of your modesty. Try to persuade Youl and Crook to swell your band. If you can’t, don’t take their misrepresentation. Get the brethren (Bicknell or his nephew) to knock you up somewhere aboard a place for your plates. God bless you. Amen. Amen. (And M. Wilks was a cleric!!)

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<sup>671</sup> WWB, not in brackets: ?



1811

July 15. Nott to Hassall from “Morea”. Says that the Cyclops is sailing for the Colony, after having taken Captain Campbell back from Moorea to Manihi where his vessel lay wrecked. He asks Hassall to dispose of a cask of pork he is sending, and to return him clothing and tools “including 2000 nails suitable to build a boat”.

November 3. Miss S. Christie to Hassall from “Emeo” (very badly written but one can read as follows). “We arrived here on Friday night after a very trying voyage of almost 16 weeks : we were on an allowance of a quart of water for more than 5 weeks, our bread and meat all expended, but we are all through mercy well, and at Emeo in a house of Brother Nott’s consisting of one apartment where we have plenty of visitors. There is a great scarcity of food on the island.”

1812

June 23. From Davies to Hassall from “Eimeo”. Says that on arrival “with the Sisters” “we found the state of affairs here as favourable as we could expect. The Chiefs and various parties of the people are all favourable to us. The late Miss Chrystie now M<sup>rs</sup> Hayward is very ill and not expected to recover. M<sup>rs</sup> Henry has also been ill but is now better. M<sup>rs</sup> Davies is also unwell.”

M<sup>rs</sup> Henry (of the Duff company) died July 28<sup>th</sup>. M<sup>rs</sup> Davies died Sep. 4<sup>th</sup>. M<sup>rs</sup> Hayward died Oct. 4<sup>th</sup>.

December 22. Crook (in Port Jackson) to Hassall at Parramatta. Gives him information received from Capt Burnet (vessel not named) who is fresh from Eimeo. The Capt arrived among the islands “the latter end of September”. As the wind was against their making “Aimeo” he manned a boat and went to that island, being kindly received by Henry who was overcome with grief at the death of his wife. She had been dead some weeks. He found Bicknell making a coffin for M<sup>rs</sup> Davies who had given birth to an infant and died very suddenly. (“September” must be a slip for “August”).

1813

February (?). Nott to Hassall from “Morea”. (He had gone to Sydney to be married and had returned.) October 5, 1812. “Our passage here was remarkable, only 28 days from Port Jackson. Captain Walker behaved very well and obliging. Henry is a passenger by this boat and I hope that he will succeed in his wishes and speedily return. The death of the 3 wives out of our small number was shocking news on his return.” (No name is given of this ship. Not all wished Henry success. See Davies’ letter of the same month. They were a divided family.)

February 20. M<sup>rs</sup> Nott to M<sup>rs</sup> Hassall dated from “Emio”. Says that they had a very speedy passage, Otaheite being sighted on October 4. Speaks of the deaths of the wives and of M<sup>rs</sup> Davies babe. “From what I hear they (M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Hayward, married only 7 months) disagreed very much, but he was to blame for marrying her as he knew what she was beforehand, and what was most cruel, he read that notorious pamphlet to her when in dying circumstances (written by Fox) against her.” Very bad writing.

February 25. Bicknell to Hassall dated “Morea”. Says how little is being done towards the instruction of the people. Had just returned from a visit to Otaheite. Then switches to Trade, offers “pea or arra

rate” at one penny a pound, Hassall to supply the casks and pay the freight. “I and George (his nephew) would have been well advanced with the building of our vessel” if they had not had to wait for the Society’s vessel to be first built. “But if it is to be much longer delayed we intend to go on with ours if we are to have nothing to do with the other. This is not in the least out of opposition to the Society and if you or your son Thomas like to join us and have a third of her we would make it a mutual benefit.” In that case, he asks for iron bolts and a pit saw. Otherwise “have the goodness to send us the pit saw. I have plenty of spike nails. Let this letter be in confidence.”

February 5. Davies to Hassall dated from Eimeo. After dwelling on his wife’s death he deals with his fellows. “Our friend M<sup>r</sup> H(enry) is now visiting the Colony. His purpose you will soon learn. I hope his vanity and rashness may not lead him to take some wrong steps, but I fear he has a large family here in destitute circumstances and the brethren think he acts in a very thoughtless way.”

As to Hayward and his loss, “We said on her death that unfortunate M<sup>r</sup> Hayward had a “cracked rib” but that it after all did not turn out so very bad.” (The reference is, of course, to Eve — and her early death.)

Next comes Nott. “Poor M<sup>r</sup> N(ott). I shall say nothing on the subject. (See Hayward to Hassall — following.)

Next he turns to Bicknell, “on whom we depended to superintend the building of a vessel for the Mission : he at first threw cold water on the proposal but afterwards agreed to it. After turning and twisting and shuffling various ways he at last is evidently come to a determination to act in opposition and defiance of his brethren by building a vessel between him and his nephew, and should they get countenance in N.S. Wales and get a register from the Governor that is all they care for. I remember you hinted when I was in the Colony that you suspected he was going for some self interested motive. It is proved plainly now that that was and that is really the case.” He asks Hassall to use his influence to prevent Bicknell from obtaining registration. “Ours is the cause of the Mission and for the good of all employed in it but his schemes are all for self interest and self aggrandisement. It is with grief we are compelled to expose to M<sup>r</sup> Marsden and probably to the Governor the character of M<sup>r</sup> B(icknell) which is a disgrace to our sacred cause and to the name of missionary.” He then dwells on the brethren’s real necessities and the difficulty of securing supplies “through the meagre salaries meted out by London, with wives and children to support.”

February (?). Hayward to Hassall from Eimeo. Thanks him for attending to casks of pork sent but as he lives at Parramatta he will get Shelley at Port Jackson to attend to future consignments, one of which goes forward by Capt Walker of the vessel “Governor Macquarie”. (This vessel was later bought by Pomare II for his own use.)

Davies has written about them and their affairs both to him, the Society in London and Marsden, “suffice it to say that Brother Bicknell has broke off his connection with the Society in the affair of the vessel intended to be built by us for the benefit of the Mission, and has in conjunction with his nephew commenced one for themselves after we had made every concession as far as our situation and the nature of our connection together here, would admit of to accommodate him : and M<sup>rs</sup> Nott has joined him and his family in the most virulent opposition to us and her husband in the business.”

He then roundly assails M<sup>rs</sup> Nott, her “tung” ever ready to “blaiken” her husband and all about her, her feet not taking her to the place of worship but to those who would thwart the rest. She is a trial to her husband and to all the rest of them “abusing her husband in the most unjust and cruel manner.” “The differences amongst the brethren are many.”

February 27. Wilson to Hassall dated from Eimeo. Says that Pomare was here “when we arrived from N.S.W.” (about May 1812) but that 3 months later 2 Chiefs crossed from Otaheite and Pomare returned with them. Affairs on that island as unsettled as ever, and though Pomare is permitted to live there peacefully he has not been restored to his former authority. “We live peacefully here but without any very pleasing prospect respecting the Mission.” Records the death of the 3 women. His own wife and child (a boy) were with him. (Seems not to have been so illiterate as the rest.)

July 31. M<sup>rs</sup> Hassall to M<sup>rs</sup> Nott dated from Parramatta. Acknowledges letter received through Brother Henry. Her reply goes by him. Much about Duty, as Christians, and to husbands and friends and regret at Hayward’s action towards his dying wife. Signed Elizabeth Hassall. Spelling, Writing and Grammar of a low standard.

November 16. Bicknell to Hassall dated from Eimeo. (Hassall’s reply to former one is not given.) “I did not intend to offend you by proposing to you to have a share in the vessel we were about to build but as I heard you say something about having a share in a vessel which might be built here I therefore just mentioned it to you, but did not intend to build any vessel till the Society’s was built ; and then if you had no share in it we “ment” to make it small and not to take her to the Colony till the way was clear, so that M<sup>r</sup> Marsden could not have “seased” her. I have given no just cause of offense to M<sup>r</sup> M, nor injured him in word or deed that I know of, yet it appears that he encourages idleness and flattery rather than industry. It would have been more to the credit (Henry’s) who made it his business to go about and calumniate me without a cause if he had attended to the advice of the brethren and not given way to boastful desires as soon as his wife was dead, but have “stoped” and minded his family, or built them an house before he went, and not leave them in a native house where they are exposed to the natives, and he should have taught them to work and their duty to God and man. But those that are grown up are ungodly for Nancy is a drunkard, a whore, and blasphemmer, a deist and a liar, and Sarah has been drunk and is a horrid blasphemmer as if she had been used to it for 50 years. She wishes the “Bibbel” in the fire and all of us in hell and her father too, herself and Jesus Christ, has cursed the King, and the King of Huahine to his face in such a way as we thought ourselves much exposed to their resentment : we entreated their forgiveness, so it was winked at for the present. She also told a great many natives that we deceived them, that Jehovah was not the true God but that Oro and Tane “was” the true gods and much more. It is said that she hath done more harm than ever her father did good in this mission, she also played the whore in her father’s house. Samuel is a bad boy, he has no employ, he gets drunk, etc. I hope the young people will be better now their father has come. When we had got our vessel nearly timbered when he came back. She is about 52 feet keel and 17 feet beam. We find it hard work, and at this time how glad I would be to have it in my power to be more among the natives. Blessed be God for what our eyes see. Please to send my letters to England and let part of this letter be in confidence. I hope M<sup>r</sup> Shelley will return safe. I lent him several musquets. The state of the islands to human appearance is not favourable to our residence here, the natives have threatened to our face to plunder us and then — it hath been often said — they will kill us. They have a meeting now at Otaheite at which it is hoped the King will obtain the Government of a part — if not all — of Otaheite.”

1814

January 3. Henry to Hassall dated from Eimeo. Is sending his daughter Sarah by Shelley’s vessel. (Shelley had quitted the L.M.S. in 1806 and was in command of a trading vessel, the “Queen Charlotte”.) Asks Hassall and Marsden to look after her. His reasons for sending her Shelley will inform them of, but adds that she has contracted “the Fefe or Elephantiasis” and a change of climate is essential. Says “The King has been drawn aside a good deal, but poor man he has been exposed to

powerful temptations. We are in daily expectation of his arrival here.” (Henry evidences a better education than the rest.)

January 9. Hayward to Hassall dated from Eimeo. Another reference to Sarah. “It is 1000 pities her father ever brought her back to the islands” and hopes “that she will so conduct herself in the Colony that she will not be totally lost to society. It is a lamentable thing that her late conduct here should have been such as to have sunk her beneath the notice of (name omitted) which in all probability it will. She is but young and may reform.”

“We are sorry that our friends in the Colony have conceived such a character of Pomare. His renouncing Paganism is a good thing and had he been a convert to the Lord Jesus Christ would certainly have been a matter of great joy but this we have never thought him to be. His knowledge is far superior to any of his countrymen and may be subservient to (? Made useful) them but I much fear it will enhance his own condemnation (? To Hell Fire). We have better hopes of several of them than of him. Brother Nott has been again very ill. Should he be removed from these islands either by death or on account of his bad health the Mission will sustain a serious loss such as cannot be easily replaced both in our own estimation and many of the natives. The Lord has given him charming abilities and a disposition to preach to the natives. We are getting on with our vessel.”

February (?). Davies to Hassall dated from Eimeo. Reports that the coffee seed from Norfolk Island did not grow, but speaks of another trial “as there can be no doubt of its growing here”. They had plenty of cabbages and other vegetables but requests more cabbage seed “as so far we have not been able to get any of the cabbage plants to produce seed”. Says that for the last few months he has conducted a school but that only his servants attend. Some of them can spell and read pretty well and they are learning “to write in sound” (? lettering). He has also taught them “to sing some verses in Otaheitean which I have composed for their use”. The King is still at Otaheite, “he is a professed convert to Christianity, and no doubt he is a Christian in judgement, but whether his heart is changed is another thing”.

September 22. Nott to Hassall dated from “Morea”. Reports that the “Governor Macquarie” is sailing to the Colony with a cargo of “shels”. “She has been amongst most of the islands, which has afforded us an opportunity of visiting several of them for the instruction of the natives. Everywhere the desire for instruction is general but we are inadequate to the present demands, and the work which we have in hand forbids us to separate. We have engaged with Capt Burnit (Shelley evidently not to be longer in command) to return from the Colony and take the command of her, provided the necessary articles to fit her out can be obtained in the Colony.” They had between 2 and 3 tons of pork salted, ready to send, but the hold was full.

1815

September 6. Nott to Hassall dated from “Morea”. Advises him of Scott’s death on February 9 “after about 6 days illness of a bowel complaint, of which I have so often been laid up myself”. Speaks well of Scott and his work. Says nothing as to where he was buried. (Grave near Bicknell’s at Papetoai.) “The Gospel has made rapid progress in all the islands the 12 months past.”

September 18. Davies to Hassall dated from Eimeo. Tells of his school having increased beyond all expectations “having now more than 660 “schollars” chiefly grown person”. Many have made good progress in spelling, reading and writing. The only one to help him is “Tessier but his efforts are not very helpful as he can neither understand nor pronounce the language. The rest of the brethren pay

no attention to this matter but have for a long time past been chiefly employed in building our vessel which has proved a heavy piece of work and is not yet finished.” Tells of a Letter of Thanks having been sent to His Excellency “who takes a warm interest in the prosperity and success of this Mission and has written to us”. Mentions Brother Crook’s great desire to join them but fears “lest M<sup>rs</sup> Crook should not be happy and contented in a place like this and with a large family which in common with us must be subject to many privations”.

1816

August 13. Crook to Hassall dated from “Aemeo”. Deals at great length on the financial position of the Mission (looked after by Marsden in Port Jackson) and complains of the differential treatment among the Mission band. As to the vessel some of its owners “are not connected with us” : names Tessier, himself, “Bicknell and his wife (formerly M<sup>rs</sup> Scott)”. M<sup>rs</sup> Shelley had also purchased a share. He suggests that a capable man be sent to complete the vessel and take it to the Colony. Seeks Marsden’s advice on the subject but is against his having any share or control in it. “I am exceedingly sorry that his (Marsden’s own) vessel came here (Crook had arrived on it, the “Active”, in May 1816) and especially that the old woman (?) was brought for she rules the whole (of the new arrivals?). They did keep themselves some bounds while we were on board but now they show themselves to be a desperate set as M<sup>r</sup> Smith, mate of the “Queen Charlotte” (then in port) will inform you. They have propagated many evil reports of the missionaries — and of me in particular.”

He admits that while the “Active” was at a N.Z. port (the Bay of Islands) he “interfered to put a stop to the infamous traffic between the seamen and the native women. Our Captain had no command over his men. Because there is a scarcity (of food) here and we (the band of missionaries) sent over to Otaheite for a few hogs we are said to have injured M<sup>r</sup> M’s interest all we could. Pomare has informed us that the Captain said that we were all very bad men except Henry. I am anxiously desirous that the “Active” may get something of a cargo (on the other islands around) but fear that in all events I shall be lashed by that old woman’s uncommonly slanderous tongue and that all things (disagreements) between M<sup>r</sup> Marsden and I will be revived. If any thing particular occurs please consult my private Journal which I have sent to Mrs Harper.” (It is almost illegible.)<sup>672</sup>

November 26. Hassall to Crook from Parramatta. Reports that Ellis and wife are en route and will carry his letter. “I have had several interviews with M<sup>r</sup> M about the vessel. There is no person here who has advanced anything towards his expense except M<sup>rs</sup> Shelley. All the sums paid out (here) on its account have been drawn on the Society therefore the vessel must belong to them when the small sums are (re)paid that any individual may have upon it. M<sup>r</sup> M had engaged W. Puckey at £10 stg per month to go and finish her but sending for me, Mess<sup>rs</sup> Eyre and Ellis about a week after, we were against his going on account of his drunkenness. All bills connected with the vessel have been sent Home to the Society by M<sup>r</sup> M.”

Note. The triumph of Christianity over Paganism which took place in 1815 and reported by the missionaries is to be read of in the “Sketch”.

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<sup>672</sup> WWB has *ineligible*.

1817

July 5. Crook to Hassall dated from “Afareaitu” (Moorea). Tells of Ellis and he travelling across the mountainous centre of the island to Papetoai. (See Ellis’ Journal quoted previously.)

September 23. Ellis to Hassall dated from Afareaitu. Item — “We want several things from the Colony but as our expenses were so great there and our characters — we hear — have been so much calumniated on that account we forebear writing for anything as individuals till we shall hear from the Directors at Home.”

1818

October 4. Crook to Hassall dated from “Paofai : Wilks’ Harbour Tahiti October 4. 1817” (an evident error for 1818 as content re M<sup>rs</sup> Wilson shows). Reports that he and his family are settled “almost alone” among the natives. “The King is the greatest obstacle in the way at present, though in some respects he is useful. He will exert himself to form a Missionary Society to collect property for the Society, carry on a correspondence, etc., but he will not leave off his sinful habits nor will he take a step on the way of civilization, and his conduct and influence keep the people back.” He speaks of the death of M<sup>rs</sup> Wilson who had died in August.

May 12. Hassall to Pomare dated from Parramatta. Is sending by the brig “Active” the parcel of goods for which Pomare had written him in July 1817. (No trace of Pomare’s letter.) Contents : 2 quires<sup>673</sup> each — foolscap writing paper — best thick — gilt edged — 6 pencils — 12 quills — tin box containing 2 ink powders and wafers.

Pomare was a keen writer — see “Sketch”.

October 26. Henry to Hassall dated from Eimeo. Sends by his son and Hayward, from whom all mission news can be obtained. M<sup>rs</sup> Henry (N<sup>o</sup> 2) ill : Wilson left with 4 small children : M<sup>rs</sup> Bicknell (N<sup>o</sup> 2) very ill. Mentions a daughter “Ellen” but nothing of “Nancy” or of “Sarah”.

1819

March 1. Henry to Hassall dated “District of Papetoai, Eimeo”. Bicknell very ill at brother Crook’s house on Otaheite. Speaks of much mutual trouble of his own but gives no particulars.

July 29. Nott to Hassall dated from “Matavai”. “Just arrived from Huahine. Our house is within a few yards of the spot where the large house stood when you and I arrived in the Duff and in which we resided. Perhaps I may remain here but my object in coming here from Huahine is to avail myself, with the assistance of the King, in revising the Gospel of John and the Acts of the Apostles which I finished translating on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of last month. The King and a number of natives both at Otaheite and Eimeo have been baptized and are formed into Churches.”

Note. Though all was due to Nott, yet he was absent from Moorea when Pomare was won over to Christianity and again was absent when Pomare was baptized.

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<sup>673</sup> A set of 24 or sometimes 25 sheets of paper of the same size and stock.



September 7. Barff to Hassall dated from Raiatea. Item — “I have begun to taste the sweets — have a thick leg laid under a pillow and have had a touch of intermittent fever.” A poor penman — poorly educated — Féf  ahead for him.

September 12. Tessier to Hassall dated from Papara. Item. Mentions M<sup>rs</sup> Wilson who had been removed from where she lived (Matavai) to Brother Crook’s (Papeete) where she died.

## 1820

January 17. Orsmond to Hassall — a letter which had reached the latter (at some date not given) the year before and now answered. The reply is not given. Orsmond in his letter dwells on his personal needs. Closes with “my dear Isabella sends affectionate remembrances”. She was his 2<sup>nd</sup> wife — just married when he wrote. He had gone to Port Jackson for the ceremony and had returned to his station.

Undated but 1818–1820. Threlkeld to Hassall dated from “Raiatea”. “We are confusion in these islands and I fear things will go on worse and worse. Letters from England will determine the state of the Mission(‘s future?).”

(The welfare of this people is all uncertain.) “The religion is all show and I am grieved to my very soul to see their iniquity, and that encouraged by those who ought to check it. We are all by the ears, no unanimity, nothing that ought to be exists among us here as a body. For the sake of peace and usefulness we came to Raiatea” (He had been on Huahine.) “but am confident that one good Station is all that is wanted in this uncivilized place, and that one should be either at Eimeo or Otaheite.”

“The sugar concern (on Eimeo) is a mere speculation but will succeed if the natives can be persuaded to work. You know how that is to do even if we give property. Spirits will certainly be introduced, and all the train of evils existent to it will of course follow. I hope religion flourishes better in the Colony than here, there there are some who follow on to know the Lord among the natives ; here I know not one. What will be the end of these things God only knows. The Public’s hopes have been raised beyond what they ought reasonably to expect, and I fear it will terminate in flat despair when they know the truth. Ships that touch here will convey the intelligence and we shall all appear like gross deceivers of the people.” Etc., etc., etc., a very Jeremiah. Nott with but half his education was not made of such craven stuff.

Included in Hassall’s Papers is his Will made August 28, 1820 and witnessed by Harris and Oakes (Duff companions) and a Major West. He died possessed of 20 farms of a total area of 2886 acres all within a reasonable distance of Parramatta. One of these was the original Gov<sup>t</sup> Grant of 70 acres — his beginning. He left his house and 2 other dwelling houses in Parramatta, 2 Town Allotments at Liverpool, N.S.W. and a considerable stock of cattle, sheep, horses and pigs “which are of considerable value” to his widow, 4 sons and 4 daughters.

## 11. Notes From the Haweis Papers

at

**The Mitchell Library, Sydney.** <sup>674</sup>

D<sup>r</sup> Haweis <sup>675</sup> was one of the Originators of the L.M.S. and a leading member of its Directorate.

I <sup>676</sup>

Draft of a Letter of Instructions from D<sup>r</sup> Haweis dated March 1800 and addressed to Captain James Wilson's nephew William Wilson, Captain of the convict ship "Royal Admiral". It was intended that the ship should call at the Friendly Islands before proceeding to Tahiti and if the Mission of the former place was still operating and conditions were satisfactory some of the new missionaries should be left there and the others taken to Tahiti.

Wilson was instructed that during his stay at Port Jackson he should make full enquiries concerning the missionaries there who had left Tahiti, what they were doing and how they were conducting themselves, also to guard against their possible attempt to dissuade the new missionaries from proceeding further. "Should any of those who are at Port Jackson think that they did wrong in leaving their Station and desire to return to it, you are, with the approbation of the majority of the missionaries who go on the voyage, to take them with you."

Some of those sent out in the Royal Admiral were intended ultimately for the Marquessan and Sandwich Islands. Wilson was instructed to ascertain fully the position in Tahiti, as the Directors hoped to send there a large body of missionaries, and make it a centre for the Society's work, and to consider the building of a schooner in which other islands could be visited.

The Draft speaks of Otoo's stupidity and brutality and mentions the friendliness of Pomare, Maurua and other Chiefs. General instructions follow for the reorganization of the Mission.

"I am apprehensive that it is very probably that some of our brethren may have thought it absolutely necessary to have taken wives from among the natives, and should that be the case it would be, no doubt, one further Tie of Union, and probably facilitate our civilization of those with whom they are so nearly connected. In the circumstances in which they are placed, I confess, I could not regret such a step, supposing they cleaved only to one woman and that she could be brought under any sense of obligation to her husband as to be for him alone. What progress our brethren may have made in these 3 years we can only know when you arrive. Should the above experiment have been tried and in any manner have proved desirable, nothing would have a more effectual tendency to carry on and accomplish our designs. The Chiefs with whom we might be thus related (as in the case of M<sup>r</sup> Stuart) would bear our name and they would become our close friends."

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<sup>674</sup> [Thomas Haweis papers, 1757-1820](#)

<sup>675</sup> [Thomas Haweis \(1734-1820\)](#). *Haweis* rhymes with *Pause*.

<sup>676</sup> It appears that WWB intended to number the extracts, but did so only for the first of them.

Note. Too late for poor Lewis.

Who Stuart was is unknown. Possibly a missionary in some other foreign Station.

Wilson is given full authority to remove the missionaries to any other island should he consider it advisable ; or even to bring them back to England.

There is a second letter marked “Particular Instructions to Captain Wilson”.

D<sup>r</sup> Haweis asks him to obtain full information as to the prospect of establishing “a large and solid Colony of serious men” particularly at Tahiti — they to engage in agriculture : and hints that Wilson would be asked to take control of the scheme, if decided upon.

He suggests that effort should be made to obtain a cargo of turmeric, aromatic barks or gum, metals and curiosities, also that he should ascertain if silk could be made from the mulberry plant. He further requests Wilson to try to obtain seeds of coffee and cotton en route and have them planted (aboard) and to examine the possibility of making sugar from the native cane. With Wilson would go 2520 pieces of hardware and tools for the use of the brethren — a present from M<sup>r</sup> Hadfield and himself, and a considerable library of books.

“The Society hopes to send in the Autumn by a fur ship, Barber the Captain, 3 or 4 persons to Nooga heiva in the Marquesas from whence the solitary missionary who was left, returned Home and makes such a Report as engages us to try to make a beginning. This person (Crook) will return thither with his brethren. The same ship engages to touch at the Sandwich islands and for these a like number of missionaries are ready or will be before the 1<sup>st</sup> of August, the time fixed.”

The papers contain 2 accounts of the events leading up to the departure of most of the Tahitian missionaries in March 1798. One is headed “Relation of William Puckey” and the “Statement as to Puckey’s defection”. The latter is based on the former and largely taken up by D<sup>r</sup> Haweis’ comments thereon. The “Relation” appears to have been written when W<sup>m</sup> Puckey gave his version to the Directors either by letter or word of mouth. He and his brother James both left Tahiti for Port Jackson where both resigned from connection with the L.M.S. William visited the Home Land shortly afterwards but returned to Port Jackson where he found various employment till his death there. His “Relation” appears to contain a good deal inserted by D<sup>r</sup> Haweis as he saw fit.

It reads in part as follows :

“For a year they resided among the natives with every token of respect and affection... the district of Matavai was their own. The only cause of complaint against the natives was for petty pilfering. When caught they punished the thieves in various ways such as chaining them by the leg with their hands tied or exposing them in a strong stocks which they had made. The Chiefs far from taking offence at their subjects being treated thus, urged the missionaries to kill them, though the missionaries well knew that the Chiefs often instigated the thefts and received the stolen property. In order to guard their property more securely they decided to leave the missionary house which Pomare had given them, of bamboo and one story, and to erect another in a beautiful situation on the other side of the river, of 2 stories with a balcony quite round it, intending the lower for conveniences and the other for their own habitation. It commanded a view of the Bay of Matavai on one front and a beautiful little Bay the other side — round the Point. The natives entered heartily into the project, trees and spars being brought from long distances, and soon there were several thousand feet of timber sawn and stacked to dry.

“The foundations were laid and most of the first floor up when Hodge met with an accident and the arrival of the ship (the Nautilus) interrupted the work. But for these 2 happenings the missionaries might have secured themselves in a habitation that would have defended them from all fear of depredation.”

There follows an account of what befell the party who attempted to secure the return of the deserting seamen of the Nautilus. (See Sketch for Jefferson's.) This account by Puckey differs in some items :

1. It names 3 missionaries, omitting Broomhall.
2. On being told the purpose they had in view Temarree urged them to desist and return to Matavai. Confident in their ability to secure the return of the seamen they refused and pressed him to accompany them which he did very reluctantly ; but when they came to the river which is broad though shallow he said he must not cross it for beyond, to him, was forbidden ground. There they left him and as usual the friendly natives took them on their shoulders and carried them over. On coming to Otoo's house they told him the purpose of their coming and demanded the deserters given up.
3. Jefferson says on the contrary that they forebore acquainting Otoo with their business till his father arrived.
4. Here it is said that before they reached home again, the Otaheitean servants who attended them had fled back and informed the brethren that they were all killed and that a body was coming to kill and plunder them which put them in the greatest consternation. Nothing however was attempted and by and by their brethren (in Pommarree's canoe) were seen approaching and welcomed by them, but fear had seized them, the opportunity of running away was at hand and Cover (who had always wished to get off) declaring his resolution and persuading his friends, a resolution was taken to depart by many, a few resisting determined not to quit their posts. It was evident to them that no premeditated evil was intended.

“Pommarree and Iddeah came the next day and expressed the greatest sorrow for what had happened and offered to make any human sacrifices of the men, to appease them but they would not hear. Puckey's native friend Geeta, seeing him packing his belongings evinced such distress and he was much affected and hesitated, but having engaged to go with the rest, and adding to this, the temptations he had met with would, he feared, master him some day as he was frequently followed by the women when alone and had been hard beset so that he had taken up stones to throw at them and drive them away, these things he declared decided him to leave. As soon as the news spread that they were going, Pommarree and Iddeah with hundreds of people came to the missionary house with such cries, entreaties and assurances as should have staggered them but they persisted they would go. When the people saw them obstinate they followed them with cries and tears to the shore, making no resistance to their leaving however, and carrying away with them all they pleased. A hundred canoes followed to the ship, the people crying, weeping and pouring forth every expression of the most poignant sorrow at their departure.”

Puckey states that 50 at least would have gone with them and there is added “His recital is truly afflictive and how they could leave the island under such circumstances is surprising when it was impossible that a fear of danger should have remained. However, how missionaries could resist such humiliations and entreaties is as mortifying as afflictive. Certainly they were not such as our Saviour would be served by.”

Reference is made to the statement by Puckey as to the covetousness of the Tahitian native and that this caused Iddeah to instigate the murder of Manne Manne by the Toutou with whom she cohabited.

Despite the fact that Puckey had left Tahiti, his "Relation" deals with things he could have learned of, only at 2<sup>nd</sup> hand.

It records the visit of the Cornwall and the Sally to Matavai in August 1798 shortly after they had fled and says that on seeing the vessels all the local Chiefs and people fled to the mountains fearing that they were to be punished for the outrage committed on the brethren. The missionaries went after them but much persuasion was required to induce them to return. Once returned however they supplied the ships with far more provisions than they needed or could conveniently take on board but the natives would not desist. Pommarree went on board and drank to such excess that he fell as if dead. Broomhall gave him an emetic which brought him round and he was full of gratitude to the giver.

It states that all materials for the 2<sup>nd</sup> habitation being ready, it can probably be erected during Capt Wilson's stay with the help of his crew.

A description follows of the natural features of Tahiti, the climate, soil, and products, and favours a scheme for exploiting these latter natural resources.

The relation — clearly a mixture of Puckey and Haweis — owns that its foundation is Puckey's information to the Directors and ends.

"A more conclusive evidence cannot be given of W<sup>m</sup> Puckey's own views than repeated declaration that if the Directors will let him take a wife with him, he is ready and would be happy to return at a moment's notice but that he dare not trust himself otherwise there again." (He did not return.)

The "Statement as to Puckey's defection" appears to have been roughly thrown together by D<sup>r</sup> Haweis for the purpose of setting the facts regarding the Tahitian Mission partial collapse before the British public and to silence scoffers. The good Doctor was very sore. The following are a few Extracts.

1. "The women of the missionaries have never met with the least rudeness or incivility either when alone or together.
2. "Those who fled carried away all the property with them of the Mission which they had — contrary to our (the Directors) order — divided previously among themselves.
3. "Of one thing we are sure that Our Lord who knew them would not be served by such men whose hearts had departed from Him and were weary of the work.
4. "These deserters after their arrival at Port Jackson very improperly used the Credit which we had given the Governor Captain Bligh for the brethren at Otaheite, applying it to their own purposes.
5. "Of those who fled to Port Jackson, M<sup>r</sup> Henry and his wife soon repented and resolved with their family, to embrace the first opportunity of returning.
6. "Much of our proceedings in the Southern Ocean will depend upon Captain Wilson's report as to the condition of the South Sea Mission."

MS Journal  
of the missionaries on board The Royal Admiral  
(from Portsmouth to Rio Janeiro)

Extracts

1880

May 29. Sailed. Names of those aboard Davies, Elder, Read, Hayward, Watters, Mitchel, Morris, Wilson, Sheppard, Tessier, Scott and Youl. There were 300 convicts aboard bound for Port Jackson. Capt W<sup>m</sup> Wilson in command who had been 1<sup>st</sup> mate on the Duff, under Capt James Wilson, his uncle. Shortly before sailing Sheppard was taken ill and left behind. A Committee had been already formed : viz Hayward, Wilson and Youl, who was also Secretary. Several of the convicts were down with fever.

June 2. The ship's surgeon D<sup>r</sup> Turner died of fever.

June 7. Capt read Directors' Instruction publicly which appointed him Superintendent and President of all Committees. The ship was to visit the missions at the Friendly and Society Islands. Other passengers were aboard than the missionaries (number not stated). During the month convicts died of fever from time to time. The Brethren conducted services among them and taught some to read. Some of the wives and children of those Transported were on board. One — M<sup>rs</sup> Howe — died of fever.

July 2. Convicts still dying : 42 of them this day ill.

July 16. Crossed the Equator : fever abating.

July 19. Fever patients 30 : scurvy patients 30.

July 30. Scurvy cases increasing. Read down with fever.

August 9. Watters down with fever.

August 12. Entered harbour Rio Janeiro.

The Journal ends on August 25. Sent home by a ship import.

May 1800

D<sup>r</sup> Haweis writes An Account of the Missionary Society's Work — to that date.

Extracts

“Otaheite, our principal object, continues to engage general attention, though there is a party in the Society very adverse to it, for reasons which I forebear to record.



“The departure of 14 or 15 from thence by the Nautilus to Port Jackson weakened them considerably and they would have been abandoned to their fate, notwithstanding the solemn pledge given them, if a few had not resolutely set their faces against a dereliction so base, and opposite to every real interest of the Society.

“It has been suggested that the Tahitian Mission is my “hobby horse”, I having first suggested it. In spite of what has happened I still believe that it is the most suitable place in the South Sea to establish a Mission.”

Re the Marquesas he quotes Crook’s favorable report and adds “Mr Eyre and Mr Greathead <sup>677</sup> have pledged themselves for a Mission this year either to the Sandwich Islands or the Marquesas” for which they have kept Crook and the Marquesan who would otherwise have embarked for the South Sea in the Royal Admiral. <sup>678</sup>

Re the deserters : “Port Jackson received with welcome the missionaries who left Otaheite. We have as yet received from them no satisfactory intelligence. We have only to our sorrow learned of the departure of Hodges, <sup>679</sup> his wife and an Otaheitean boy, and their arrival at the Cape, incurring a vast expense which contrary to my opinion, the Directors have paid.

“I think such abuse of the public’s money highly blameable and that no consideration should divert it from its proper use, especially where the object, however pitiable for misfortune is unworthy as a missionary.

“Another deserter, Cock, desired to be left at the island of Soloo, <sup>680</sup> and it may be that some good may arise even from the steps we cannot but disapprove of. If the people who remain at Port Jackson retain their missionary spirit there will not be a wanting a wide field for operations. I confess myself much less sanguine than many of my brethren in this behalf, nor do I think it probable that those who lightly, as to me it appears, have deserted their post among the Heathen, will prosper in their labours in the place they have chosen. Their motives are known to God. No man will rejoice more sincerely in their success and be better pleased to confess myself mistaken in this matter.

“Our ship which conveys a cargo of Convicts will bring us true and full intelligence. I shall be glad to hear that some of those who left Otaheite may be desirous of returning to their brethren. Such permissions will be granted them.”

There follows a large amount of information about Tahiti but nothing to note through whom acquired. Probably either Capt James Wilson or D<sup>r</sup> Gillham.

Temaree — about 50 years of age — son of Oberea <sup>681</sup> — claims the throne — a man of ability — governs his district admirably — greatly beloved — keeps up a strong party against Otoo.

Pommarree — has little power — easy in temper.

Happai — aged — losing influence.

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<sup>677</sup> WWB, in the margin: *2 of the Directors*

<sup>678</sup> WWB, in the margin: *nothing doing*

<sup>679</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Had resigned from the L.M.S. in May 1798 at Port Jackson.*

<sup>680</sup> WWB, in the margin: *? nigh Borneo*

<sup>681</sup> WWB, in the margin: *Error*

Manne Manne — governs the King by policy and craft — regarded as an Eatoa.

Paitoa — about 60 — gives everything asked for.

Otey<sup>682</sup> — grandfather of Otoo — must be greatly advanced in years as evidenced by his white beard.

“Our people have a great number of servants”, except Jefferson — has none — singular — not affable — does not mix in familiar conversation.

(To Whom this “Account” is addressed does not appear.)

Undated. Account of an Interview with a man named Seymour who wished to go to Tahiti as a missionary. Seymour states that he was at Otaheite with Lieut Bligh from May 9 to July 9. He was charmed with both country and people. Wished to return there with his wife. “Has no greater wish than to live and die there.”

Report of a Conference with Captain New of the “Daedulus” — the latest ship which has touched at Otaheite and the Marquesas. At the former had found several shipwrecked Englishmen who had been there about a year. “They were living comfortably and peaceably. One of them — said to be a Jew — was called Jordan. Conner, an Irishman, seemed a chief leading man amongst them. They told me of a swede, who they said was out of his mind. One of my men was also a Swede who left the ship. There is also one of the convicts — how ever he got there — from Botany Bay. A pretty, white child was brought on board with the stamp of a European. I enquired who he was from the woman who was with him and received the following affecting relation.

“M<sup>r</sup> Steward, one of Christian’s men who had returned to the island, had taken a native woman as his wife and she was called Peggy Steward. This child was born, and shortly after, Steward was seized as a mutineer to be brought back to England to be tried and was compelled to leave his poor Peggy and her infant to bewail his unhappy fate. The young woman was so afflicted with the loss and the dread of the fate which awaited him that she pined away from that moment, sickened and died, and left the little orphan to the care of her sister who had tenderly brought him up, as her own.”

Note. There was a midshipman on board the Bounty named Stewart, who was taken Home on the Pandora “in irons” but later “freed”.

“He thought the women with proper treatment would make as good wives as our own and apprehended that any white woman would be as safe as our own at Home. He found no arms at Otaheite but at the Sandwich Islands there were many. At the latter he said that he saw the man who had killed Captain Cook, he had a monster scar on his shoulder from a wound he had received.”

There is a Criticism of Vancouver’s “Voyage” by Haweis. “Vancouver’s character of Iddea, Pomaree’s Queen — the very reverse of truth. A more impure, murderous, covetous, proud, dominating spirit cannot be shown. This our Journals demonstrate. She could not indeed be jealous of her sister Fierete when she herself lived wholly with a Toutou by whom she has had several children, all murdered by her at their birth.”

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<sup>682</sup> WWB, in the margin: ?

1802

September 6. Haweis writes a long letter — apparently to some high Government Official at Home, urging <sup>683</sup> that a ship should be supplied to take settlers out to Otaheite, bringing back a cargo of the produce of the island. Says “that Sir Joseph Banks has known and has been consulted in all our steps from the very beginning and I am persuaded that he will continue to give us his favourable suffrage.”

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<sup>683</sup> WWB has *urge-ing*.

## 12. Some Customs in Early Missionary Days

### Extracts from their Journals <sup>684</sup>

#### The Tarra-a-harra or Atonement

If the person offended is a High Chief, it is a live pig and a young plantain tree : if an under Chief, a young chicken and a plantain tree. The pig and the chicken may be considered as a Sin Offering, the plantain a Peace Offering.

#### A Haeva or Ceremony Over the Dead

About twenty persons, men and boys, daubed all over with smut and red and white clay in various forms; and most of them armed with sticks, attended by a person arrayed in a fantastical habit — called a mourning dress — ran about from house to house and round the corpse for a short time and then disappeared. While these frightful objects were running from house to house beating their sticks against the outside railings, those in them pretended to be much frightened. Many of the outside party were painted as if they had black jackets turned up with white, with a double row of buttons, their thighs and breech painted red, and their legs white, while their faces were daubed in as hideous a manner as it was possible.

#### The King's Standard

Like Wallis and like Cook — these fresh arrivals were under the mistaken idea that there was a King of Tahiti.

On the top of a hill that separated Matavai and Hapyano a pole was set up in the ground upon which were fastened a dead dog and a young plantain tree. This was the King's Standard by which notice was given that there was peace between the two districts. If any were to break down the pole it would be looked upon as a declaration of war. If it should fall by any casualty, the King must be informed and a declaration made of its not being intentionally done.

#### Bare Shoulders

The mark of respect for their King, the bareing of the shoulders, is shown him wherever he goes and by all who appear in his presence, his father and mother not excepted, his Queen being the only person exempt. Though he may be absent, his various habitations, marked by posts with the head of a man carved on them, cannot be passed without bareing the shoulders. A wilful breach of this custom would certainly be attended with death : and if it should happen that the King passed a person unobserved, and so had his shoulders covered, his cloth would become sacred and must be either torn to pieces or given to the King. To prevent such mistake, it is usual to give the alarm of his arrival by calling out aloud which is passed on.

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<sup>684</sup> See also *Some Old Time Tahitian Customs* in the Appendix to *Old Time Tahiti* and *Some Old-Time Tahitian Customs* in the May 1942 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 32–33, in Part VII. WWB's additions have been indented.

### The Marriage Ceremony

The mother and uncles of the bride were employed in giving cloth to various friends who were met upon the occasion. In one of the houses was a kind of altar erected and covered with a piece of white cloth, and on it were placed some old cloths which had lately enclosed the tomb of the deceased father of the bride. After they had distributed their various gifts of cloth, the parties went to the Family Marai, where the ceremony commenced with spreading a large piece of white cloth across the pavement : this done, the bride and bridegroom each changed their dress : after which the mother of the bride with two or three female relations, having taken a sugarcane and broken it into small pieces laid the same upon the leaves of a tree called Amai: the mother and female assistants then wounded their heads with sharks' teeth and caught the blood upon the leaves on which were placed the broken sugarcane : and after this, male and female relatives presented the leaves, sugarcane and blood to the bride and bridegroom who were seated, the man on one side of the Marai and the woman on the other, about 6 yards apart : the whole was then offered up to the supposed god of the family and laid upon the family Altar. All was conducted with levity and thoughtlessness. The mother of the bride now produced the skulls of her deceased husband and elder brother, which according to the custom of the country she had preserved, and now anointed with coconut oil. The skulls were laid in front of the leaves, sugarcane and blood. All being now finished, the cloth spread upon the Marai was folded up and later was presented to the King at his habitation wherever it might be. The cloths the bride and bridegroom put on, after entering the Marai are deemed sacred and are not worn in common.

The parties returned from the Marai to their respective dwellings.

### The Corpse of the Great

Upon death all are denied entrance to the death chamber except they bring a gift of a special kind of cloth. The corpse is placed in a bier in a sitting posture. There is a man set to attend it, who every now and then turns the body first on its right side and then on its left. At evening time it is stretched out at full length : in the morning it is again placed in a sitting posture. It is naked except a Marro round its loins and a bandage round the upper part of the head. Sometimes it is disembowelled : if not so, pressing and squeezing are brought into use. It is later borne off to be laid in the Caves of the Great.

### A Sham Fight

All were clothed as in actual war and armed with spears. It consisted in running hither and thither without any order, hooping and hallooing, the different parties making thrusts with their spears at each other. The canoes also had some manoeuvres among themselves. The exhibition was in keeping with the rudeness and barbarity of these islanders.

### The Areeoies

A company of travelling Players arrived who go from one district to another to exhibit their truly savage performances. They generally travel in large companies with a Manager at their head. Their manner of performing is thus : The actors place themselves in a ring on the ground, the Manager stands in the middle and begins with a prologue which he delivers with much vehemence and wild gesticulation of his arms, fingers and feet : then a signal is given to the actors who all break out into a most singular and barbarous noise which can be compared to nothing better than a herd of swine grunting in chorus, at the same time they keep working their hands and thighs as they sit cross-legged

like so many lunatics, and thus they continue till they are obliged to stop for breath : a repetition of this continues about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour. During the whole of the performance the Manager keeps his place and plays his antics : a drum is also kept beating to which they grunt in time.

### A High Chief's Reception

The Chief of Hedeah, with a large fleet of single and double canoes appeared off Matavai and took up their station at a small island about a mile off. Pomere was busily employed in the preparation of a site for the reception on the east side of the Matavai river. Otoo was not present throughout, but asked thro' his representative. The following day this individual arrived at the site to receive the Chief on behalf of his master : he was distinguished by a sprig of small red feathers in the fore part of his hat. The same respect of making bare the shoulders is observed to him as to the King himself, he also takes up his abode at the place where the King may be residing. The fleet now moved from the island and with their streamers flying and their musick playing proceeded towards the appointed place. When the canoes were come to the place of landing, a parley commenced before they put on shore, between Pomere and certain of his orators who were arranged on the sea beach in a line, with the King's representative before them, and the Chief and his orators on board the canoes in which were recapitulated certain articles of their superstitious beliefs respecting the originality of their forefathers, etc. During the repetition of these things, each party threw towards each other some part of a coconut tree, perhaps a token of the rectitude of their belief in the things related. After this ceremony was concluded, the canoes landed and were hauled up on the strand. Then another ceremony commenced, of presenting cloth to the Chief, very little of which came to his share, for as fast as bundles were brought to him, a band of persons laid hold of it and a furious struggle ensued in which the cloth was torn to pieces, and he thought himself highly favoured who could get a piece a foot or two in length. The Chief's own present was likewise cloth of different kinds which was wrapped round several women as represented in the plates of Cook's Voyages.

These ceremonies ended, all parties scattered to fraternize.

### Kava Drinking

Yavva is a liquor much in request. It continues to be prepared as related by Captain Cook and to be drank to excess by both Chiefs and the common people. It is a root of a sharp peppery taste which is chewed and spit into a wooden bowl, into which is poured the milk of the coconut, and after a little while fermentation is excited, when the whole is strained and wrung through coconut husk, and served out in cups of leaves made immediately and thrown aside when once used. The effect it produces is a weakness in the legs at the time, but not of the brain : but continued use is visible from the head to the soles of their feet. The eyes of Kava drinkers are much bloodshot and at times very sore, their skin covered with a great thick scurf and the soles of their feet chopt or cracked. It also subjects some to fits. Notwithstanding the filthy manner of preparing, its nauseous smell, and to many its disagreeable taste, it is as much admired by Otaheitean epicures as the finest wines produced in Italy or France are by the most refined sensualist at Home.

### A Canoe Regatta

A great number of large canoes decorated with a variety of streamers were exercised for some time in Matavai Bay, paddling backwards and forwards, crossing each other in various directions and exhibiting no unpleasing specimen of management of their canoes. After some time they were all ranged upon the beach with their prows pointing seaward. While in this position, Otoo in a small



canoe was drawn by his people walking in the water as they pulled his canoe from one end of the line to the other ; during which he haranged the people on board their canoes and those on the beach and prayed to his gods. This ceremony over, the canoes were again launched, and striking off all together paddled a short distance in good order out to sea, returning after this, and retiring to their stations.

### Honours to the Dead

The Chief had not yet been buried. Otoo and three of his principal attendants paraded about our dwelling. They carried in their hands (right) a sort of clapper made of two pearl shells so fastened back to back as that they could strike them one against another by a gentle movement of their thumbs : these they kept clapping as they walked, keeping time together, for long.

The fear of spooks was strong among them.

### A Noble Infant's Birth

The infant of the Areeoies Matteah and Maheiannoo, both of noble birth themselves, lives. All fires are forbidden to be lighted in any of the habitations of the natives throughout the district until the naval string of the child is dried up. The natives are obliged to carry their food to the adjoining districts on each side to prepare, or to do it by stealth at the extremities of the district.

### Separate Meals

According to the customs of the country, women have distinct houses from the men in which to eat their food, etc. Nor does one woman eat with another nor even with their own children. Every woman and female child have their separate provision basket of coconut leaf, as also have the men.

### A Sacred Canoe

This canoe was decorated with various apparatus of idolatry : such as the wings of a bird nearly as large as a goose rudely formed and covered with feathers of different colours, into which they assert their god Oroo delights to enter : a small canopy fixed over a little stool on which they assert the god rests himself at times, the canopy also covered with feathers : and a hollow cylinder about 10 feet long and 3 feet round also covered with feathers, set upright in the stern of the canoe. To them the sight is very grand and magnificent, to us only Foolery.

### Theft

A second nature — under a special god of Theft

We have cause to apprehend that Covetousness may be mingled with their professions of kindness : therefore we keep a guard of 2 brethren through the whole night.

The Watch overheard Edea, the King's mother and the most powerful person on the island, talking of the great quantity of property in our possession and the propriety of taking it from us.

Early this morning discovered an entrance made into the smith's shop and a number of small but valuable articles stolen.

The brethren mostly staying in their Apartments, preserving them from the depredations of the natives.

Many natives about our house who take every opportunity to steal from us. Our lenity misconstrued into cowardice but it is inconsistent with the character we sustain — not to exercise the least civil authority over them — to even inflict any corporal punishment on those taken in the act of stealing from us.

It is surprising to see with what an avaricious eye they look upon everything we have. Pomere and Edea seem insatiable, they range from Apartment to Apartment night and day, and carry away great quantities of all kinds of articles that they find unwatched.

Brother Harris visited during the night by a thief or thieves who got into his room, ransacked his chest of many valuables, both books, cloth and hardware.

A sextant and mariner's compass have been taken to Hapyano to be placed under the care of the Chief there who can be trusted.

Today 2 Kitchen Jacks (stolen from the Store room) were found buried in the sand a little distance from the house.

We have delivered the contents of the Store room into Pomere's hands. He is now more concerned than we are for its safety. Pomere's servants keep watch round the house at night but they are as great thieves as any others : frequently at night they get in and carry off many things.

Last night thieves got into Brother Broomhall's Apartment and stole two small cases of surgical instruments.

Brother Eyre happening to awake in his Apartment saw 2 of the native watchmen attempting to get over the division separating one room from another : one of them was half over. Asked what he wanted, he excused himself by saying "I thought I heard some thieves within and was come to look for them."

All day surrounded by a tumultuous mob who beg and steal on every hand.

Scarcely a day passes without our suffering from plunderers : last night the Store room again searched. We have now hardly one axe left.

A large axe stolen sometime back is seen in Edea's possession. One of her domestics secured it for her.

A native stole some articles through an aperture in Brother Eyre's window. He was apprehended. Pomere, the husband of Edea, bade us kill him. We delivered him to his own district's people and we have seen him no more.

The natives penalty on discovery was death.

This morning removed the bellows from the blacksmith's shop for better security as the shop is robbed daily.

We continue to be plundered. Our sheep, goats and hogs are at their mercy. Goat's flesh the natives do not like. Of pigs' litters of 7 or 8 we have seldom above 2 or 3 to our share and sometimes not so many.

Our Pioneers could only call their Souls their own.

But

The Otaheiteans themselves practice Enchantment in order to discover a robber. The manner is thus : a pit is made and water put therein. The priest holding a young plantain tree in his right hand utters his prayers over the pit, till the Spirit of the thief is reflected in the water. It does not appear however that every priest can do this.

The connection of the "Spirit" with the "Body" of the thief is not however explained.

## PART X

### TALES OF ROAMING

BY

REV. WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON, M.A.

### PREFACE

The original text of *Tales of Roaming* is stored in the Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia, as Volumes 1 and 2 of the Bolton Papers (Collection 1–7A). Volume 1 (A3357) consist of *Tales of Roaming, 1913*, while Volume 2 (A3358) contains *After Thirty Years, Two Months at Home*.

These volumes are now available on microfilm (CY Reel 4990). The handwritten text was transcribed from scans taken from the microfilms and provided in PDF files; see the Preface to *The Chronicles of Savage Island* regarding the guidelines followed during the transcription.

Regarding the dates of his travels, WWB mentions only two explicitly. At the conclusion of *Letters From Japan* in *Tales of Roaming*, his gives the date “May 1913”. And on the back of the photograph shown in Plate 7 in *Tales of Roaming Grandfather*, he wrote “Nanking, June 1913”. In Chapter III of *Across Siberia* in *Tales of Roaming*, just after crossing the border between Russia and Inner Mongolia, China, he wrote that “The Longest Day of the Year found us entering The Taiga Forest”. The longest day of 1913 was June 21, which together with the two dates noted above suggests that he visited Japan in May 1913, then sailed from Nagasaki to Shanghai and Nanking, China, which he visited in June 1913, and then sailed to Busan, South Korea, from where he embarked on his train trip across Siberia in mid June 1913.

His visit to Shanghai and Nanking therefore appears to have been short. He only mentions his travels there in two places — Tale #51, *Of Nan King*, in *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, and in Chapter I of *Across Siberia* in *Tales of Roaming* in regard to his friend Pope, General Manager of the Shanghai Nanking Railway, about whom he states that he “ought to have met there [Shanghai or Nanking] but failed to catch at home”.

Although *After Thirty Years, Two Months at Home* is in a volume of the Bolton Papers separate from *Tales of Roaming, 1913*, it was considered appropriate to insert it after *Across Siberia* since it follows chronologically.

WWB does not give a reason why he travelled to England in 1913, but we know that his mother, Lydia Louisa Bolton née Pym, died on January 26, 1914, aged 87, so her declining health was almost certainly a factor. WWB makes no mention of having visited his mother in *After Thirty Years*, but that is the first thing that he did upon arriving in England. According to the England Census of 1911, she was a boarder at 23 Seafield Road in Hove, Sussex, a town on the south coast of England, immediately to the west of Brighton. WWB’s first sentence in *After Thirty Years*, after the Foreword,

is, “To the true Cockney, London and Brighton are synonymous terms. It was thither and its coast line that I at once made my way : London could wait awhile.”

Prior to his visit to England in 1913, WWB would have last seen his mother in 1887, when he moved from Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, where he was curate, to Victoria, British Columbia. According to the England Census of 1881, Lydia Louisa Bolton then lived at 13 Vogue Hill, Gwennap, Cornwall, where she moved from Wimbledon to live with her son-in-law, Henry Colin Cummins, and her daughter, Mary Louisa Cummins, aged 23 and 20, and their daughter, Ethel Mary Cummins, seven months.<sup>1</sup> This might explain why WWB writes that “Devonshire was calling loudly” in *After Thirty Years* — Devonshire is immediately to the east of Cornwall and so he would have passed that way when visiting his sister and mother in Cornwall.

*The Island of Moorea* tells of the geography and history of the island. Though not strictly a ‘tale of roaming,’ it is a good compendium of information recorded in various other Parts.

Following *The Island of Moorea*, Volume 1 of the Bolton Papers has *Discovery and Discoverers of French Oceania*. This information is also available in Parts VII, VIII and IX, and so has not been transcribed here.

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<sup>1</sup> Sometime thereafter, the Cummins moved to Saskatchewan. Mary Louisa’s son, Thomas Cecil Cummins, married WWB’s daughter, Vyvyan Muriel Bolton in Victoria, British Columbia, in 1910.

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LETTERS FROM JAPAN <sup>2</sup>

## I

Head winds and a heavy sea were <sup>3</sup> our fate during the month now passed as we ploughed our way from Seattle to Nippon by way of the Great Circle. It was cold too, for the northern course runs up to high latitude and carried us close to the Aleutian Islands.

But after passing Attu, <sup>4</sup> the last of the Chain which bars Bering Sea from becoming part of the Pacific, we struck the warmer Japanese Current. At last the long days at sea were rewarded by the first glimpse of land. In the far distant horizon, the snow capped summit of Fugi <sup>5</sup> that great and sacred mountain of Japan could be descried. <sup>6</sup> Then as the ship made for Yeddo Bay in which Yokohama lies and at the head of which Tokyo the Capital is built, Cape King is seen terminating the long peninsula which shelters the waters within.

Sweeping round and in, there are to be seen fishing boats innumerable, the men with their heads tied up in the blue and white kerchiefs used so universally, with smocks taking the place of kimono. Some short distance up the Bay lies Yokosuka, one of the Navy Yards of the Empire where Dreadnoughts were being built. A Lightship gives warning of a shoal ; and then the stop comes for the Quarantine Officers to come aboard. That ordeal over, the steamer passes inside the huge breakwater, built magnanimously with money paid by Japan to the Great Powers of more than a generation ago, for attacks made in the 'Sixties on their ships at Shimonoseki, <sup>7</sup> that narrow Strait which a cable could stretch across, dividing the main (or Central) Island of Japan from its southerly sister.

Before however we could reach that haven, sampans and hotel launches swarmed around, their crews clambering up and over the sides like monkeys, to pester us with offers of service. But we got inside at last, and saw steamers from many a nation either resting at anchor or busy loading or unloading. Soon we were hawsered up to a fine wharf (one of many) with spacious warehouses ; and stepped ashore, glad to feel terra firma once again under our feet.

Here was assembled a strange crowd of humanity. The want of clothing on some of the men was deplorable, the amount on others was preposterous. Every conceivable kind of headgear was in evidence. When rain began to fall the Japanese umbrella, which one naturally associates with warding off the Sun, was freely used to keep off the wet. Here was a rikisha man trotting along holding a sunshade over him the while, so big that all that was to be seen was a pair of bare legs and soaked straw sandled feet. Men as well as the women were walking about with babies strapped on their backs.

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<sup>2</sup> See also the following in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather* — Tale #39, *Of Japan's Weird Ways (1)*; Tale #40, *Of Japan's Weird Ways (2)*; Tale #41, *Of a Castle in Nippon*; Tale #42, *Of Temples Quiet and Noisy*; and Tale #43, *Of Cooks – Good Eats – and Coal*.

<sup>3</sup> WWB has *was*.

<sup>4</sup> [Attu Island](#) is the westernmost and largest island in the Near Islands group of the Aleutian Islands of Alaska, and the westernmost point of land relative to Alaska, the United States, and North America.

<sup>5</sup> WWB initially uses the spelling *Fugi*, then, in Chapter IX, switches to *Fuji*.

<sup>6</sup> WWB has *descried*.

<sup>7</sup> The [Shimonoseki Campaign](#) refers to a series of military engagements in 1863 and 1864, fought to control Shimonoseki Straits of Japan by joint naval forces from Great Britain, France, the Netherlands and the United States, against the Japanese feudal domain of Chōshū, which took place off and on the coast of Shimonoseki, Japan.

There was a Babel of noise but everything was in order for there were numerous little policemen who looked very important with swords dangling at their sides.

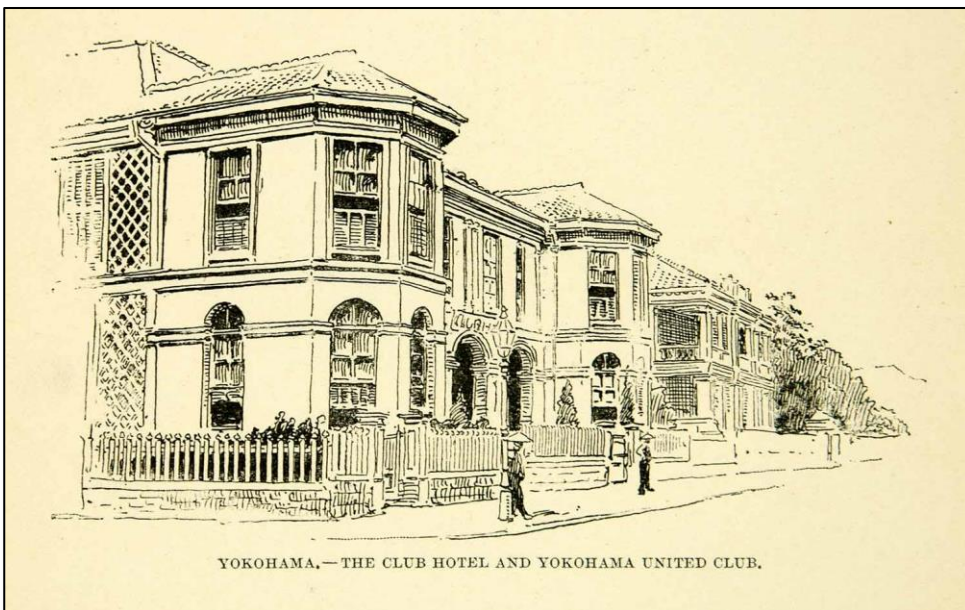
Customs passed, and a Letter of Introduction used, which promptly gave me entrance and residence at the Yokohama United Club <sup>8</sup> and I was settled down. A walk and a look around soon followed, to return wondering whether it was all real. When one sees a Japanese sawing backwards instead of forwards, when horses are stabled their heads where their tails should be, when roofs are finished first instead of last, it may well be that one gets shaky as to his mental balance.

There is not much call for horseflesh where men seem everywhere in the shafts, but the Mongolian ponies seen occasionally are rough coated beasts always ready to snap at you but tame towards their Jehus <sup>9</sup> who of course, being Japanese, do not drive them, but walk ahead with the pony's nose right up against their back. Some had straw bonnets on to keep the rain off, or on sunny days the heat. Even the Scavengers are remarkable. I saw what I took to be a straw mat tied in the middle moving along beside a cart. Approaching I discovered a Japanese with a straw coat on which flared out all round him from his feet to a foot above his head. The dogs of the city are the worst of mongrels, the cats accursed, kicked on sight by everyone since the day when Buddha died and they refused to join with their me-ows in the general wailing.

The Bund or Esplanade is a fine piece of road with substantial buildings fronting the sea, but these fine structures are very cosmopolitan in their use, private dwellings and hotels, clubs and garages, offices of steamship companies, all mixed up indiscriminately. Back of the Bund the streets are a marvel, some of them not 12 feet wide and none have sidewalks : they certainly have a curb, but what should be a sidewalk is often not a foot wide, the house fronts working out in most irregular fashion. Everybody walks in the road, and jumps at the call of the rikisha man as he jogs up behind. But in the newer part of the City the roads are broad and good. The pedlars are out to attract notice. One selling fish was making a lusty noise with a large tin horn, another had two drums which he banged continuously. The newspaper boys have a string of bells attached to their waists and see to it that they do their work.

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<sup>8</sup> Yokohama United Club.



<sup>9</sup> A driver of a coach or cab.

A sight new to me was the scaffolding. They use long bamboo poles 15 to 20 feet, tying them together with a rope. Up these go to the 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup> storey, not a nail in the whole lot. You can hardly see the building inside for the net work : and they do their building in the same weird way, a long slanting walk from the ground to the roof, up which they walk carrying everything either on their shoulders or in baskets. Seemingly a Lift would be unthinkable. Autos are not allowed in the narrow streets. The Electric Tram runs where the roadway will allow it but as they are always full to suffocation point with the coolie class, they are not patronized by the Foreigner.<sup>10</sup>

There is brilliant foliage and flowering everywhere. The Cherry blossoms were still on the trees, there is abundance of Wisteria : Camelias are very much in evidence but the predominating flower of the month is the Azalea<sup>11</sup> — a dazzling red. In the parks and private house grounds these latter flowers present a wonderful sight. I wandered into two of the parks and watched tree transplanting. The Japanese have no hesitation about it. They take exceedingly large ones up with all their roots intact, and replanting them in their new site, often miles away, prop them up by means of the ever handy bamboo poles. It gives the tree a weird appearance as if it was a very sick one but I failed to see a single instance where those big fellows were not sending out every sign of vigorous life.

I visited the Tea House of One Hundred Steps,<sup>12</sup> and a Buddhist Temple and Graveyard. The first named, perched on top of the Bluff which overlooks the Lower Town, was quite a climb and lower limbs ached healthily by the time I had attained it. The Tea House itself is a rickety affair but has a verandah from which a view of the town and sea is obtained not readily to be missed. Overhead was a trellis work roof covered with mauve Wisteria. As to the Temple, the interrial arrangements looked very tawdry. It was not inviting enough for me to remove my shoes in order to explore : so I passed on to<sup>13</sup> the cemetery. Its mounds of course entirely different from our arrangement. All the bodies had been cremated, and the urns buried side by side as close as possible. Each tiny site covered by a Stone Urn or a short Pillar, with many Prayer Sticks stuck in front. Here was one with an Incense

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<sup>10</sup> WWB has *Foreigner*.

<sup>11</sup> WWB has *azalia* here and elsewhere.

<sup>12</sup> The Teahouse of One Hundred Steps at Yokohama.



<sup>13</sup> WWB is missing the word *to*.

Stick burning, here one with food placed atop, there surely must be thousands lying in that small space.

Then a stroll through a maze of streets and a mass of horrible odours, with children everywhere and a lively time dodging about to avoid collision with man or beast : and I was back at The Club, a fine building facing the harbour and most handsomely equipped. Here — save for the Germans who have a Club of their own — you are sure to meet all the Foreigners of the place. There is a fine Library and there I ended a profitable day.

## II

The Rikisha — an armchair on the lightest of wheels — seen everywhere was the invention not of the Japanese but of an American. I am given to understand that he was a missionary. That man, despite the fact that he turned his fellow man into a beast of burthen, deserves a monument, and yet I have been unable to secure his name.<sup>14</sup> Many of the runners own their vehicle but most are held by Bosses, the runners carrying their sign upon their backs, a large circle stamped in their vest with the name in its centre.

There are Rules of the Road. The men do not spread all over a street, but follow one another in a somewhat irregular single file. They are amazingly adept at threading their way through a crowd. It is not the etiquette of the Road for them to stop but for the people to part and let them through. A loud “Hi” is enough to make the party in the way give a quick side step, sometimes the wheel grazing your coat sleeve so close is the shave. At night a paper lantern is hung on one of the shafts, and the sight of many of these human glow worms gliding about in the dark streets is most attractive. Your “horse” will call out to you when you are going into a hole, or a rut, or crossing rails, for the springs are strong and you might readily take a ‘header’ if you are not set firm.

I soon found that a tall Japanese — and there are some — tilts you at an uncomfortable angle. The more diminutive he is, so much the easier for you. But in such a case, when you look between the shafts all you can see is an inverted washbowl of a hat, and the feet moving at a jog trot. He is really wearing a loose coat or vest of dark blue, tight white shorts, sandals or the blue digitated sock besides that hat and sandals. When it rains he puts on a cape of straw which makes him look like a porcupine : or else one of oiled paper and mindful of his passenger puts the same across your knees and clear over the front of the hood. You are then in a Palanquin on wheels. His sandals or Waraji are evidently short lived, their wrecks are to be seen on every side for even the Ragman passes them by as hopeless. The Big Toe Sock or Tabi reaches just above the ankle, and is either blue or white.

When your Runner comes to a hill such as The Bluff, another man goes behind and shoves. It seems impossible for them to work together without singing a sort of ‘Shanty’. There is a ‘Heave ho’ in it

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<sup>14</sup> The identity of the inventor of the [rickshaw](#) remains uncertain. Some American sources give the American blacksmith Albert Tolman, who is said to have invented the rickshaw around 1848 in Worcester, Massachusetts, for a missionary. Others claim that Jonathan Scobie (or Jonathan Goble), an American missionary to Japan, invented the rickshaw around 1869 to transport his invalid wife through the streets of Yokohama. Japanese sources often credit Izumi Yosuke, a restaurateur in Tokyo, Suzuki Tokujiro and Takayama Kosuke, who are said to have invented rickshaws in 1868, inspired by the horse carriages that had been introduced to the streets of Tokyo shortly before. Starting in 1870, the Tokyo government issued a permission to build and sell rickshaws to these three men. The seal of one of these inventors was also required on every license to operate a rickshaw.



clearly enough. Whilst rikishaing is pleasant enough, it goes against the grain to see human beings doing the work of animals and I have hard work keeping seated when the heavy drag comes.

I have more than once these first days in Japan measured myself somewhat indignantly against a Race over whose head I usually can easily look, then looking down have noted that he, like some white folk, has used extra means to add to his stature. Both men and women slip their feet into wooden clogs, with two wooden rests across the sole, 2 or even 3 inches high. This raises them : at the same time making a prodigious and incessant clatter on the streets, and leaving the weirdest-looking marks upon the roads. To hold the clogs on, they use a cord which passes between the big toe and the rest and is fastened at the sides ahead of the instep. When it rains an oil paper covers the toes, so all is comfortable. The quality of pigeon toed women is most marked — the reason is beyond me.

Discarding the rikisha I went again afoot. Nigh Yokohama is an historic spot — Mississippi Bay — where Commodore Perry <sup>15</sup> dropped anchor when he forced his attentions, most happily for all parties, upon the Japanese and made the beginning which has resulted in a fresh World Power. Thither I made my way. Arriving, the first thing met with was a Zoo and I took it in. A general assortment of Japanese Animalia, Beasts, Birds and Reptiles. What took my fancy most was a pure White Peacock. It was a Thing of Beauty and evidently as is the way with peacocks, it seemed very proud of itself. Thence a stroll through paddy fields prepared for rice sowing, square patches of ground a mass of mud and horribleness in which both men and women stood and worked up to their knees ; and soon a large private garden prettily laid out, thrown open to the Public and ending at the beach. The Japanese seem very partial to statues. Here was a life size bronze statue of some famous man with an unpronounceable <sup>16</sup> name — but clothes in a stiff Frock coat instead of the more picturesque Kimono.

Looking out over the broad expanse of the Bay, steamers and junks could be seen making their way in and out from the ocean. It had a peaceful look but there are times when both it and Yokohama's waters are a raging tumult. Whilst hereabouts the full fury of the Typhoon spends itself in the China Sea to the south, its tail end is itself no mean wind. This is the Syphoon. With it comes a warm rain which, after the wind has done what damage it can, makes everything limp — human beings too — causes glued things to fall apart, loosens wallpaper, mildew following in its wake.

There is an old myth in Japan which tells that the Earth, i.e., Japan, rests on the back of a fish whose movements cause the earthquakes which are here so frequent — 400 in a year according to the Authorities. The head of the fish is under the Northern Island, its tail under the Southern, its vitals under Yokohama and surrounding parts, this Bay among them. When the extra violent one followed

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<sup>15</sup> [Matthew Calbraith Perry \(1794–1858\)](#)

<sup>16</sup> WWB has *unpronounceable*.



closely upon Perry's visit there was no doubt as to its being the wrath of the gods at the Foreign Barbarians being allowed to land in the Empire. Commodore Perry is honored today.<sup>17</sup>

A swamp lying below a long and richly wooded bluff some two miles from Kanagawa, the then port for Yeddo (Tokyo today) was very grudgingly given over to the foreigners. In those days the great Shogun really ruled the land, having his headquarters in Yeddo, giving out orders in the name of the Emperor, a scared spiritual Nonentity who dwelt far inland at the Capital, Kyoto. It was yet a full 10 years before The Restoration,<sup>18</sup> i.e., when the power of the Shogun fell, after a last fierce fight in Yeddo, and the Mikado<sup>19</sup> came into his own again and the "Age of Enlightenment" began. That swamp land is today Yokohama. It divides itself naturally into "The Settlement", "The Bluff", "the Japanese" and "the Chinese" Quarters.

"The Settlement" are those 'early days' narrow streets, with rows of gaunt looking warehouses and offices, a sparse number of retail shops which deceive you at first into thinking them wholesale by their being inset into one time storehouses.

"The Bluff" is high above and is irregularly numbered. The first house raised was Number One — the others come in the order of their erection leading to much confusion to a stranger, low and high numbers being often side by side. It takes time to know where N° 151<sup>B</sup> is on The Bluff, it may be next to N° 2 or at the other end of the area. The houses are detached and set in the midst of woods. There are Public Gardens there and a Nursery. In the former are ferns trained as I never thought possible, to represent dragons and junks, temples and lanterns. In the latter a great showing of dwarf flowers and trees. A chrysanthemum the size of a thimble's round and trees beyond belief. These things are attained by a secret art which is kept strictly among 'the brethren'. Not every Japanese knows it but all love the little midgets which require the greatest care and are usually sent twice a year 'to hospital' for doctoring and nursing.<sup>20</sup>

### III

In the Japanese Quarter lilies are to be seen growing along the ridge poles of the tiled homes. It gives a strange appearance. The face powder, which the Jap women so love and seemingly apply with a paint brush, was of old time made of the lily root. A Mikado wishing to abolish such frivolity ordered

<sup>17</sup> Bust of Matthew Perry in Shimoda, Shizuoka.



<sup>18</sup> The Meiji Restoration was a chain of events that restored imperial rule to Japan in 1868 under Emperor Meiji.

<sup>19</sup> Emperor of Japan

<sup>20</sup> WWB is referring to the art of bonsai.

the plant no longer to be grown “on the face of the earth” : so the people obediently dug it up from the ground and proceeded to plant it in boxes “on the roof”. Here one sees in abundance, material for the national garment on sale, though the best is usually stored away in the ‘go down’ within — a sort of cabinet not opened out to the ordinary buyer. It takes eleven yards of material to make a full size kimono. Noticing on every hand lengths spread out on a flat board I found that it had been Washing Day when the women take the garment to pieces for that purpose.

The two most noted Silk and Curio streets are the Honcho Dori and the Benton and much business seemed ever going on, the rattle continuous of the Soroban <sup>21</sup> of sliding buttons without which the Storekeeper can neither Add, Subtract or Divide. It appears to take him a long time to find out that 2 and 3 make 5. Here too one sees babies innumerable but not on all fours. A Japanese girl as soon as she can walk carries a doll on her back ; then the baby brother or sister takes its place. Boys and men are not above doing the same. The bobbing head peeping out behind the back of some larger being seems content, crying is seldom seen or heard, Stoics from birth, part of a land of Sternest Discipline and Order.

The Chinese Quarter is ill smelling, a warren of humanity. The better class are in less crowded environs. These are the Compradores or Superintendents in foreign business houses through whom all payments and contracts are made. I am told that they are more reliable and honest and never ‘lose their heads’ be the pressure of business ever so great. The lower class provide servants. Certainly the Foreigner has no cause to complain of either Wages or Service.

I was taking Tiffin <sup>22</sup> with a kindly Family on The Bluff and seeing so many servants around, sought information. Two babes were in the care of 3 nurses (or Amahs) each of whom receives \$7<sup>50</sup> a month and “find” themselves. Cooks know their business, have likely been a pupil at some Consulate, Legation or Club. They do the marketing. It is nothing to them to serve elaborate menus three times a day and throw in one of them as a Dinner Party. They are always ready to help one another out of a difficulty, lending your fish or an Entrée, pudding or tableware. No one seems surprised to see someone else’s silver mixed up with his own on his table. The next evening he may meet his own a mile away. It must be a fine country for a Bachelor for he can entertain at any time without a thought as to his cuisine department. As to local dishes, everything of that kind seems to be covered with a thick sauce, and it may well be ; for your “Boy” has 360 different kinds of fish to select from for your table, with all the seaweed he wants thrown in. There is also the Chrysanthemum Salad, made of the yellow kind — and other mysterious additions — which is said to prolong life.

The Bachelor’s Joy is not over with his ‘Boy’ alone for there is the Sewing Lady ever ready. You will meet her on the street carrying needle, thread and multicolored material in her basket together with a 3 legged wooden stool. She sits down where you meet her, repairing on the spot. Her client stands nonchalantly whilst she stiches away at his only coat or pants : she shies at the “clogs”, they belong to another department.

Whilst servants are cheap, tobacco is dear. It is a Government monopoly. The Duty is unthinkable in its dimensions. No one can bring in more than one pound, the Customs Officers are absolutely ruthless and relentless. To pay locally four dollars a pound is staggering. But there is an offset, in the Washing Lady. Everything is a uniform price. You can have a white suit or handkerchief washed for the same price — 2 cents — and fine laundry work at that.

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<sup>21</sup> The [soroban](#) is an abacus developed in Japan.

<sup>22</sup> [Tiffin](#) is lunch, or any light meal.

Noticing a white concoction sold on the streets, strung on a stick like our chestnuts one after the other I found that it was Midzu Ame, the butterscotch of the nation. It comes from one spot — Uraga — nigh Yokohama and is made from the sugar extracted from millet or rice. It is the candy of Prince and Peasant and is said to be infallible for dyspepsia and consumption.

The “Chit” is a useful and yet a dangerous habit of this coast. Few trouble to carry money. You give a Memo of what you buy, together with the price agreed upon, to the seller who turns these in monthly. The danger comes from not keeping a tally of how you are parting with your Intake. Not only in the shops, but in the Clubs, the Bars and even on the Church collection plate you find this custom in use.

It is from no fear of pickpockets in the crowded streets that men bear no coin on them, and yet I must suppose that there are those who covet and seek other men’s goods for when darkness falls, there appear Watchmen carrying lanterns and bell, the latter ceaselessly clanging till sunrise. If they are after thieves and burglars it is but a poor way to secure them.

Now is the time for summer movement out of Town, and some find strange country or seaside residence. The priests are ever ready to make a little coin and oft times rent their temples. The Images and Altars are put away and the heretics duly installed. They stipulate however that if a funeral has to take place or if certain Festivals occur, the room which contained the High Altar be given over for use by the Devout, to pay their duty to the mighty Buddha.

Yokohama and Tokyo are socially looked upon as one. There are only 18 miles between the two : and half hourly trains and specials after midnight cause Dinners and Dances in either City to be a matter of indifference. The wealthier Japanese go thither in carriages and pair — the railroad far too common — with coachmen and groom set out in wondrous headgear and kimono. The saucepan hat is edged with gold or crimson, so are the mantles : and perched aloft these two look the personification of pride and grandeur. But if the road is not clear, all the pride vanishes, both of them let out shouts and yells in the most undignified manner, and the onlooker feels sorry for the grantees behind.

Before visiting Tokyo myself, I made my way to a fishing village with a name which must surely be a burden to Carry — Ya-wa-ta-ba-shi — for I would see some of those 360 fish of Japan. I was fortunate as to the hour and closely scrutinized the landing. Only curiosity held me from fleeing the odour. Though the colouring of many of the fish was wonderful, they looked a most unappetizing lot. The fishermen must have used dragnets for there were hideous elongated worms, and types which surely otherwise would never rise to the surface or the bait, but all were borne off by the women. The Village itself was remarkable for its squalor and its babies.

## IV

A thirty minutes run in a tram where the long seats face one another landed me in Tokyo, a City of over two million people,<sup>23</sup> covering an area of 28 square miles. Magnificence is mixed with squalor, broad avenues run into streets a cart can barely squeeze through, towering buildings of brick and stone touch hands with huts not fit for human beings, electric cars abound and there is a fine overhead system of railroad which carries you practically all round the outskirts of the Capital.

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<sup>23</sup> According to a United Nations estimate, the population of the [Greater Tokyo Area](#) in 2007 was 35,676,000.

I made my way first to [the American Quarter](#), across many canals. That Quarter has its history. Just as the swamp beyond Kanagawa was given to the Foreigner, so was Tsu-Kiji given at Tokyo. It too was swamp, on the foreshore of Yeddo Bay, it was the scavengers' district and malarial. Yet the Embassies and the business seekers had to be content. Now it is given up to the Americans and is a very fine part of the Capital. The other Embassies are today around the Palace : the English in a large, walled Park of its own.

Next I headed for [The Imperial Palace](#) standing in the midst of moats and high walls. Magnificent broad approaches of gravelled road lead you through massive stone walls into a widespread Park. Crossing this, you pass over another broad moat (all are filled with water) and more great walls face you but further progress is stayed by sentries. You can however see a good portion of the buildings, which are thoroughly Jap in their style.

[Hibiya Park](#) touches one corner of the Palace grounds so I wandered in to find a rich display of azaleas, with fountains playing and crowds everywhere. The Japanese seem to spend much of their time loitering among flowers. Seated here I noted the extraordinary politeness of this nation. You see it all the time and it is carried to excess. The guard on the train bows every time he passes you : boys when they part raise caps : a man meeting a woman he knows goes through a regular performance. Both stop dead at some distance : the man bows low, the woman ditto, but that is only the beginning. As they draw nearer they still keep up the bowing : when they have met it still goes on ; and after parting the kowtowing continues till quite a distance apart.

It was the annual "Boys' festival" — the Girls' comes later — and that day as I roamed around I met many long processions of them, 4 abreast, visiting patriotic statues and having the value of them drilled in by their elders. In their honour the streets were largely adorned with the Chinese lanterns, above each a branch of paper flowers suspended, usually pink and white.

Now to [Atago Tower](#) <sup>24</sup> from the summit of which a panoramic view of the City can be obtained. Two long flights of steps lead up to its base, one of them straight up, the way for men ; the other curved and broken by rests for women's and the infirm's easier ascent. Reaching the base there is a small plateau with Tea Houses and many seats : then entering the Tower itself a stiff climb leads to the top. It certainly gives a bird's eye view with a maze of streets stretching as far as vision will allow.

Here is [Shiba Park](#) crowded with mothers and children. This spot was once Monastery Grounds. It is full of deep groves of Japanese Pine — a poor relative of ours — and the *Cryptomeria*. <sup>25</sup> There are numerous ponds, full of the sacred Lotus. Here in full Cherry Blossom season is one of the sights of Tokyo, there being many avenues given wholly over to them, some attaining to large size.

By obtaining a special Permit, I was admitted to [the Imperial University](#). The grounds cover a large acreage, once the estate of a Prince, and hold plum and cherry trees, wonderful borders of azaleas, with shady nooks and ponds. There are six thousand men students in attendance : the women have their own University. And first to the Library where 35,000 books are available, whilst ancient Jap manuscripts — and Russian ones too, taken in the war <sup>26</sup> — are stored in vaults and rooms nearby. In the Reference Room there were 300 men hard at their work. The Librarian was very courteous

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<sup>24</sup> The [Atago Shrine](#) is a Shinto shrine built in 1603; the current shrine was rebuilt in 1958. The shrine is located on Atago Hill, which is 26 meters above sea level. In old times, the shrine had an excellent view of Tokyo, now obscured by high rises. The very steep stairs leading to the shrine are also famous, as they represent success in life.

<sup>25</sup> [Cryptomeria](#) is a monotypic genus of conifer in the cypress family.

<sup>26</sup> The [Russo-Japanese War](#) (8 February 1904 – 5 September 1905) was the first great war of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. It grew out of rival imperial ambitions of the Russian Empire and the Empire of Japan over Manchuria and Korea.

explaining all to me in excellent English. One could not fail to notice the spectacled crowd : indeed one meets few Japs without glasses. The answer given is that as babies strapped to the backs of their elders, the head is forever hanging loose and backward and the eyes are thus unprotected from the glare of the sun. I have yet to see a babe's head covered.

The Lecture Halls are up to date, the seats arranged in tiers : there is a fine block for the Medical School to which is attached a Free Hospital. The largest Department seems to be the Law. The Consular Courts having now been abolished, all dispensing of the Law is in the hands of Japanese. There are foreign lawyers but they do not plead, they are the solicitors.

Thence to a Bazaar, a sort of General Department Store. There are no stairs leading from floor to floor. The walking space between the counters is of stone, and a gentle slope leads you up as you go round and round within the building till you reach the top. The artificial flowers for sale seemed perfect in their naturalness. On the roof is a miniature garden with its pond and goldfish, whilst hanging over these was a full sized Cherry Tree, its great branches loaded with blossom. It was hard to have to believe that every blossom on that tree was artificial. As to recounting what that Bazaar held, one might as well copy out Eaton's <sup>27</sup> Catalogue, then add Whiteleys' <sup>28</sup> special items and then to these the special articles of the country. But I did see what explained a lot, those wonderful head creations of the women of Japan, the enormous quantities of ladies "rats" for sale gave me the key. In a few cases I have seen their hair down and it is very long, well able to be built up into a towering coiffure. Here too were Brocades a plenty, used for the broad Obi or sash which every women wears. I had already had experience of seeing a mature party fixing one of these things on. It was in the railway carriage that bore me to the Capital. She was wholly indifferent to her surroundings. It seemed to me that Obi was about 40 yards long, and the way in which she worked behind her back — she faced the window — to fix the pocket correctly was a marvel. With a kimono thrown over the sash, a woman has no figure left, she has the appearance of a hunchback.

From the bazaar my way lead to Uyeno Park, the best Park of that day. It is a wooded hill, once in the possession of a Buddhist Temple which stills stands crowning the summit. There are large open spaces and many fine monuments of bronze. One of the Buddha some 30 feet high, another of a Prince on horseback, another of a General who lead the "Restoration" forces. Here in this Park so restful now, with scores of children laughing and playing, the last great battle of that day took place. The Shogun's party was utterly defeated and the bodies of the slain lie together under another Monument, with the last of the Shogun's soldiers keeping guard over it in his old age. I noticed a large Tomb with paint brushes hung around it. There have been two great Artists in Japan, Sosen <sup>29</sup> and Hokusai. <sup>30</sup> The former made a specialty in caricatures of monkeys : the latter of New Year's Cards. These are as hard to get as genuine Satsuma Ware, <sup>31</sup> and budding artists adorn the latter's tomb with their brushes for awhile, in the hope of becoming likewise famous.

The Temple bells throughout the Capital are the clocks of the people — they are deep tones, musical and sound over large area. Uyeno's bells now rang out and warned me that it was time to end the day. I found rest in a comfortable Inn and waited for the dawn to learn still more.

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<sup>27</sup> The [T. Eaton Co. Limited](#) was once Canada's largest department store retailer.

<sup>28</sup> [Whiteleys](#) is a shopping centre in London, England. It was London's first department store, located in the Bayswater area.

<sup>29</sup> [Mori Sosen \(1747–1821\)](#)

<sup>30</sup> [Katsushika Hokusai \(1760–1849\)](#)

<sup>31</sup> [Satsuma ware](#) is a type of Japanese earthenware pottery.



## V

The Imperial Museum was my first quest. The grounds around are very fine, the buildings large, and for Japan quite lofty. The Fine Arts portion is housed in its own, built to commemorate the marriage of the present Emperor. Entering this large Hall you are required to take your shoes off, or you may — if you desire — have a felt covering slipped over them. This is for Respect not Cleanliness. The collection of ancient dress, weapons and coins are interesting. The Funeral Car, drawn by oxen, used for the late Mikado, is preserved here. It is used once only. Built of cherry wood, the spokes of the wheels are so arranged into their hub that they give forth a wailing sound as the Car moves. The old time Palanquins look very comfortable : few however use them today. The China and the inlaid work in the exhibits are masterpieces of craftsmanship. Foreign boys would go wild over such a fierce and appalling collection of Masks as are here on show. The Order (on wood) issued for the extermination of Japanese Christians : as also the later one allowing Christianity once more a foothold in the land are interesting mementoes of the Past. Japanese paintings are not what we understand by the term. They are usually wondrous daubs on rolls of linen. Screen work painting however is wonderful.

There followed a visit to the Capital's Zoo. Animalia both native and foreign, well housed. Here one can see the remarkable Formosan and Inland Sea Rooster. The hen is the ordinary barn door fowl and the rooster himself is nothing much to look at save for his tail feathers. One to be seen had feathers 14 feet long, two others ran 12 and 11 feet. They are said never to tread on them and resent mightily any other bird attempting the affront. I was glad to note the care taken here, for cruelty to animals is all too evident in Japan. Already I have had many a time to turn away disgusted at scenes which I was powerless to ease. Happily the S.P.C.A.<sup>32</sup> is at work in Japan and is supported by the Government, but the task ahead is great.

Much wanting to see a School of Ju-jitsu, my wish was gratified. I secured an introduction to one in full action. Here were 50 couples busy as bees. One of the Professors — whose proportions and muscular development somewhat over awed me — kindly gave me much enlightening information. It takes three years steady grind to become anything like an expert. The easy way in which those experts throw the learners is astonishing. They use hands and feet in the most dexterous fashion. The different grades are distinguished by colored sashes. There were little boys active as cats, and men of mature years who dropped in for their daily exercise. The Wrestlers<sup>33</sup> are of quite another kind. They look monstrosities in their vast bulk, and agility is beyond them but they are herculean in strength and locked together they seem tireless in the fearful strain as they seek to crush down each other by sheer strength and weight.

A fire had just wiped out three thousand houses.<sup>34</sup> I walked through the burned area in intelligent company and here also learned. I had been noticing certain mystic signs of large proportion attached above each Fire Department Headquarters. They are the Rallying Cry of that particular Company. No one seems able to do anything here without noise. When a call comes the Standard Bearer rushes out bearing either a huge mace or a banner with the Sign emblazoned thereon. Where his Company is at work, there in the midst of heat and smoke that Standard Bearer must stand and encourage his fellows. It is very heroic but just as useless as the little stream of water which is hand worked.

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<sup>32</sup> [Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals](#)

<sup>33</sup> [Sumo wrestlers](#)

<sup>34</sup> On February 13, 1913, the most destructive fire in Tokyo, in almost 60 years, broke out at a Salvation Army hall in the Kanda district, spread over one-half of a square mile, and destroyed 1,500 homes and buildings.



The main object of these firefighters is to prevent its spread. They pull down the adjoining houses. An easy matter this — in most cases — since none rise more than 20 feet. A rope is fastened to one corner post, a good hard haul and all comes down with a crash, the roof usually of tiles covers up everything, even the flames, like an extinguisher. Furniture has already gone, there are no chairs, no tables, nor beds to bother about, there are but the mats on the floors and the sliding doors which are wrenched from their grooves. The crockery must take its chance — a flimsy one : a Jap's belongings — save the more affluent — can be carried away in the arms.

The Fire Watch Towers are high, open ironwork structures with winding stairs. A man day and night paces round on the top. As most of the houses are of one storey, he has a wide vision. When he sees smoke where it ought not to be, he clangs a bell and the excitement begins.

As with fire so with other things. They shunt all the railroad cars by manpower, it would never do to move them with an engine. I have seen navvies working on the track not as with us, each man to his own job, but 5 of them standing in a row at a tie raising their picks exactly together, holding them aloft for a few seconds and then striking at one and the same moment. Then on the next tie, always in time, always working together. In their irrigation they use the water wheel to raise the stream from one grade to another, for the fields are often in terraces, it is men and women too who tread those wheels by the hour, no horse or engine for them.

Hearing that there were Botanical Gardens in Tokyo I made my way thither. They are rather out of the way, in a suburb, a lovely spot once the residence of a prince. The old Manor House still stands, with a large lake in front, and at the back many ponds with stepping stones across them : lilies and golden carp in all. There are both native and foreign plants and trees, and a great show of hot houses. Everything is named in Japanese and Latin. Here are palms and maple trees, bushes of pomegranate, azaleas 6 feet high, iris purple and yellow, daisies pink and daisies white : with groves of bamboo showing all stages of growth. The bamboo is of the greatest value here, they are used as drains, as pipes to carry water from the mains into the homes, as window bars and other useful ends. There is little scent in the local flowers, the plum blossom the strongest and the best.

Here are the Flower Seasons so far as I can gather. February The Plum Blossom : April The Cherry : May the Azalea : June The Iris : August the Lotus : November The Chrysanthemum in all its glory. The Japanese know how to grow the last named as none else do. They can supply them with stems 9 feet high, or as dwarfs of 2 inches growing in a thimble for a pot.

I could not miss The Flower Markets at night. Whole streets are given up to these, and the working classes crowd them. The sellers display their wares in hand carts or on the roadway. The goods range from large bushes laden with bloom to tiny plants. You see both sexes there, devouring the articles with their eyes, a happy, chattering, jostling crowd, content — if not to buy — to revel in their beauty.

## VI

With another morn, The Military Museum could not be missed. Two guns stand outside a splendid Building of stone, guns used at Port Arthur <sup>35</sup> — one Japanese, the other Russian : the latter a wreck, the former in perfect condition, the very one which wrought the havoc. Inside, besides relics of ancient armour and weapons, there is room after room filled with Russian War Trophies. Stucco plans of forts

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<sup>35</sup> [The Battle of Port Arthur](#) of 8–9 February 1904 marked the commencement of the Russo-Japanese War.

and battle grounds give one a good conception of the difficulties which faced ‘the little brown men’. There is Kuropatkin’s <sup>36</sup> camp bed and armchair, and many times riddled with bullets, siege guns smashed to pieces. Huge paintings in oil hang on the walls, pictures of famous contests covering all periods of Japanese history. Scores of portraits of Generals and noted warriors. One of the actual boats, from which the Japs escaped after sinking the ship with which they attempted to block the exit from Port Arthur, seems a frail thing to take a chance in amid a hail of shells.

Patriotism is exhibited in an immense coil of black rope used as an anchor chain, made of human hair freely offered, in the belief that hair is the strongest of all cord. Elsewhere I saw in Temples this same offering, given for bell rope.

A special Section is The Nogi Room. <sup>37</sup> Here hats come off ; and the glamour of the man and his wife is over everything in that chamber. Enlarged to life size are the photos taken the day previous to the self immolation. In glass cases are the actual letters of farewell written by the couple to their friends : in another are all the medals of the General, stars of gold glittering with precious stones, ribbons and collarets, a very blaze of glory. In a tall case are the uniforms in which their two sons met a soldier’s death before Port Arthur, their swords, their gloves. Another similar case holds the garments the Father and Mother wore and fell dead in, the weapons they used and at the foot of the very mat on which they died. The rents made by those glistening blades are plainly seen, and the blood stains can never be effaced. To us it may seem very gruesome and melodramatic but in the view of the Japanese it was a Splendid Act — an Act of Love — the old couple could not be separated from their Mikado whom they had known so well, whom the General had served and with whose Passing went the Old Order of things. His Era was known as “Enlightenment”, his son’s was to be known as “Development” but General Nogi and his wife wanted none of it.

The “Coney Island” <sup>38</sup> Resort of Japan is known as Asakusa Park. Dense crowds, shops filled with trinkets, toys and dancing girls of wax worked by a machine, ‘movies’ with grotesque pictures of blood and murder outside reaching in their vastness far above the roofs of the shops, shows of the cowboy type, a very pandemonium of noise : and all this around a temple whose entrance gates were guarded by the usual gigantic couple of Protecting Deities in wirework cages, fiends with screwy limbs and hideous faces. At the base of each figure many sandals were hung, offerings of the Devout, for those fiends’ use when they should choose to come out to drive away worse Devils from their Sanctuary.

Hard is the road for the pilgrim here to travel who would pray at that Temple, seeing that every possible device to entrap him and his coin is prepared for him on his way. His aim is to get at those monstrosities who stand guard and whose gratings are spotted with paper prayers chewed into balls and flung at them. He knows that if only his prayer will stick, he may go ahead and turn the Prayer Wheel, and proceeding further may put his shoulder to the bar and turning once, completely round, the revolving Library of the Buddhist Scriptures be then and there his own with all their contents. But see what he has to steer through on his way : yet many succeed and have not lost their all. They need it for Almsgiving is an essential to their devotions.

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<sup>36</sup> [Alexei Nikolayevich Kuropatkin \(1848–1925\)](#) was the Russian Imperial Minister of War (1898–1904).

<sup>37</sup> [Nogi Maresuke \(1849–1912\)](#) was a general in the Imperial Japanese Army and a governor of Taiwan. He was one of the commanders during the 1894 capture of Port Arthur from China, and the subsequent massacre of thousands of Chinese civilians. He was a prominent figure in the Russo-Japanese War, as commander of the forces which captured Port Arthur from the Russians. Nogi and his wife committed respectively [seppuku](#) and [jigai](#) shortly after the death of his master, [Emperor Meiji](#).

<sup>38</sup> [Coney Island](#) is a peninsula and beach on the Atlantic Ocean in southern Brooklyn, New York City, New York, United States. Coney Island is possibly best known as the site of amusement parks and a major resort.

Inside, and immediately before the curtain behind which the Buddha sits (here a tiny Image of gold but 3 inches high said to have been washed up on the shore of Yeddo Bay) is a huge trough with stout bars along the top. Into this the people throw their money offerings, a daily revenue so I learned of some one thousand dollars. Temple tribute with both the rich and poor comes before their country's taxes. Before a side Altar I noticed a large grill, filled with pieces of paper tied in knots. Men and women buy charmed paper from a stall close by conducted by a monk and tie it into a Lover's Knot. These they hang on that grill and leave happy, their Love Venture being in a kindly Buddha's hands.

For all the noise and surroundings the pilgrim is a devout soul. They show great reverence to Buddha's shrines where'er they be. Here, bending low before the curtain, men and women would clasp their hands together, mutter words and then pass on. I had seen my rikisha man as he passed a Temple lift his saucepan hat to "The Presence" even though that shrine was far off down an avenue. Buddha counts.

Public Holidays here are thick as thieves. There are just 365 Festivals and Anniversaries. To be sure they observe the Great Days of the Chinese Calendar as well as their own, besides which it is necessary to observe the Death (not Birth) days of all their past Emperors. Hence one sees so many always idling in the Parks and on the streets. A Jap's age is — so I found — not reckoned by his Birthday but by the year he was born in, so that if or she comes into the world of the 31<sup>st</sup> of December, the very next day he is 2 years old.

There is a Dolls Festival. It lasts a week. Then the Doll shops are a blaze of colour, and the trysting place of every child. Then rich and poor put on their best, keep open house, and bring out from their hiding place their own and the dolls of former generations, these latter handed down as heirlooms. "Emperors" and "Empresses", "Nobles" and "Great Ladies", all are most exquisitely apparalled. Placed on shelves at the Festival, little tables are spread before them, laden with choice food. Every child is happy : and every Jap (man or woman) having, seemingly, the Child Heart are happy too. There is a glorious time and the doll shops do a roaring trade. Then all is put away for another year, the rag doll alone being left for the toddler to cuddle and learn to carry on its back in anticipation of the real thing later on.

Of many strange sights, one of the strangest is the Babies' Tonsure. Parents affect the monk's cut for their younger offspring, all hair carefully shaved off except what a saucer could cover round the brain. The Japs are certainly kind to children and their old folk : it were better if they were less cold and callous to themselves as adults. Street accidents which I saw, seem to bother no one. If the police are on the spot, others pass by on the other side of the way. It is of no interest to them if they could possibly lend a hand. It is part of the stoicism of their nature I presume.

In a hospital, those who are to be operated upon, gather in the operating room : squatting round they watch one after another cut open, straightened out, sewn up and carried out, then coolly in their turn mount the table. An English surgeon told me that he had the curiosity to feel the pulse of one who was next in order : he found it perfectly normal.

## VII

A friend would not have my Nay, so bore me off for 100 miles run in his auto. The objectives were Mianosita<sup>39</sup> and Kamakura. We had good roads all the way and I saw Japan's countryside as against its towns. The villages we passed through seemed almost continuous and the children legion. A fine view of Mt Fugi was granted, not always to be seen by reason of clouds. Its foothills through which we ran are heavily wooded. At the Hot Springs of Mianosita there is a good hotel with summer cottages attached. The water is so hot that much of the cooking is done on the spot by it. No need of fire. The Hotel lies high up between hills and is much frequented by foreigners.

On the way, the thatched roofs and the lanes took me back to Devonshire. From countless poles in each village, huge paper fish (the carp) were flying in the breeze for we were still in the Festival of the Boys (their sisters' comes in June). The Carp stands for Sturdiness. Each family hangs out as many fish as there are boys. Just once a year the sons take precedence of their parents : the youngest takes the "head" of the board (the floor) and they have their innings. Every wish of theirs — so far as possible — has to be gratified. Some of the carps are of large proportion and extended by the wind give the villages a weird appearance. Accompanying the Fish are kites. One we saw ready for use we measured ; it ran 24 ft by 12.

We worked our way round to Kamakura where is the noted bronze Buddha 50 feet high. It fulfilled my expectations. Its great soft eyes look down upon you as if there was a Brain behind them. The approach to it is through an avenue of trees and what with these and lofty gates and buildings nigh, the Image is well sheltered but hidden from full view till close to it. There is an entrance into its base and standing inside you realize its immensity. It is known as the Dai Butsu<sup>40</sup> and stands (or rather sits) half a mile from the shore. Six centuries have seen it there. Tidal waves have twice swept away everything but it : earthquakes have rocked it on its massive base, but it remains inviolate, passive and contemplative as ever.

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<sup>39</sup> [Miyanosita](#)

<sup>40</sup> [Dai Butsa Shrine, Kamakura](#), 1896.



Never did it look down upon a worse sight than in those days of the 'Sixties when every foreigner carried his life in his hands. Two English officers, a Major and a Lieutenant, were butchered to death in the avenue down which it gazes with its soulful eyes. They were outside the Settlement for a ride, the great Image their objective. Two self styled patriots seem to have sworn to slay every Barbarian they came across. Lurking in the avenue they perceived there two. Here was game ready to hand. They sprang out and with their long swords struck both from their saddles. They slew the young Lieutenant at one fell swoop ; the Major crawled to shelter. A boy saw the deed and ran abroad with the news. It soon reached Yokohama and men hurried to the scene to find both dead. The murderers were caught and executed, one died a coward, the other with curses on his lips for the foreigners, proclaiming himself a Martyr for his country's good.<sup>41</sup>

With ten miles yet to go a tyre burst close to a village on the seashore known as "The Plains of Heaven", a terrible misnomer for paddy fields were on all sides and the stench intolerable. We footed it to the nearest shelter, a Tea House where we supped. After taking off our boots we were ushered upstairs by the Lady of the House, a most demure party robed in an exquisite silk kimono. Here we entered a room 12 by 12 feet, its floor covered with a thick matting, on its centre a square table 9 inches off the ground around which we squatted tailor fashion on black velvet cushions. For food we had boiled fish and rice, for drink green tea, no sugar. Two of the party were experts with the chopsticks, two of us were novices. I had a very hard time appeasing hunger, and have no further use for either chopsticks or green tea. Late that night we reached our starting point.

Yokohama is not without its sports. There are many tennis courts, Soccer Football has many adherents, Cricket has a strong hold, and Baseball has its following. There is a fine Race course on the top of The Bluff and in the extensive centre part there is an ample golf course. The horses are imported, mostly from Australia, the local breed not being by any means cut out for running a Derby. The Foreigners a few years back purchased this large tract from "The Beggars' Guild".

Beggars in Japan are a decided nuisance, but they are a powerful and rich organization. They meet you everywhere you go and importune you beyond endurance. One source of regular income is the heavy copper coinage of the land. No one wants to carry about such a load as small change gives so are ready to get rid of the burden at the first opportunity. I have seen folk throwing a handful of coppers from their rikisha as they passed a group of children or a resting beggar by the roadside.

The country between Yokohama and Tokyo is mostly given over to fields of barley, oats and potatoes. I covered much of it afoot for I wished to strike the Tokaido or Great High Road from Kyoto to Tokyo at Kanagawa, that Highway which of old the Mikados, Great Princes and Nobles travelled over, seated in their Palanquins and which no Barbarian was allowed to use. The freedom of movement which we now envy — though it still has qualifications — was not obtained without much effort, diplomacy and even bloodshed.

Up to as late as '99 no foreigner could go inland without a Passport, and each place visited had to be named thereon : he had to report to the Police at each and swear to observe such strange regulations as — not to quarrel with anyone — not to break any windows — not to cut his name on trees — nor chalk his name on idols. Even today, once out of the towns you feel you are being watched. The Japs give the impression of being highly suspicious of the intentions of all strangers : they seem to think every outsider is plotting to secure the land for his country. There are enough sign boards about Japan forbidding photography and warning of trespassers to make you think the whole land is counting upon an all conquering invasion.

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<sup>41</sup> See [The Kamakura murders of 1864: Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird \(1971\)](#).



Some short distance out of Kanagawa, up that Tokaido along which one now walks peacefully, you come to a grave. It is that of one — Richardson <sup>42</sup> — who in 1862 was riding along the Highway (strictly within that portion laid down by the Authorities as open to Barbarians to traverse). He was accompanied by a lady and two other men. He was on Treaty Ground reaching out from Yokohama. Suddenly they saw a Palanquin accompanied by a large retinue of servants coming towards them. A Great Prince was being borne within. The little party on horseback edged well off the road. As the procession passed, a sudden rush was made at them, swords swung, Richardson with one slash was mortally wounded, the lady's hat was sliced from her head, the other men badly hurt. They made a desperate charge and got free but Richardson was dying when the rest dismounted him and laying him on the ground rode off to a village for help. The woman was urged to make for safety in The Settlement. She rode madly, lost her way, in desperation took to the sea, arriving at last to spread the news. Help was rushed to the dying man but it was too late. A woman passing, watched him die then dragged his body into some bushes, covering it up lest her people should vent further spleen upon it. Now he lies where he fell, one of the many who had to suffer that we his fellows might live in the land. The Good Samaritan was later known as "Susan" and for many years kept a Tea House nearby. A heavy indemnity was demanded and paid but what Susan got — if anything — was never known.

<sup>43</sup>

## VIII

We are all prone to superstition, the Japanese along with the rest. Seeing foxes caged in a store doorway I noticed that whilst men took a keen interest in them, every woman crossed the road. To a Japanese woman a fox is "the very devil". They hold that a fox is an evil man disguised : and no woman unaccompanied will go into a district where foxes are to be found. Even caged they fear some deviltry. Noticing holly on the doors of many homes I found that holly is considered to be a good omen, and being prickly will help keep Evil Spirits at a safe distance.

Dragging the shallows for shell fish is an extraordinary performance. I watched scores of Junks at it in the Bay. They run up 4 sails broadside to the wind. To prevent capsizing they throw out heavy claws or drags, these scrape along the bottom, the wind doing the needful in the way of progress. Hauling down the sails and hauling up the claws they quickly have a goodly cargo. They are a practical people in another way. You know your railway Class by a broad band painted all along the car just below the windows. White is First, Blue is Second, Red is Third. You know a tradesman by the Crest he wears — about the size of a dollar — woven in the back of his kimono. You know a Coolie by the huge round sign on his back — a circle of white with hieroglyphics. <sup>44</sup> I saw others with another sign below, I believe it gives his Family Tree for Service has been his lot for generations.

I found explanation for most things but in one I utterly failed. In the cool of an evening I sought one of Yokohama's parks and there, as I sat, I saw a Jap of the coolie class appear carrying a large parrot cage but of much finer mesh than usual. In it was a Lark. Walking to a large empty space with trees surrounding it, he set the cage down, lifted the top off and set the bird free. For a while it flew around

<sup>42</sup> [Charles Lennox Richardson \(1834–1862\)](#)

<sup>43</sup> [The Namamugi Incident](#) was a samurai assault on British nationals in Japan on September 14, 1862. Failure by the Satsuma clan to respond to British demands for compensation resulted in the August 1863 [bombardment of Kagoshima](#), also known as the Anglo-Satsuma War. A memorial stone marks the spot where Richardson fell; he is buried in the Yokohama Foreign Cemetery.

<sup>44</sup> WWB has *hieroglyphics*.



him, then lit on his head. Sweeping his arms upward the lark swept upwards too and began a flood of melody till it was a mere speck in the sky yet could still be heard. Full ten minutes by my watch it was gone and free, then the man swept his arms downwards and the bird responded, making sweeping spiral descent till it reached the ground and stepped into captivity as if it was its Home. Once again he set it free and up it went, and though birds flew all round and darted from sight, this bird could only think of Song and its Master. A second and a third evening I went to see the same extraordinary performance.

If you know how, you can tell the Married Women, the Unmarried and the Widow at a glance. It is by their hair. As they are always hatless you have the evidence clearly before you. The married affects a large broad curl on the top of the head. She has in fact two curls, the back one lifts itself highest and is the most aggressive ; they lie crosswise. The unmarried puffs her hair out entirely round her head and in the centre of the circle has a neat little coil of hair with small glass pins stuck through. The widow either cuts her hair short, as a man does, or wears it down her back, tied at the end with a little bow. The first two only arrange their hair once a week, and as the use of a pillow would disarrange the alignment, they sleep with their necks resting on a wooden block, cut out to fit the neck. At 15 years of age they have their hair done up and take to the block.

One is struck by the modesty of the women in general. In the trains, with their seats running lengthwise she invariably mounts the seat, legs and all, and sits her face to the window and her back to those sitting opposite. If she is one of a company of Strolling Musicians — and they are numerous — she stands with her back to the crowd, whilst the men face them. A married woman stains her teeth black, and keeps them so : the idea being that they thus make themselves unattractive save to their husbands. The newer generation seem to be discarding the practice as going a bit too far.

Modesty is close allied with Reverence. All portraits of the Mikado and his Queen have a square piece of paper pasted so as to hang over the face. This is not so much to prevent dust, but idle gazing. Postcards are dealt with in the same manner. When a Jap enters a house to call upon its inmates he always goes forward first to the portrait of the Emperor, makes his obeisance and then turns to greet his host or hostess.

The Religion of the Japanese seems to be a mixture of Shintoism, Buddhism and Confucianism, the first the original one of the land. Shintoism briefly is a belief that everything in Nature has a real Life similar to our own and should be dealt with accordingly. Hence they can give Love to a Flower alike as to a human being. Each Street in a City has its own Life to look after its inhabitants, it may be a Tree or a Flower or a Fish. You will see these in representation nailed over shop doors or hanging from poles along the Street. Buddhism is briefly a belief in the Incarnation of Deity : Confucianism is briefly a Code of Morals.

I noted a Funeral Procession the other day. It is quite unlike a Chinese one save as to its length. First there came 2 men abreast carrying lamps. In olden days burials took place always at night. Next came huge bunches of Fir tied into the shape of cones, each lifted high on poles, the bearers in double rows : then came a gigantic Bird Cage of wicker work carried aloft by 4 men. It could easily have held them. The birds inside are liberated after the Cremation. Then more fir cones and another vast Cage ; followed by 24 men carrying artificial flowers arranged like the Jews' Seven Golden Candlestick — pink and white blooms with gilded leaves on gilded branches : finally came the Body in a very chaste Palanquin made of light coloured wood — both of these to be burned — followed by the Mourners, not afoot but in rikishas in single file, and their number was legion.

It is fortunate that the nation adheres to cremation seeing that they have no sewerage system, drink out of wells and have but poor notion of what a Plumber is. The cartage of sewerage at all hours of

the day — under a blazing sun — is not only horrible but a daily menace to health. They pour this on the paddy fields outside of cities and work in it. I have had to run as from a pestilence from the garbage sampans in the canals. The Japanese seems wholly indifferent to it. Another detriment to a quiet stroll is their habit of throwing the water they “wash up” with, into the street. It is an easy way to get rid of it and also keeps the dusty street from being a nuisance but as they never look outside first, it is anything but pleasant to have a bowl of water suddenly miss you by inches. I have learned to roam around as a rule in more affluent quarters.

## IX

Leaving Yokohama, armed with a passport for the ancient castle of Nagoya I made my way first to Kyoto, the one time Capital, where I had yet another Pass for the Imperial Palace. Not a mile of the railroad but there was something to catch one’s eyes, though there were Tourists aboard sitting in the Pullman with me who carefully drew down the blinds anext them and taking out a novel forgot they were travellers in a land of beauty.

Even the very road bed speaks to one, beautifully laid, every  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile marked by small white posts, bridges worthy of a people far advanced in engineering skill, but because they are Japanese they must needs have a separate bridge, just as they have a separate tunnel, for the Up Line and the Down. We ran through picturesque country, heavily wooded hills, broad rivers somewhat low in volume at this season of the year but showing by their high banks what flood there must be in winter time.

We skirted the seashore, then made inland and worked round M<sup>t</sup> Fuji : saw it from many angles and ere long reached the station from which Pilgrims and Tourists start for the ascent — at the proper season for Fuji is not accessible all the year round. At the summit the Temple is then opened and the priests on hand for offerings. Up that long climb devotees go on foot, some for vows’ sake on their hands and knees : but Tourists mount on horseback.

We ran into Shidsuoka, <sup>45</sup> one of the leading Tea Districts of the Empire. Lying in the offing one could see many steamers at anchor waiting for their cargo : and on the train were merchants from many countries, on their way to make deals for the season’s crop. The tea bushes are close to the road bed, they are round, not more than 3 feet high and the leaves look like “Box”. The soil is sandy and very carefully tended. Usually the bushes are in rows on the side of a hill.

We skirted Lake Biwa for many miles, the largest sheet of fresh water in Japan. It is by no means an idle waste, around it many farms and in it a plenitude of fish. From the train can be seen mile after mile the Great Trunk Road of Early days, leading from Kyoto to the sea at Kanagawa and Yeddo, 307 miles away. It is broad and lined its entire length on each side by trees like poplars, even in parts where there is not another tree in sight. Along it were troops of soldiers and cavalry on the move. Villages and Temples galore, and towering stone Statues of famous men, these latter usually on the summit of a hill.

A day full of interest had turned into night before Kyoto was reached. It lies on a broad flat between two ridges and though it has lost its once high status it is very far from being a dead City. It was

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<sup>45</sup> [Shizuoka Prefecture](#)

ablaze with light and my rikisha man took me through streets crowded with shoppers, the stores presenting a wide display of wares as he bore me to my Caravansary. <sup>46</sup>

I was up early and set off with my Special Runner, who proved to be an admirable guide as well as a strong and tireless ‘horse’ to see the Palace, the Temples, the Shrines and other sights of Kyoto. First to the Palace. It is not now used by the Mikado but serves as a Museum of Japanese Art. It rises amid gardens and all is enclosed in a high wall. Broad roads lead <sup>47</sup> up from various quarters and passing in through gates — fit for Buckingham Palace as they should be — I was at once taken in hand by a courteous guide who lead the way to the entrance of the first of many one storied buildings where sandals were supplied. Thence into the interior. It would have been a desecration to have trodden here in other than softest foot gear. Those polished floors were almost a feat to keep one’s balance on. Room after room, passage after passage, all tapestried and screened off the one from the other. Japanese screen work so well known is here to be seen of the highest order. Passing through countless rooms I found myself at last in the Grand Throne Room, a vast Hall in the centre of which is a canopied square where stands the Chair of State. Fronting this Throne the whole side of the Hall can be easily removed, thus throwing the regal scene open to the Public who would be gathered in the open square beyond. The whole place bears still upon it the impress of a Dwelling. There is an absence of bric-a-bac, the Art Museum is on the tapestried walls and screens. The 16 leaved Chrysanthemum is the leading design and worked in everywhere most cleverly. Not even in the “Era of Enlightenment” could any but the Mikado and his people find in Kyoto a dwelling and it is still so. It is not a Treaty Port hence Foreigners unless they are in Japanese employ are not permitted residence.

As there was a fine Pagoda nearby and I had not seen one at close quarters we made for it. I told my man to rest whilst I explored. By winding stairs — at times pitch dark — I climbed storey after storey till the summit reached, I secured a bird’s eye view of Kyoto. It looked a really well laid out City. It has broad streets, well built homes, spread out, covering a large area.

Then by way of climbs which tested the strength of my man and made me ashamed to let him haul an able bodied man about, we arrived at the chief Temple of Kyoto — the Kiomidzu. <sup>48</sup> It covers much ground and has many buildings. An avenue of trees leads up to the great stone steps, up which you mount to find the usual Infernal Guardians at the Entrance to the Main Building. Here is an Altar 190 feet long. The chief honours of the place are given to the Goddess Kwannon. There were many folk about, some praying, others chatting and laughing, priests hurrying hither and thither.

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<sup>46</sup> An inn with a central courtyard for travelers in the deserts of Asia or North Africa.

<sup>47</sup> WWB has *leads*.

<sup>48</sup> [Kiyomizu-dera](#) in Kyoto



Passing out and by the residences of the monks I mounted further up to another Temple ; at its Entrance a Goddess with the monstrous name of Kam-no-su-be-no-ka-mi, whose grating held countless Lovers' Knots, the old priests nearby busy selling more Prayer Paper to anxious looking man and women. Having arranged the Knot you must toss in a coin into the cage, ring a bell by a long and much worn rope, clap your hands, tie (not here thrown) the charmed paper to the grating — being careful not to touch another's knot else your charm is broken — call out that wondrous name and so depart.

Beneath the broad porch roof I saw a crowd looking upward and following their gaze noted a beautifully striped snake of large proportion attacking a bird's nest for its eggs or young. A sacred snake, it could work its will. I thought it wisest to depart while the going was good, so moved on to where on one side of this Temple there is a sheer precipice with a short fence — today — to keep you at a distance. But still you can see below where there is a rock garden with ponds, and fountains playing. Till not so long ago it was a favorite spot for suicide and for jealous husbands to bring their suspected wives and test their innocence by a fall on to the rocks below. Those who survived the smash were deemed innocent, the majority — who were killed — were held to have deserved their fate. Venturing again within the Temple I saw amid much that was tawdry, a thick rope of human hair, 5 inches through and 250 feet long, given by 3500 women as a special offering — there were some 'silver threads' among the black, so old as well as young had given their quota. The kissing of an Image by all, some with sores upon them, gave me somewhat of a shock. By paths I worked my way down to the rock garden where many were bathing, and as many drinking the same waters. They are said to have healing virtue and many an old woman seemed hoping to rejuvenate herself by the energy of her ablutions. Here again no thought given to contagion.

I called it a Day and gave my good 'steed' a rest.

## X

We were off early to the Shrine <sup>49</sup> of one of Ancient days, set in a large well kept garden, the Shrine itself built picturesquely on an island in the middle of a miniature lake and reached by stepping stones. Its specialty is its Golden Ceiling : but only by dint of much perseverance could I get access at all, as a crowd of school children happened to be there and were being duly instructed by a Teacher as to its

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<sup>49</sup> Kinkakuji Temple, Kyoto



history. The Ceiling had doubtless at one time shone with gilt but it is now sadly faded and worn. The outside roofing colour was far better — a pure robin egg blue. Then there were Parks and still more Parks to be seen — the Japanese are evidently great believers in Open Spaces — as well as the finer quarters of the City, the main streets, the principal shops and their native wares. My Runner was relentless and tireless, I was to miss nothing. And so another day wore on till evening when I had a Dance Hall to visit where one of the chief Performances of the year was announced as to take place.

It was a staid affair. The Hall is built fronting the Kamogawa River which cuts Kyoto in two, and when after presenting myself I was ushered upstairs I had a long wait which I employed watching the evolutions of the many sampans as they worked their crowded way up and down the stream. Then a door was thrown open and I was bowed in to the preliminary Tea Party. This was a very solemn affair. In a large room a table was ranged on three sides with a very low bench, on the fourth side next the wall. Taking one's cramped seat, the "Mistress of The Tea" appeared, a formal lady so stiff of dress that I thought she would break in two as she bent low to give the formal bow. Then little girls appeared, a dozen of them, all attired in their very best kimonos and with much greased hair, duly trying to appear terribly serious. First they brought round some kind of 'cookie' — each on a separate plate — one cookie for each of the guests — laying them down before the company with gingerly care, then bowed till their heads nigh touched the floor. Not a word spoken throughout by anyone. The cakes distributed, the Solemn Lady poured out tea into tiny cups, the which the diminutive maidens bore around going through the same performance as before. I ventured to put the cup to my lips but passed the cake on to my neighbour who looked tough enough to eat anything. Then with another awesome bow the Grand Dame of the Tea Party — without a feature of her painted and powdered face relaxing the whole long time — worked her way out with bow after bow, the little ones doing likewise. It was quite a strain, and I was glad when it was over.

With more bows from a fresh set of maidens we were ushered down tortuous stairway into the Theatre. The Stage was in front of course, but where the Boxes should be and indeed the full length of the sides, the Musicians sat — women only — each side attired differently and supplying the music with mandolins and a one stringed banjo. "The Gods" were not aloft but in the Pit where a packed crowd squatted on the floor. We were arranged on chairs, in tiers behind and slightly above them. Now the music began. I cannot describe it — it passes words as well as comprehension — it was awful. Then began the Dances. Slowly, solemnly, the dancers marched upon the stage, their colored dress, their sashes and their movements ensemble, very pretty, but never a kick among them. It was a serious business with them and having carried through some Design which was lost upon the Barbarian they passed out. But the Curtain did not drop, scene shifters appeared and in full view worked deftly, to be followed by other dancers and yet others. I could not enthuse. That Dance was not of such a nature as to fill my dreams when sleep o'er powered me, but it was a fresh experience and so part of a roamer's life.

By rail on the morrow I left Kyoto and reached Nagoya, and as there was no purely Foreign Hotel I was whisked off to a Japanese one where the usual Ceremonial reception was accorded me, all the porters, the lackeys and the dainty maids of the House lead by the Proprietor coming out to the top of the steps to greet me and bow thrice to the ground as I walked up the steps. This bowing and scraping is preposterous and overdone the whole land over. The Hotel is in two portions, one run for the Japanese, the other for the Foreigner, the former raised in front of the latter, a little garden with pond and fountain dividing the two.

Nagoya is one of the chief centres of Japanese pottery, the clay and silica being secured at a place a dozen miles away, whence the Japs claim they have drawn it for the past 2000 years. A roam around the little town showed me some true Seto ware on sale, vases and tea pots, fans and cups. Pale grey green and pale blue seemed the predominating colours. "Satsuma" ware came originally from Kiushiu



Island <sup>50</sup> far to the south. Much worthless ware is sold outside today as the real thing. Old time dealers throughout Japan have the real thing but it is hard to persuade them to open their ‘go downs’. They are chary and very loathe to part with it, the more so if they think it likely to be taken out of the country.

The Castle <sup>51</sup> is the most perfect example left in Japan. In the olden days under the Feudal System, the Lord of the District was a very great man — a Damio — and around his residence his dependants gathered. This Castle built in 1610 — by our years — is typical of scores which have now either fallen into hopeless decay or been demolished. Here, as in most other cases, the Castle stands some distance from the Town on rising ground. Looking at it from a distance it is a striking sight, its earthen and stone work into which heavy timber is added giving it a rich grey appearance. Low, flat, almost swampy country surrounds it which throws the Castle out all the more strongly in relief. A moat broad and deep surrounds it. The space in which it stands, enclosed — once past the moat — by a lofty wall faced on the outside with rough hewn blocks of stone, is close on 400 acres and today it houses large Barracks and Drill Grounds. The base of the keep or Citadel — set at one corner of the Castle — covers half an acre, each storey getting less, till at its 5<sup>th</sup> and last you stand in a room only 12 yards square.

The Castle’s Gateway leading into those broad acres is massive, with a double entrance, an outer and an inner, each with doors of tremendous size, both in height, in weight and in thickness. Once inside you have to enter your name and address in a book with soldiers around you, one of whom lead me off to enter the private apartments of the ancient Lord of Nagoya, then to the keep itself. A huge key was produced and the old lock was slow to move but at last the little wicket hole is open and I stepped into utter darkness, to mount by narrow winding stairway, storey after storey. Small ‘windows’ are frequent from which one gets glimpses of the country around. There are slit holes for the archers and trap opening for use of hurling stones or boiling water upon any foes beneath.

All the way up you note a chain and windlass, for there is a well in the base of the keep, known as “The Golden Water Well” which has never yet run dry : and when all the rest of the Castle might have fallen to the enemy, the Lord could still hold out, for none could touch his water supply. With the ancient weapons of war it is unthinkable that such a Citadel could ever be taken by assault.

It is pleasant to see how greatly the Japanese appreciate this Relic of the Past, and with what assiduous care they keep the Castle and grounds. It looks, moat, vast wall and Castle, as if it had come fresh from the hands of the builders and was only waiting for the Old Time Folk — the Great Daimio, and his women, his servants, and his fighters to walk through its Gate.

<sup>50</sup> [Kyushu](#) is the third largest island of Japan and most southwesterly of its four main islands.

<sup>51</sup> The Main Donjon and Sub Donjon of [Nagoya Castle](#). The Golden Dolphins can be seen on the roof of the Main Donjon.





Two Golden Dolphins — said to be worth \$80,000 — each eight feet high are to be seen on pedestals, one at each end of the Castle.<sup>52</sup> They might not have been there today, and a finishing touch in keeping with that noble stronghold would have been lost ; an irreparable loss for all. In 1873 they were taken down and sent off to grace the Vienna exhibition. The Nagoyans greatly feared both for the fate of their Dolphins and for themselves (without their protection) against the devils of the Land. On their return journey the ship was wrecked, and ship and dolphins lay long at the bottom of the sea hard by the coast of Nippon. They were recovered — for Nagoya could not spare them — borne in triumph to the Castle, lifted once again to their commanding site, and the devils were “laid” for aye.

## XI

Thence on to Kobe by rail where there are half a million people and a very respectable number in the foreign Settlement, for Kobe is a Treaty Port. Our Quarter is on The Bund or Esplanade for the City is at the head of the much talked of “Inland Sea”, and is one of the chief ports of Nippon, a keen rival of Yokohama. Back of the City there is a range of hills and in order to gain a good view of the country around and the sea I climbed up to Suwayama Park. Rikishas can go only part of the way. It was here that the French Academy sent their astronomers in 1874 to observe the Transit of Venus and there is

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<sup>52</sup> The male and female Golden Dolphins contain a total of 88.08 kilograms of gold or 2,832 troy ounces. At the time of writing (December 2012), the price of gold set by the London Bullion Market Association was USD 1650 per troy ounce and so the Dolphins’ gold was worth \$4.7 million. A history of the *Kinshachi*, or Golden Dolphins, can be found [here](#), but there is no mention of the shipwreck. One of the two Kinshachi (with crow):



a stone column on the summit to commemorate that visit.<sup>53</sup> A picturesque Waterfall — Nunobiki<sup>54</sup> — not far distant drew me, but before reaching it I had to run the gauntlet for the climb up is lined with booths selling supposed Satsuma ware and postcards, and each Proprietor comes at you like a Bruiser. At a cost of 30 cents I got through.

At the Hotel which housed me I noticed on the Menu Card a gladsome announcement : “Vegetables supplied from our own farm”, hence after long absence I was able to indulge myself. No one who knows the methods of Japanese farming dare eat their home grown vegetables. Many a Tourist falls sick he knows not why : if he kept his eyes open he would not have to be told to avoid many offered articles of diet. On the roof of these Foreign hotels there is usually an attempt made at gardens, to carry the mind of the traveller “Home” ; here there were geraniums and marigolds, daisies and fernery, climbing and standard roses, a generous lot and pleasing.

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<sup>53</sup> Venus Observation Memorial, Suwayama Park, Kobe, Japan



<sup>54</sup> Nunobiki Waterfall at Kobe



The Moto Machi <sup>55</sup> is the native High Street of Kobe : it has no side walks but is asphalted, the only piece of that kind of road work I saw in Japan. The shops were full of splendid silks and tempting curios.

From this Port I took boat for a run over the “Inland Sea”. There is always a chance that the weather and the sea may be rough, or fog may shut out everything from sight, but my usual good fortune did not fail me here. No days could be finer than those last ones on Japan. I saw the far-famed Sea at its best. There is a long open space of water from Kobe before the picturesque part begins. We covered this at night time.

Up with the sunrise I found us opposite Abuto Point on one of the Thousand Isles. Here perched on the summit of a rock was a Temple, whilst on an adjoining one was a Tower. The roofs of blue — and of gold — glistened in the sun. Amongst the deep foliage of the hills on other isles there constantly appeared red roofed little bungalows whilst ever and anon Temples, some white walled, others red, raised their heads amid the trees. The Ondo with its narrow strait, not 100 yards across. We had to hug one shore so closely that I could have thrown my hat into the houses as we passed through into Hiroshima Bay where lies the Kure Naval Station. A pall of smoke hung over it, pouring from the funnels of many Battleships. We passed by Naval and Military Magazines, Quarantine and Cadet Establishments, large Barracks — all the preparations for War. Behind another island in the Bay lay 100 Torpedo Boat Destroyers. The rule is stringent that no camera be used here. One was and a little Jap officer aboard, bowing deeply, required from a towering American the offending instrument and bowing once again dropped the camera overboard, no questions asked or answered. A Rule is a Rule with the Japanese.

These Thousand Isles are of course all shaped and sizes. Terraced fields abound whilst the placid sea was dotted with fishing boats, their sails of shapes unknown to a mere landsman. Now we neared Miyajima, The Sacred Isle — and my objective — a heavily wooded spot and even at a distance calls for admiration. A Sacred Isle indeed, where rikishas and dogs, births and deaths are not permitted — if the last two can be foreseen — where for long no woman indeed was allowed to land, where deer roam free and fearless, where crows and pigeons are held sacred, where no vandalism has ever been allowed.

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<sup>55</sup> Motomachi Street, Kobe



As the steamer worked round a point and Miyajima lay ahead in a sea like a mirror, with its hills running up 1000 feet and more, mantled thick with trees and foliage of brightest green on many a thicket of bushes, it made a picture not easily forgotten. A motor launch took me off and I was soon housed in one of the various buildings which go to make up the Hotel, the sea a stone's throw away, a fountain playing in front with a little waterfall nearby which helps feed a pond where kingfishers disport themselves and ducks abide.

When darkness fell I went out on the water in a sampan to view the illuminations for some Festival being held. These consisted of 250 Stone Lanterns — which line the waterfront on stands — lit by a wick and sperm oil. Seen from a distance on the still waters the effect was excellent.

The Call of the Trees could not be resisted, so I rose with the sun and struck off for the hills alone. Pine, Cypress, Cherry and Maple are only a few of those to be seen. I steered off from the beaten track by narrow paths, crossing rivulets and miniature cascades on their way to the sea. A long climb lead me to a summit, then down and across a ravine, to find myself at last (breaking through the bush) upon the Stone Steps which lead from the village far below to the summit of the highest peak on the island where there is a Temple and a Shrine and close by a Fire which has not been suffered to go out for over 1000 years. Upwards I went again, now by the great broad steps which wind round and round, with tiny Shrines and Buddhas and piles of Lucky Stones upon the way till I reached the Fire. This is no mere Temple light, kept in a Repository and fed by oil but was evidently at first used as a Beacon. Though attached to a Shrine and so Sacred, it is housed today in a rough shed begrimed with smoke. It is an ordinary fire built of great logs which are kept glowing, and no more. An aged priest was in attendance. Not far off as I went on up I came to the Temple's bell hung in a most artistic tower. A pilgrim sensing my wish to hear its sound pulled the rope but once. A rich and full toned sound wafted itself off, it seemed to fill the air, echoing and re-echoing by hill and vale till it died out across the sea.

Entering the Temple I found a book kept for the signatures of outsiders. I copied the Heading written in a very fair hand : — “M<sup>r</sup> Man and Woman : this Book is a Read at Miyajima : take it Name”. I took it, but there was not much to see in that Temple. The view from it was to me the thing. As from no one I had been able to learn the number of the Steps on that “Sacred Way” I counted them as I

descended. There are 2,150.<sup>56</sup> How all those granite blocks were carried up that grade by human hands is a query not easy to answer. No horses (save the island's Sacred Horse) is permitted, and dense bush with frequent cascades hem those Steps in on either side. By the multitude of pilgrims — old and young, men and women — I met climbing up or making their way down, there can be no doubt as to the sacredness of Miyajima nor as to earnestness of the folk to fulfil their duty to The Invisible.

I left other things to a new day.

## XII

Nothing — even though Sacred and in the care of the gods — is left to chance by the Jap. Even this isle has its hidden batteries. But see them none can. Notices meet you even in the by-paths forbidding entrance or the use of camera. But there is enough of interest without trespassing. The straggling Village is free and almost at once I ran across that Sacred Horse. He has his stable adjoining the chief Temple at the waterside. The Shinto Gods prefer white steeds. His colour may be genuine but I had my doubts. Anyway he did not look very sacred for he seemed terribly thin and hungry in his outdoor cage and eat<sup>57</sup> ravenously out of my hand.

The Main Temple is built on piles and runs well out into the sea. There was a service going on with much beating of drums, the priests in gorgeous robes, a great crowd in attendance. Far out in the water

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<sup>56</sup> Steps to the Daisho-in Temple, Miyajima



<sup>57</sup> WWB use of *eat* here might be as the archaic form of the past tense.



is the great Red Torii.<sup>58</sup> Its picture is known the world over. A Torii is the Entrance Gate to a Temple. They are always built with special care. As this is a Water Temple it is eminently fitting that its Gate should be where it is, and pilgrims crossing to the isle for worship enter by way of its wide spread posts. I took a sampan to see it close. It is built of camphor wood and stands 45 ft high from the sand its posts are sunk in, the beam across the top being 75 feet long. It is painted a brilliant red and can be seen at sea for miles. When the tide runs out both the Temple and its Gateway are bare. The Land Gate or Entrance from the Village is just as impressive. It is built of granite and is a most massive affair.

Along the waterfront — besides those 250 Stone Lanterns which are each 6 feet high — there are Stone Gryphons and a life size Stallion in bronze — a fine piece of statuary cast in Osaka : one living sacred steed, one of effigy. To these are added the usual quota of War Relics — for Remembrance Sake — a Funnel of a Japanese battleship riddled by Russian bullets, and a turret gun of Russia's with its muzzle torn away by the shells of the Japanese.

Now came my boat for Moji and the Shimoneseki Strait where ends The Inland Sea. Arriving at the former I had a long wait for the train which was to carry me through the most southerly of the 3 main islands (which together form Japan) to Nagasaki on the China Sea. Shimoneseki lying scarce half a mile across the strait that bears its name I found — on crossing over for a space — no more inviting. At last the train moved off and all the way was a continuous scene of agriculture. Everybody seemed at work in the fields. Up the hillsides was the same as on the flats. Darkness shut off the scene and it was late when I reached my hotel in Nagasaki.

The Harbour was a busy scene when I looked down upon it from my lofty caravansary. Three Liners were in the centre of the picture, and on the ways<sup>59</sup> was at least one Dreadnought. This is the main coaling station of the Empire. The mines are on Takashima Island close by, and the coal brought down in lighters. Going off to my steamer in a sampan I watched for long the chief sight of Nagasaki — The Women coaling ship. Standing high above them on deck, I looked down upon a busy scene. Lighters hugged close to the sides of the Liner. They were alive with women, a very few men assisting, they stand in line and pass baskets of coal from hand to hand up and up and up an inclined plane, the last half dozen standing on crazy looking ladders leading to the coal chute in the side of the ship. A deft twist to the basket by the last woman, the coal disappears, the basket is pitched down to where a woman awaits it, who throws it to the shovellers<sup>60</sup> and so on to the Grand Circle again. It is

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<sup>58</sup> The torii at the Itsukushima Shrine, Miyajima



<sup>59</sup> A ship undergoing construction in a shipyard is said to be *on the ways*.

<sup>60</sup> WWB has *shovellers*.



all done with rhythmic <sup>61</sup> regularity and astonishing speed. These coalers are very scantily clad and their manners very easy. Each lighter holds 30 tons, each has 20 women to unload it, the pay is half a cent a ton for each, our ship took in 3000 tons.

Nagasaki has an historic interest. When S<sup>t</sup> Francis Xavier <sup>62</sup> in 1549 first reached Japan he landed on this southern island in the Province of Satsuma. He made many converts and none received the new gospel than those of Nagasaki. When the Edict was issued to banish Christianity it was the Christians of Nagasaki who suffered most, they were massacred in thousands. When — centuries later — the bar was lifted, and priests returned to take up the work, Christianity had perished throughout Japan, save at Nagasaki. A thousand and more from this district of hills and vales came forward, they had kept the Faith amongst them, baptized each their generation, still clung to blessed Mary, and waited patiently till once again The Eucharist might be celebrated amongst them. They had their Hearts' Desire.

— **And here I left Japan.** —

(May 1913).

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<sup>61</sup> WWB has *rhythmic*.

<sup>62</sup> [Francis Xavier \(1506–1552\)](#)

## ACROSS SIBERIA

## I

I was heading Home by way of northern Asia and middle Europe : the first leg by water from Shanghai to Korea. <sup>63</sup> Sailing between the Yellow and the China Seas there was Tsu-shima Strait to be crossed, and I was minded that here was the site of that one sided naval fight <sup>64</sup> between Togo <sup>65</sup> and Rogentsinki, <sup>66</sup> the Jap and Russian Admirals. In the middle of that way lies the island which gives the Strait its name, where the Jap fleet lay hidden and at rest, waiting those long weeks whilst the Russian fleet slowly made its way from the Baltic Sea. One can picture the swift torpedo boats catching sight of the slow moving enemy coming up the China Sea — for the colliers kept the battleships in leash — their dashing off to Togo, the Japs letting them pass well into the Strait, then slipping out behind them to deploy on either side and letting Hell loose upon them, to settle all but one which escaped to Vladivostock.

Towards evening Deer Island's Light shone out and we entered the harbour of Fusan <sup>67</sup> with its broad Landing stage where the train stands almost alongside the boat, and the scarlet capped porters transfer your baggage in a twinkling. Our Express was waiting, a Sleeper, Dining Car and mail van, and taking a Military Guard of Jap soldiers to protect mail — and ourselves — from bandits, we dashed into the night. Up with daylight we were at the Capital — Seoul. Here there are 300,000 souls, Jap Government Officials, substantial Public and Government Buildings, ornate homes, 14 miles of walls round the City with 8 gates. At once the newcomer is intrigued by the Korean's head gear, his top hat is the most wonderful head covering on the plain order, conceivable. It strikes one as <sup>68</sup> quite unnecessary and ridiculous.

At Seoul I was close to its sea port Chemulpo where the first gun of the war with Russia was fired, when the brave Russian Captain went out to sea — despite the appeals of all the Consuls to save himself and his men from sure destruction — to be battered to pieces by two Jap cruisers within ten minutes. Then on to Kaijo <sup>69</sup> with its fine waterfall where a party of missionaries came aboard heading for Switzerland for some Convention of their particular Creed. Now came Heijo, <sup>70</sup> the second city in size, of Chosen — the name of their country to its natives. By what was to be seen along the way it seems appropriately called The Hermit Kingdom. There is little evidence of modernity save in the towns on the railway line. Elsewhere the houses are of mud and thatch, the women working in the rice and barley fields, bullocks in the ploughs, no roads to be seen. Many of the women — not at work — heavily veiled in white, the men in baggy Turkish trousers — also white — boys as well as girls in skirts. Those seen carrying loads use a unique method. On their backs is a receptacle like our carpenter's tool bag wide open fastened to a tripod, two short legs holding the bag, one long one which can be rested on the ground at any time, the bearer remaining erect.

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<sup>63</sup> Presumably, the *first leg* of his journey to England after having visited Japan and Shanghai.

<sup>64</sup> [Battle of Tsushima](#), May 27–28, 1905

<sup>65</sup> [Tōgō Heihachirō \(1848–1934\)](#)

<sup>66</sup> [Zinovy Petrovich Rozhdestvensky \(1848–1909\)](#)

<sup>67</sup> [Busan, South Korea](#)

<sup>68</sup> WWB has *is*.

<sup>69</sup> [Kaesŏng, North Korea](#)

<sup>70</sup> [Pyongyang, North Korea](#)

Now we approached the Yalu River, the dividing line between Korea and Manchuria, with its  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile long bridge. Hereabouts it was that the eager Japs keen to get at grips with their enemy refused the use of Transports and swam the river. There was no bridge then. Once over we were in Chinese territory and a Customs Officer came aboard at Antung,<sup>71</sup> an Englishman of towering height, white helmeted, white garmented, blue eyed and genial. There was nothing to it but the chalk mark. We added more soldiers for we were soon in the mountains. With daylight was had reached the great plains.

Here lies Mukden<sup>72</sup> where not long ago a million men fought<sup>73</sup> and the world gaped at such a number, where strategy was pitted against strategy, where every<sup>74</sup> move of the enemy could be seen as on a table and where Russia was finally hurled back to Siberia and the War was over. Here again was much rice, farm houses still of mud with high foursquare walls of the same around them. Mukden spreads itself far and is again a great centre, a real City standing alone but has feelers stretching out over those vast plains, an octopus with a future. Now we were nearing another centre — though a lesser one in<sup>75</sup> size — Chang Chun<sup>76</sup> — the hub of the bean trade. There are said to be no beans in the world to be compared with those of Manchuria. Vast areas were passed through with the plants well on their way to bearing. There were herds of Manchurian ponies to be seen, those sturdy little beasts which nothing seems to tire. The minor stations had each up to date covering, how ever small the population ; the roofs tipped off with Dragons — to ward off Evil Spirits — and soldiers standing at Attention. At Chang Chun I had to change for Harbin<sup>77</sup> (in Siberia) and travellers from Pekin joined us. In one of them I met an engaging personality who made the long journey to our Home all too short : Pope, General Manager of the Shanghai Nanking Railway<sup>78</sup> — whom I ought to have met there but failed to catch at home — loaned to the Chinese Government to show them how to run a railway, spent long years in India at the same work, fought in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Afghan War<sup>79</sup> and carries the evidence in facial scars, with ample means ran his own hospital for wounded soldiers — of both sides — outside Nanking at the time of the late revolution<sup>80</sup> — as I learned when there — a most gregarious person, a lover of animals, keeps a compound for stray dogs in Shanghai, petted every dog and child on station platforms, hovered day after day around a sick little one in a Russian mother's arms and spent a small fortune in throwing Kopeks to children from the carriage windows. Brimful of useful information, I drew on his store to my own great benefit and content. Such contacts are the surprise of Travel.

## II

The next morning we were at Harbin where we had to change again and wait for the Trans Siberian Express coming from Vladivostock, the Pacific terminus of the Line with its two branches, one running direct to Harbin through Manchuria — known as the Chinese Eastern Railway — the other

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<sup>71</sup> [Dandong, Liaoning Province](#)

<sup>72</sup> [Shenyang, Liaoning Province](#)

<sup>73</sup> [Battle of Mukden](#), February 20 to March 10, 1905.

<sup>74</sup> WWB has *ever*.

<sup>75</sup> WWB has *is*.

<sup>76</sup> [Changchun, Jilin Province](#)

<sup>77</sup> [Harbin, Heilongjiang Province](#)

<sup>78</sup> A.W.U. Pope is mentioned in several newspaper articles of the period, as can be seen [here](#).

<sup>79</sup> [The Second Anglo-Afghan War](#) was fought between the United Kingdom and Afghanistan from 1878 to 1880.

<sup>80</sup> [The Xinhai Revolution](#), also known as the Revolution of 1911 or the Chinese Revolution, was a revolution that overthrew China's last imperial dynasty, the Qing Dynasty, and established the Republic of China.

a much longer one, wholly Russian, skirting the Chinese territory and crossing, far to the north, the Amur River on the way. This great Line was begun in 1891. There are sections every Verst <sup>81</sup> ( $\frac{2}{3}$  of a mile) of it with women working as navvies along with the men. Whilst the Line in the main is single tracked, there is considerable double track already. To date the cost has been Four Hundred Million dollars, and to complete the double track calls for Sixty Million more.

There is but one “International” Express a week, and there is keen competition for a place on that train. I had to wait six weeks to secure mine. There are also two “State” trains weekly. Besides these we were continuously passing others of lesser brand, Emigrant trains and Cattle, Soldiers’ trains and Convicts — the latter with barred windows and hungry, unkempt faces peering out — long Freight trains and Refrigerator ones — carrying the white Siberian butter to Europe and its cars invariably painted white. The Government has erected large Immigrant Sheds at most stations, and a weird looking crowd were to be seen with endless bundles and babies, the women looking every whit as masculine as the men. In the wilder parts these women seem to have at least the Whip Hand for Sunday is said to be Flogging Day, when the boorish vodka-soaked husband, after his Saturday night bout gets a good hiding from his Better Half so as to straighten him up for Monday morning’s work.

At each Station we met with neatly constructed booths where Milk and Bread can be purchased for a trifle, both of the finest quality by actual experience. Passengers have to look sharp at the stopping places of The Express. As soon as the train pulls up, a bell is struck : when Time is up 2 strokes are given with 3 strokes seemingly a moment after, the guard’s whistle blows and the train is off. Seeing that your Book of Tickets is rarely in your possession, to be left behind would be exceedingly awkward.

Whether the Section folk have too much idle time on their hands or possess an artistic temperament I cannot say, but the Distance “pegs” at the side of the road bed for those thousands of miles are not mere plain white ones driven in on the slant, but set upright and ornamented around their base with red and white pebbles, wicker work or a bottomless bucket keeping all in place. The effect is pretty and shows an interest in Upkeep.

The cars are comfortable, the dining cars well served, there is a Library aboard and the latest news (in French) in ‘the diner’. I saw Siberia at the ideal time of the year, everything in Nature looked at its best. It must be a very wearying run when nothing but snow is to be seen on either side. That the snow is a menace can be seen by the preparations made against it. Hedges, miles of them ; and fences piled on high, ready for use in dangerous spots for special drifts.

The Wagons-de-lit of the Continent (of Europe) are in use with their abundant space for baggage, whilst in the Luggage Van there is a Bathroom fitted with hot and cold water as well as a “Shower”, but the long journey is on the whole not a dirty one for the passenger, the lofty engines — like huge, ungainly mammoths — burning wood (in Siberia) and oil (in Russia).

The various ‘types’ met en route change with the scene. The Buriats are the least attractive. They look like a cross between Tartar and Chinaman. They wear a miniature Field Marshal’s hat, placed crosswise in the head, made of leather, are clean shaved but evil eyed. The Cossack wins regard, every inch the soldier with his curved sword always dangling at his side. The Russian peasant badly needs the attention of a barber and one and all seem in a deplorable condition as to clothes. All, even

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<sup>81</sup> A [verst](#) is an obsolete Russian unit of length. It is defined as being 500 [sazhen](#) long, which makes a verst equal to 1.0668 kilometres (3,500 feet or 0.663 miles). WWB has *vest*.

down to small boys, wear the high boots and despite summer time were clinging to their bear skin cap.

I have run on ahead while waiting for my express at Harbin. That Junction is no small place. There is Official Town, Russian Town and Chinatown. The whole City looks new — the roads are yet of cobblestones — as indeed it is for in 1897 there were only a few Mongols gathered by its riverside — the Sungari, a feeder to the Amur and a navigable stream — with the vast Steppes around it as far as the eye could see. Today there are 80,000 inhabitants and it is growing apace. Drovskis <sup>82</sup> are the chief vehicles, one horse in the shafts with the Arch over its head, the other horse pulling from one side : Officers everywhere, resplendent in uniform, soldiers of many regiments, one and all big fellows : large stores on the Department system : many Churches with their cupolas : and one Foreign Hotel, “The Grand”. A busy spot.

At last, the Train : and we were off with a capacity load of passengers : and before long were at a little hamlet, famous as the birth place <sup>83</sup> of the Tartar Conqueror Genghis Khan who with his legions swept over Asia and Europe till his Dominion reached from the Arctic to the Himalayas, from the Pacific to the Danube. Thence to Sitsikar, <sup>84</sup> surrounded by a double wall, one of mud, one of brick, the richest market for furs in Manchuria and Siberia, Tiger, fox and sable brought here by the Tungan hunters. Then night fell and by morning the flat country was ending for awhile, and we were climbing the Khinagan Mountains. Here a series of loops are made and glimpses of delightful mountain scenery were given us. A special Guard of a dozen Russian soldiers were with us for the mountain men are as yet untamed and often descend to attack and loot. On these beautiful Ranges wild goat, bear and Chinese pheasants abound. On the summit we were glad to seize hold of wraps for it is the coldest spot of the whole run and the Edelweiss <sup>85</sup> was on either side of the track, sure evidence that our feelings were correct. Down grade we went to the Steppes once more where bands of horses and cattle by the hundreds were being herded. By noon the scene again changed, and we entered the Mongolian Desert, sand, with endless hillocks of the same, everywhere. Hour after hour we forged ahead, the monotony only broken by some wanderers on camels from far off Thibet to the markets we had left. By evening we left the Desert behind us and soon after pulled up at Manchuree, <sup>86</sup> the frontier station where we entered Siberia (passport ridden Russian territory). Our baggage was passed — once again by an Englishman — our Passports examined, and we were off again into the night.

### III

The Longest Day of the Year <sup>87</sup> found us entering The Taiga Forest which was with us for two days continuously. Not a forest such as we picture but still plenty of silver birch and pine, lovely wooded valleys and abundance of wild flowers. I saw and gathered — for the mammoth engine often stopped for fuel on the way — Forget-me-nots and large Daisies, Lilies of the Valley and purple Lilac, a yellow tulip shaped flower and many another also beyond my ken. And this in Siberia, all contrary to the usual conception of this land.

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<sup>82</sup> An open four-wheeled horse-drawn passenger carriage, formerly used in Russia.

<sup>83</sup> The hamlet that WWB refers to must be between Harbin and Qiqihar; however, Genghis Khan is thought to have been born in modern-day northern Mongolia, not far from the current capital, Ulaanbaatar.

<sup>84</sup> Qiqihar (formerly Tsitsihar) is a major city in the Heilongjiang province.

<sup>85</sup> Edelweiss (*Leontopodium alpinum*) is a well-known mountain flower, belonging to the sunflower family.

<sup>86</sup> Manzhouli is a city located in the Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region of China.

<sup>87</sup> In 1913, Saturday, June 21.

Thence to Chita,<sup>88</sup> a military centre, a place of exile for political prisoners — a well built city — a broad river flowing through it, but unpaved streets as usual. It was impossible for me to go through Siberia without the thought being constantly present of those unfortunate Exiles. You have only to look out of the window to see the actual road which they traversed in days gone by, for the line follows it closely. Over Steppe and Desert, through mountains and forest lies that road along which they dragged their weary limbs in chains and with broken spirits.

Once again we entered a Range and climbed the Yablonai Ridge.<sup>89</sup> Here we passed through a tunnel over the stone front of which at one end is engraved in large lettering and in English “To the Atlantic Ocean”, on the other end “To the Pacific Ocean” : a pretty conceit and evidence of British participation in the great undertaking. Tearing down the Ridge we came to a charming spot where the Silenga and the Udu rivers join.<sup>90</sup> Here was a large Military Camp — many thousands of tents — horses tethered on the banks by the hundred — the soldiers bathing after a hot day’s work.

The Sunset was just tipping the tops of the distant hills as we reached Lake Baikal, a sheet of fresh water which could hold England in it — 40 miles across, and in places said to be one mile deep. Here sturgeon abound and seals live — the only body of water inland the world over where these hair seals are found. The railway today runs through a series of tunnels along the steep borders of the Lake, giving charming glimpses of its deep blue waters. Till lately there was a break in the line during summer, when passengers and freight were carried across in steamers, but in winter rails were laid on the ice and the burden — at times — could be borne, otherwise those famous Icebreakers “The Angara” and “The Baikal” of 3,750 horsepower each (built of the English Armstrongs<sup>91</sup>) got to work and kept the lane of water open. They lay in open view when we reached the Town.

Then night fell, and with the morn we were at Irkoutsk,<sup>92</sup> the Capital of Eastern Siberia. Here we changed into a fresh Express. There was no confusion for the compartments tallied in each train and they were drawn up close to each other, car fitting to car. This city is situated on the Angara River, another broad stream.<sup>93</sup> Nearby is one of the great Russian Convict Settlements, 200,000 there. It was Sunday and the women and girls were in their “best”, the men wearing a helmet, new to me, made of that material one associates with a wash-rag (I think called “Lufa”<sup>94</sup>). Gold is found nearby and the Capital is said to owe much to the high class of Exiles who in days gone by found their lot cast in this once wild spot.

Now came a diversified country, at one time flat with large fenceless fields and many patches of wild flowers : then we climbed slight Ranges and found swampland for many miles with pine and elk wood and high grass. Cedars too and larches with the tree of trees from the Pacific to the Urals — the

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<sup>88</sup> Chita is a city and the administrative center of Zabaykalsky Krai, Russia, located at the confluence of the Chita and Ingoda Rivers and on the Trans-Siberian Railway.

<sup>89</sup> The Yablonoi Mountains run from southwest to northeast, passing to the west of Chita and to the east of Lake Baikal. The range forms the dividing line between the rivers that empty into the Arctic Ocean and those that empty into the Pacific.

<sup>90</sup> Ulan-Ude is the capital city of the Republic of Buryatia, Russia, located about 100 kilometers southeast of Lake Baikal on the Uda River at its confluence with the Selenga. According to the preliminary results of the 2010 Census, 404,357 people lived in Ulan-Ude, making the city the third largest in eastern Siberia by population.

<sup>91</sup> Sir W G Armstrong Whitworth & Co Ltd was a major British manufacturing company of the early years of the 20th century. With headquarters in Elswick, Newcastle upon Tyne, Armstrong Whitworth engaged in the construction of armaments, ships, locomotives, automobiles, and aircraft.

<sup>92</sup> Irkutsk is a city and the administrative center of Irkutsk Oblast, Russia, one of the largest cities in Siberia.

<sup>93</sup> WWB has *strem*.

<sup>94</sup> Luffa is a genus of tropical and subtropical vines classified in the cucumber (Cucurbitaceae) family. When the fruit is fully ripened it is very fibrous. The fully developed fruit is the source of the loofah scrubbing sponge which is used in bathrooms and kitchens as a sponge tool.



Silver Birch. We were heading for one of the great Siberian rivers, The Yenisei, and crossed it by a noble bridge,<sup>95</sup> 1000 yards in length, the stream dotted with islands, steamboats plying up and down, a swift, broad river with its outlet in the Arctic Ocean.

Thence to Taiga<sup>96</sup> near where is Tomsk, the site of “The University of Siberia” with its 2000 students ; and its Shrine of a Saint<sup>97</sup> with which is connected the strange tale of Alexander I (1861)

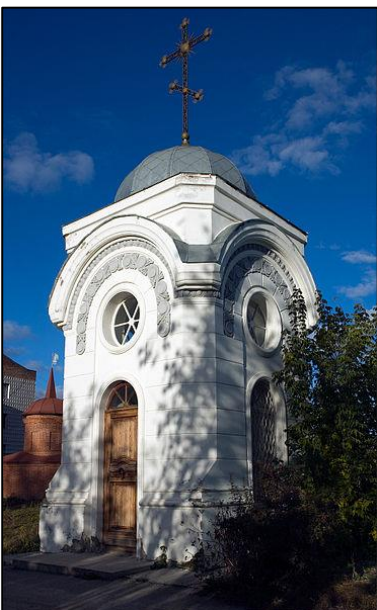
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<sup>95</sup> A bridge near [Krasnoyarsk](#) carries the Trans-Siberian Railway across the Yenisei River. This structure, one of the longest at the time, was constructed between 1893 and 1896.



<sup>96</sup> [Tayga](#) is a town in Kemerovo Oblast, located northwest of Kemerovo. The town is a railroad junction on Trans-Siberian Railway, and also the starting point of the Tayga–Bely Yar branch of the Western Siberian Railway, which provides access to [Tomsk](#).

<sup>97</sup> [Feodor Kuzmich](#) (or Kozmich) was a hermit who emerged in Siberia in 1836 and died in the vicinity of Tomsk in 1864. He was glorified as a saint of the Orthodox Church and was believed to have been [Alexander I \(1777–1825\)](#) under an assumed identity. Chapel of St Feodor Kuzmich in Tomsk:



who is said not to have died at his Baltic Capital as supposed, but to have escaped his watchers and reached Tomsk, there living as a hermit till he passed as a Holy Man to his rest. It was this currently accepted tale which Tolstoi <sup>98</sup> vainly tried to imitate, when he escaped from his home, and set out to live a hermit's life like his former Sovereign.

Scaling the Sckoursk Range we reached and crossed another great river, the Obi, <sup>99</sup> which gives its name to the Gulf in the Arctic where it empties : and by so doing had entered Western Siberia. It is at the Obi that Big game hunters start for Ibex, Sheep and Wapiti which inhabit the Range through which it flows. Now came the Steppes again — all day we traversed them with farm after farm to the horizon. Omsk at last with its 100,000 people and its beautiful blue and gold domed Cathedral <sup>100</sup> : the Irtych River, a feeder of the Obi, flows by. “Letters from a Dead House”, a terrific indictment of Russia's penal system which stirred the public of many countries years gone by, was issued from here by an exiled Russian Author. <sup>101</sup> “Half Way House” for me in happier times : England was equidistant with Korea.

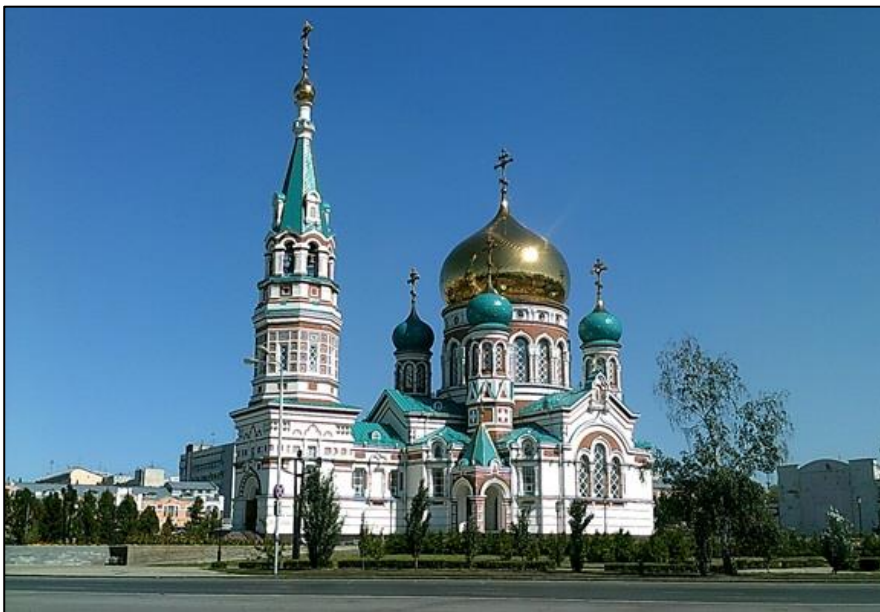
You cannot tell the mileage made, by posts as in some countries, for these seemingly only tally off the sections ; which reminds me of those telegraph posts. They bear not only a number which must be legion over those thousands of miles, but the year they were erected so that one became fascinated as to guessing how long the next one had stood — one of 1913 would be next to one of 1903. The Time Table gave the mileage as it slowly mounted up, slowly for the Mammoth, though hauling an Express, always took its time from point to point.

We passed through Petropavlowsk <sup>102</sup> (Peter and Paul City), where were caravans halting from Central Asia, to find ourselves again mid fields of corn with many a windmill to grind it and miles of

<sup>98</sup> [Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy \(1828–1910\)](#)

<sup>99</sup> The [Ob River](#), also Obi, is a major river in western Siberia, Russia and is the world's seventh longest river. It is the westernmost of the three great Siberian rivers that flow into the Arctic Ocean (the other two being the Yenisei River and the Lena River). The Gulf of Ob is the world's longest estuary. The Trans-Siberian Railway crosses the Ob at [Novosibirsk](#).

<sup>100</sup> Uspensky (or Assumption) Cathedral in [Omsk](#), rebuilt based on the original design:



<sup>101</sup> [Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoyevsky \(1821–1881\)](#)

<sup>102</sup> [Petropavl](#) is a city on the Ishim River in northern Kazakhstan close to the border with Russia, about 261 km west of Omsk along the Trans-Siberian Railway.

virgin black soil awaiting culture ; and so reached [Kourgane](#),<sup>103</sup> the centre of the Siberian butter trade. No one could possibly want finer butter than the white butter of this land. The Urals were now but a night and a morning ahead.

That early morn found us at [Cheliabinsk](#)<sup>104</sup> whence a branch line — a trunk road, no mere spur — runs to Saint Petersburg. Here we had a view of a Russian Military Governor. He had arrived from the Capital. A tall, handsome old man with curled white moustache and a beard brushed fiercely apart. Resplendent with medals robed in a splendid light blue cloak and a cap with a perfect blend of dark blue and light — the former on its crown. Awaiting him was a Detail of Mounted Cossacks, and a drovsky with 3 of the most perfect horses (grey) one could wish to see. The middle one (under the Arch which was inlaid with ivory) stood pawing to be off, the others free of shafts, mad to get going. When at last the great man stepped into the carriage, soldiers saluted, men doffed their caps, the Detail swept around to clear the way, the 3 grey Beauties sprang into the air, their bells clashing in perfect harmony : and he was gone : whilst we went back to our more prosaic mode of travel to pass from Asia into Europe.

#### IV

By midday we began the ascent of the Dividing Range of 2 Continents, and by six p.m. we were down the other side heading across Europe. The Urals are not snow-peaked, rocky or stupendous but they are nevertheless picturesque and abound in Red Fir. The spiral work of the road bed is not acute in its turnings ; the curves round the many shoulders of the mountains are long and sweeping. Up and up we climbed, hardly realizing the height we were gaining. No heavy grades, no tunnels, very few cuttings, the line here double tracked. Many mountain lakes. At [Mias](#)<sup>105</sup> we began the last and the heaviest haul. It is, on the whole, a short ascent as to mileage from Asia, a long descent to Europe. Past [Syrostan](#) one could see the beginnings of many rivers, some to become great ones, as “The Ural” which finds its way to the Caspian Sea, others to flow across Asia. And so to the Summit at [Ourjoumka](#).<sup>106</sup>

Here standing clearly out, close to the track, as the train slowly passes through one of the cuttings, is the great White marble Monument, “The Monument of Tears”, on the actual summit, marking the boundary between the 2 Continents : “Asia” standing out, clear cut in huge lettering ; “Europe” on the other.<sup>107</sup> It was here that the exiles flung themselves down, as grief stricken they bade farewell

<sup>103</sup> [Kurgan](#) is the city and the administrative center of Kurgan Oblast.

<sup>104</sup> [Chelyabinsk](#) is a city and the administrative center of Chelyabinsk Oblast, just to the east of the Ural Mountains, on the border of Europe and Asia.

<sup>105</sup> [Miass](#) is a city in Chelyabinsk Oblast, west of Chelyabinsk, on the eastern slope of the southern Urals, on the bank of the Miass River.

<sup>106</sup> *Ourjoumka* is the spelling found in French texts; *Urzhumka* is found in English texts; the Cyrillic is *Уржумка*. News reports concerning the meteorite that hit near Chelyabinsk on 15 February 2013 claimed that it had been intercepted by the Russian air defence complex at Urzhumka.

<sup>107</sup> The current monument on the Trans-Siberian Railway separating Europe and Asia is located near [Yekaterinburg](#). However, the earliest route of the Trans-Siberian Railway bypassed Yekaterinburg and went through Chelyabinsk to the south; this is the route by which WWB travelled in 1913. The Monument of Tears is located near the Urzhumka Station, which is between Zlatoust and Miass, to the west of Chelyabinsk. References to (i) the “*pyramide blanche qui, près de la station d’Ourjoumka, marque la ligne de faite de l’Oural*” and (ii) to a statue “*between Zlatoust and Miass to mark the border between Europe and Asia*” can be found [here](#) and [here](#). Urzhumka Station (left), in 1899, and the Monument of Tears (right), ‘ЕВРОПА’ (Europe) side, in 1895 ([Trans-Siberian Photogallery](#); see [here](#), [here](#) and [here](#) for more recent photos of the Monument of Tears):



to the Land of their Fathers and entered the dreaded, unknown Siberia. All through the Urals their Way could be clearly traced, winding in and out between the hills.

Then down we sped, soon to see lying far below (in an exquisite valley) the City of Zlatooust.<sup>108</sup> We seemed at one time to be hurrying from it, then turning a mountain shoulder we were heading for it. Lying in the very heart of the Urals, with the river Ai cutting the City in two, its white domed Churches<sup>109</sup> and factories looking like toy buildings from the heights above, and a bright sun flooding all, here to me was the most picturesque sight of all the long journey from Korea. Zlatooust has great Metal Works, Foundries and a Government Armoury, for the Urals are full of minerals as well as of gold, platinum and precious stones. So rich is the district around in the most desired of all its possessions that Emperor Alexander I gave the City its name, which is the Russian for Saint Chrysostom,<sup>110</sup> the Golden Mouthed. Hearing of its riches he went from his Capital to see for himself. He found a Russian prospector at work and rewarded him there and then with many broad acres ; the years passed, his wealth became great, he died a Prince of the Empire. At the Station you have to run



<sup>108</sup> Zlatoust is a city in Chelyabinsk Oblast, on the Ay River, west of Chelyabinsk.

<sup>109</sup> Zlatoust in 1910:



<sup>110</sup> John Chrysostom (c. 347–407), Archbishop of Constantinople, was an important Early Church Father.

the gauntlet of a swarm of vendors who offer from letter weights to broaches, rings and precious stones.

We followed the Ai down to the plains, the population now Tartar, their huts of clay, thatched with straw ; instead of the bell towers of the Orthodox Churches there were the minarets of the Mohammedan Mosques. By sunset we reached Ouva <sup>111</sup> on the banks of the Bulaia where immense log rafts were waiting to be towed to the Volga and so to the Caspian Sea and to market. Nightingales flooded the woods with song as we passed into the night.

Morning found us entering a flat but very fertile country with its green mantle of growing crops. This is “The Black Land District” of Russia Proper. More population, larger villages, but huts not deserving of the name of Homes. Samara, <sup>112</sup> a City of 100,000, centre of a grain trade, was the next stopping place and a cosmopolitan crowd were at the Station — Mongols and Tartars, Russians and Buriats, Cossacks and Circassians. At Batraki <sup>113</sup> we crossed the Volga, a splendid river, alive with commerce, paddle wheelers for tugs. The great bridge “The Alexander” <sup>114</sup> (pride of Russian engineering skill) is one mile long with its approaches, and its floor is 135 feet above the water. The Imperial Arms adorn its entrance and its exit. Once across we were in a much more civilized land. Villages with greatly improved dwellings ; Greek Churches once again.

The next day’s light found us in a busy manufacturing district and by 10 a.m. we drew up in Moscow. Here we had to change once more. I hied to the Kremlin, and all that I had heard concerning it paled before its actuality. It is a City within a City, its lofty walls enclose a mass of splendid buildings — Palaces and Churches — Arsenals and Museums. All these have been rebuilt since 1812 when the Russians destroyed Moscow on the approach of Napoleon : but the walls of The Kremlin and of the Tartar City lying just below it are the old walls. I had entered by “The Redeemer’s Gate” above which is an Ikon of The Christ and on entering or exit every man takes off his hat, and the Guard will see that it is done : even passers by I noticed do the same. Then on to The Great Bell — the Czar Kolokol — fallen from its destroyed steeple and never replaced, a huge piece broken out, enabling me to stand

<sup>111</sup> Ufa is the capital city of the Republic of Bashkortostan, at the confluence of the Belaya and Ufa Rivers.

<sup>112</sup> Samara, known from 1935 to 1991 as Kuybyshev, is the sixth largest city in Russia and the administrative center of Samara Oblast. It is situated at the confluence of the Volga and Samara Rivers on the east bank of the Volga.

<sup>113</sup> Oktyabrsk is a town in Samara Oblast, located on the right bank of the Volga River. It was founded in 1956 by consolidating of three settlements of Batraki, Pravaya Volga and Permomaysky.

<sup>114</sup> Alexander I Bridge, with the Imperial Arms



within ; its weight 400,000 pounds, 20 ft high, 60 ft round its base, its metal as it stands worth two million dollars.<sup>115</sup>

A wander through Moscow had its interest, Churches on every hand, Mosaics on their plastered outer walls, their domes a robin egg blue, a golden Cross surmounting, streets of fine shops, great business blocks, still the cobbled roads, handsomely appointed drovskis drawn by spirited horses, flowers (growing in tubs) half way up the electric tram poles which are placed down the centre of the streets. Near the Station a striking Arc de Triomphe surmounted by a fine piece of statuary, a Chariot and horses ; and in the Station a Shrine with many candles burning, the offerings of the Devout for a successful journey.

Leaving the ancient Capital our way ran through much flat country now full of waving corn. How different a scene from 1812 when, over this same ground, the French Army made its disastrous retreat from a Moscow in ruins. Ahead I was soon to pass another striking Monument — a shaft of marble, reading on one side “Napoleon Bonaparte passed this way in 1812 with 400,000 men” and on the reverse “Napoleon Bonaparte passed this way in 1812 with 9,000 men”.

By morning we were at Brest<sup>116</sup> on the frontier of Russian Poland. Here Latin Churches began with their spires. Crucifixes were to be seen by the roadside and in the fields. A great Military depot was passed, alive with men and horses. Then by evidence of summer cottages each with their well kept gardens we were approaching another big centre, and shortly after we drew up at Warsaw. It was Saturday, hence the Jewish Quarter was tight closed, but the population were about ; the men with their long black coats and small peaked caps, the married women easily detected by their elaborate wigs worn in place of their locks cut off at marriage. A fine City, Zyrardon Church a predominating edifice. A lunch at “The Bristol” (with stringed music accompaniment) recalled the vagaries of the English Nobleman who thus left his mark here.<sup>117</sup> Once more back to the train, to pass through a land improving in up to date notions of husbandry and homes, for the Frontier at Alexandrovo where

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<sup>115</sup> The Tzar Bell in the Kremlin



<sup>116</sup> Brest is a city in Belarus at the border with Poland opposite the city of Terespol, where the Bug River and Mukhavets rivers meet.

<sup>117</sup> The Hotel Bristol was built in 1900 by a company whose partners included Ignacy Jan Paderewski, Polish pianist and prime minister. A possible origin of the name is the association with Frederick Hervey, the fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry (1730–1803). According to his biographer, “So widely famed was the Bishop as a traveller, and so great his reputation as a connoisseur of all good things, that Lord Bristol’s hotel... came to be the best known and regarded in every city or town where he sojourned and was thus the precursor of the Hotels Bristol to be found all over Europe.”



Customs were passed, Passports shown and we left Russian territory behind us — a long run surely from Eastern Siberia.

Now Germany had to be passed through, with Berlin and the Elbe, Cologne and the Rhine ; Belgium too, with Brussels' charms. On these I need not dwell, they are too well known for comment. It was noon when the train drew up at Calais' Quay. Across the water I could descry the white cliffs of Dover. The steamer soon filled with passengers, pushed her nose out into the tossing Straits, her engines chug-chugged steadily, yet all too slowly for me. The Castle and the Breakwater hove in clearer view ; soon we were in smooth water, tied up, the gang plank down, and I stood again on England's soil **after Thirty Years A'Roaming**.

## AFTER THIRTY YEARS, TWO MONTHS AT HOME

### Foreword

My landing place was Dover. No plan outlined, save so far as possible, to pick up the threads of the years from birth to early manhood, revisiting the scenes and weaving them into a whole to last, indelible, till Memory should cease its functioning in some far off land whither the wanderlust should further lead me.

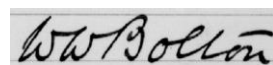
I was not disappointed, as so many seem to be, revisiting ; nor disillusioned. Time must inevitably bring changes : I was prepared for these, but England's soil and historic Past nothing can change ; and to sense these was enough for me, as I would roam over Shires familiar in the Long Ago.

Kent was old ground and must ever be The Garden of England. As the train whirled me along to the Metropolis there seemed but little change ; a glimpse through trees, here a castle, there of a ruined abbey, anon a lovely domain spread out with a Manor House wrapped in ivy, a little village appearing, nestling in the hills, thatched roofs : and every village its House of God, sometimes square towered, sometimes spired ; cattle browsing in the neatly hedged fields ; old men, smock frocked, bent double, working in the fields they had tilled since boyhood ; old women, sun bonneted, sitting at their cottage door.

Then the countryside began to cease, and one grew conscious of some mighty centre reaching out for room — more room. What was country I found was town, whole hamlets had been absorbed, the homes of a million were where once I had tramped for training, or taken part in many a hard fought game. The open spaces grew steadily less, the line of houses thicker, denser ; smoke now hung like a cloud above, borough lines seemed gone, all became one vast maze of buildings and humanity.

We stopped. I was again in London, my native Home, my birth place.

Vancouver Island  
1913

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "W.W. Bollon". The ink is dark and the handwriting is fluid, with the first letters of each word being capitalized and prominent.

## The South Coast

To the true Cockney, London and Brighton are synonymous terms. It was thither and its coast line that I at once made my way : London could wait awhile.

Brighton is not a Thing of Yesterday, though of a truth it was raised by the smile of the regent — later King George IV <sup>118</sup> of unblest memory — from an ancient fishing village to a seaside Paris. It figures in Domesday <sup>119</sup> — our Sacred Book which stamps on all mentioned therein a Hallmark which no money can purchase, nor noble deed procure. Back in Saxon days it boasted of great things, it had seen England's enemies land and thrown back into the sea : its rude inhabitants who once had bent beneath Druidical rule had received the foreign missionaries and learned to kneel before the Crucifix. So the Altar of Saint Nicholas <sup>120</sup> was raised — Nicholas the patron of those who seek their living from the fish of the sea ; and the lover of the Simpleminded — as all true fishers are — and of children to whom he still appears bearing gifts in his hands as Santa Claus.

There is not much left now of that ancient Shrine — only the Font, but that is worth going far to see. Its great age alone inspires reverence. Bethink you of the Ministers in Holy Things who for a full thousand years have stood beside it, and of the vast total who in those waters have been enrolled as Christians. Around it now stand pillars raised by the Normans, and touches here and there of the Decorative Age ; clearly too can be seen the ruthless hand of the Puritan, and the whitewash of the soulless Georgian.

Outside is the Altar Tomb of that gallant Captain who aided Charles II <sup>121</sup> — then a fugitive from ill-fated Worcester — to escape to France. At “The George Inn” he lay hidden till he went aboard at

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<sup>118</sup> [George IV \(George Augustus Frederick; 1762 –1830\)](#) was king of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and king of Hanover following the death of his father, George III, on 29 January 1820, until his own death ten years later. From 1811 until his accession, he served as Prince Regent during his father's final mental illness.

<sup>119</sup> [Domesday Book](#), now held at The National Archives, Kew, in South West London, is the record of the great survey of much of England and parts of Wales completed in 1086.

<sup>120</sup> [Saint Nicholas \(270–343\)](#) was a historic 4th-century saint and Greek Bishop. He had a reputation for secret gift-giving, such as putting coins in the shoes of those who left them out for him, and thus became the model for Santa Claus, whose modern name comes from the Dutch Sinterklaas, itself from a series of elisions and corruptions of the transliteration of “Saint Nikolaos”. WWB has *Saint Nicolas*. [St. Nicholas Church](#) is an Anglican church in Brighton; it is both the original parish church of Brighton and the oldest surviving building in Brighton.



<sup>121</sup> [Charles II \(1630–1685\)](#) was king of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Cromwell defeated Charles at the Battle of Worcester on 3 September 1651, and Charles fled to mainland Europe, where he spent the next nine years in exile in

Shoreham close by, and so safely and, in time, a safe return. In that same God's Acre lies another gallant one — a woman <sup>122</sup> — who at the Call of Country donned man's attire and fought at Fontenoy.

In Norman days another fane <sup>123</sup> was needed, so S<sup>t</sup> Bartholomew's was raised ; its site now the Town Hall, but another S<sup>t</sup> Bart's stands close to, locally known as Noah's Ark <sup>124</sup> from its outward appearance ; renowned <sup>125</sup> today for the height of its Ritual and its Roof.

Down from the long Age has come a tradition still obscured. Every Good Friday — known also here as "Long Rope Day" children go skipping in the streets, the rope having reference to the Traitor Judas who on that fatal day committed suicide. Hemp rope locally was ever plentiful for the fishers' nets.

There was the Pavilion to revisit, built by The Regent in the days when he "painted the town red" and Beau Brummel <sup>126</sup> swaggered about, the idol of the ladies, the despair of his creditors. I seemed to hear again the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, <sup>127</sup> flood the place with song, with the Emperor Napoleon and his Empress in the audience, fresh from Sedan. <sup>128</sup>

Thence to the summit of the nearest "Down" and I was on the Race course, below lay miles of homes, the famous beach alive with children mixed up with bathing machines, minstrels of ebony hue, and boat men, as of yore doubtless urging London bred mothers to a voyage on the briny.

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France, the United Provinces and the Spanish Netherlands. Captain Nicholas Tattersell took Charles II from Shoreham harbour to France in 1651 in *Surprise*, a coal ship he captained.

<sup>122</sup> [Phoebe Hessel \(1713–1821\)](#) fell in love with a soldier, William Golding, at the age of 15, and disguised herself as a man to enlist alongside him in the British Army after he was sent overseas. The concealment of her sex was so effective that she served for 17 years until voluntarily revealing the truth to her commanding officer's wife and being discharged; even after suffering a wounded arm at the [Battle of Fontenoy](#) in 1745, she was not discovered during her treatment.

<sup>123</sup> Archaic: a temple or shrine

<sup>124</sup> [St Bartholomew's Church](#) is an Anglican church in Brighton, England. It is notable for its height – dominating the streets around it and being visible from many parts of the city – and its distinctive red-brick construction:



<sup>125</sup> WWB has *renowed*.

<sup>126</sup> [George Bryan "Beau" Brummell \(1778–1840\)](#) was an iconic figure in Regency England, the arbiter of men's fashion, and a friend of the Prince Regent, the future [George IV](#).

<sup>127</sup> [Johanna Maria Lind \(1820–1887\)](#), better known as Jenny Lind, was a Swedish opera singer, often known as the "Swedish Nightingale".

<sup>128</sup> [The Battle of Sedan](#) was fought during the Franco-Prussian War on 1 September 1870. It resulted in the capture of Emperor Napoleon III and large numbers of his troops and for all intents and purposes decided the war in favour of Prussia and its allies, though fighting continued under a new French government.

The Esplanade had, I found, been vastly improved ; asphalt now, and flower beds, cosy lounging seats, and “lifts” to reach to and from the sands. Room enough for everybody, even the goat carriages which threaded their happy burdens through a multitude of immaculately dressed men and women. More than ever of Hotels and Apartment houses across the way, no seeming break in the line from Hove to Kemp Town, a full three miles.

Brighton’s environs are a delight, go which way you will. For Ovingdean and Rottingdean you must go over the Downs ; and beyond in a valley lies the former, brought out of obscurity into at least temporary fame by Harrison Ainsworth <sup>129</sup> in his “Grange”. Beneath you lies the Church, the Grange, and cottages set close together amid trees. Descending, you find a tiny House of God, scrupulously kept, many mere slits of windows, speaking for defence and firing of darts and arrows in times long gone by.

Thence across rich meadows to Rottingdean, fit home for artistic souls where Burne Jones, <sup>130</sup> Kipling <sup>131</sup> and William Black <sup>132</sup> made their residence and the first named and the last lie in its graveyard. Burne-Jones’ handiwork is to be <sup>133</sup> seen within the little Church, stained glass windows of intense coloring. The Altar raised high above the nave, a Norman plan, triple steps from nave to Choir, triple from Choir to Stalls, triple again from Stalls to Altar rail. The Font but lately recovered, having been dug up in the Rectory Garden, whilst a three cornered Alms Box seemed quite as old.

Every hamlet around seems to have its Manor House, which according to Sussex custom descends first to the widow, then to the youngest son.

I made my pilgrimage to Lewes and its Castle. The Great Adventure of my childhood ere ever I had entered my ’teens was riding alone on a “bone shaker”, wooden wheels, iron tyres and saddle as ungiving as a board, the 60 miles from London to Lewes : the last few miles in weariness and tears. I wandered along the main street which looked unaltered, there was the Inn where a motherly hostess warmed to the child, fed him and gave him her best room to sleep the sleep of the dog tired ; the same quaint old houses. The Castle beckoned, and I made my way from the Lower Gate by winding path, up tier upon tier of its battlements. Much has crumbled away but there is much remaining. It is set high above the town. On the summit of the hill within those massive walls there is a beautifully kept green sward and around it rise the last two Towers, to the top of one of which you reach by narrow winding stair — the other is not now safe. It is worth the climb to look out from that flat roof, foursquare, looking still ready for business, be it attack or defence.

Below, nestles the town, to one side the River Ouse wends a serpentine way to the sea, across it rises a monument raised to the memory of The Lewes Martyrs <sup>134</sup> who in a blind and cruel age were burned

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<sup>129</sup> [William Harrison Ainsworth \(1805–1882\)](#) was an English historical novelist.

<sup>130</sup> [Edward Coley Burne-Jones \(1833–1898\)](#) was a British artist and designer. He was closely involved in the rejuvenation of the tradition of stained glass art in Britain.

<sup>131</sup> [Joseph Rudyard Kipling \(1865–1936\)](#) was an English short-story writer, poet, and novelist chiefly remembered for his tales and poems of British soldiers in India, and his tales for children.

<sup>132</sup> [William Black \(1841–1898\)](#) was a novelist born in Glasgow, Scotland. During his own lifetime his novels were immensely popular; however, his fame and popularity did not survive long into the twentieth century.

<sup>133</sup> WWB is missing *be*.

<sup>134</sup> At the time of the [Marian Persecutions of 1555–1557](#), carried out against Protestant religious reformers for their faith during the reign of the Catholic [Mary I of England](#) (“Bloody Mary”), Lewes was the site of the execution of seventeen

for their religious views. On the other side are The Downs, the site of that historic Battle of Lewes<sup>135</sup> when Longshanks the Impetuous and his Father Henry III met Simon de Montfort. That day ended with de Montfort the victor and king and son prisoners within the Castle. But Lewes was atoned for by Evesham,<sup>136</sup> where Simon fell.

West from Brighton, along the coast, lies Lancing just beyond Shoreham, which seemed not yet to have awakened from its dreams. On the side of a hill, embowered in trees rises the College and the Chapel. Surely there is no finer School Chapel in England than that.<sup>137</sup> It is a thing of beauty in stone. Its cost to date of £125,000 will give some idea of its magnificence. To complete it there is another £80,000 to be spent. It has a Crypt beneath it, the size of a large Church. The School is but one of

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Protestant martyrs, who were burned at the stake in front of the Star Inn. This structure is now the Town Hall. The Lewes Martyrs' Memorial:



<sup>135</sup> [The Battle of Lewes](#) was one of two main battles of the conflict known as the [Second Barons' War](#) (1264–1267), a civil war in England between the forces of a number of barons led by [Simon de Montfort](#) against the Royalist forces led by Prince Edward (later [Edward I of England](#)), also known as Edward Longshanks, in the name of his father, [Henry III](#). It took place at Lewes in Sussex, on 14 May 1264. It marked the high point of the career of Simon de Montfort and made him the “uncrowned King of England”.

<sup>136</sup> [The Battle of Evesham](#) took place on 4 August 1265, near the town of [Evesham](#), Worcestershire. With the Battle of Lewes Montfort had won control of royal government, but after the defection of several close allies and the escape from captivity of Prince Edward, he found himself on the defensive. Forced to engage the royalists at Evesham, he faced an army twice the size of his own. The battle soon turned into a massacre; Montfort himself was killed and his body mutilated.

<sup>137</sup> [Lancing College](#) is a co-educational English independent school in the British public school tradition, founded in 1848 by Nathaniel Woodard. The school chapel:





many all along the southern coast for both sexes. Many of them are famous and crowded, but most of yesterday. One I knew of old, and Brighton College <sup>138</sup> gave me kindest welcome.

Worthing had changed little, I had no difficulty in finding my way about and took the opportunity of crossing the fields once again to the ancient Broadwater Church where of old, Worthingites betook themselves of a Sunday evening. A romantic spot with Knights and Grand Dames lying under huge stone effigies, the very armour still hanging above them.

Thence to Southampton with its ancient walls and gates — a mile foursquare. Out of the latter poured the soldiers with the Black Prince at their head to win fame at Crécy <sup>139</sup> ; a century later <sup>140</sup> Henry V and his men to do the same at Agincourt. <sup>141</sup> Here the Quay whence they embarked for France, and nearby a genuine Tudor house where the much married Henry 8<sup>th</sup> and one of his wives — Anne Boleyn — spent their honeymoon. <sup>142</sup> Within today are many interesting relics of past City times, stocks for the wicked, stones for catapults to hurl from the battlemented walls. A launch bore me on the waters of the Solent where yachts were sailing, steamers plying and the monster Ships of Travel went and came.

On from thence to the New Forest. Not a foot or horseback as of yore but the modern auto bore me on roads which to me seemed perfect. There may be grumblers for aught I know, but they are spoiled children, they should know roads elsewhere than those of Home. The Forest was at its best, foxgloves and wild honey suckle, with masses of heather lined the way. Here were wild ponies to be seen and the red deer, foxes too scampered away, and pheasants overhead. Lyndhurst first, with the King's House where the Forest dues are paid, for there are many hamlets now within the Forest where once were none. Then Burley with its Great Tree, whereon — high up — is built a summer house. Here was High Tea and honey waiting for me in a garden where roses and sweet william abounded : a huge fireplace for winter time, in which I could roam and note where the hams were hung to be correctly smoked when the long dark days come. Then climbing we reached the Summit moor, here the Shooting Box of Lord Lucas, <sup>143</sup> and a view embracing not only Hampshire but Dorset, Wiltshire and the Isle of Wight.

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<sup>138</sup> [Brighton College](#) was named England's Independent School of the Year 2011–2012 by The Sunday Times. It is a leading boarding and day school for boys and girls aged 3–18, situated on the South Coast of England.

<sup>139</sup> [The Battle of Crécy](#) took place on 26 August 1346 near Crécy in northern France. It was one of the most important battles of the [Hundred Years' War](#) — a series of conflicts waged from 1337 to 1453 between the Kingdom of England and the Kingdom of France and their various allies for control of the French throne — because of the combination of new weapons and tactics used. [Edward of Woodstock, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Prince of Aquitaine \(1330–1376\)](#) is known as the Black Prince. WWB has *Creçy*.

<sup>140</sup> WWB has *latter*.

<sup>141</sup> [The Battle of Agincourt](#) was a major English victory in the Hundred Years' War. The battle occurred on Friday, 25 October 1415. [Henry V](#)'s victory at Agincourt, against a numerically superior French army, crippled France and started a new period in the war.

<sup>142</sup> [Henry VIII \(1491–1547\)](#) was King of England from 21 April 1509 until his death. Henry was the second monarch of the House of Tudor, succeeding his father, [Henry VII](#). [Anne Boleyn \(c. 1501–1536\)](#) was Queen of England from 1533 to 1536 as the second wife of Henry VIII. When it became clear that [Pope Clement VII](#) would not annul Henry VIII's marriage to his first wife [Catherine of Aragon](#) so that he could marry Anne, the breaking of the power of the Catholic Church in England began. Anne gave birth to the future [Elizabeth I of England](#), whose gender disappointed Henry. Following three miscarriages, Henry had Anne investigated for high treason in April 1536, for which she was beheaded on 19 May 1536.

<sup>143</sup> Possibly [Auberon Thomas Herbert \(1876–1916\)](#).

Now a dropping down, and leaving the high road reached the Rufus Stone,<sup>144</sup> where the Red King died, struck down by Tyrrel's arrow. A goodly spot truly to die in. The tree itself is dead too, but the Stone holds the site. It stands in a pretty glade with trees here and there, but close by dense wood. It is full likely to be much the same as then it was. The way up, which the yokel took as he bore the royal corpse to the high way, is the way all follow today, with a pool close handy to the road ; which since that day so Old Wives say has never been the same, but dulled by a King's blood which dripped in as the corpse was carried past.

We left the way to Winchester and swept round to our starting point, well content.

Devonshire was calling loudly, with its red soil, its incomparable lanes, its Babbacombs<sup>145</sup> and Brixhams, but it could not be. To London I returned.

## The Thames

To the London born the Thames is without a peer. We may have voyaged on the mighty rivers of the world, have seen the vastness in width and length of the Amazon, the Mississippi,<sup>146</sup> the Yangtze, the Yukon, the Mackenzie and the Nile, but we return to the Thames with an affection that none else arouses. The narrow, short lengthed river of Home grips the heart.

A pilgrimage to its source is high privilege, nor could I be denied. It meant Cheltenham and a run through Berks, Wilts and Gloucestershire, past Slough with Veitch's splendid nurseries, Maidenhead the rival of Henley for Houseboating, Reading of Biscuit fame and Sutton's seeds. Then Swindon with goods' yards to bewilder one, a maze of lines and sheds, and Gloucester with its noble Cathedral both City and Fane far too fine with so infamous a man as King Richard III.<sup>147</sup>

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<sup>144</sup> [William II \(c. 1056–1100\)](#), King of England from 1087 until 1100, was commonly known as William Rufus, perhaps because of his red-faced appearance. The king went hunting on 2 August 1100 in the New Forest, likely near Brockhurst. He was killed by an arrow through the lung, but the circumstances remain unclear. The arrow was shot by a nobleman named [Walter Tirel](#). A stone known as the Rufus Stone marks the spot where he supposedly fell:



<sup>145</sup> WWB has *Babacombs*.

<sup>146</sup> WWB has *Mississippi*.

<sup>147</sup> [Richard III \(1452–1485\)](#) was King of England for two years, from 1483 until his death in 1485 during the [Battle of Bosworth Field](#). He was the last king of the House of York and the last of the Plantagenet dynasty. His defeat at the Battle

Now came Cheltenham, lying snugly under the protecting arms of the Cotswold Hills, and still inviting sciatics, rheumatics and various other ills to drink of its waters and live. Here gather in large numbers “The Retired” of moderate means. A neat City. The Esplanade with the famous Spa at one end most inviting, down each side huge shady elms, with seats to enjoy the flower beds, the fountains playing, and the many Statues. A city like Brighton replete with schools, chief amongst them of course one of the great Public Schools of Home, <sup>148</sup> with impressive buildings and fine playing fields. Its lofty Chapel akin in measure to Lancing’s glory, the interior roomy, with carved Stalls for the boys facing one another, the Sanctuary imposing. A plethora of Tablets, here a Brass to a soldier, there to a Scholar, here to a Statesman, there to a mere lad in years. Frescoes and mosaics, windows stained, one and all speaking of love for their Alma Mater and gallant deeds.

Nigh Cheltenham lies Prestbury, birthplace of two level headed men famous but yesterday in their respective walks in life, a Bishop and a Jockey. Fraser of Manchester <sup>149</sup> was a name to conjure with in disputations social as well as theological ; Fred Archer <sup>150</sup> was a name to swear by. Both had passed on, but their names abide.

Now heading straight for the Cotswold and climbing by good road, past famous “Meets” for fox hunting and woods where Renard <sup>151</sup> lies, one reaches the summit, and just on the farther side a coulee lies, bubbling with water, the Source of the River Thames. Inset on a wall close by, a tablet reading “Hic Tuus, O Tamesine Pater, Septemgeminus Fons” (Here O Father Thames (is) they seven twinned Fountain). <sup>152</sup> Here indeed are easily to be counted the seven springs, in so confined a space that it is easy to act as the Colossus of Rhodes <sup>153</sup> is said to have done and bridge the lot. Here then was the Beginning of things, the next day I stood on London bridge and saw O Tamesine Pater bearing along

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of Bosworth Field was the decisive battle of the [Wars of the Roses](#) and is sometimes regarded as the end of the Middle Ages in England. He is the subject of an eponymous play by William Shakespeare.

<sup>148</sup> [Cheltenham College](#), one of the public schools of the Victorian period, was opened in July 1841. An Anglican foundation, it is known for its classical, military and sporting traditions.

<sup>149</sup> [James Fraser \(1818–1885\)](#) was a reforming Anglican bishop of Manchester, England. An able Church administrator and policy leader, he was active in developing the Church's approach to education and in practical politics and industrial relations.

<sup>150</sup> [Frederick James Archer \(1857–1886\)](#) was an English flat race jockey who was the most successful sportsman in horse racing during the Victorian era.

<sup>151</sup> *Renard* is French for *fox*.

<sup>152</sup> [Seven Springs](#) is a hamlet in the parish of Coberley in the Cotswold District of Gloucestershire. It is the source of the River Churn which flows south across the Cotswold through Cirencester and joins the River Thames near Cricklade. It is regularly argued as the real source of the River Thames, as opposed to [Thames Head](#), which is traditionally identified as the source. WWB has *twined* for *twinned*.



<sup>153</sup> [The Colossus of Rhodes](#) was a statue of the Greek Titan Helios, erected in the city of Rhodes on the Greek island of Rhodes by Chares of Lindos between 292 and 280 BC. It is considered one of the [Seven Wonders of the Ancient World](#). The design, posture and dimensions of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor are based on what the Colossus was thought by engineers in the late 19th century to have looked like. WWB has *Colussus*.

the commerce of many nations, heading fast and in fine volume for the sea and ocean, where is the End of things.

But I would make closer acquaintance with the River Man from bridge above it. The Thames must bear me to the old haunts upstream and downstream, to Kew, Richmond and Hampton Court ; and likewise to Greenwich, and Woolwich. <sup>154</sup> Then only would I be content.

The start upstream was from Westminster Bridge, the weather perfect, the view from the top deck unobstructed. On the right the Houses of Parliament, never better seen because not too close to them and the Terrace where Members take Tea with their ladies ; on the left St Thomas' Hospital with its amazing blocks of wards, a little further on, on the same side, Lambeth Palace, the residence of Archbishops of Canterbury for 100 years. Set as now it is amid a conglomeration of factories and artisans' homes, it looks every whit its hoary age, gloomy, more like a mediæval fortress than a Bishop's home. You see the Lollards' Tower where many an innocent one was penned, and Royalists too when Puritans ruled and laymen owned the Palace for a time. On this side lies the Albert Embankment, on the opposite the Victoria. Here next is St Mary's Church in the Tower of which, the Queen of James II and her baby girl hid through a pelting rain as she waited for means to escape down river and so to France. <sup>155</sup> Now Doulton's Pottery Works, the frontage of the buildings an advertisement in stone of its special ware of Brown and White.

On the right hand is the Tate Gallery to be revealed in later : on the left is Battersea Park, a splendid space of grass with trees reaching down to the river's edge. On the right is Chelsea Hospital where some 600 old soldiers await their last Roll Call. Close by are the Botanical Gardens just now ablaze with colour ; and Cheyne Row made famous by the great ones who dwelled there. <sup>156</sup> On the left is Wandsworth, on the right comes Hurlingham of Polo record. And all the while one is passing beneath bridges, eight so far, and the river crowded with crafts. Commercial buildings lessen now on either side and rural surroundings take their place. Swans are floating with the tide and young men in shells are to be seen. Now on the left comes Putney, and Fulham Palace on the right, the official residence of the Bishop of London, a spot speaking of Peace and Quiet. Now we enter upon a mileage famous the world over, where Light and Dark Blue fight out their annual struggle and Sculling World Championships are settled. <sup>157</sup> Now all is still, the towpath on the left is quite deserted, the green march on the right gives no sign of life. But once, nay many a time what thrills, what scenes one saw there. Now "Craven Steps" and opposite, another famous Club Grounds, "The Ranelagh". <sup>158</sup> Next, on the right "The Crab Tree" where so many scullers have already "Shot their bolt" and yet have far to go. Now we pass beneath Hammersmith Bridge where the Thames selects to take a mighty bend, Chiswick on the right, Barnes, with its common notorious of old for its dwelling ground, on the left. Thus to Mortlake with its Old time "Ship Inn" ; and opposite to the Inn on the farther side of the river, a great white Port for here is Ending of the Struggle, and victors are acclaimed, and wearied muscles have their rest. Here another wearied Traveller rests ; he of Eastern Travel fame lies beneath a huge stone tent decorated with Stars and Crescents, Burton the Undismayed. <sup>159</sup>

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<sup>154</sup> Here WWB has ~~and Gravesend~~.

<sup>155</sup> James II and VII (1633–1701) was King of England and King of Ireland as James II and King of Scotland as James VII from 1685. James fled England (and thus was held to have abdicated) in the [Glorious Revolution](#) of 1688. [Mary of Modena \(1658–1718\)](#) was Queen consort of England, Scotland and Ireland as the second wife of King James II and VII.

<sup>156</sup> The famous residents of Cheyne Walk are listed [here](#) and include [Mick Jagger](#) and [Keith Richards](#).

<sup>157</sup> WWB is going past the [London Rowing Club](#) on the left.

<sup>158</sup> From 1883 to 1939 [Barn Elms](#) was used as the club-house of the Ranelagh Club, with polo grounds and extensive gardens. WWB has *Ranelgh*.

<sup>159</sup> [Richard Francis Burton \(1821–1890\)](#) was a British geographer, explorer, translator, writer, soldier, orientalist, cartographer, ethnologist, spy, linguist, poet, fencer and diplomat. He was known for his travels and explorations within



Now Kew and the Gardens known the world over, first laid out under King George the Third, <sup>160</sup> a lover of flowers and the ornate. Their care today is in the hands of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. Near the main entrance is the Palace, a red brick building, not at all out of place as one might suppose. Conservatories and Palm Houses are seen amid the trees, fine avenues, some gravelled, others of grass, branch out in all directions. A vast place. A large board at the Entrance tells of what specially is in flower. I wandered for hours. First to the Pond where water lilies grow, pink ones and white, their broad leaves covering the surface. Nigh to this is the Museum containing the dried flora and seeds of practically every country of the world. Beyond are the Herbaceous Beds, a large walled in garden of themselves. Here is a bed of wild flowers from Siberia, here from France, here from Canada, here from Oriental Countries. Passing out, one is in the Rock Garden, a little waterfall at one side, and along its course all manner of dainty things ; Iberis and Erica heather, much of the Saxifraga family, Geum and Purple bell. From hence you are lead into the Rose Pergola <sup>161</sup> — with me at the time of fullest bloom worth coming far to see. Now you are amongst the Dahlias and great beds of Phlox and Hollyhocks. Then to the central Palm House, so lofty that within you mount up a winding stairway to a balcony and still those tropical plants and fruits rise higher. This seems the centre of things for broad avenues lead off in each direction. A fountain is playing and peacocks move haughtily about. I took the way to the Rhododendron Walk where the giant bushes lined the sides and formed a domain of themselves. Thence to the Chinese Pagoda rising 200 ft and to Ferneries and Hothouses. The Flag Pole was the last but not the least interesting thing to see for it had grown from a sapling into its towering height — its equal not to be seen in the Metropolis — in that far off Province of British Columbia from which I had come to now stand at its base.

Up river again, and on the right is Brentford and Lion House, town mansion in the past of the Dukes of Northumberland. The House in size imposing, but in form as plain as a barracks from the river. Its park reaches up to Isleworth, still a pretty village. The Thames makes itself felt here, it has not yet consorted with tides, and on the left we reach a Half Lock and boat rollers ; we use the Lock. Shut in for a space, the gates open and we pass on to Richmond. Here life on the river begins in earnest, not of tugs and barges, but of punts and House boats. The river is alive with folk. The Hill, on the left, is

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Asia, Africa and the Americas, as well as his extraordinary knowledge of languages and cultures. According to one count, he spoke 29 European, Asian and African languages

<sup>160</sup> [George III \(1738–1820\)](#) was King of Great Britain and King of Ireland from 25 October 1760 until the union of these two countries on 1 January 1801, after which he was King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland until his death.

<sup>161</sup> The Rose Pergola at Kew Gardens.



crowned with hotels, but once Royalty alone held sway here. It was Sheen <sup>162</sup> in Saxon times. Here in the Palace raised by Saxon Kings, our Edward III <sup>163</sup> died and Anne of Bohemia, <sup>164</sup> wife of Richard II, <sup>165</sup> passed away, her royal spouse in grief having the Palace pulled down nor would he set eyes on the place again. Brave Harry V <sup>166</sup> built anew whilst Henry VII expended a lavish hand and changed its name to Richmond from whence, in the north, he came. Here is the Old Park and the New. At the entrance to the latter stands the far famed “Star and Garter Hotel” <sup>167</sup> and within the Park are held those Rugby battles which have made the residents team a formidable foe for half a century. For one, I should know for I had tested them. <sup>168</sup>

Again in the river’s course comes a mighty bend and we are at Eel Pie Island and Twickenham Ferry. Charming residences here with lawns running down to the river’s banks with an abundance of flowers. Pope’s villa is on the right and the Church where lies buried. <sup>169</sup>

At Teddington another lock awaits, and many islets. From the many fishermen sitting in punts, here there are good fishing grounds. The banks are thick with tiny dwellings, ‘shacks’ we might call them only each is a gem, each different in some way, each with its little garden, its bower and hammock. Flanneled folk seem everywhere and there are boats Sailing ; for this reach of The Thames is renowned for such sport.

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<sup>162</sup> The area now known as [Richmond](#) was formerly part of Shene (or Sheen) until about five centuries ago, but Shene was not listed in Domesday Book, although it is depicted on the map as Sceon, which was its Saxon spelling in 950AD.

<sup>163</sup> [Edward III \(1312–1377\)](#) was King of England from 1327 until his death; he is noted for his military success and for restoring royal authority after the disastrous reign of his father, Edward II. Edward III transformed the Kingdom of England into one of the most formidable military powers in Europe; his reign also saw vital developments in legislation and government — in particular the evolution of the English parliament — as well as the ravages of the Black Death. He is one of only six British monarchs to have ruled England or its successor kingdoms for more than fifty years.

<sup>164</sup> [Anne of Bohemia \(1366–1394\)](#) was Queen of England as the first wife of King Richard II. A member of the House of Luxembourg, she was the eldest daughter of [Charles IV, Holy Roman Emperor](#), and [Elizabeth of Pomerania](#).

<sup>165</sup> [Richard II \(1367–1400\)](#) was the first English king to make Sheen his main residence, which he did in 1383.

<sup>166</sup> [Henry V](#) was also known as King Harry V.

<sup>167</sup> The [Star and Garter Hotel](#) in Richmond reached the peak of its fame as Richmond itself expanded in the 19th century during the Victorian era. In the period from the 1830s to the 1890s, the hotel guests ranged from literary figures such as [Charles Dickens](#) to exiled crowned heads of Europe such as [King Louis-Philippe](#) and his wife. The hotel’s reputation spread to other countries, with guests arriving from the United States of America and Europe, or travelling by horse and carriage from London to visit the area and stay at the hotel.

<sup>168</sup> According to an article in the Victoria Daily Colonist of August 12, 1906, WWB played rugby for [Blackheath](#) in southeast London and other well known teams. See Part VI, *References to WWB in the Victoria Daily Colonist*.

<sup>169</sup> [Alexander Pope \(1688–1744\)](#) was an 18th-century English poet, best known for his satirical verse and for his translation of Homer. Famous for his use of the heroic couplet, he is the third-most frequently quoted writer in The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, after Shakespeare and Tennyson.



Now on the left lies Kingston, rightly so called for it holds the stone <sup>170</sup> — to be seen in the Market Place — on which the Anglo Saxon Kings were crowned. Here the many “E”s of those times accepted Lordship — Edward the Elder and Ethelstan — Edmund — Edred — Edwy and the Edgar’s — “The Martyr”, “The Unready” and “Ironsides”. High still on the left we pass Surbiton, whilst on the river bank below is the broad “Queen’s Promenade” with more Houseboats, more skiffs, more gay crowds of river devotees.

On our right comes Hampton Court of which one catches a glimpse through the trees of the beautiful Home Park of the one time Palace. There is nothing small about Hampton Court. Passing through The Trophy Gates there is a frontage of over 300 feet. These seem to be three Quadrangles : the various Royal owners since Wolsey’s <sup>171</sup> first creation have left each their Monogram in stone on cue : here Henry VIII, here William and Mary, <sup>172</sup> here the 2<sup>nd</sup> George. <sup>173</sup> Queen Victoria <sup>174</sup> did much by way of restoration and put it to a practical and benevolent use for as one walks along the corridors the name plates on suites of rooms bear the names of many widows of famous men who here abide. Much is properly closed to the public, much is thrown wide open. The latter includes The Grand Staircase, the Audience Chamber, the Picture Galleries and the State Bedrooms. The Fountain Court none miss. Here is Anne Boleyn’s gateway and you picture her in her glory seeking her Lord and Master through these courts and rooms, only to be denied. There is the Vine House where is to be seen the famous vine 130 years old, a Black Hamburg — loaded down as I once again saw it with clusters for the Royal Table.

There are the gardens, the beds and the terraces, the lawns and the trees, the Grand Avenue with Charles II’s Long water — a very feast for the eyes. A roam in the Home Park, thence to the Maze where as a child one delighted to be lost and found, thence through The Lion Gates across the road, where now Trams run, with Bushey Park : one thousand acres in extent, a good breathing space for

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<sup>170</sup> The [Coronation Stone](#) is an ancient sarsen stone block which is believed to have been the coronation stone of seven Anglo-Saxon kings. It is now located next to the Guildhall in Kingston upon Thames.



<sup>171</sup> [Hampton Court Palace](#) was originally built for Cardinal [Thomas Wolsey \(1473–1530\)](#).

<sup>172</sup> The phrase *William and Mary* refers to the coregency over the Kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, of spouses (and first-cousins) [King William III & II](#) and [Queen Mary II](#). Their joint reign began in February 1689, when they were offered the throne by the Parliament of England, replacing James II & VII, Mary’s father and William’s uncle, who was “deemed to have fled” the country in the Glorious Revolution of 1688. After Mary died in 1694, William ruled alone until his death in 1702. William and Mary were childless and were ultimately succeeded by Mary’s younger sister, [Anne](#).

<sup>173</sup> [George II \(1683–1760\)](#) was the last British monarch born outside Great Britain: he was born and brought up in Northern Germany. After the death of Anne, Queen of Great Britain, in 1714, his father [George I](#), Elector of Hanover, inherited the British throne.

<sup>174</sup> [Queen Victoria \(1819–1901\)](#) was the monarch of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland from 20 June 1837 until her death.

Londoners. Just within stands Diana's Fountain playing with a basin wherein are goldfish — but Diana has fled — I know not why — and Venus has taken her place. From here nine lengthy avenues of limes and chestnuts extend. Many folk are roaming about or resting beneath the trees ; and deer are in plenty. The latter are very tame, coming up to you tossing their antlers, pushing their noses against your pockets if haply you have something good for them, though they are fat as butter. Once this Park was part of the Home Park but now it is given over to the Public and the swarms of children appear to appreciate the gift.

Every day has its ending and here came the end to a Wanderer Returned. There was nothing else to do but to return whence I had come that morn, the memory refreshed by a run Up Thames.

Once again Westminster Bridge. The steamer swings out into the tide way and we head downstream with Charing Cross Bridge — once Hungerford — straight ahead. On the left is the National Liberal Club with awnings up on the broad verandahs and members lounging beneath the shade. Here too is the magnificent Montague House, town residence of the Duke of Buccleuch.<sup>175</sup> Down stack and under the bridge we glide, and head next for Waterloo. Now on the left along the Embankment is seen Cleopatra's Needle<sup>176</sup> ; the climate of London has surely greatly changed its surface since the 3000 years ago when it first was raised before the Temple of the Sun in Heliopolis. Back of it rise those Palaces for the Traveller "The Savoy" and "The Cecil" Hotels. We have to dodge in and out of tugs and barges to reach the Arch we aim at. "Down stack" again and we are with Waterloo astern. Now on the left is Somerset House, a labyrinth within for seekers of Births, Deaths, Marriages and Wills of the United Kingdom. Here the Victoria Embankment ends, for we are nearing the City which crowds down to the river bank. Blackfriars Bridge is next negotiated, but where those Friars lived close by it is impossible to see, for factories are dense both on the left and the right of the Thames. Cranes are busy loading into lighters, ocean going ships are anchored in the stream, coal barges are everywhere.

<sup>175</sup> At the time of WWB's visit, the 6<sup>th</sup> [Duke of Buccleuch](#) was [William Henry Walter Montagu Douglas Scott \(1831–1914\)](#). WWB has *Buccleugh*.

<sup>176</sup> [Cleopatra's Needle](#) is the popular name for each of three Ancient Egyptian obelisks re-erected in London, Paris, and New York City during the nineteenth century. The London and New York ones are a pair, while the Paris one comes from a different original site, where its twin remains. Although the needles are genuine Ancient Egyptian obelisks, they are somewhat misnamed as they have no particular connection with [Queen Cleopatra VII](#) of Egypt, and were already over a thousand years old in her lifetime. The London "needle" is one such example, as it was originally made during the reign of the 18th Dynasty Pharaoh [Thutmose III](#) but was falsely named "Cleopatra's needle".



Now comes London's first bridge of iron — Southwark — and on the right raising its lofty head above the buildings surrounding it is that ancient Fane turned of late years into the Cathedral of South London. Before Cannon Street bridge is reached there lies on the right, Bank side, now the vat ground of Barclay's Ales but once the site of The Globe Theatre <sup>177</sup> where Shakespeare <sup>178</sup> staged his Plays and folk crowded to see and hear. The smoke and whirl of industry hereabouts becomes even denser then before. We halt at "The Old Swan Pier", the one time crossing spot for the Play House yonder, then shoot London Bridge. How altered from Olaf's <sup>179</sup> days when wooden piers supported it or from Whittington's <sup>180</sup> when shops and homes were built thereon. The most picturesque of all the bridges now looms ahead through the smoke of London, The Tower, with its central span attached to lofty pillars, the ornamented steel work looking good for ages to come. The grim old Tower of London <sup>181</sup> lies on our left. Here the London of William I's <sup>182</sup> time began and at Blackfriars it ended — a half moon in shape. Now we are at "The Pool" where the Thames broadens out for a time and affords room for many craft. London Docks are on the left and towering masts rise up into the sky, seemingly

<sup>177</sup> Examination of old property records has identified the plot of land occupied by the [Globe Theatre](#) as extending from the west side of modern-day Southwark Bridge Road eastwards as far as Porter Street and from Park Street southwards as far as the back of Gatehouse Square. However, the precise location of the building remained unknown until a small part of the foundations, including one original pier base, was discovered in 1989 beneath the car park at the rear of Anchor Terrace on Park Street. The shape of the foundations is now replicated on the surface. As the majority of the foundations lies beneath 67–70 Anchor Terrace, a listed building, no further excavations have been permitted.

<sup>178</sup> [William Shakespeare \(baptised 1564–1616\)](#) was an English poet and playwright, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist.

<sup>179</sup> [Olaf II Haraldsson \(995–1030\)](#) was King of Norway from 1015 to 1028. Skaldic poetry suggests he led a successful seaborne attack which pulled down London Bridge, which is one theory of the origin of the nursery rhyme [London Bridge Is Falling Down](#).

<sup>180</sup> [Richard Whittington \(c. 1354–1423\)](#) was a medieval merchant and politician, and the real-life inspiration for the pantomime character Dick Whittington. He was four times Lord Mayor of London, a Member of Parliament and a sheriff of London.

<sup>181</sup> [The Tower of London](#) is a castle on the north bank of the River Thames in central London. It was founded towards the end of 1066 as part of the [Norman conquest of England](#). The Tower, shown below with the Tower Bridge in the background, is somewhat half-moon in shape.



<sup>182</sup> [William I \(c. 1028–1087\)](#), usually known as William the Conqueror, was the first Norman King of England, reigning from 1066 until his death in 1087. Descended from Viking raiders, he had been Duke of Normandy since 1035 under the title of William II. After a long struggle to establish his power, by 1060 his hold on Normandy was secure, and he launched the Norman Conquest of England in 1066.



far inland. Here is “Wapping Old Stairs”, an old time gangway for those who would make for Greenwich, with Rotherhithe across to land at. Ahead there seems no way but still more docks, but here is the great bend of the river, we sheer to the right and make our way round “The Isle of Dogs”. The trade of the world seems gathered in the Commercial Docks as we pass by. There are steamers with ports marked “The Plate”, “New York”, “Hong Kong” and “Vancouver”. Now we pass over the Thames Tunnel, which man’s ingenuity conceived and carried through despite the croakers of my earlier days who prophesied disaster.

Greenwich now and its Park appears on our right hand and high up in the centre of the latter rises The Royal Observatory where the Astronomer Royal and his Staff make their observations of the Heavens. It is something it always appeared to me, to look upon the spot upon which the World waits to know the Time. From this domed building the touch of a button tells London and the World — the far East and the far West, the civilized lands and the uncivilized — when the Sun’s hands touch Noon. In Yokohama and not there alone I have waited watch in hand for the Gun to be fired which announced Noon — and Greenwich fired that Gun.

But a few steps from the landing stage is Greenwich Hospital much mixed up with Royalty. Henry VII liked Greenwich well and Bluff Harry <sup>183</sup> was born there in the Hospital, then a Palace : Queens Mary and Elizabeth too. Down from Westminster oft came the Royal Barge. An entire wing was added by Charles II whose name is engraved above a portico. William and Mary put their hand to the work till Hampton Court proved a greater attraction. Queen Anne left her mark thereon. Now Royalty gives place to Old Salts <sup>184</sup> and a handsome Home Port it is for them. Behind lies the Royal Naval School where close to 1000 sons of seamen are given education.

Further downstream and we reach Woolwich with its Arsenal, with the Victoria and Albert Docks across on the left bank : the river serpentine now. Here took place one of the greatest tragedies the Thames has ever experienced and which in its aftermath I was privileged to take part in. The river steamer, upstream, laden with merry makers <sup>185</sup> from the Gardens and Gravesend below — The Princess Alice <sup>186</sup> — was cut in twain by a German steamer coming down : 600 men, women and children perished opposite the Arsenal. The river boat upended and sunk with the lot. Woolwich holds many memories for me, the recovery of those dead not the least memorable.

But our little river boat has no such tragedy before it. She turns gingerly around for there is much traffic and little room. Upstream now and mighty ocean going ships pass us heading for the Sea : the light still good though fading fast. Factories are closing, barges making all snug for the night, tugs letting off steam and dropping anchor, there is interest to the very last which means The Old Swan Pier hard by The Monument <sup>187</sup> ; and there I parted with the Thames.

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<sup>183</sup> Henry VIII was also known as “Bluff Harry” or “Bluff Hal” from his bluff and burly manners.

<sup>184</sup> An [old salt](#) in the English speaking naval services is often a raconteur, or teller of sea stories.

<sup>185</sup> WWB has *makes*.

<sup>186</sup> [SS Princess Alice](#) was a passenger paddle steamer. She was sunk in a collision on the River Thames with the collier Bywell Castle off Tripcock Point on September 3, 1878, with the loss of over 650 lives, the greatest loss of life in any Thames shipping disaster.

<sup>187</sup> Swan Pier, near London bridge, is close to the [Monument to the Great Fire of London](#) of September 2–5, 1666.

## London

Having revelled in flowers for weeks I thought it well to start off with pictures in my Home Town. The Tate Gallery was a good beginning. We must be ever grateful to Cube Sugar by which Tate <sup>188</sup> made a fortune and bequeathed his fine collection to the Nation. Masterpieces by those now dead but most of them in full activity as we waited for fresh gifts from their hands, Millais and Watts, Alma-Tadema and Burne Jones, Lady Butler and Fildes, Landseer and Leighton : with nine rooms given over to Turner's landscapes. <sup>189</sup>

Then a stroll past Parliament House to where the striking statue of the Lion Heart <sup>190</sup> stands and not far from it that of the regicide Cromwell, <sup>191</sup> doubtless a great Parliamentarian and who acted for what he considered to be his Country's good ; then across S<sup>t</sup> James' Park and the tall column erected to the

<sup>188</sup> [Henry Tate \(1819–1899\)](#) was an English sugar merchant and philanthropist, noted for establishing the Tate Gallery in Millbank, London.

<sup>189</sup> [John Everett Millais \(1829–1896\)](#) was an English painter and illustrator and one of the founders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. [George Frederic Watts \(1817–1904\)](#) was a popular English Victorian painter and sculptor associated with the Symbolist movement. [Lawrence Alma-Tadema \(1836–1912\)](#) was a Dutch born, British painter. [Elizabeth Southerden Thompson \(1846–1933\)](#) was a British painter, one of the few female painters to achieve fame for history paintings, especially military battle scenes, at the end of that tradition; she was married to Lieutenant General Sir William Butler. [Samuel Luke Fildes \(1843–1927\)](#) was an English painter and illustrator born at Liverpool and trained in the South Kensington and Royal Academy schools. [Edwin Henry Landseer \(1802–1873\)](#) was an English painter, well known for his paintings of animals; the best known of Landseer's works, however, are sculptures, such as the lions in Trafalgar Square, London. [Frederic Leighton \(1830–1896\)](#) was an English painter and sculptor, whose works depicted historical, biblical and classical subject matter. [Joseph Mallord William Turner \(1775–1851\)](#) was a British Romantic landscape painter, water-colourist, and printmaker. Turner was considered a controversial figure in his day, but is now regarded as the artist who elevated landscape painting to an eminence rivalling history painting.

<sup>190</sup> [Richard Coeur de Lion](#) is an equestrian statue of [Richard I of England \(1157–1199\)](#), who was also known as Richard the Lionheart, created by Baron Carlo Marochetti. A clay model was displayed at The Great Exhibition in 1851, with the final statue being completed in 1856 after donations were made by the public.



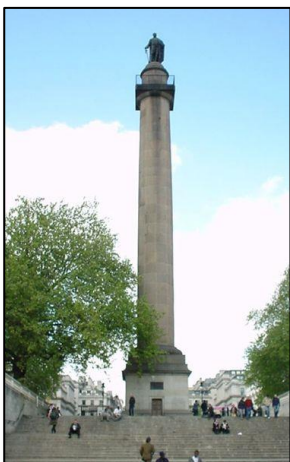
<sup>191</sup> [Oliver Cromwell \(1599–1658\)](#) was an English military and political leader and later Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland.

Duke of York <sup>192</sup> — but which one and for what few seem to know — into a labyrinth of streets where old land signs seemed to have been removed but I kept moving hoping to strike Luck which I did in good shape for I found myself in front of the London Pavilion in the midst of a riot. Miss Kenney and M<sup>rs</sup> Pankhurst had just emerged from a meeting, police had surrounded the entire block. <sup>193</sup> They pounced on the first named but in the struggle that ensued the older one escaped. For a few minutes it was a merry time, hats flew, dresses torn, everybody got mixed up, but order was restored and I passed on for another feast of Pictures in the Royal Academy. These are of Today, some to endure, others to pass out ; but the annual gathering together of the best of the year never loses its interest. I was somewhat lost in Kingsway which when I last walked that way was nothing but a nest of slums and rookeries and one had to hold fast to one's possessions, for pickpockets abounded, but I walked it up and down till I got my bearings for none shall so alter London that this native son shall know it not. A good day's work.

Leaving my Club in good season I headed for the City coming out in Holborn as luck would have it, at "The Staples Inn", the quaint old Tudor house where D<sup>r</sup> Johnson <sup>194</sup> wrote and talked, thence Ludgate and S<sup>t</sup> Paul's to find again in Panyer Alley the ancient stone with a relief of a boy sitting on

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<sup>192</sup> The [Duke of York Column](#) is a monument in London to [Prince Frederick, Duke of York and Albany \(1763–1827\)](#), the second eldest son of King George III.



<sup>193</sup> [Annie Kenney \(1879–1953\)](#) and [Emmeline Pankhurst \(1858–1928\)](#) were suffragettes and leading figures in the [Women's Social and Political Union](#). According to the article published in the New York Times dated July 14, 1913, "Exciting scenes followed the unexpected appearance at the weekly meeting of the Women's Social and Political Union at the Pavilion Theatre this afternoon of Mrs. Pankhurst and Annie Kenney, both prisoners on license under the 'Cat and Mouse Act'. They had a wildly enthusiastic greeting. Both made defiant speeches. The news that the two women were at the Pavilion quickly reached Scotland Yard, and in a few minutes detectives were on duty at every exit, augmented by a number of uniformed police. Almost as soon as the meeting was over the stage door flew open and several detectives rushed on, while others ran around to the main entrance, where Miss Kenney was surrounded by a mass of women. A scene of great confusion followed, the infuriated women trying to save Miss Kenney from being arrested. The women made a savage attack on the police. One officer had most of the buttons of his waistcoat torn off, another was stabbed in the hand with a hatpin, and a third received a violent blow from a walking stick. During the struggle Miss Kenney fell. Her clothing was torn and her hair pulled down. One woman captured the metal badge from an Inspector's cap as a memento of the fray. The detectives managed to arrest Miss Kenney. She was bundled into a taxicab and taken to Holloway Jail. But where was Mrs. Pankhurst? She had vanished. The police watched the exits of the pavilion for some time, but eventually gave up the task as hopeless. To-night a member of the militants' union said: 'Mrs. Pankhurst went straight back to her Westminster flat and an hour after leaving the Pavilion was in her bed enjoying a cup of tea. She is still very weak...'"

<sup>194</sup> [Samuel Johnson \(1709–1784\)](#), often referred to as Dr Johnson, was an English writer who made lasting contributions to English literature as a poet, essayist, moralist, literary critic, biographer, editor and lexicographer.



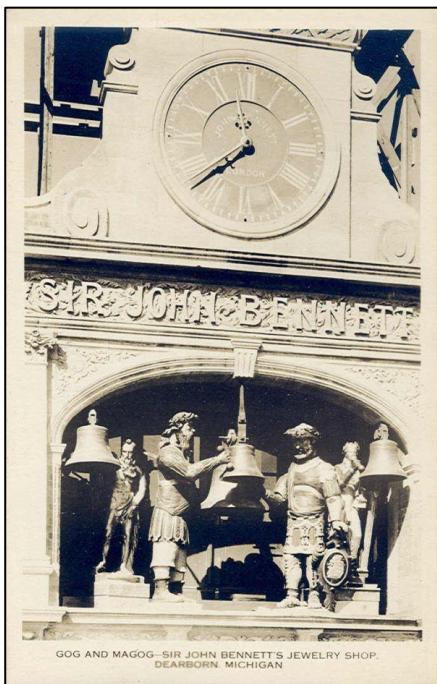
a mile stone with this inscription beneath : “When ye have sought the city round, yet still this is the highest ground. August the 27. 1688”.<sup>195</sup> I would stand again on the Summit of London. There may be higher ground today for the City’s limits are not those of that proud Londoner. How could another Londoner forebear to stand at noon between Bow Bells<sup>196</sup> and Bennett’s Clock<sup>197</sup> and hear the clamour. Up Cheapside to see again “the oldest building” of that old world street — the only one to

<sup>195</sup> The Panyer Boy, Panyer Alley, St Paul’s.



<sup>196</sup> [St Mary-le-Bow](#) is a historic church in the City of London on the main east-west thoroughfare, Cheapside. According to tradition a true Cockney must be born within earshot of the sound of Bow Bells.

<sup>197</sup> The clock above Sir John Bennett’s shop in London was acquired by Henry Ford in 1931.



escape The Great Fire <sup>198</sup> ; thence to the Royal Exchange with its Christian motto emblazoned on its façade so that all who run may read “The Earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof”, and a grasshopper as its vane ; dropped into S<sup>t</sup> Ethelburga’s, the smallest and one of the oldest of London’s Churches. It is hard to locate the spot, for the tiny door is built between two shops, but how restful within, with that rushing whirl of life outside. Thence to Bishop’s Gate still bearing evidence of its first use by a golden Mitre high up on one of the shops adjoining and beneath which on a ledge of stone birds had built their nest and were busy coming and going. Then returning made my way to the Old Bailey <sup>199</sup> which always gives me the ‘creeps’, and so to the Monument for a look from above over my home town. Wren’s <sup>200</sup> work, 200 ft of stone which according to the poet (a good roman) “like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies”. A memorial of the Great Fire, it was the custom then to blame every evil on to the Romanists. <sup>201</sup> Mounting those 345 steps, from the Summit — now heavily railed in owing to many of late years having selected the spot as an ideal one for suicide — I was fortunate in a glorious day overhead, all was clear ; the Thames winding its way along, in the far distance the shimmering Crystal Palace, and below a mass of hurrying black ants, a sea of houses ; factories and Churches pointing to the sky. Who would not be proud to be a Londoner?

There were green fields in my day at Kilburn : but what of today? Therefore thither from the heart of things did I wend my way. First the Strand, with its “Gaiety Theatre” where Marius and Nellie Farren <sup>202</sup> delighted us young bloods, and Simpson’s with its immortal saddle of mutton borne round on square set trays, up the Haymarket where oft wild scenes with police took place, and so to Piccadilly

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<sup>198</sup> A house on the corner of Friday Street, off [Cheapside](#), is said to have survived the Great Fire of London in 1666.



<sup>199</sup> The Central Criminal Court in England and Wales, commonly known as the [Old Bailey](#) from the street in which it stands, is a court building in central London, one of a number of buildings housing the Crown Court.

<sup>200</sup> [Christopher Michael Wren \(1632–1723\)](#) is one of the most highly acclaimed English architects in history. He was accorded responsibility for rebuilding 52 churches in the City of London after the Great Fire in 1666, including his masterpiece, St. Paul’s Cathedral, on Ludgate Hill, completed in 1710.

<sup>201</sup> [Romanism](#) was a word used as a derogatory term for Roman Catholicism in the past when anti-Catholicism was more common in the United States and the United Kingdom.

<sup>202</sup> Nellie Farren (1848–1904) was an English actress and singer best known for her roles at the [Gaiety Theatre](#), which specialised in musical burlesque, becoming famous in the male and principal boy roles, which permitted an actress in the Victorian era theatre to show her legs in tights. Farren gained a large following among the theatre’s mostly male audience. She was also called *Nelly Farren*.

Circus where Swann and Edgar <sup>203</sup> seem still to attract the women, and Mellin's Food <sup>204</sup> the babies ; and Regent Street with Robinson <sup>205</sup> and Jay's <sup>206</sup> both still going strong ; and so to Oxford Street where Selfridge's <sup>207</sup> was of course, to me, a newcomer. Three names seemed to meet me everywhere, Lyons, Lipton and Salmon, the first for Food, the second for Tea, the third for Tobacco. We used not to be so distinctly aggressive. Now Marble Arch, a white elephant looking as lonely as ever ; and the Edgware Road of Gilpin <sup>208</sup> fame and so to Maida Vale, wholly now a misnomer, and Kilburn but its fields were gone. Once there were wells here, but the spot is all built over whence Health was drawn from Mother Earth. One of the first, if not the first itself, of Volunteer Corps was the delight of boys to watch at drill on the green headquarters of the Victoria Rifles, whose tunics were deep green recalling ever to us, Robin Hood and his merry men. I could find no trace. But God's Acre was still there, not turned into Breathing Spaces as others elsewhere, and St Paul's. I could have found my way blindfolded from the latter to the former for the way had been burned into my childhood's memory as from the one to the other my Father's body was borne amid sorrowing procession of citizens. <sup>209</sup> Others of my own flesh and blood lie with him. That visit of the Wanderer returned belongs to him alone.

I chanced a short cut home. It was risky I allow and I swore to ask no aid. After many windings I found myself at "Ye Olds Swiss Cottage" where in days gone by Gallants and Maidens hid themselves to drink fresh milk and indulge in gossip. Thence I landed at Chalk Farm, but not even a microscope today could find a speck of chalk or farm, upon the surface. I was now in a newer London but everything seemed to be heading to or from one centre. I followed and came ere nightfall to safe anchorage.

Billings Gate sounds unromantic but is wrapped up in London's life, on old time Water Gate when travel by water was far easier than on Land. Here since Saxon days was the town's Fish Market and still is redolent of the traffic. A lively business was being carried on but the language seemed more suitable today for gentle ears than of yore so that this small space has added itself twice over to the Dictionary as representing not only a site but unseemly words. St Magnus Church stands close by where Miles Coverdale <sup>210</sup> was the Minister who ventured alone upon a translation of the Bible and performed the task, the while striving to lift the vendors in the Fish Market to Higher things. A few steps and I was on London Bridge ; 200 years ago it was the only bridge. All along its 1000 ft are lamp posts made out of the cannon captured in the Peninsular War, that war of Vittoria and Corunna,

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<sup>203</sup> [Swan & Edgar Ltd](#) was a department store, located at Piccadilly Circus, London, established in the early 19th century. The business closed it in 1982 because it would have cost too much to modernize it. The building was bought by Richard Branson of the Virgin Group in 2003 and was a Virgin Megastore until 2007.

<sup>204</sup> According to [this source](#), Mellin's Pharmacy was at No. 48 Regent Street on the north-east side of the Circus, where a photograph of 1904 shows illuminated lettering announcing "Mellin's Food". *Mellin's Infant Food* was an early [infant formula](#).

<sup>205</sup> Peter Robinson's department store was at 272–286 Regent Street.

<sup>206</sup> Jay's Shop at 243–253 Regent Street was a respected retailer of silk and millinery, holding a [Royal Warrant](#).

<sup>207</sup> [Selfridges](#) is a chain of high end department stores in the United Kingdom. It was founded by Harry Gordon Selfridge. The flagship store in London's Oxford Street is the second largest shop in the United Kingdom (after Harrods) and opened 15 March 1909.

<sup>208</sup> [William Sawrey Gilpin \(1762–1843\)](#) was an English artist, drawing master and, in later life, landscape designer.

<sup>209</sup> WWB's father, James Bolton, was the pastor of the congregation of St Paul's Chapel, Kilburn. He died on April 8, 1863, aged 39, when WWB was four years old, and is buried next to WWB's mother, Louisa Lydia Bolton née Pym, and WWB's two brothers who died in infancy, James Francis Bolton and James Beauchamp Bolton. See the photo of the grave under *Kilburn and Wimbledon* in Part I.

<sup>210</sup> [Myles Coverdale \(c. 1488–1569\)](#), also spelt *Miles Coverdale*, was a 16<sup>th</sup> century Bible translator who produced the first complete printed translation of the Bible into English.

of Wellington and Moore.<sup>211</sup> Then up Cannon Street to St Swithun's Church, he of the Rain of 40 days or otherwise which Tradition has been hopelessly torn to pieces by this Day of cold statistics.<sup>212</sup> Let into its front direct against the sidewalk is "London Stone", the central milestone from which all other milestones for far around marked the Distance.<sup>213</sup> How few of those who pass it give it a thought or even know of it ; yet that day I was pleased to see a group of boys and girls having it explained to them. And so to Tower Hill.

Within a few steps of the gloomy Tower of London is a lovely garden, fine lofty trees, rich lawn and flower beds. We call it Trinity Square. No one to look at it unless he knew the Past would think it other than a Breathing Space. Within it is a square, laid with cobble blocks set in the lawn, some 20 feet wide and in the centre is a square stone. Where it rests there stood the headsman's Block for so many years. Out from the Tower the doomed stepped, 'twas but a short walk up the hill, there to kneel and receive the death blow. Here knelt the great one of the land (Tyburn's Gibbet was for the poor) : Laud, More, Fisher, the Earl of Surrey and the last of all, Lord Lovat of 1745, these among many.<sup>214</sup> Within the Tower is a similar spot where even more heads fell.

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<sup>211</sup> [The Peninsular War](#) was a military conflict between France and the allied powers of Spain, the United Kingdom, and Portugal for control of the Iberian Peninsula during the [Napoleonic Wars](#). The war began when French and Spanish armies crossed Spain and invaded Portugal in 1807. Then, in 1808, France turned on its ally, Spain. The war lasted until the [Sixth Coalition](#) defeated Napoleon in 1814. At the [Battle of Vitoria](#) (21 June 1813) an allied British, Portuguese, and Spanish army under [General the Marquess of Wellington](#) broke the French army near Vitoria in Spain, leading to eventual victory in the Peninsular War. The [Battle of Corunna](#) took place on 16 January 1809, when a French corps attacked a British army under [Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore](#). WWB has *Peninsula War*.

<sup>212</sup> [Swithun](#) was an Anglo-Saxon bishop of Winchester and subsequently patron saint of Winchester Cathedral. According to tradition, the weather on his feast day, July 15 will continue for forty days.

<sup>213</sup> [London Stone](#) is a historic stone that is now set within a Portland stone surround and iron grille on Cannon Street, in the City of London.



<sup>214</sup> [William Laud \(1573–1645\)](#) was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1633 to 1645. One of the High Church Caroline divines, he opposed radical forms of Puritanism. This, and his support for King Charles I, resulted in his beheading in the midst of the English Civil War. [Sir Thomas More \(1478–1535\)](#) was an English lawyer, social philosopher, author, statesman, and noted Renaissance humanist. He was an important councillor to Henry VIII of England and was Lord Chancellor from October 1529 to 16 May 1532. He was imprisoned in 1534 for his refusal to take the oath required by the [First Succession Act](#), because the act disparaged Papal Authority and Henry's marriage to Catherine of Aragon. In 1535, he was tried for treason, convicted on perjured testimony, and beheaded. [John Fisher \(1459–1535\)](#) was an English Roman Catholic scholastic, cardinal, and martyr. Fisher was executed by order of Henry VIII of England during the English Reformation for refusing to accept the king as Supreme Head of the Church of England and for upholding the Roman Catholic Church's doctrine of papal primacy. [Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey \(1516–1547\)](#), was an English aristocrat, and one of the founders of English Renaissance poetry. Henry VIII, consumed by paranoia and increasingly ill, became convinced that Surrey had planned to usurp the crown from his son Edward. The King had Surrey imprisoned, sentenced to death and beheaded for treason on 19 January 1547. [Simon Fraser, 11th Lord Lovat \(c. 1667–1747\)](#), was a



It was but natural to step into All Hallows close by where so many of these decapitated ones were borne forthwith for quick burial. Land lay beneath its Altar for many years till the remains were removed to Oxford. The graveyard has been much curtailed and the bones of many been disinterred and buried en masse in other cemeteries. All Hallows has other memories. Its foundation goes back to 675 A.D. when monks from their country home at Barking served the folk who gathered round William's fortress. Here Penn was baptized as a fine brass erected by Americans bears witness : Bishop Andrewes also who is commemorated above the main entrance by a fine statue together with the Blessed Mother and S<sup>t</sup> Ethelburga.<sup>215</sup> London's sparrows are not proverbial for modesty. As I looked at the group, an impudent little fellow lit on the good Bishop's extended hand whilst his mate sat snugly on their nest in that of the gentle Ethelburga. The floor is a mass of brasses, many of those who had knelt on Tower Hill.

Close to is S<sup>t</sup> Olave's — he a Viking and a friend of the weak Saxon Ethelred the Unready. I had just left London Bridge which he had defended for his friend and the Londoners against the attacking Danes and had saved the town. London did not forget King Olaf. In his own Norway he thought to enforce his new found religion by fire and sword. He failed and fell in battle with his own people. But the Church canonized him and London in grateful remembrance raised an Altar to his memory and built the first little Church of wood to shelter it. It is only some 50 feet square to this day. Its specialty is Skulls. There are 5 carved ones over the Churchyard gate, they abound on the monuments within. The tiny fane was saved in the Great Fire by blowing down the neighbourhood. Here Pepys<sup>216</sup> worshipped, erecting a very graceful monument to his wife and had it so placed that sitting in his special little gallery (The Navy Pew) he could gaze at her pleasing face. One monument is surmounted with stone packages of tea. The Departed was the owner of the ship of which the cargo was cast into Boston Harbour and helped to lose irrevocably Britain's eldest daughter. Stands of wrought iron, to hold the swords and rapiers of the gentry whilst they prayed are to be seen in this House of God.

London surely reeks with history.

To finish a week's roaming I crossed over to South London, making my way first to The Oval, once a kitchen garden in the country but now the Home grounds of Surrey.<sup>217</sup> A fine turf, covering some 10 acres, Club House, Grandstands, Bleachers and many flower beds. No game on, so made for Kennington Common, no common as understood by the term, but today a park well laid out, the central grass plots the playground of a multitude of children, the flower beds most wisely railed off. Where children played was for long years an Execution Ground. Here the supreme debt was paid by

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Scottish Jacobite and Chief of Clan Fraser, who was famous for his violent feuding and his changes of allegiance. Lovat was among the Highlanders defeated at the [Battle of Culloden](#) and convicted of treason against the Crown. He was the last man in Britain to be publicly beheaded on Tower Hill, London.

<sup>215</sup> [William Penn \(1644–1718\)](#) was an English real estate entrepreneur, philosopher, and founder of the Province of Pennsylvania, the English North American colony. [Lancelot Andrewes \(1555–1626\)](#) was an English bishop and scholar, who held high positions in the Church of England during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth I and King James I.

<sup>216</sup> [Samuel Pepys 1633–1703](#) was an English naval administrator and Member of Parliament who is now most famous for the diary he kept for a decade while still a relatively young man.

<sup>217</sup> [Surrey County Cricket Club](#) is one of the 18 professional county clubs which make up the English and Welsh domestic cricket structure, representing the historic county of Surrey. The club's home since its foundation in 1845 has been The Oval cricket ground, within the Kennington area of Lambeth in south London.

many followers of Bonnie Prince Charlie <sup>218</sup> ; here too the Chartists <sup>219</sup> used to meet and give Westminster many a bad hour ; here too Whitefield <sup>220</sup> the great preacher addressed thousands. The Oval clearly has great influence here. All the boys were engaged at cricket but with outfits to amaze. One wicket a tree, the other a lone stick with a coat thrown over it, balls of cotton, others of coconut fibre, no two alike in size, a boy who owned a real cricket bat seemed to be the Fairy Prince amongst them — most bats cut out of a piece of plank : but every game played seriously : the bleachers filled with a motley crowd of humanity, a sad looking lot as if the Joy of Life had passed for them. I recalled Newington Butts <sup>221</sup> but where the rifle once held sway was a maze of poor folks homes. In the midst of a small park, once a graveyard — headstones still to be seen amid the bushes — rises a handsome Clock Tower. Here once stood St Mary's Church mentioned in the Domesday Book of the Conqueror. A short walk brought me to Spurgeon's Tabernacle <sup>222</sup> where the Baptist Evangelist held crowds spellbound for over 30 years. Close to, is the house built "For joy and gladness" as a Tablet states, after Spurgeon had reached the half century of Life, and in which he died.

Not a stone's throw away is the "Elephant and Castle" — who of London knows it not by name? — yet an utter misnomer unless one refers it to the gigantic hold Drink appears to have over the people hereabouts. You see it written on their bloated faces, especially the women who are seen carrying jugs of beer to their homes or else lounging outside with a glass in their hands. And just beyond lies Bedlam. Back in the 13<sup>th</sup> Century a Priory was established here, turned in Henry VIII's time into a hospital. Its inmates the Insane. Its true title is "Bethlem" but the world over it is Bedlam. <sup>223</sup> A handsome imposing building housing 300 mental wrecks. Next came The Surrey Theatre, famous as the one time home of Melodrama. Here Siddons and Keene <sup>224</sup> drew crowds, and once it was all the vogue for Georgian dandies to cross the river with their ladies to "see the play" at The Surrey. In the Blackfriars Road lies "The Ring" where pugilism holds sway and I noted a coming event when I would be there to see. The Oval and the budding cricketers having recalled past days I would finish day and week by revisiting the true Home of the National Game "Lords", where Kent was even then

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<sup>218</sup> [Prince Charles Edward Louis John Casimir Sylvester Severino Maria Stuart](#) (1720–1788), commonly known as Bonnie Prince Charlie, was the second [Jacobite](#) pretender to the thrones of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Charles is perhaps best known as the instigator of the unsuccessful Jacobite uprising of 1745, in which he led an insurrection to restore an absolute monarchy in the United Kingdom, which ended in defeat at the Battle of Culloden that effectively ended the Jacobite cause.

<sup>219</sup> [Chartism](#) was a Victorian era working class movement for political reform in Britain between 1838 and 1848. It takes its name from the [People's Charter of 1838](#).

<sup>220</sup> [George Whitefield \(1714–1770\)](#) was an English Anglican preacher who helped spread the [Great Awakening](#) in Britain, and especially in the British North American colonies. He was one of the founders of [Methodism](#) and of the evangelical movement generally. He became perhaps the best-known preacher in Britain and America in the 18<sup>th</sup> century, and because he traveled through all of the American colonies and drew great crowds and media coverage, he was one of the most widely recognized public figures in colonial America.

<sup>221</sup> [Newington Butts](#) is a former village, now an area of the London Borough of Southwark. It is popularly believed to take its name from an archery butts, or practice field.

<sup>222</sup> The [Metropolitan Tabernacle](#) is a large Independent Reformed Baptist church in the Elephant and Castle in London. It was the largest non-conformist church of its day in 1861. [Charles Haddon Spurgeon \(1834–1892\)](#) was a British [Particular Baptist](#) preacher.

<sup>223</sup> The [Bethlem Royal Hospital](#) is a hospital for the treatment of mental illness located in London,. Although no longer based at its original location, it is recognised as Europe's first and oldest institution to specialise in mental illnesses. It has been known by various names including St Mary Bethlehem, Bethlehem Hospital, Bethlehem Hospital and Bedlam. The word bedlam, meaning uproar and confusion, is derived from the hospital's prior name. Although currently a modern psychiatric facility, historically it became representative of the worst excesses of asylums in the era of lunacy reform.

<sup>224</sup> [Sarah Siddons \(1755–1831\)](#) was a Welsh actress, the best-known tragedienne of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. [Edmund Kean \(1787–1833\)](#) was an English actor, regarded in his time as the greatest ever.



battling with my own county.<sup>225</sup> Greater accomodation seemed to have been provided and the M.C.C. Premises<sup>226</sup> more striking. The Serving Boards were not of my day, ours would have hid their heads in shame before such wonderful things. The seriousness of the crowded seaters was very evident, the comments on the game by those around me quite an education in itself. In a lull of the game I could not help but hear “her” tell “him” that once she had made 32 the top score of her life. I am convinced that he kissed her beneath her sunshade for so glorious a triumph.

Middlesex came within 6 runs of winning. A miss is as good as a mile ; but it was a fine contest and none owed Kent a grudge.

## London

To merely wander aimlessly about in the British Museum, that “grandest concentration of the means of human knowledge in the world”, is to waste one’s time. One must enter with a purpose, each to his liking. What appeals to one, may not to another. I would refresh the memory in the MSS, gather of England’s Past in the treasure finds of river beds and barrows, and live again one’s world roaming in the Ethnographical Section. But even as I made from one to the other there were endless things to attract ; here the Rosetta Stone, the key, at last, to decipher the ancient hieroglyphics<sup>227</sup> ; here sculpture of Rome, Greece, Egypt and Assyria ; here boyhood finds a place, two sculptured ones quarreling over a game of knuckle bones, and of course a Hercules calling to his aid in the slaughter of a bull, not only his knife, but a terrier, a snake and a crab. Being a Philatelist, the Tapling Collection was of course not forgotten and once again regret revived of careless traffic in school days of many a gem today.

That human dynamo — W. T. Stead<sup>228</sup> — whose career I had watched from its beginning — could not be forgotten. He had passed, his grave the Atlantic, but his workshop was still a Mecca : a Publishing House today. He lived and worked for All sorts and Conditions of Men. The very office boy tells you in subdued tones what you yourself are thinking as you move about where once that consuming Energy spent his Force, and dictated words which men the world over read with interest even if some of us could not follow him in his Boer War<sup>229</sup> days, his Cromwell worship and his handling of The Communion of Saints.

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<sup>225</sup> [Middlesex](#) is one of the 39 historic counties of England (though it has been succeeded for administrative purposes by Greater London) and the second smallest by area. The low-lying county contains the wealthy and politically independent City of London on its southern boundary and was dominated by it from a very early time.

<sup>226</sup> [Marylebone Cricket Club](#) is a cricket club in London founded in 1787. It owns, and is based at, [Lord’s Cricket Ground](#) in St John’s Wood, London. MCC was formerly the governing body of cricket both in England and Wales, as well as worldwide

<sup>227</sup> The [Rosetta Stone](#) is an ancient Egyptian granodiorite stele inscribed with three scripts: the upper text is Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs, the middle portion Demotic script, and the lowest Ancient Greek. Because it presents essentially the same text in all three scripts, it provided the key to the modern understanding of Egyptian hieroglyphs. WWB has *Rosetti*.

<sup>228</sup> [William Thomas Stead \(1849–1912\)](#) was an English journalist and editor who, as a pioneer of investigative journalism, became a controversial figure of the Victorian era. Stead published a series of hugely influential campaigns whilst editor of [The Pall Mall Gazette](#). Stead was on board the [RMS Titanic](#), losing his life when it sank in April 1912.

<sup>229</sup> The [Boer Wars](#) were two wars fought during 1880-1881 and 1899-1902 by the British Empire against the Dutch settlers of two independent Boer republics, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic. They are sometimes referred to as “the South African War” since the black population of South Africa was also involved in the conflicts.

Here I was near to “Maskelyne and Cooke”,<sup>230</sup> how could I resist the spell to be deceived again. “Cooke” is dropped, “Devant” now takes its place. Those Originals have Passed to where there are surely no more illusions and ghosts are realities. The Firm today no longer confines itself to public performances but are prepared I noted to act as Principle Entertainers. Much as the better class Geishas of Japan do. I entered and witnessed a full interesting programme. There was juggling with bricks ; and a Fly which spelled out words ; there was painting done without hands ; pillar boxes which contained men and women, and again they didn’t ; crystals in which we saw Visions ; and a Haunted House where ghosts appeared. Men from the audience mounted the stage — only to be fooled : they would light paper from their ears, their pockets would be picked by unseen hands in the sight of all. They may be accomplices : I certainly was not when as a youth I mounted that stage and had “the Box Trick” performed upon me. I am still as much in the dark today as to how the thing was done as was that audience on such happenings.

It was time to get a breath of fresh air, so wended my way to one of The Lungs of London — plebeian Hampstead Heath. One senses ’Arrys and Cockles, Aunt Sallies and donkey riding, but these, I had so timed it, were conspicuous by their absence. Its rightly named title is “Parliament Fields” and is one of the finest open spaces of London. Broad walks beneath trees meeting overhead, hill and dale, sand for the children to build castles in, much furze,<sup>231</sup> goodly ponds with life buoys handy for too venturesome souls ; sheep grazing ; and a cricket match in full swing. From the Summit, on one side of you a fine panorama of the great City ; on the other, miles of wooded countryside. Here stands that ancient Tavern “Jack Straw’s Castle” named after one of Wat Tyler’s ablest lieutenants in the rustics’ rebellion of King Richard II’s day.<sup>232</sup> Here may be the resort of the Poor as against West End Parks, but no Cockney is ashamed to own that he is proud of Hampstead Heath with its pure air, its space and beauty.

From the Mall along the Processional Way, on the left the Admiralty where I once read, doubtingly, Nelson and Wellington met on the steps for the one and only time and passed, neither knowing the other.<sup>233</sup> Through trees is seen the Horse Guards Parade, that Tilting ground of many old time Tournaments. On the right lies Marlborough House, and a little beyond, the Chapel which Charles the Martyr<sup>234</sup> raised that his Queen might worship after the Roman Faith, which helped in measure to bring him to the Block. Close to, one comes to the back of S<sup>t</sup> James’ Palace, and the gate through which he stepped that frosty morn in January to walk, under guard, by yonder path through parkland, to Whitehall and death. Here is Sutherland House, a royal dwelling for a citizen.<sup>235</sup> Straight ahead rises the Victoria Memorial which by its dazzling whiteness that day made the Palace behind appear the grimier, the gold tipped railings helping but little. Someday, I take it, the Mall will rival that splendid way in Berlin with sculpture and trees alternate and a new Front to the Palace at its end to

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<sup>230</sup> [John Nevil Maskelyne \(1839–1917\)](#) was an English stage magician with his friend, cabinet maker George Alfred Cooke. Upon Cooke’s death in February 1905, Maskelyne started a partnership with [David Devant \(1868–1941\)](#). WWB has *Cooks*.

<sup>231</sup> [Gorse](#), furze, furse or whin are members of the genus *Ulex*; the genus comprises about 20 plant species of thorny evergreen shrubs.

<sup>232</sup> The English [Peasants’ Revolt](#) of 1381 was one of a number of popular revolts in late medieval Europe and marked the beginning of the end of serfdom in medieval England. The names of some of its leaders, [John Ball](#), [Wat Tyler](#) and [Jack Straw](#), are still familiar in popular culture.

<sup>233</sup> [Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington \(1769–1852\)](#) and [Horatio Nelson \(1758–1805\)](#) met for the only time on September 2, 1805, in a waiting room at the office of the the Secretary of State for War and the Colonies in London.

<sup>234</sup> [Charles I \(1600–1649\)](#) was King of England, King of Scotland, and King of Ireland from 27 March 1625 until his execution on 30 January 1649.

<sup>235</sup> Previously known as York House and Stafford House, [Lancaster House](#) was purchased by and completed for the [Duke of Sutherland](#). In 1912 it was purchased by the Lancastrian soap-maker [Sir William Lever](#) who renamed it in honour of his native county of Lancashire.

make it a really noble Avenue. Now one turns slightly for Constitution Hill, the latter the purest figment of speech, the slightest of rises in a goodly length of road. At the end an Arch of Triumph surmounted by a group of statuary, five rampant horses tied to a chariot, the woman with the reins seemingly having her work cut out to hold them. Here is Hyde Park Corner, and nigh stands Apsley House given by a grateful nation to the Iron Duke, and in the centre of this open space his monument, figures at each corner, standing for those who made his Fame imperishable, a Dragoon, a Grenadier, a Fusilier and a Highlander. St George's Hospital stands out amid the mansions, with as many beds therein as there are days in the year. "The Serpentine" within Hyde Park was a gay scene, boats, paddlers, bathers, the whole banks were alive.

The history of the Park goes back to Saxon times. It was a manor then. It was Henry VIII who turned it into a Park. Elizabeth his daughter was wont to hunt in it. Here great events have taken place. Mass meetings, reviews, encampments, shows. Here Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton <sup>236</sup> fought together and both died, here the Duke of Grafton and Spencer stood and fought it out. I tooted Rotten Row (Le Route de Roi) despite the horsemen and was content. <sup>237</sup>

Thence to Kensington Gardens and through the trees can be seen where Queen Victoria was born and men first knelt to her to swear fealty that early morn in 1837. Man's handiwork in the Round Pond and the Broad Walk leads to the Albert Memorial. Time has told on it since first I saw it as it came fresh from the hands of its creators and London's smoke. Across rises The Albert Hall where ten thousand can assemble and whose organ in my day of attendance at Oratories was said to be the largest in the world. Here too were new names to me — the Royal College of Music and a noble building with a commanding Central Tower, The Imperial Institute, where matters Colonial hold pre-eminence. The South Kensington Museum of my day is no more. The building is there but the name is today The Victoria and Albert. The treasures of the former are separated into their various departments. I was bound to go into the Engineering to see again Stephenson's "Rocket" <sup>238</sup> and Arkwright's first "Jenny" <sup>239</sup>; and into the Natural History Museum where the art of the Taxidermist is to be seen in perfection, from hummingbirds to mammoths.

Brompton Oratory was too close not to be entered, a centre of Roman Catholic activity always associated with the name of Cardinal Newman, <sup>240</sup> that Master of flowing English. Its Altars many, the building spacious, nothing English about it, but the whole impressive.

Then a run out to Alexander Palace, that rival to the Chrystal one, raised in my young days by private enterprise, but today after many vicissitudes acquired for the use of the public forever. Past Finsbury Park, home grounds of the Tottenham Hotspurs of soccer fame, then to cross The New River, source of North London's water supply which runs from Hertfordshire, and a hundredth part of a share in

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<sup>236</sup> [Charles Mohun \(c. 1675–1712\)](#) and [James Hamilton \(1658–1712\)](#) fought a duel in Hyde Park on 15 November 1712.

<sup>237</sup> WWB wrote this paragraph in the margin, with an asterix indicating where it was to be inserted.

<sup>238</sup> [Stephenson's Rocket](#) was an early steam locomotive, built in 1829 at the Forth Street Works of [Robert Stephenson and Company](#) in Newcastle Upon Tyne.

<sup>239</sup> [Richard Arkwright \(1732–1792\)](#) was an Englishman who is often credited with inventing the spinning frame, later renamed the water frame following the transition to water power. He also patented a carding engine that could convert raw cotton into yarn. A self-made man, he was a leading entrepreneur of the Industrial Revolution. His spinning frame was a significant technical advance over the [spinning jenny](#).

<sup>240</sup> [John Henry Newman \(1801–1890\)](#) was an important figure in the religious history of England in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Originally an evangelical Oxford academic and priest in the Church of England, Newman was a leader in the [Oxford Movement](#). This influential grouping of Anglicans wished to return the Church of England to many Catholic beliefs and forms of worship traditional in the medieval times to restore ritual expression. In 1845 Newman left the Church of England and was received into the Roman Catholic Church where he was eventually granted the rank of cardinal by Pope Leo XIII.

which makes the owner a man of wealth. I have never heard of anyone holding a King's Share, that is one entire. A climb up Muswell Hill and on its summit stands the Palace. The view from the front esplanade is worth the journey thither alone. The plain below and up the opposite rise the home of a million ; the dome of S<sup>t</sup> Paul's looming up in the distance ; fields and woods as one looks towards Essex. It was an "off day" and things were stagnant but I went over the race track below where I with others organized the earliest sports of the place. The Hall within the Palace is spacious, there is an old time Roller Skating rink and a Shoot the Chutes,<sup>241</sup> and the inevitable Tennis Courts. Here was yet another of London's Breathing Spaces.

The Temple Church, ancient home of the Knights Templar,<sup>242</sup> could not be ignored. Within, many recumbent effigies of those of the Order lie immediately under its Dome : the building itself constructed on the model of Jerusalem's Church of the Holy Sepulchre. All around are Cloisters, and Halls where lawyers are bred and dined and wined. Tourists with pencil and notebook in hand drove me from the graveyard, and I took refuge in the — to me — new Law Courts, an imposing block of buildings across the way. Here was opportunity to see Justice dispensed at England's headquarters though the full flood was not on. Some names of Judges posted up were those of companion athletes in days gone by, which put me in mind to make for Covent Garden where, in a handsome house once owned by an Earl of Orford, is located another "Ring" more aristocratic than that of Blackfriars Road nurtured by the National Sporting Club, where Gold belt bouts are held in the presence of a strictly select attendance. From there I made good circle. First to Fleet Street where I would see Young Life in an Old Setting. In "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese" Inn I found the latter, at its tables where not for the first time I had sat, I saw the former. Up Ludgate to S<sup>t</sup> Paul's, not then to linger, for Sundays had found me there, of course, alike with Westminster Abbey — would that those choristers had sung for hours instead of minutes — but the rather to wander awhile in the little graveyard outside where are the bases of the ancient cloisters and the graves of the early Bishops of London, Milletus<sup>243</sup> and his fellows. Here too rises S<sup>t</sup> Paul's Cross, on the spot where a former one stood, an open air pulpit where great preachers of old held forth to the multitude gathered in Cheapside and many a Proclamation was read out which altered a Dynasty or changed Faith or Law.

Thence into "Little Britain" at the site of the one time Blue Coat School founded by Edward VI<sup>244</sup> as "Christ's Hospital"<sup>245</sup> — now removed to Horsham, one portion of the General Post Office to be seen in its place. A Fire Station today where oft we boys watched with keen interest other boys,

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<sup>241</sup> [Shoot the Chutes](#) is an amusement ride consisting of a flat-bottomed boat that slides down a ramp or inside a flume into a lagoon.

<sup>242</sup> The Poor Fellow-Soldiers of Christ and of the Temple of Solomon, commonly known as the [Knights Templar](#), were among the most famous of the Western Christian military orders. The organisation existed for nearly two centuries during the Middle Ages. Officially endorsed by the Catholic Church around 1129, the Order became a favoured charity throughout Christendom and grew rapidly in membership and power. Templar knights, in their distinctive white mantles with a red cross, were among the most skilled fighting units of the Crusades. Non-combatant members of the Order managed a large economic infrastructure throughout Christendom, innovating financial techniques that were an early form of banking.

<sup>243</sup> [Mellitus](#) (died 24 April 624) was the first Bishop of London in the Saxon period, the third Archbishop of Canterbury, and a member of the Gregorian mission sent to England to convert the Anglo-Saxons from their native paganism to Christianity. WWB has *Miletus*.

<sup>244</sup> Edward VI (1537–1553) was King of England and Ireland from 28 January 1547 until his death. The son of [Henry VIII](#) and [Jane Seymour](#), Edward was the third monarch of the Tudor dynasty and England's first monarch raised as a Protestant.

<sup>245</sup> [Christ's Hospital](#), popularly known as The Bluecoat School, is an English coeducational independent day and boarding school located in the Sussex countryside just south of Horsham. The school was originally founded in the 16<sup>th</sup> century in Greyfriars, London and Hertford.



hatless, heavy blue cassocks tucked up, yellow stockinged and buckle shoed, play football, a heavy grating between them and us. But a few steps and I reached S<sup>t</sup> Bartholomew's Hospital and noble Church, with Smithfield Market adjoining. On a Tablet sunk in the Hospital wall, the Martyrs of 1555–1557 are commemorated.<sup>246</sup> But a few paces from that wall, men, women and youths gave themselves to the fire rather than to deny what to them was The Faith. Then the space was a Field where asphalt now is, and round the Stake stood men who thought they were doing God's Will by immolating others.

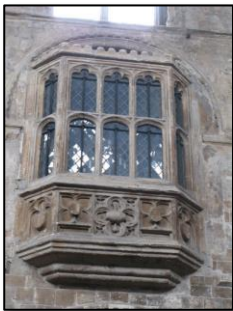
The Hospital and Church date back to 1100 A.D. A courtier, one Rahere,<sup>247</sup> of Henry I, resolved to change his rough manners and went on a pilgrimage. Far off he fell desperately ill and vowed if spared to build a Hospital in his home town. He was lead later to add a Church and himself became a monk and still later the first Prior. A goodly portion of that Church still remains. The Founder's tomb is by the Altar in the Choir, his dust therein still well above ground. In S<sup>t</sup> Bart's one sees Norman architecture in all its fulness. Happily the Great Fire spared it, that scourge stopping happily at Pie Corner, but a stone's throw away. Here in 1509 and for over 20 years after, one of my own family was the Prior.<sup>248</sup> He left his mark upon the building. There is Prior Bolton's Window and the same

<sup>246</sup> Martyrs burned at the stake during the [Marian Persecutions](#).

<sup>247</sup> [Rahere](#) (died 1144) was clergyman and a favourite of [King Henry I \(c. 1068–1135\)](#). He is most famous for having founded St Bartholomew's Hospital in 1123.

<sup>248</sup> In Section III, *Early Notices of Boltons*, in [Genealogical and Biographical Account of the Family of Bolton in England and America](#), we read of "William Bolton, from 1509 to 1512, Prior of St. Batholomew's, Lord of the Manor of Stanmere Magna. His device, a *bolt* and *tun*, was lately to be seen in some parts of the park wall. Canonbury-house is said to have been made use of as a country residence by the Priors of St. Bartholomew. (*Lyson's Environs of London*, vol. iii. 302.) He is portrayed upon a sable with his brethren in the collection of Sir Robert Cotton."

The window of Prior William Bolton in [St Bartholomew Church](#).



There is also a Prior Bolton Street in the London Borough of Islington.



© 2012 Google. Image Date: May 2012.

priest's Door. He was the last Prior but one before Henry VIII got in his deadly work. Bolton was evidently an architect of no mean ability for he was in charge of the building of the Chapel of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey where now the Order of the Bath has its stalls.

Passing out of the Church by an ancient stone gateway, it is but a step to the Hospital, the richest in endowment in London. Here over 100,000 persons are treated every year. Over one of the Entrance gates is recorded the munificence<sup>249</sup> of Henry VIII to the building Fund. One wonders from what act of vandalism he got the money.

I could not leave the neighbourhood without a visit to The Charterhouse, once a monastery, then for centuries a great Public School — like the Blue Coat to be removed to the country, at Godalming — now the Home of some 50 old Bedesmen,<sup>250</sup> each with his own apartment, and pocket money also supplied. I saw many of the white haired old men, in their frock coats and tall hats, some in need of a staff to help them along but most carrying themselves bravely as they passed me by.

Passing now the Old Watch Tower, I read S<sup>t</sup> Sepulchre's,<sup>251</sup> opposite what once was New Gate, upon a board, but that Saint was ever a puzzle to me. It may have had something to do with the custom of ringing of the Church's tenor bell whenever a prisoner was hanged within those walls over which it looks.

Down Holborn now to Ely Place where hidden away is a Chapel<sup>252</sup> well worth seeing, but known to few. Here is a portion of a one time great estate owned by the Bishops of Ely — their Cathedral duties being in far off Cambridgeshire — here was His Lordship's London Palace. They possessed many acres, now all that remains — and it is not theirs — is their House of Prayer. It has had its ups and downs. All was well till rapacious Henry VIII looked upon it. Its priests were driven forth and the

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Fr Nicholas, Assistant Priest at Our Lady and St Joseph's, Kingsland, and Archivist of the Archdiocese of Westminster, refers to William Bolton and Prior Bolton Street in his *Roman Miscellany* blog post of 20 October 2007 [here](#):

I have previously mentioned one of our local landmarks, Canonbury Tower, which was built by William Bolton, the Prior of the Augustinian Priory of St Bartholomew's, Smithfield (1505–32). You can still see his device of a barrel (tun) pierced by a crossbow bolt on some nearby buildings. Bolton was also Master of the King's Works and was involved in many other building projects, such as Westminster Abbey's Henry VII Chapel and monument to Lady Margaret Beaufort.

Last night I visited a parishioner and passed a road called 'Prior Bolton Street'. I was then told that the remnants of a fishpond that once belonged to the good Canons occasionally 're-appears' and floods the basements of certain houses in the area. England is full of stories of ghosts who lament the destruction of the 1530s — phantom monks and nuns and all that — but it is curious to hear of a pond that serves to remind the people of twenty-first century Islington of pre-Reformation days!

Note the discrepancies concerning the period during which Bolton was Prior among WWB (for over 20 years from 1509), *Genealogical and Biographical Account of the Family of Bolton in England and America* (1509–1512) and Fr Nicholas (1505–1532).

<sup>249</sup> WWB has *munifence*.

<sup>250</sup> [Bedesman](#) or beadsman was generally a pensioner or almsman whose duty it was to pray for his benefactor.

<sup>251</sup> [St Sepulchre-without-Newgate](#) is an Anglican church in the City of London. It is located on Holborn Viaduct, almost opposite the [Old Bailey](#). St Sepulchre is one of the "Cockney bells" of London, named in the nursery rhyme [Oranges and Lemons](#) as the "bells of Old Bailey". Traditionally, the great bell would be rung to mark the execution of a prisoner at the nearby gallows at Newgate. The clerk of St Sepulchre's was also responsible for ringing a handbell outside the condemned man's cell in [Newgate Prison](#) to inform him of his impending execution.

<sup>252</sup> [St Etheldreda's Church](#) is located in Ely Place, off Charterhouse Street, Holborn, London. It is dedicated to Æthelthryth, or Etheldreda, an Anglo-Saxon saint who founded the monastery at Ely in 673. The building was the chapel of the London residence of the Bishops of Ely. The chapel was purchased in 1873 and opened as a Roman Catholic church in 1878.



Chapel was sold — a very gem. For years it was a Proprietary Chapel — its owner secured on hire a Minister to run it and halved the profits. Then the Welsh in London bought it and worshipped there, adding heaps of plaster. Their rule came to an end and it was long for sale, till “The Christian Brothers”, a Roman Order bought it and have largely revived its one time beauty. On one side there are the Cloisters in excellent shape, a beautiful Crypt, the Nave rib roofed with handsome wood, and windows of rich stained glass. The plaster has all gone, the Chapel is itself again, it looks good for ages to come. Ely Place has but one way in and out, high iron gates watched by day and locked at night — old customs oft die hard. Adjoining is Hatton Gardens, once correct description but today an entire misnomer for Hatton Gardens is a <sup>253</sup> Street and nothing more. But a world known street for it <sup>254</sup> is the habitat of London’s Diamond Merchants. Mostly foreign names above the doors, within what wealth of precious stones! At the far end is the Italian Church still famed for its music ; an Orchestra added to a splendid organ for High Mass. Thence to Gray’s Inns of Court, another home of Lawyers, forbidding looking buildings but set in delightful space of lawn and trees, not for the public as mighty and stout iron railings testify. Now to Bloomsbury Square to where once Earl Chesterfield <sup>255</sup> lived, and wrote letters to his son which have long survived him, wise words say some, others describe him as a grievous Prig.

The day begun at The Temple, ended at a modern Fane, S<sup>t</sup> Alban’s Holborn, raised so it is said upon the actual site of that Thieves’ Kitchen immortalized by Dickens, <sup>256</sup> built by the munificence of “A Merchant of London” to the glory of God and for His poor who still dwell in their thousands in tenements around it. To me Fathers Mackonochie <sup>257</sup> and Stanton were realities not mere names, able and stout hearted ones who contended against huge odds for the Faith of their Fathers and won out. The few of those days sowed, the many of today reap. To step inside S<sup>t</sup> Alban’s is to sense in ways inexpressible The Beauty of Holiness.

I would renew my youth ; that sturdy old Fortress, Palace and Prison, the Tower of London called me. What a history it holds, what tragedies those deep dungeons could tell, from its narrow windows how many have looked out upon the Liberty denied them! Through its gates many a gay cavalcade has passed in and out, through also many a state prisoner to pass out again only to the green sward and the block on Tower Hill. A Prison but also a Palace ; for Kings and Queens from the Conqueror to the Merry Monarch <sup>258</sup> looked upon it as a Home. A Fortress in its first raising, who in days gone by could hope to batter down 15 feet of thickness or swarm up its precipitous wall? Furious crowds have surged around but no straight assault ever availed, by treachery or faint heartedness has entrance ever been obtained. London in the Conqueror’s day was but a small half moon, he raised his Fortress where enemies would first touch its walled precincts as they approached up river, London’s wall swept round the arc with gates at intervals till it and London ended at Blackfriars. The Tower was built to face the river, with but two entrances, one from the City by drawbridge across the Moat, the

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<sup>253</sup> WWB has *is is*.

<sup>254</sup> WWB is missing *it*.

<sup>255</sup> [Philip Dormer Stanhope, 4th Earl of Chesterfield \(1694–1773\)](#) was a British statesman and man of letters. In 1732 there was born to him the son, Philip, for whose advice and instruction at Westminster School were afterwards written the famous *Letters to his Son*.

<sup>256</sup> In [Oliver Twist](#).

<sup>257</sup> [Alexander Heriot Mackonochie \(1825–1887\)](#) was a Church of England clergyman and mission priest known as “the martyr of St Alban’s” on account of his prosecution and forced resignation for ritualist practices. Mackonochie was also a leading member of the broader Catholic revival. He was one of the first Priest Associates of the [Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament](#) and served as Master of the [Society of the Holy Cross](#). Under Mackonochie the Society increasingly represented the vanguard of the [Anglo-Catholic](#) movement. WWB has *Maconochie*.

<sup>258</sup> [Charles II \(1630–1685\)](#) was known as the Merry Monarch.

other from the river. When the Thames was the main highway the (now 2<sup>nd</sup>) Lion Gate on land was but little used, the Water Gate was the main one. Nowadays one can walk along the river front with the Tower a fair distance back, and keep on with the Moat to one side the whole way round till the river is reached again. And all the way there are trees and gardens. From the Tower Bridge the whole Fortress lies plain before you. In its centre rises the Keep or White Tower, the oldest portion. This is defended by a wall flanked by 13 other Towers. These are again defended by another wall flanked by 6 more on the river front and 3 others at the back. Inside the Inner Wall beside William's Tower there is the Chapel, the Hospital and the Barracks. The corner Bastion of the old Roman London wall was built into the Tower. Near Trinity House close by, many yards of that same Wall are still standing, and other portions crop up along the arc to Blackfriars.

Dropping down from Tower Hill we reach the 1<sup>st</sup> Lion Gate and passing through, there is at once the moat to cross by means of a stone bridge — once a drawbridge of wood — to reach the real entrance at the further side. That moat is dry and spacious ; for looking down I saw many squads of soldiers drilling in the bottom. The Beefeaters <sup>259</sup> were standing within and courteous to visitors as ever, but nowadays there is no Yeoman to act as guide, nor is it necessary, since placards give the names of the different spots and “This Way” keeps you ever on the straight path. Of course not all is open, for much is inhabited but no historic site seems to be denied you. On the left is the Bell Tower where Queen Elizabeth was forced to sojourn by a jealous sister <sup>260</sup> and but a step beyond on the right is that gate opening to the river through which she and many another notable passed to close confinement. The second of the 13 Inner Towers to attract me was the Bloody Tower where the Boy Princes <sup>261</sup> were done to death, their bodies being carried across the Quad to be hid beneath the stairway of the White Tower, the very centre of things, later to be discovered and now resting in an urn in Westminster Abbey. The third was the Wakefield Tower where the Crown Jewels are to be seen. When Colonel Blood <sup>262</sup> attempted his grand coup these were kept in another — the Martin Tower. Hard by a narrow winding stair leads you up into a circular room of solid stone wall. It was in this room when no Jewels were stored there that the all too gentle King — Henry VI <sup>263</sup> — came to his end. Opposite the door of entry there is a deep window recess with Aumbry and Sedilia <sup>264</sup> of stone. Here Henry was wont to say his Devotions, using the recess as a Private Oratory and here as he knelt in prayer he was done to death. The Regalia is of course full of interest. Here you see Crowns with

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<sup>259</sup> *The Yeomen Warders of Her Majesty's Royal Palace and Fortress the Tower of London, and Members of the Sovereign's Body Guard of the Yeoman Guard Extraordinary*, popularly known as the [Beefeaters](#), are ceremonial guardians of the Tower of London. In principle they are responsible for looking after any prisoners in the Tower and safeguarding the British crown jewels, but in practice they act as tour guides and are a tourist attraction in their own right.

<sup>260</sup> [Elizabeth I \(1533–1603\)](#) was imprisoned for nearly a year by her half sister, [Mary I \(1516–1558\)](#), on suspicion of supporting Protestant rebels.

<sup>261</sup> The [Princes in the Tower](#) were [Edward V \(1470–1483\)](#), King of England from 9 April 1483 until the ascension of [Richard III](#) on 26 June 1483, and [Richard of Shrewsbury, Duke of York \(1473–1483\)](#). The two brothers were the only sons of [Edward IV \(1442–1483\)](#) alive at the time of their father's death. Then 12 and 9 years old, they were lodged in the Tower of London by the man appointed to look after them, the Lord Protector, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. This was supposed to be in preparation for Edward's coronation as king. After Richard took the throne for himself, it is assumed that they were murdered sometime around 1483.

<sup>262</sup> [Thomas Blood \(1618–1680\)](#) was an Anglo-Irish officer and self-styled colonel best known for his attempt to steal the Crown Jewels of England from the Tower of London in 1671.

<sup>263</sup> [Henry VI \(1421–1471\)](#) was King of England from 1422 to 1461 and again from 1470 to 1471. Contemporaneous accounts described him as peaceful and pious, not suited for the dynastic wars, known as the [Wars of the Roses](#), which were to commence during his reign. His periods of insanity and his inherent benevolence contributed to his own downfall, the collapse of the House of Lancaster, and the rise of the House of York. Henry was imprisoned in the Tower of London, where he died the night of 21 May 1471. It is widely suspected that Edward IV, who was re-crowned the morning following Henry's death, had in fact ordered his murder.

<sup>264</sup> In the Middle Ages an [aumbry](#) was a cabinet in the wall of a Christian church or in the sacristy which was used to store chalices and other vessels. Sedalia are seats for the priests. WWB has *sedilia*.

6000 Diamonds in them, the Ruby worn by gallant Henry in the crown encircling his helmet at Agincourt, the Royal Sceptre containing the largest cut Brilliant in the whole world, Spurs of Gold, Eagles, Spoons of the same, Collars, Stars and Badges of Chivalry sufficient to bewilder. There were others standing by frankly awed ; there was another — whose nationality I will not name — of quite different opinion, who gave vent to his feelings thus. “For those who like Royalty, I guess it’s all right, but we don’t want any such trash. Come away,” said he to his wife, and they went.

Thence to the White Tower, the interior of each room of the plainest description. All that was aimed at was Strength and Security. No Tower seemed capable of lending itself to the comforts of a Palace. Here the Kings of France and Scotland were prisoners at the same time <sup>265</sup> : here Richard II was forced to sign his Throne away. <sup>266</sup>

Up yet other flight of stairs with the Chapel of S<sup>t</sup> John, in perfect preservation, where closely confined prisoners not allowed into the Chapel in the Quad could have rendered to them the offices of Religion. Downstairs one steps to the Armouries — not a collection of present day rifles, but rather a Museum of both Foot and Horse defences as also of instruments of torture, horrible to look upon, knowing that they had been used by Englishmen upon their fellows. The Suits of Armour complete and fine, battle axes and old time crossbows, rapiers and bucklers and one item which none can look upon unmoved — The Soldier’s Cloak on which Wolfe expired on the Plains of Abraham in his hour of Victory. <sup>267</sup>

I passed out to see The Changing of the Guard. A long business but worth watching : their movements like clockwork. When the Band set Dead Slow Time they marched as if to a Funeral, when the Time changed they stepped out thrillingly. A Prince was captain of the Day, his Lieutenant was a giant. He must be 6 ft 4 in at least, then on top of all that he wore a Guardsman’s Busby. <sup>268</sup> He seemed ‘the whole show’ as in his scarlet coat, gold braid and flashing sword he marched at the head of his Company. It may have been against the regulations but an old Beefeater standing by me could not help exclaiming, “Oh! but he’s a Beauty.”

But that Quad held other things for me than pageantry. I crossed it to Tower Green (now all granite blocks) and the Tower Chapel of S<sup>t</sup> Peter ad Vincula — how appropriate a title “in chains”. A tablet of brass let into the stones tells you that here men and women suffered decapitation, and their <sup>269</sup> bodies lay in the House of God hard by. Here died Anne Boleyn, The Lady Jane, The Lady Howard and that Old Lioness, The Countess of Salisbury, who refused to kneel, Lord Hastings dragged from the Council Chamber hard by without a moment’s warning, and Essex of the Ring. <sup>270</sup> Thence to the

<sup>265</sup> During the reign of [Edward III \(1312–1377\)](#), both [David II \(1324–1371\)](#) of Scotland and [John II \(1319–1364\)](#) of France were prisoners in the Tower of London.

<sup>266</sup> Henry of Bolingbroke (1367–1413) deposed [Richard II \(1367–1400\)](#) and had himself crowned as King [Henry IV](#).

<sup>267</sup> Major General [James Peter Wolfe \(1727–1759\)](#) was a British Army officer remembered chiefly for his victory over the French in Canada. He was mortally wounded at the Battle of the [Plains of Abraham](#), a pivotal battle in the [Seven Years’ War](#). WWB has *Heights of Abraham*.

<sup>268</sup> [Busby](#) is the English name for the Hungarian *prémes csákó* or *kucsma*, a military head-dress made of fur, originally worn by Hungarian hussars. WWB has *Busbie*.

<sup>269</sup> WWB has *there*.

<sup>270</sup> [Anne Boleyn \(c. 1501–1536\)](#) was the second wife of Henry VIII. [Lady Jane Grey \(1536–1554\)](#) was *de facto* monarch of England from 10 July until 19 July 1553. [Catherine Howard \(c. 1518–1542\)](#) was the fifth wife of Henry VIII. [Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury \(1473–1541\)](#) was the niece of Edward IV and Richard III; she was executed in 1541 at the command of Henry VIII. William Hastings (c. 1431–1483) was a close friend and the most important courtier of [Edward IV](#), whom he served as Lord Chamberlain. On 13 June 1483 during a council meeting at the Tower of London, [Richard IV](#), accused Hastings and other council members of having conspired against his life; while other alleged conspirators were imprisoned, Hastings was immediately beheaded in the courtyard. [Robert Devereux, 2<sup>nd</sup> Earl of Essex \(1565–1601\)](#) was a favourite of Elizabeth I. In 1601 he led an abortive coup d’état against the government and was executed for treason. The Essex ring, said to have been given to him by [Elizabeth I](#), is displayed in the Westminster Abbey Museum.

Beauchamp Tower with its many pitiful mural inscriptions cut into the stones by its imprisoned inmates. Coming out again into the Quad, a Sentry stood before a door. It is the same door through which Lord Nithsdale <sup>271</sup> escaped in female <sup>272</sup> dress by aid of his wife the night before he was to kneel on the Green. They still guard that door : tradition dies hard in the Old Land. Steps nearby lead on to the leads <sup>273</sup> where the confined could exercise, and adjoining them the Gaoler's House where Lady Jane dwelt till she stepped out to her death. I had circled the Fortress, the Lion Gate was passed and I joined once again in the rushing life of the Capital.

A Cockney would not have done his duty to his Home Town who did not pay a call upon Earl's Court Exhibition. I found that it had been given a new name, you pass in to the "Imperial Services Exhibition". It has developed since my day amazingly. You have before you everything connected with the Army and the Navy, Field Telegraph and Camp Equipment — Uniforms and Arms — Ambulance Trains and Armoured ones, Block Houses and Entrenchments. There are Lifeboats and floating bridges, Torpedo boats and nets, Diving Tanks and Cruisers. You can sink the boats of the Enemy at 1 penny a shot, you can cross a respectable Harbour by means of a military raft for the same price. Here too are many relics of past Heroes ; for one, the Tent in which he and his companions died, his shovel and theodolite <sup>274</sup> stand. An entire Tudor House has its place, nor seems at all incongruous. Today there is the Great White Way for pleasure seekers and banal hideous music without soul and stall keepers who watch your approach and pounce out upon you to draw you within and fleece you. I preferred the Old days.

I sought again the old Ballad Concerts of Afternoons held at Queen's Hall to recall memories of Antoinette Stirling, Patti, Foli, Reeves and other celebrities of that day. <sup>275</sup> The season was not on but a Promenade Concert at the old stand made up for the loss. I noted the still large gathering of young men among the crowded audience. With Sir Henry Wood <sup>276</sup> as Conductor there was sure to be fine orchestral work. The formal seating spaces did not appeal, the Pit of yore was good enough for me. Thus rounded I off another week.

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<sup>271</sup> [William Maxwell, 5th Earl of Nithsdale \(1676–1744\)](#) was a Catholic nobleman, who took part in the [Jacobite Rising of 1715](#). Nithsdale was captured, found guilty of treason, and sentenced to death. The night before the day appointed for his execution (24 February 1716), he effected an escape from the Tower of London meticulously planned by his daring and devoted wife, Countess [Winifred Herbert](#) who had been admitted to his room. By exchanging clothes with his wife's maid, he escaped the attention of his guards. He fled to Rome, where he lived in poverty and happiness with his wife until his death.

<sup>272</sup> WWB has *femal*.

<sup>273</sup> The meaning of *leads* in this context escapes the transcriber.

<sup>274</sup> A [theodolite](#) is a precision instrument for measuring angles in the horizontal and vertical planes. Theodolites are mainly used for surveying applications.

<sup>275</sup> [Antoinette Sterling \(1850–1904\)](#) was an Anglo-American vocalist. In 1873 she made her first appearance in England at Covent Garden and rapidly became a popular favourite among the contraltos of the day. She gained her greatest successes as a ballad-singer. [Adelina Patti \(1843–1919\)](#) was a highly acclaimed 19<sup>th</sup> century opera singer and one of the most famous sopranos in history. [Allan James Foley \(Signor Foli\) \(1837–1899\)](#) was a distinguished 19<sup>th</sup> century Irish bass opera singer. He was distinguished for his vigorous, straightforward way of singing, and was a great favourite in London for many years. [John Sims Reeves \(1821–1900\)](#) was the foremost English operatic, oratorio and ballad tenor vocalist of the mid-Victorian era.

<sup>276</sup> [Sir Henry Joseph Wood \(1869–1944\)](#) was an English conductor best known for his association with London's annual series of [promenade concerts](#).

## London

It was Students' Day at the National gallery. Amid the priceless collection there were many easels set and men and women, mostly grey haired busy and intent, unmindful of the loungers. The Old Masters dealing in the main with things Religious, the more modern by a sort of natural reaction from excess, dealing with things Mundane. There have been notable additions since last I had the privilege of roaming through the various salons. Then standing long at the Entrance I took in once more that wonderful vista of Trafalgar Square, Whitehall beyond, massive hotels and Office Buildings on either hand.

Here close by rises S<sup>t</sup> Martin-in-the-Fields — hard to believe that this was once fields and so all the way to the Ford at Westminster — a Church more fashionable in days gone by, where still each week the bells are rung for Nell Gwynne<sup>277</sup> — beloved of Charles II — whose ashes he buried in its vaults. An Archbishop delivered her funeral oration and a legacy compels that she shall never be forgotten.

Now to Seven Dials<sup>278</sup> — a quarter of the Town not so long ago of most unsavoury odour, today but a name. Once seven dials focussed seven struts, now only a single dial remains. Passing on there

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<sup>277</sup> [Eleanor “Nell” Gwyn \(or Gwynn or Gwynne\) \(1650–1687\)](#) was a long-time mistress of [Charles II](#). Called “pretty, witty Nell” by [Samuel Pepys](#), she has been regarded as a living embodiment of the spirit of [Restoration](#) England and has come to be considered a folk heroine, with a story echoing the rags-to-royalty tale of Cinderella. She was the most famous Restoration actress, possessed of an extraordinary comic talent. Gwyn had two sons by King Charles.

[Figure of Nell Gwynne by George Stuart](#) in the [Museum of Ventura County](#).



<sup>278</sup> [Seven Dials](#) is a small but well-known road junction in Covent Garden where seven streets converge. At the centre of the roughly-circular space is a pillar bearing six (not seven) sundials, a result of the pillar being commissioned before a

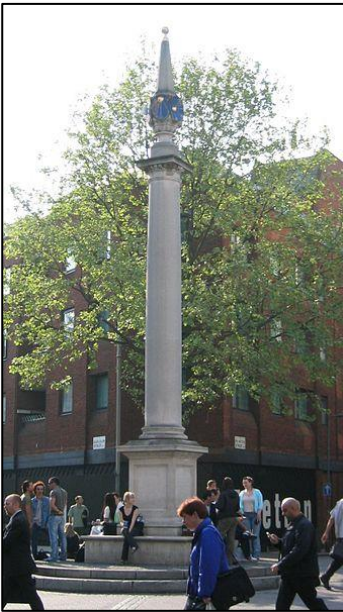


comes Soho, where hardly a shop bears an English name. Here the Huguenots established themselves when driven from France.<sup>279</sup> A mass of cafés and restaurants today in place of looms. Within the Church of S<sup>t</sup> Ann you read a remarkable inscription on a tablet : “Near this place is interred Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this Parish December 11, 1756 immediately after leaving The King’s Bench Prison, by the Benefit of the late Act of Insolvency, in consequence of which he registered his Kingdom of Corsica for the use of his Creditors.”<sup>280</sup> Just how things worked out one would like to know but ordinary histories are silent.

Here is Greek Street with fierce sounding names on the sign boards : one “Barbarossa” struck me as specially fine : curio shops, old silver, old engravings, old furniture in abundance. Nearby I sought The Argyll Rooms<sup>281</sup> notorious resort of all Young Bloods of three decades and more ago. High carnival was held here, helped periodically by influx from Oxford and Cambridge making night hideous and the police alert for trouble. Their day is evidently passed. If I mistake not, the fine Organ which so greatly helped to drown the din now leads in praise the peace loving congregation of the tiny Church of S<sup>t</sup> Peter close by. You turn into Piccadilly Circus and to take the scene about you in at leisure, make for the triangular Haven of Rest occupied by a Fountain raised as a Memorial to the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury.<sup>282</sup> Here you are in the centre of things, roads deviating therefrom

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late stage alteration of the plans from an original six roads. A replacement sundial column was constructed in 1988–1989, to the original design.



<sup>279</sup> The [Huguenots](#) were members of the Protestant [Reformed Church of France](#) during the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> centuries. French Protestants were inspired by the writings of [John Calvin](#) in the 1530s, and they were called Huguenots by the 1560s. By the end of the 17<sup>th</sup> century and into the 18<sup>th</sup> century, roughly 500,000 Huguenots had fled France during a series of religious persecutions.

<sup>280</sup> [Theodore of Corsica \(1694–1756\)](#), born Theodor Stephan Freiherr von Neuhoff, was a German adventurer who was briefly [King of Corsica](#). In 1749 he arrived in England to seek support, but eventually fell into debt and was confined in a debtors’ prison in London until 1755. He regained his freedom by declaring himself bankrupt, making over his kingdom of Corsica to his creditors, and subsisted on the charity of friends until his death in London in 1756.

<sup>281</sup> The Trocadero Restaurant opened in 1896 at a site on Shaftesbury Avenue that had been formerly occupied by the notorious Argyll Rooms. The [London Trocadero](#), an entertainment complex, incorporated a number of historic buildings and was most recently used as an exhibition and entertainment space. WWB has *Argyle*.

<sup>282</sup> [Anthony Ashley Cooper, 7th Earl of Shaftesbury \(1801–1885\)](#) was an English politician, philanthropist and social reformer.



as spokes from a hub. Across I note that the “Cri” and the “Pav”<sup>283</sup> are still doing business, whether that are as lively as I knew them I cannot say, but hope not. Here comes towards me a Coach and four high mettled steeds, with liveried Coachmen and similar Footmen behind. I would ask the uniformed Walking Dictionary beside me who of the noble and wealthy come, but stay just in time, the whole outfit is but an Advertisement of a French Perfume! Evidently not to be outdone, there followed a Toothpaste man seated inside a huge white Paste Case. Above the din can now be heard fifes and drums and along sweep a contingent of Boy Scouts preceded by a mounted Bobby and followed by their baggage in a go-cart.

I pass on to S<sup>t</sup> George’s Hanover Square, famed spot for the Church ceremony of Marriage of the Fashionable ; and soon to All Saints Margarets Street<sup>284</sup> as famous in one direction as Brompton Oratory is in another. Next come Harley Street and Portland Place, famous in yet another direction, for Physicians and Surgeons ; each house it would appear hides within it a Specialist in some human ill.

And at last the spot I was aiming for, Regent’s Park, the Breathing Space of North London. And well used any day of the week, plenty of grass and shade giving trees, corpses everywhere like one imagines a battlefield which on closer inspection were men ‘dead to the world’ for the nonce. Here Orators were busy, as in Hyde Park, groups gathered round some man or woman holding forth. They seem very much in earnest those speakers. For those who do not care to listen<sup>285</sup> there are walks in plenty, seats wisely placed for shade, lovely flower beds to gaze upon, a Park wherein to wander till a bell rings out, the acreage is cleared, the warders lock the gates and recreated folk and bairns made each for home.

But ere that hour I would be a bairn again and step inside the Zoo. Since those days when with wonder one gazed through bars at the multitude of captives, mine had been the privilege to see many of these Wild Animals “at Home”, free to come and go, yet the Zoo still held its interest. It is a wonderful education in Natural History for “Stay at homes” such as were there in crowds that day. The country cousin was very much in evidence ; and the inevitable “lost child” yelling lustily for his mother. I should have felt a real loss had that note been absent.

The day ended for me at “The Ring” in Blackfriars Road. My companion, I confess, was not of the Aristocracy. He was my Waiter at the Club. To him I owed a pleasant evening’s sport. A Boxing enthusiast, he put me wise of a good thing, on the square, and in return he, for once, was not seated amongst the gods. Yet he was a handful for me before the bouts were over, his enthusiasm was far too evident, his remarks too audible. The Preliminaries were excellent with a nice assortment of Knock-outs and Draws. Eugene Corri handled the main event, England v Ireland : Wells v O’Keefe, the Englishman a goodly man to look at, the Irishman a fighter, spilt nose and all.<sup>286</sup> It went 15 out of 20 rounds before O’Keefe entered Dreamland. I had to hold my companion down by force time and time again.

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<sup>283</sup> The [Criterion Theatre](#) is a West End theatre situated on Piccadilly Circus. The [London Pavilion](#) is on the north-east side of, and facing, [Piccadilly Circus](#) in London. It is currently a shopping arcade, and part of the Trocadero Centre.

<sup>284</sup> [All Saints, Margaret Street](#) is an Anglican church in London built in the High Victorian Gothic style and completed in 1859. The church’s style of worship is [Anglo-Catholic](#).

<sup>285</sup> WWB has *list*.

<sup>286</sup> Eugene Corri was a famous referee and the first to officiate from inside the ring. He is the authour of [Refereeing 1000 Fights — Reminiscences of Boxing](#). William Thomas Wells, better known as [Bombardier Billy Wells \(1889–1967\)](#), was an English heavyweight boxer, British and British Empire Champion from 1911 until 1919, defending his title fourteen times. [Pat O’Keefe \(1883–1960\)](#) was an English boxer who became British champion at both welter and middleweight.

As we made our way back to the Club past midnight I had the vision once again of London's Fire Brigade on the run. There can be none so callous as to be unmoved as the clanging of the bell is heard and the engines rush past. They came, they disappeared in a flash, yet had I time to raise my hat to men who do honour to my Home Town.

For old times' sake I hied me to the Wax Works of Madam Tussaud to look again upon her Royalties and Notables, her Tableaux and her Chamber of Horrors. No longer in the modest home I knew, but now housed in noble quarters ; but why not of stone — in case? I refused a guide book. Within is a Living Book of History. The dates attached to the Figures is surely enough for a student of the Past ; one has seen pictures of the Illustrious till the likenesses of most are unmistakeable. Imagination draws them tall in the main, here one gets the truth which disappoints a little, and the clothing, probably from long use and unavoidable dust, lacks spruceness : but one leaves the better for a visit. There was an exquisite figure of Queen Alexandra <sup>287</sup> in her widow's weeds, pre-eminent to my mind amid the nigh 400 to be gazed upon. Some historical personages before whom, in wax, I lingered longest were Berengaria — the beloved of the Lion Heart : the daring, dauntless Margaret of Anjou, who fought instead of her too gentle consort : Isabella, her antithesis, who wrought her husband's death and — amazing thought — found punishment at the hands of the son she had nursed in her bosom. <sup>288</sup> Of more modern, Garibaldi, Lincoln, Scott and Sun-Yet-Sen, Dorando the runner, and Dan Leno. <sup>289</sup> The Napoleonic relics must surely appeal. Here were things which the Hand which rocked the World had touched and daily used. The Tableaux are striking, especially the finding of Harold's body after Hastings by his Editha, and the death of Gordon. <sup>290</sup>

The Horrors must needs induce a thrill. There seems among the faces no set Type. Most you would pass on the street as quite the ordinary. It is what they Did rather than what they were which makes the Chamber uncanny.

It is but a step to Marylebone Church. Nothing to look at architecturally, its portico like so many London Churches Corinthian, but it holds memories. Here Byron was baptized, and Nelson's

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<sup>287</sup> Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julia, [Alexandra of Denmark \(1844–1925\)](#) was the wife and queen-empress consort of [Edward VII \(1841–1910\)](#). Alexandra was highly popular with the British public

<sup>288</sup> Berengaria of Navarre (c. 1165–1230) was Queen of the English as the wife of [Richard I](#). [Margaret of Anjou \(1430–1482\)](#) was the wife of [Henry VI](#). [Isabella of France \(1295–1358\)](#) was Queen consort of England as the wife of [Edward II](#). Isabella and her lover, [Roger Mortimer](#), deposed Edward, becoming regent on behalf of her son, [Edward III](#). Many have believed that Isabella then arranged the murder of Edward II. Edward III deposed Mortimer in turn, taking back his authority and executing Isabella's lover. The Queen was not punished, however.

<sup>289</sup> [Giuseppe Garibaldi \(1807–1882\)](#) was an Italian general and politician. He is considered one of Italy's "fathers of the fatherland". [Abraham Lincoln \(1809–1865\)](#) was the 16<sup>th</sup> President of the United States, serving from March 1861 until his assassination in April 1865. Lincoln successfully led his country through its greatest constitutional, military, and moral crisis — the [American Civil War](#) — preserving the Union while ending slavery. [Robert Falcon Scott \(1868–1912\)](#) was a Royal Navy officer and explorer who led two expeditions to the Antarctic regions. [Sun Yat-sen \(1866–1925\)](#) was a Chinese revolutionary, first president and founding father of the [Republic of China](#) in 1912. [Dorando Pietri \(1885–1942\)](#) was an Italian athlete famous for his dramatic finish and eventual disqualification in the marathon at the 1908 Summer Olympics in London. [Dan Leno \(1860–1904\)](#) was a leading English music hall comedian and musical theatre actor during the late Victorian era.

<sup>290</sup> [Harold II \(c. 1022–1066\)](#) was the last Anglo-Saxon King of England. Harold died at the [Battle of Hastings](#), fighting the Norman invaders led by [William the Conqueror](#) during the Norman conquest of England. For some twenty years Harold was married to [Edith Swannesha](#) and had at least six children with her. Major-General [Charles George Gordon \(1833–1885\)](#) was a British army officer and administrator. News of Gordon's death in Khartoum attempting to suppress a Muslim revolt led to a wave of public grief across Britain.

daughter Horatia, here Browning married his “perfect mate” and Charles Wesley lies in its graveyard.  
<sup>291</sup>

By devious ways I reached the Marble Arch and again the same impression left — a Freak. King George IV who ordered it that he might enjoy to himself a real Roman Arch of Triumph after the order of Constantine, <sup>292</sup> could not stand it and had it removed from the front of Buckingham Palace to gaze on Tyburn Tree. <sup>293</sup>

For here is the site of that noted gallows to which criminals were dragged on tumbrils, <sup>294</sup> or driven shackled in carts from Newgate to suffer death. About the centre of the great open space into which and from which six great arteries of London pour, there is a triangular stone let in the asphalt, this stone bound on its edges by brass, which because of the endless traffic passing over it, is burnished till it glitters. On the wall nigh the Arch there is a Tablet announcing the site in the roadway, but few there be of London’s millions who know it. I took chances and dared any taxi – van – bus – cart or auto to run me down as I stood alone in the midst of them on that site of the gallows hard by the Ty Bourne stream on its way to the Thames.

London has stretched out the past 30 years. Its extremities of today were then countryside. I took the Tube to Golder’s Green passing under Hampstead Heath and Belsize Park. Here an auto bus awaited and a charming drive along suburban roads with plenty of trees brought me to Hendon at “The Greyhound”. From the Church built on the hilltop one can see the Flying Fields below, the sheds and grandstands set in a broad expanse of open country. I would see things closer so walked down to find Air Races on. There were Monoplanes and Biplanes. The sky was soon full of these birds. What a change in a single generation. In my youth undreamed of, and today the Air in large measure conquered. Flying will soon be a commonplace, and another horror added to War ; for not for pleasure

<sup>291</sup> [George Gordon Byron \(1788–1824\)](#), commonly known as Lord Byron, was a British poet and a leading figure in the Romantic movement. He is regarded as one of the greatest British poets and remains widely read and influential. [Horatia Nelson Thompson \(1801–1881\)](#) was the illegitimate daughter of [Emma Hamilton](#) and [Horatio Nelson](#). WWB has *Horatio. Robert Browning (1812–1889)*, poet and playwright, married poet [Elizabeth Barrett Browning \(1806–1861\)](#) on 12 September 1846. [Charles Wesley \(1707–1788\)](#) was an English leader of the [Methodist](#) movement.

<sup>292</sup> The [Arch of Constantine](#) is a triumphal arch in Rome, situated between the Colosseum and the Palatine Hill. It was erected by the Roman Senate to commemorate [Constantine I](#)’s victory at the [Battle of Milvian Bridge](#) on October 28, 312.

<sup>293</sup> In 1571, the [Tyburn Tree](#) was erected near the modern Marble Arch. The “Tree” was a novel form of gallows, such that several felons could thus be hanged at once, and so the gallows were used for mass executions. The triangular stone in the roadway appears to have been replaced by the circular stone below on what is now a sidewalk.



<sup>294</sup> A [tumbril](#) is a two-wheeled cart or wagon typically designed to be hauled by a single horse or ox. Their original use was for agricultural work. Their most notable use was taking prisoners to the guillotine during the French Revolution.

alone will they be used. The Old Order passes, and we of an older day do well to acclaim the New Order, nor hold back in keen interest as The World advances.

The gracefulness of a bird in flight is met by Man today in the Air man and the Danseuse. Having that day seen the one I was bound to see the other. That same evening I saw Pavlova, the famous Russian Madame.<sup>295</sup> Her movements on the stage are gracefulness personified. Her whole troupe would shine as Stars of the Board but for Pavlova's brilliancy. At times the whole company seemed to float in the air so lightly did they touch the stage. When at the last, after dazzling movements Pavlova swept above the head of her strong armed partner in the dance there to lie full extended a white mass, immovable, the crowded house sat spellbound. Could That there be a living Woman? A Bird alone could make that Flight.

Before my Club saw me that night I had been initiated into two secrets of my Home Town. My companion refused to return till I had tasted "the most perfect cup of coffee" and "the most luscious Chop" in London. I am no gourmand, yet would I learn. The two are not found under the same roof, neither house is easy to be found. Not in gilded palace, not in the hostelrys of the rich, but to humble spots tucked away in by-streets did my Epicure Clubman lead me. I was first placed under oath never to divulge the names of place or person ; he is a selfish Old Bachelor who would keep good things to himself, yet had I wormed myself into his good graces and was rewarded. The uninitiated would pass those Eating Houses with a sneer, but he who possesses a Soul for perfection of Drink, who would rather have one perfect Course to Eat than a dozen indifferent ones, scents these from afar, finds, and having partaken of, goes home to his Club — as we — at peace with all the World.

I would pace The Thames Embankment which I had seen from the River. The whole waterfront seemed so altered since the days when in strong company I walked it of a night to see the sadder side of London's life ; the destitute, the homeless, the hungry and the sad assembled in their hundreds. I remembered it as The Emporium of Misery. On the way I dropped in at The Savoy Chapel, a Royal Peculiar, close to Somerset House built by that Lord Protector of King Edward VI who could not save his head from the block when Queen Mary took the reins.<sup>296</sup> It is a strange looking little building, most unpretentious, its square tower fit rather for a corner gable of a Castle than to cap a Church. Here, despite its homely appearance, history was made, for at The Restoration the Conference assembled which gave to England's Church her present Liturgy.

Reaching the Embankment I could not recognize the place. It has been transfigured, the gardens beautiful, the roadway a pleasure to walk upon, the very arches of the bridges which cross it carrying the trains seemed brighter spots, where once a mass of bedraggled humanity hugged themselves close from rain, sleet or snow. Electric lights today dispel all gloom.

Here at close range was Cleopatra's Needle with its hieroglyphics. Its history is given on its four sided pedestal. Presented to England by an Egyptian Viceroy, after lying on the sands of Alexandria for centuries, I could recall it brought to England in a buoyant case. Lost in a storm in the Bay of Biscay, it was picked up later, still floating and here raised : a relic of past glory.

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<sup>295</sup> [Anna Pavlova \(1881–1931\)](#) was a Russian Empire ballerina of the late 19<sup>th</sup> and the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. She is widely regarded as one of the finest classical ballet dancers in history.

<sup>296</sup> [Edward Seymour, 1st Duke of Somerset \(c. 1500–1552\)](#) was Lord Protector of England during the minority of his nephew [Edward VI \(1547–1553\)](#), in the period between the death of Henry VIII in 1547 and his own indictment in 1549.



To another extremity of London — the countryside of my youth — I would go. To Wimbledon by way of Putney was the route and by bus at that, passing the grounds of Stamford Bridge and the erstwhile Lillie Bridge <sup>297</sup> where I once took part in many a strenuous contest for supremacy on the cinder path, and as a youthful Cambridge “Blue” secured the other height of my ambition, The Half Mile Championship of England.

Footing it from Putney I soon mounted the Hill, coming out on the edge of Wimbledon Common. Though London had reached out to here its mighty paw nothing seem disturbed, the same fine open space, no building or road encroachments. Gone may be the Commons fame but it has not lost its pure countryside look. We had moved from the close confinement of London’s streets to the village of Wimbledon and now I stood before my first school which faces the Common at the Putney end. <sup>298</sup> As it was in the painters’ hands I made bold to enter and roam over it from top to bottom. Here was the room where the timid boy had his first taste of a Bully, here the room with memory in chief of a highly irascible Drawing Master. Above, the dormitory of pillow fights (and the slipper oft as a sad conclusion) and where the unfeeling Matron of the Boney Hands rubbed infernal grease upon my poll despite fervency of pleading. Here the Reception Room where The Head — a fine musician — was used to play on a full sized Chamber Organ and bestowed on me many a kindly pat as his leading soprano. I walked into forbidden ground — the long garden now uncared for but then too sacred for boys save of Sundays.

Thence a good half mile to our specially allotted <sup>299</sup> football and cricket ground, and hard by where at a later date the earliest games of Lacrosse in England were played and the lot fell to me to take part therein. I looked for the old landmark “The Windmill” <sup>300</sup> and it was still in place, but whether its

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<sup>297</sup> The [Lillie Bridge Grounds](#) was a sports ground that opened around 1867. The ground started to fall into disuse after the opening of nearby [Stamford Bridge stadium](#), and after a riot on 18 September 1887 which destroyed the track and grandstand, it finally closed in 1888. Lillie Bridge is these days better known as a London Underground (LUL) maintenance depot, and the Earls Court 2 annex of the Earls Court Exhibition Centre complex was built over the railway lines.

<sup>298</sup> [Nelson Academy](#), in Eagle House, Wimbledon High Street, a boarding school for young boys, was open when WWB lived in Wimbledon; however, it is situated at the Wimbledon end of the Common. Otherwise, no record was found of a school for boys in Wimbledon during the 1860s and 1870s.

<sup>299</sup> WWB has *alloted*.

<sup>300</sup> [Wimbledon Windmill](#) is situated on Wimbledon Common in the London Borough of Merton, and is preserved as a museum.



sails now moved I trow not. Here was the central point of the great annual Rifle meet, now transferred to Bisley.<sup>301</sup> No “Butts”<sup>302</sup> now but what days those were for<sup>303</sup> all of us of Wimbledon. The thousands of Volunteers, the sight of the Regulars, the various Camps, the side shows were things to look forward to all the year. They moved the transient camp, they cannot remove the genuine “Caesar’s Camp” — the round tumulus still easy to be seen.<sup>304</sup> Nearby I stood on “the Hornets” Rugby Ground<sup>305</sup> where first I measured myself with men and learned to take the rough knocks as part of a far tougher game than that as played today : Richmond, Blackheath and the Clapham Rovers were our strongest opponents, they still are in the field I see. Here still stood the old Pound — though the village stocks were gone — where stood the impounded cattle who had made too free of the Common. The Village, now a Town, I found the same. By winding ways and without a question I sought and found old landmarks. By the same old footpaths boarded high on either side I took the short cut to our country home.<sup>306</sup> I feared the hand of the destroyer, but not so : that avenue on the hillside was wholly unaltered. Across the way from the home there still stands the old shed and the grass run, where an elder brother kept his beagles, which gave us fine cross country running. Here was the very tree where a future Nimrod<sup>307</sup> made his first “Kill”. A starling fell before the deadly aim — the means? a catapult and a single N<sup>o</sup> 6.<sup>308</sup> The deed done, there was no joy, no triumph.

<sup>301</sup> The [National Rifle Association](#) was founded in 1859, based on Putney Heath & Wimbledon Common. “These annual gatherings are attended by the élite of fashion, and always include a large number of ladies, who generally evince the greatest interest in the target practice of the various competitors, whether it be for the honour of carrying off the Elcho Shield, the Queen’s or the Prince of Wales’s Prize, or the shield shot for by our great Public Schools, or the Annual Rifle Match between the Houses of Lords and Commons.” The centre moved to [Bisley](#) in 1890.

<sup>302</sup> The *Rifle Butts* was an area at the north end of the Common where the shooting competitions were held.

<sup>303</sup> WWB is missing *for*.

<sup>304</sup> At the southern end of [Wimbledon Common](#) are the remains of an Iron Age hill fort known as Caesar’s Camp. The round well (below) is easy to be seen; however, a [tumulus](#) is a mound of earth and stones raised over a grave or graves.



<sup>305</sup> [Wimbledon Rugby Football Club](#) is a rugby union team from Wimbledon, London. The club was a founding member of the [Rugby Football Union](#) and were at that time known as the Wimbledon Hornets.

<sup>306</sup> For the location of WWB’s two residences in Wimbledon, see *Kilburn and Wimbledon* in *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

<sup>307</sup> [Nimrod](#) is, according to the Book of Genesis and Books of Chronicles, the son of Cush and great-grandson of Noah and the king of Shinar. He is depicted in the [Tanakh](#) as a man of power in the earth, and a mighty hunter.

<sup>308</sup> N<sup>o</sup> 6 is a size of [lead shot](#).



Bitter sorrow o'er the deed struck the small boy's heart. With pomp and ceremony we laid the bird to rest in the back garden and one at least watered the grave with his tears. I sought the lane at the bottom of our Hill where our fruiterer's errand boy would oft accept our challenge and dismounting from his cart would try his pace against us, and thereby found his forte, and became the greatest sprinter of his generation.<sup>309</sup>

But here was change indeed, for the lane is today a fine asphalt road with electric cars upon it, and all beyond where once were fields and many a slough in which we sailed boats, and in an oilskin boat once nigh came to an untimely end, are rows and rows of houses. Then, the grounds at the end of the lane from the Railway Station were laid out for Croquet — the fashionable game with Lawn Tennis quite unknown — and the Championships of England were decided at Wimbledon for there were no finer lawns than those.

The old footpaths were gone ; I took my way, along finished thoroughfares, and sensed that Wimbledon and London now are One.

## Epilogue

My Time Allowance was well nigh up. No chance to roam through other haunts in other Shires : Lincoln, Cambridge, Stafford.<sup>310</sup> But one country district called and would not be denied. Not all born Londoners have their Traditions deep set there. Paternal and Maternal ancestors oft are of other Shires. Mine were, and to my maternal ancestry I would pay my dues. To “Three Counties” I made my final pilgrimage — that quaint old time village where Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire and The Light-Blue County meet, each claiming a third of the cottages and a like portion of the taxes.<sup>311</sup> Around

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<sup>309</sup> [Harry Hutchens](#) was born in 1858, the same year as WWB, and discovered that he was a fast runner when he was 14 — in about 1872, when WWB was living in Wimbledon — and working as a messenger at Putney Station — near Wimbledon. He was considered the fastest runner of his time.



<sup>310</sup> WWB attended university in Cambridge and was ordained and became curate in Stafford, but his connection with [Lincolnshire](#) is not known.

<sup>311</sup> See [Hertfordshire](#), [Bedfordshire](#) and [Buckinghamshire](#) (the The Light-Blue County).

here are Estates to which I am linked with the record of centuries, a Pym at the head of each.<sup>312</sup> Sandy with “The Hasells” : Willian : and Cæsar’s Camp. From the first, came the great Parliamentarian of

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<sup>312</sup> The Pym family Estates included [Hasells](#) (or Hazells) and [Caesar’s Camp](#) in [Sandy](#), Bedfordshire, and property in Willian, Hertfordshire.

Hasells Hall, Sandy:



Caesar’s Camp, Sandy:



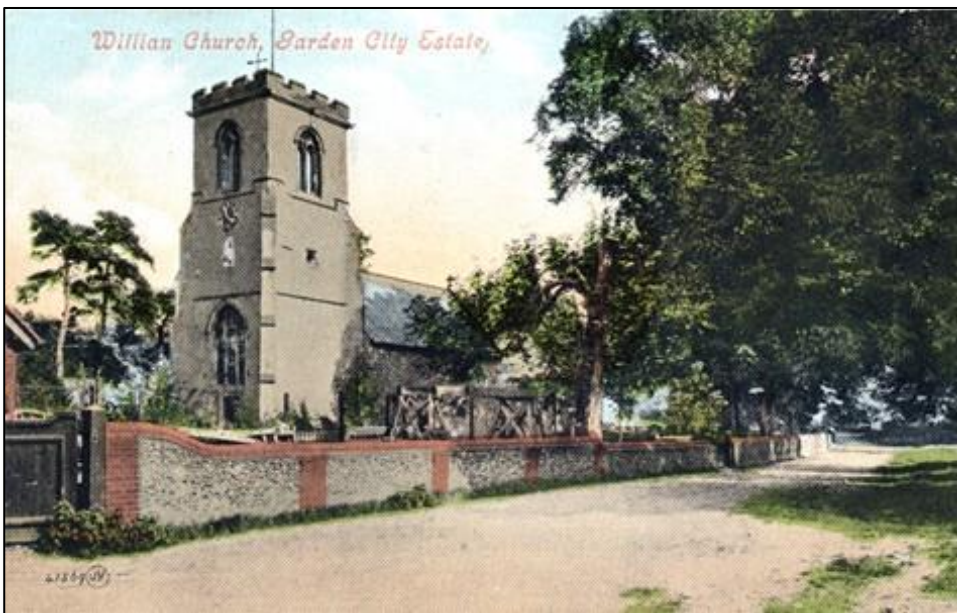
the 1<sup>st</sup> Charles' Reign, <sup>313</sup> from the second an almost unbroken line of Clerics, from the third, another after the lapse of centuries to represent today his people in the Mother of Parliaments. <sup>314</sup> Here I bade farewell to my Home Land, in a dream of loveliness, with its lawns and flower beds, its rock garden and rose bowers.

Cæsar's Camp, once a scene of defence and slaughter, today a joy to look upon. That vision of an English Home and Garden will linger with me to the end.

From thence to steamer and the other side of The World.

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WWB's maternal grandfather, Rev [William Wollaston Pym \(1792–1852\)](#) was rector of [Willian](#) in North Hertfordshire, at All Saints Church, Willian.



<sup>313</sup> [John Pym \(1584–1643\)](#) was an English parliamentarian, leader of the Long Parliament and a prominent critic of [James I](#) and then [Charles I](#). However, there is some [doubt](#) that he was related to the Pym's of WWB's family.

<sup>314</sup> [Francis Pym \(1756–1833\)](#) was a British Member of Parliament, as was his great-great-grandson, [Leslie Ruthven Pym \(1884–1945\)](#), and great-great-great-grandson, [Francis Leslie Pym \(1922–2008\)](#).

## ALASKA AND THE YUKON

### MODERN YUKON <sup>315</sup>

#### THE QUEST FOR GOLD

#### PERILOUS RIVER NAVIGATION

#### DOMAIN OF THE CARIBOU

It is 50 years ago since gold was discovered in the Yukon, Alaska, and yet the search still goes on. Scattered throughout the land are still small groups of prospectors, washing the pay-dirt by primitive methods, but wholesale assaults are now being made by large companies, whose dredges move slowly, leaving great mounds of tailings behind them. An article in *Country Life* gives an interesting insight into life on the Yukon River today.

In Dawson City there have been many changes since the great rush of 1898, states the writer, and the population is now a fifth of what it used to be. The old-time miners had no modern machinery to aid them and had to thaw the ground by building fires on it. The dredge clears its way by pumping steam into the frozen soil or by the cold-water thawing process and one dredge can do in a day what a dozen men could not do in a year.

#### Great Feats of Navigation

The amazing manner in which the stern-wheel steamers are navigated up and down the river — for the great waterway changes its name frequently and “the River” is the local name for the whole stretch — excites admiration in the tourist. The abrupt descents in the upper reaches demand extraordinary feats of navigation, and these boats are fitted with six rudders, four between the ship and the paddle and two beyond. One of the earliest captains found that some of the more treacherous bends demanded a more rapid swing of the helm than was possible by hand and fitted a steam appliance which makes the wheel spokes just a blur as the steamer practically slides round a twist in the river.

How is one to take a steamer with a draught of 3 ft. up a stream 2½ ft. deep in parts? This is demanded in places, and several methods have been perfected. On each side of the stern-wheeler there are tall hinged poles as strong as wharf piles. These are lowered down somewhat like grasshoppers’ legs and with a pull from a cable ahead and a threshing of the paddle the vessel almost jumps the bar.

A method rivalling the last in ingenuity is practised as much as possible to save the hands additional work. Up in the pilot-house the stream is surveyed to find the deepest part, the wheel is spun and the vessel laid broadside to the current there. Acting as a dam the water gurgles up against the hull, the wheel is again spun and the ship rides down on the surge of the released water.

#### Migration of the Caribou

A great sight in July is the migration of the caribou. Every spring, by thousands they begin their trek, and in July they cross the Yukon on their way to summer pastures. During this month it is almost impossible to go upon the river without seeing hundreds of the beasts. The steamboat does not seem to trouble them and they simply tread water to let it go past and then breast the heave of its wake.

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<sup>315</sup> WWB’s text is handwritten on the right-hand page of his notebook, with the left-hand page left blank. The following text has been transcribed from a newspaper article that WWB cut out and pasted on the first left-hand page. The article has no date nor source, although it refers to an article in [Country Life](#), a British magazine launched in 1897.



The writer concludes with the following paragraph:—

“To climb any of the surrounding hills and look down into the valleys gives one a memorable impression of the havoc that can be created in the quest for gold; but even there nature works, trying to tidy up again. Looking down on the furrows left by the dredges one can see here and there, already, bushes taking hold as though to cover up the desolation. In the end, however, it is less what man is about [in] these places than the larger effects of nature that will remain in your mind. There they lie, the lonely ranges, one after the other, domain of the caribou, the moose, the bear, the wolf, their northern tips dropping down toward the Arctic — all, whether it be noon or midnight, clear to the gaze and in the farthest north is that extraordinary radiance in the sky”.

## I

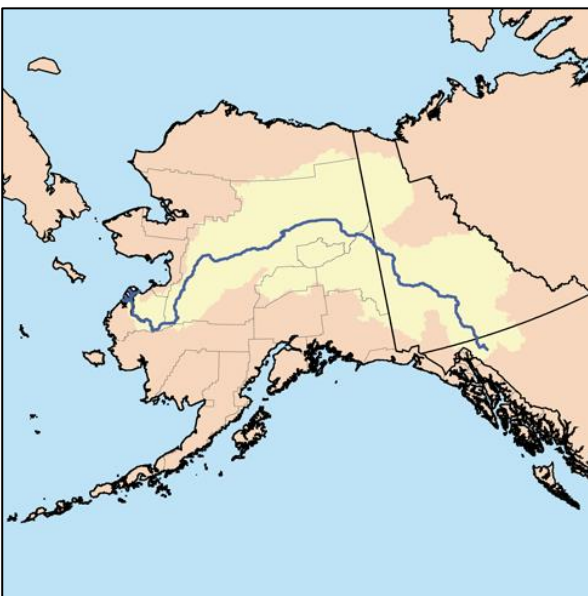
Alaska and The Yukon <sup>316</sup> are one and indivisible. He who would see Alaska must make journey on the River. Its course is 2,300 miles and it cuts the Land in twain. To visit Juneau, the Capital, is but to touch “the hem of the garment” ; to take train from Cordova to Fairbanks — which is in the Heart of Alaska — and return by the same route is to know but a smattering of the immense territory. I would learn of Alaska, so took the River Route. What I learned on the way is here set down. <sup>317</sup>

I headed for Skagway, 1000 miles to the north of my start, so as to reach Whitehorse near where the Yukon has its triple source, and is the head waters of its navigation for other than canoes. The season is short for freedom from ice, and July the best of the few months possible for river travel. <sup>318</sup>

My boat pulled out from Seattle and I was started on a journey of 6,000 miles ere I should see it again. The Shipping Company caters to Tourists, but not in the sumptuous style : my berth in a crowded ship was a middle one, the lower one, also occupied (and which scoffers call “the dog kennel”) was on the floor : their main eye is on the freight.

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<sup>316</sup> [Yukon River.](#)



<sup>317</sup> [Juneau, Alaska.](#) [Cordova, Alaska.](#) [Fairbanks, Alaska](#)

<sup>318</sup> [Skagway, Alaska.](#) [Whitehorse, Yukon.](#)

We ran along the east coast of Vancouver Island, and all day long I was passing over familiar waters, and noted peaks on the island to which I had climbed, pack on back, in years gone by. Crown M<sup>t</sup> looked more beautiful than ever ; boats were busy in the “Race” off Campbell River with its Tyhee Salmon of 40 lbs and more ; “Seymour Narrows” we caught just right and hurtled through without a tremor. We did not stop at Alert Bay, nor at any other usual port of call till we had covered 580 miles and reached Prince Rupert, at the tip end of Alaska’s “Panhandle” : as the map shows. The “Inside Passage” — as against the west coast of Vancouver Island, the “Queen Charlottes” and the “Alexander” Archipelago — is well called a sheltered one so far as rough seas are concerned ; there are but 3 short stretches where the full roll of the Pacific is felt, one as you leave the north end of the first named island and cut across Hecate Strait, the other two at the south and north ends of the second named Group, Millbank Sound, and Dixon Entrance which leads in from the Ocean to the Terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway at Prince Rupert. <sup>319</sup>

The first 2 days we moved through channels and passages ; some, miles in width, others narrow, with islands in them great and small, all heavily timbered to the water’s edge ; snow here and there where the peaks on the mainland ran high ; an archipelago which makes a landsman wonder how the pilot can thread his way through and why he chooses one way more than another. Graham’s Reach was specially beautiful, on both sides streams are to be seen tumbling down the sides of the mountains in cascades or sheer drops. There was no sameness even for an hour those first 2 days, the scenery changing all the way like a kaleidoscope.

At last one sees the colour of the water change, where the Skeena River empties, and in the distance there lies Port Essington and its Canneries. Soon lighthouses and buoys appear ; a Quarantine Station ; and on one side Tsimpsean Peninsula and Prince Rupert, a town with a future ; at present 7000 dwell there, with room for 100,000. Port Simpson is quite close and would have been the Terminus but for a bridge which would have had to be built and considered unnecessary with the neighbouring site so excellent. <sup>320</sup>

Then on to Ketchikan and so passing into Alaska but not for ‘keeps’ till the journey’s end, for the Great River I was heading for has its vagaries, sweeping in and out of British Columbia, the Yukon Territory and Alaska as fancy seems to take it, till it settles down, and after a visit or two to the Arctic Circle heads for the Bering Sea, its delta near S<sup>t</sup> Michael’s. We did not call at Metlakatla as it was off the main route. I should like to have seen it with its great Mission Church and sawmills, all under, till his death of late, the papal rule of the missionary Duncan who in ’87 broke from the Church he had served so long at the mouth of the Skeena and betook himself and all his adherents to Annette Island under United States Authority. But Ketchikan gives a good sample of a modernized Indian Settlement. It has Stores, Churches and Canneries with a touch of mining life from the mountains at the back. There was much freight to deliver here. <sup>321</sup>

<sup>319</sup> [Alert Bay, British Columbia](#). [Prince Rupert, British Columbia](#).

<sup>320</sup> [Port Essington, British Columbia](#). [Tsimshian people](#). Port Simpson is known as [Lax Kw’alaams, British Columbia](#).

<sup>321</sup> [Ketchikan, Alaska](#). [St Michael, Alaska](#). [Metlakatla, Alaska](#). [William Duncan \(1832–1918\)](#). [Metlakatla, British Columbia](#).



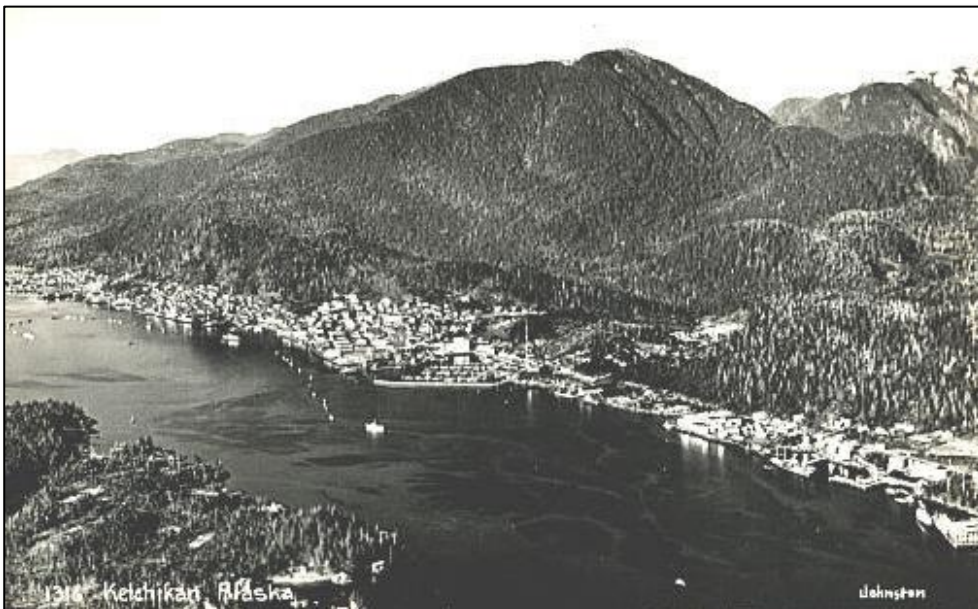
By Clarence Strait we pushed on to Wrangell. There is nothing left of the old Russian Trading Post save the name and the site of the Fort. The Stikine River pours out just north of the ancient Headquarters for Russia's possession in the Americas, and it is busy during the season of canning and salting salmon. There are many Totem poles, over which some amongst us went wild, but they are not the equal of those at Alert Bay or others on the coast of British Columbia. Here was the original route to get into the Interior after Fur, but its heyday has passed. <sup>322</sup>

Thence we steered for Wrangell "Narrows" and went, at last, dead slow. Then we turned in : the ships twist and turn, with the banks so close that in places you could jump ashore, buoys everywhere marking the tortuous way, the water swirling and eddying. It takes hours to get through — and there are accidents at times. On the morrow we made Stephen's Passage and dropped anchor off Douglas Island, the site of the famous Treadwell Gold Mine, with Juneau, the Capital, opposite on the mainland. <sup>323</sup>

French Pete <sup>324</sup> first found the gold in 1890. The original "Glory Hole" is shown you. Treadwell, <sup>325</sup> a prospector, bought him out, and worked at the face of the rock till it became too dangerous to blast it further. With a fortune his already, he sold out to a Company, for a million dollars, who worked downwards. There are of truth 3 mines, one working from the 900 ft level, a second from the 1500 ft and a third from the 2,100 foot. The yearly output is four million dollars. The miners are treated almost sumptuously, with rest rooms and Reading rooms, fine dining halls and a swimming tank. With Treadwell, the Klondike and Nome (let alone the countless other sources of gold in creeks and rivers the whole country over) Alaska's purchase in 1867 for seven million dollars is one of the greatest "deals" in history. With fur and fish as well as gold the United States and its citizens have won to date 500 million dollars from land and sea. <sup>326</sup>

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Ketchikan, Alaska (date unknown).



<sup>322</sup> [Wrangell, Alaska.](#)

<sup>323</sup> [Treadwell gold mine.](#)

<sup>324</sup> Pierre Joseph Erussard de Ville

<sup>325</sup> John Treadwell (1842–1927)

<sup>326</sup> [Nome, Alaska.](#) The [Alaska Purchase](#) was the acquisition of the Alaska territory by the United States from the Russian Empire in the year 1867.

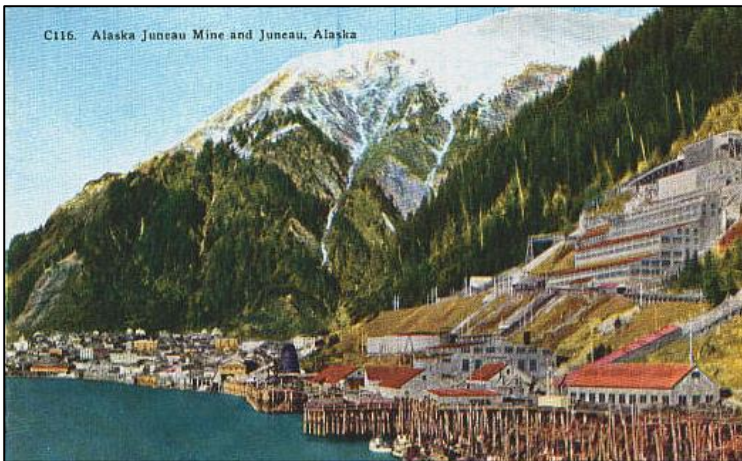
Juneau lies at the foot of a mountain 3000 ft high, down which a waterfall drops to add to an already picturesque scene. Here lives the Governor and the Chief Judges. There is here the Capital Building, a large Hospital, fair shops and many autos. The streets in the main are very steep. Fairbanks is its rival, the one at the southernmost tip of Alaska, the other in its heart. Time will tell. <sup>327</sup>

## II

Wherever The Klondike is named, the Lynn Canal is known. It was from Haines, nigh the head, (where a U.S. Military Post is today) that the Dalton Trail started, on which men struggled to the distant land of gold by the Chilkat Pass. We stopped to discharge cargo then entered upon our last leg. The actual Head of the Canal is in two parts, the one to the left leads to Dyea — now deserted but once alive with a mad crowd making for the Chilkoot Pass and so to Lake Lindeman, one of the sources of the Yukon : the other to the right, the better way (discovered later) though full of desperate chances, Skagway and the White Pass. By sunrise we were tied up at the wharf and the first 1000 miles was covered. <sup>328</sup>

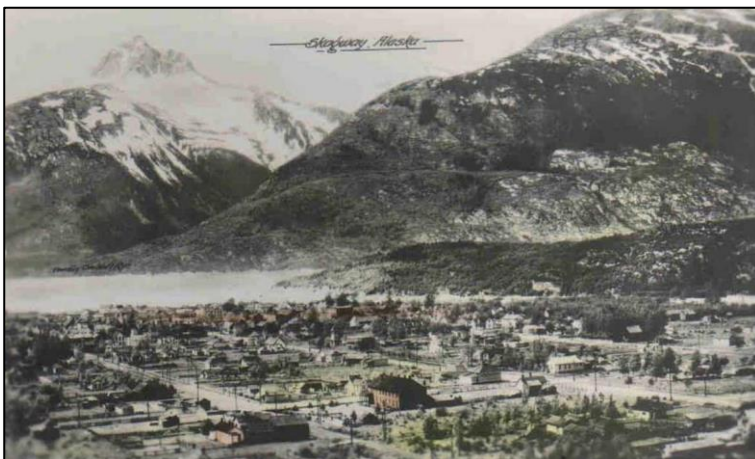
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<sup>327</sup> Juneau, Alaska (date unknown).



<sup>328</sup> [Lynn Canal](#). [Haines, Alaska](#). [Dalton Trail](#). [Chilkat Pass](#). [Dyea, Alaska](#). [Chilkoot Pass](#). [White Pass](#).

Skagway, Alaska (date unknown).



As I roamed around waiting for the train <sup>329</sup> to start its climb of the mountains ahead and its run of 110 miles to Whitehorse I saw mementoes of the Past in the bones of crazy craft and raft lying on the Flats, abandoned by their owners. Skagway's tale of crime spread far and wide. Here — where today all was so peaceful — was the scene of the operations of the very scum of the earth till at last the better element rose in its wrath, "Soapy Smith" <sup>330</sup> fell dead in his tracks and the rest of the gang were jailed or fled. Here scores "died in their boots" in true Western style and fortunes wrung from the Klondike were lost over the gaming table, the harpies and the "hold ups" before their owners saw the steamer which was to bear them "Home". It looks its name, "The Gateway of the North", lying in a valley stretching back to the mountains where on the summit you can descry one break, the White Pass. Through Skagway passes in all the supplies for Dawson and Atlin and 1000 miles beyond, and out of it pours the gold in "bricks" or "dust". <sup>331</sup>

It is worth going 1000 miles to see that Pass, 3000 feet up in the snow lines. As the train creeps slowly up you can see plainly the one time Trail from the valley floor with its deserted Road Houses. For the last mile it seems incredible that men (and women too) could have survived such labour, packs on their backs. "Dead Horse Gulch" is said to take its name from the frequency with which horses in very despair committed suicide by hurling themselves and their load over the precipice.

The train creeps along the edge of mountain after mountain, ever mounting, the grade is 4 per cent. From Skagway to the Summit of White Pass is 20 miles by rail for it is forced to take a serpentine course ; the Trail is but six. Just before you gain the summit you pass "Inspiration Point", well named, for you see what you saw from the water, only reversed. The valley lies before you shut in on both sides by lofty snow tipped mountains, far off lies the little Town (but once it held 15,000 souls) and behind it lies the blue water of the Lynn Canal. Then another grinding of the wheels and Skagway River is crossed by a cantilever bridge. Below dashes the stream, tumbling and foaming on its way down to the valley and the sea. Soon after a halt ; and one steps out into the keen, bracing air of the Pass to see 2 Flags floating to the breeze with a pedestal between them ; on the side we had come, the Stars and Stripes, on the other, the Union Jack. A step and we had changed country.

Thence — whilst the train takes a breather — a short walk : and there lies a tiny sapphire spot of glacial water — Summit Lake — another of the sources of the Yukon for it trickles down the gentle grade to Lake Bennett and so on to join the waters of Teslin Lake and become the Upper Yukon. Once again aboard we ran down a long and easy slope through a country the reverse of what we had just left. We were at the back of the Coast Range and their backs are broad and bleak, bare and stony, <sup>332</sup> no tall timber, ponds and pools of milk-white water, a barren land. Now Lake Bennett with a church boarded up and many deserted buildings where 10,000 once gathered and in feverish haste built boats and rafts, some good, most crazy, some of boards brought over the Pass on their backs,

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<sup>329</sup> [White Pass and Yukon Route](#)

<sup>330</sup> [Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith II \(1860–1898\)](#) was killed in the [Shootout on Juneau Wharf](#) on July 8, 1898 in Skagway.

<sup>331</sup> [Dawson City, Yukon. Atlin, British Columbia.](#)

<sup>332</sup> WWB has *stoney*.



some of packing cases.<sup>333</sup> Here they waited for the break up of the ice so that from here there might be no more packing. We ran along its eastern shore for 27 miles. Some ten miles from the deserted town we passed out of British Columbia into Yukon Territory, so did not change our Flag. Not till Eagle City is reached will that change be. The Barren land had ceased, we gathered wild roses, larkspur, marguerites, and fireweed which was rampant and at a distance looked like a carpet of heather.<sup>334</sup>

Where the two arms of the Lake meet and run out as a river towards the Yukon there is a Swing bridge — the most northerly in the world. Here Carcross (Caribou) lies with its large Industrial School for Indian boys and girls, and here lie the remains of Bishop Bompas the Apostle of the Yukon, the Mackenzie and the Peace River Indians. For 30 years he never went “outside” and became at last, in colour, manners, speech and habits, much like the Indians themselves. His Memory Lasts.<sup>335</sup>

Sweeping to the east we came out upon the Great River proper, and soon saw below us (from the bank we were following) Miles Canyon, a splendid gorge with basalt-like rocks hemming in each side. How that water poured through the narrowed space, what tragedies it had seen. There is the narrow entrance, then a straight rush, then a whirlpool, then another long rush bending slightly, then out into broad space heading for the Rapids. It invited closer acquaintance and I accepted a few days later. Soon we saw the Rapids, the White horses foaming and tumbling over the rocks. Many an outfit, many a life was lost here : I was one of the lucky ones for I simply had to tackle them.

A few minutes more, and with the roar of the Rapids in our ears we drew up at Whitehorse and I sought my hotel.

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<sup>333</sup> Boat building at Bennett Lake during [Klondike Gold Rush](#) (1897–1898):



<sup>334</sup> [Eagle, Alaska](#)

<sup>335</sup> [Carcross](#), originally known as Caribou Crossing. [William Carpenter Bompas \(1834–1906\)](#).

## III

Whitehorse is a busy little town of 1500 people, situated on a flat of the river bank.<sup>336</sup> Here is a Post of the Royal North West Mounted Police, and the starting place of the stern-wheeler river steamboats down the Upper Yukon as far as Dawson. Naturally the inhabitants are chiefly those connected with the Railway, with longshore and river men. The bone yard holds many worn out steamers, the largest “The Yukon” hailing from Victoria’s yards but found too heavy of draught for the river.

When the water way is closed by ice, mail and passengers are carried down river by sleigh and horses, relays ready every 20 miles at the Road Houses en route ; the freight is borne over the ice by a fearsome looking engine called “The Caterpillar” which draws 12 trucks on sleighs behind. To carry fruit and eggs in to Dawson in 50 below zero, they have a contrivance of heaters — like Japanese hand warmers — which are refreshed at each stopping place whilst the horses are changed.

It is here that Service lived who wrote “The Songs of a Sour Dough” as he worked in the Bank and was not suspected of “having anything in him”. I found the people very kind and helpful though there are far too many loafers who have reached the end of their tether and are content to laze the days away.<sup>337</sup>

The Barracks are a number of wooden buildings in the form of a square — some built of logs as are most of the houses along the Yukon — there is no formal Fort. I soon met the Inspector of the Mounted Police — a fine upstanding fellow in the prime of life — and discussed with him the possibility of shooting the Rapids. It is an unknown accomplishment nowadays, the last boat known lost 2 men out of its 3, and though there are Indians living above them, nothing will induce them to go through. They portage their canoes. We also discussed the trip down the river in a flat bottomed boat. This is steadily done to Dawson as a rule (500 miles down) though some go further. With the usual paternal care of the Police every boat has to bear a Number, and a full description of each man going is taken in case of disastrous ending by drowning — or worse ; for desperate characters are not unknown to frequent the banks.

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<sup>336</sup> Whitehorse, Yukon (date unknown).



<sup>337</sup> [Robert William Service \(1874–1958\)](#)

It was Sunday afternoon and the Inspector and I started for a walk to the Canyon that I might see it at close quarters, a 6 mile tramp. His plump, good little wife warned him against me as a dangerous schemer. As we strolled along, a tough looking man joined us who was on the same quest. He gave his name as Hopkins. He had started down the river alone, 10 days before, had met bad weather, got soaked, lost heart, and packed boat and himself back to White Horse<sup>338</sup> on a passing stern wheeler. His intention was to go “outside”. I asked him to join me but he hesitated. The Inspector scowled. We passed the Rapids and as we reached the Canyon we saw 2 canoes being lowered by Indians from the railway track to the river bank. We lent them a hand, bringing the boats down through the brush.

Seeing a tent a little further up the stream we went thither to seek a cup of tea — for a fire was going outside. Here we found 2 prospectors, Robertson, a New Zealander, and his companion, a Swede. They were strapping fellows, like the Inspector, the New Zealander grizzled and well on in years. They were very cordial and in conversation the older man told of his shooting the Rapids in the first rush of '97. The Inspector (all innocent) mentioned my desire ; and Robertson said that he would gladly put me through, but his canoe was too cranky. I thought me of the Indians' canoes and bore off the Inspector for an interview. The headman gave the matter the usual prolonged thought, said that each had cost him 45 dollars and how could he get the boat back. I showed him gold in my hand ; and my helpful friend promised that he would see the canoe returned on the morrow. The bargain was struck. We hied back to the tent and told Robertson that we would “call his bluff”. He laughed and said that he was ready right away, but there must be a third as doubtless I was no canoe man — a libel. The younger man declined. Then I turned to my stalwart friend who I knew to be an Eastern Canadian expert from items he had let fall on the way. Surely he would not “let me down”. He must have forgotten his wife's warning. He was game. Hopkins had shied from the very first, said he had wife and children in Seattle and would take great pleasure in watching the proceedings — or the Suicide — from the heights above.

We stripped. I was ordered into the middle thwart to face down stream, Robertson took the prow with his paddle, the Inspector took the stern with another. I lit my pipe for I was but a passenger, we shoved out into the stream and were off. We headed into the rush of the river, then (turning sharply) dashed into the Canyon. We were seemingly on the top of an arch for the water is so squeezed that it is higher in the centre than<sup>339</sup> at the sides. We went hurtling along the first straight run ; then — the two men paddling furiously — into the Whirlpool, flying straight through, down, then up ; now we had another smooth run and as the canyon bore towards the east, the gloom was less, we could see full daylight ahead, the basalt rocked walls taking tints from the sun peering down. We were out. I had a lovely time. I was sitting in water, my pockets full of it, may baccy<sup>340</sup> pouch soaked but my pipe still going. We had dropped 30 feet in  $\frac{5}{8}$ <sup>this</sup> of a mile.<sup>341</sup>

The paddlers took a rest as we swiftly were borne on the stream for a good half mile and till the waves of the Rapids were seen ahead. Robertson kindly remarked that I should have all that was coming to me, the Inspector seconded the motion, so they put the canoe through the very middle of the Fury. We rose up into the air as if shot out of a catapult, great combers came at us from both sides but suddenly drew back in the nick of time. Certainly we shipped much water for we went straight through some waves that rose at us on our way. Great rocks appeared in our course, over which the green water swept menacingly, and we missed them with only inches to spare, we twisted this way and that ; those men front and back of me were experts at such a job, without a doubt. It was thrilling. We

<sup>338</sup> Both *Whitehorse* and *White Horse* were common usages at that time.

<sup>339</sup> WWB has *that*.

<sup>340</sup> Tobacco.

<sup>341</sup> Thirty feet is not much of a drop for  $\frac{5}{8}$  of a mile of rapids; it should perhaps be 300 feet.



were through, but not before I had seen Hopkins and other people gazing amazed at us from above. They said that it was a fine sight — it was far better to have been in it.

When we got back to the Barracks, the wife gave me no small wiggling<sup>342</sup> for risking her husband's life and I deserved it ; but all's well that ends well, and she soon set herself to look after our comforts. That evening I walked back some way with the old New Zealander and putting gold in his hand thanked him warmly for his aid. He said that I — a mere landsman — had behaved very well in somewhat nerve-wracking circumstances : and that he, like me, had thoroughly enjoyed it. I know Inspector Acland did.<sup>343</sup>

#### IV

On the morrow Hopkins came to my way of thinking and agreed to try again as far as Dawson. Once settled we got what few supplies we needed, the ever kindly Inspector lending me tent and blankets, then waited for a start, for that man whose word was Law refused for days to give me a Permit with so tough a companion — and alone. I won him over at last but had to promise to report at each Police Station on the way so that he could keep informed by telegraph of how I fared.

The days passed happily with visits to Fox farms and Mines. And the days are long : so short the nights that you can see to read out of doors even now till 11 p.m. and by 2 a.m. you can take your

<sup>342</sup> Present participle of *wig*, to rebuke someone severely.

<sup>343</sup> Arthur Edward Acland — born in London, England on January 25, 1874, died in Coquitlam, British Columbia, on May 28, 1952 — poses here in partial uniform in the midst of chopping a tree in a clearing on the Dalton trail, June 1899. His wife was Annie Rose Acland.



book in hand again. Early in this month of July the local photographer took a photo of the town by ordinary light, on the stroke of midnight, and it comes out as clear as if taken at Noon.

The day came when Hopkins and I started down the Yukon. We had a 12 ft flat bottomed boat, brand new, made of rough lumber and built in a day : a simple ender so had to use a paddle as a rudder. Hopkins' original was too small. Ours was very broad, and carrying all our supplies, baggage as well as ourselves, still left comfort and plenty of room for long legs. We took a couple of oars, and for a sail had our blankets, willow branches could be secured as mast along the way. The Inspector himself came down from the Barracks to see us off, took our descriptions and painted our number on the prow. Ours was 169 which meant that that number had gone 'down river' since the ice went out in the Spring. As the average crew is 4, it will be seen that quite a number of prospectors still travel that way. With a cheery goodbye from many friends on the bank we pushed off, and caught at once in the strong current swept downstream, myself steering. Whitehorse for me was a thing of the past.

Gliding downstream at this stage of the Yukon there is little to be done, it is more to steady the boat than to propel it. We soon found the blanket very useful and took it in turns to handle the tiller. We had not gone far before we rounded a bend to see a stern wheeler puffing and blowing as it crept upstream, pushing ahead a barge load of coal from a mine at Carmacks, 200 miles downstream. We had to cut over to the other side smartly, to avoid the wash.

Hopkins soon began chatting and I lead him on to talk of himself. By trade a Boilermaker, he told me how he had so far got through life without any trouble to bother about save one. I enquired what it might be. "A cursed barber attacked my pompadour which I wanted to make lie down and killed all the roots of my hair," said he. At that he took off his cap and with it his overabundant hair and disclosed a pate as bald as an egg. The transformation was so sudden and amazing (it cut off 10 years of his age) that I had difficulty in doing the proper thing, i.e., sympathizing with him. Since this disclosure he often became young, and he had to own that it was very cooling on some of our roasting days. I was "Boss" to him from the very first and a more willing helper — even servant — one could not wish to have.

We bore on past the Takini, one of the many big streams which pour in along the way. The Upper Yukon has numerous portions under diverse names given by the early prospectors to their localities. Our first leg was to be the head of Lake Lebarge, some 25 miles down and after a hundred twists and turns we reached our camping ground towards evening. Together we cooked a good meal and turned in to be ready for an early start, as the Lake is a tough customer with its strong and contrary winds. Field mice were our bed companions so by 4 a.m. we were astir and an hour later we were off. All was still as we paddled out and took a course down the centre. The Lake is 32 miles long and in places 3 miles across. A "following" wind sprang up and blanket up, away we went before it but by 9 a.m. it was "whitecaps" and going strong, so strong that with our keelless craft we had to make for shelter on a large island, happily fairly close, the only one on that great sheet of water. On it we found a building used in winter as a Road House and took shelter from a heavy storm. With the breeze dropping in the afternoon we were off again and kept paddling till supper time. Lebarge is a forbidding looking spot amid the mountains, red rock with patches of spruce and jack pine on the western shore, great grey, rounded hills of limestone on the eastern, the only sign of animal life being the young spruce trees barked neatly from base to a couple of feet up. You see thousands of these thus served all along the Yukon. It is done by rabbits. They begin high because the snow packs high, and then follow down as the snow melts. Other than spruce, many trees are barked by Indians for medicine and for basket work.

The next morning Lebarge was in a sullen mood giving us a taste of headwind, with showers, Old Sol bravely trying to break through. We paddled for hours, feeling very fit and taking things as they

came. Towards the mouth of the Lake there are some miles of beach, rough enough in all conscience. On these we towed our craft, one of us ashore with a 50 foot rope, the other aboard keeping its nose out. At the end of the long haul we reached the outlet where are several log houses forming another Road House and stables. Men were busy here packing whitefish in ice boxes to ship to Dawson.

The Reach we now swept into is known as “30 Mile” that being the distance down to Hootalinqua, a settlement (or rather once was such) where the Teslin joins the Yukon. It is the swiftest part of the Upper half of the river and we went down flying. It is to look at, as if you were sliding down a grade, the slant is clearly evident from a canoe. The turns are sharp, calling for smart steering, the water swirling and in eddies, with much white water. To keep the boat steady, I had Hopkins face downstream, using the oars as balances. The scenery here was very fine, closed in as it is by mountains on either side whilst eagles were numerous sweeping overhead and screaming, there were seagulls too ; and about the boat were kingfishers and ducks as we rushed along. Bones of many crafts were on the banks, probably having become unmanageable in the swift current. The telegraph line which connects Dawson with the “outside” runs along the right bank from Whitehorse : but close to Hootalinqua it crosses to the left bank by very high poles. Here we landed and looked about for a camping ground. The sole inhabitants, the Operator and his wife, promptly came forward and offered us the Road House with its huge common room, many bedrooms — beds with springs — kitchen and stove. We were in clover, ate our frugal fare and slept snugly till dawn. High up above the river the (deserted) log house of the R.N.W.M. Police is perched, headquarters when here was a Roaring Camp and Livingstone Creek up the Teslin was alive with Diggers. Today a few miles up the Creek two gold dredging machines equipped with costly machinery lie rotting away. Those 2 inhabitants are workers, they have a neat garden — fenced in — where rhubarb and cabbages, radishes and turnips were flourishing : and a Hot house, heated by steam as its pipes showed, with flowering plants within. High above that garden a large scow had been dragged and, filled with water from a mountain stream, acted as a tank, giving force for spraying.

Starting afresh we entered the long Reach known as The Lewes and made for the next Telegraph Station at Big Salmon River, another large tributary. Not far from the start we passed a Shipyard, with a ways occupied by a disabled steamboat, everything ready for business, workshop, windlass, sawn lumber, but not a workman : another sign of a Past Day. Here were Indians catching “King Salmon” with nets and others fly fishing for grayling. One boy came along with us for a mile kneeling on a crazy raft of 4 small jack pines and with a paddle of wondrous make. He made us a potlach of his fish and of course I potlached him — with biscuit. We passed huge stack of cord wood frequently — not only here but all our way — no habitation near, these for the steamboats which usually hawser<sup>344</sup> the boat, but at times merely run the nose of the stern wheeler into the bank, facing upstream, and keep the engine running at half speed as the wood is carried aboard.

Twenty miles on our way the mountains on either side opened out and we entered a flat country. Here lay Big Salmon working its way to the Great River, and here are the haunts of moose and bear. There is a bar at its mouth (The Cassiar) washed, when the river is low, for gold. We had no difficulty and rested awhile, entertained by an old prospector who had not been ‘out’ for 20 years, and the Operator. Across the water is a large Indian Settlement. Afloat again we had not gone far, when on turning a bend we came face to face with a black bear of no mean proportions. He made tracks. We had no firearms though bear steak would have come in handy.

What with bears and pack train dogs, Caches of food have to be strongly built. Those of Alaska resemble small houses on platforms, raised on posts, 10 to 12 feet from the ground. Graves too have

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<sup>344</sup> Hawser is a nautical term for a thick cable or rope used in mooring or towing a ship.

to be protected. We passed many with a little roof built over them with supporting sides. Above the roof there is often a high scaffold on which they place the belongings of the departed. On one I saw a rocking chair swinging in the breeze.

We had hoped to reach Little Salmon before evening camp but a heavy rainstorm spoiled our plans whilst still 10 miles away. We had to seek shelter, such spots are few and far between and hope had nearly fled when I spied across the river a Lineman's shelter amid the trees. Hopkins rowed hard but we were far out and we shot past to land some hundreds of yards before we could make a landing. Finding a brand new log hut with a heater in it, we were glad enough to pack our goods over rough ground, make supper, dry out by a roaring fire and seek repose.

## V

We had not gone far the next morning before, at diverse spots, we came across porcupine sitting on boughs close over the River watching for fish. Some made hasty tracks, others were far too comfortable to worry about us. They looked very fat and their colour was that of fresh grass. We were passed by a couple of stern wheelers, their Captains hailing me and asking how we were making the journey. Before noon we were at Little Salmon river where was a Store run by an Englishman : a fine axeman as was evidenced by the log houses of the missionary and himself as well as the little Church, all his handiwork. The Parson was away, so also seemed all the inhabitants of numerous shacks. From here we had 40 miles to go to reach the next Post, "Carmacks", which takes its name from the recognized discoverer of gold on the Klondike.<sup>345</sup> We used our blanket whenever we could but here the river broadens greatly and winds about in an astonishing manner. How many figures of S we made I cannot say but we seemed to go 5 miles to make 1. We passed a very noble looking hill called "Eagle's Nest" which dominates the landscape for miles. After hours in a wild looking country it was startling to hear suddenly the 6 o'clock whistle of a coal mine calling the men to cease work. It seemed to come out of nowhere, but a bend of the river showed us the Shaft and the miners' cottages. This coal was first discovered by a negro but he was jockeyed out of his rights. It is too poor in quality for the steamers but much traffic in it passes up and down the Yukon. Another half mile and we were at the Settlement's Store and Post Office, and made our camp nearby.<sup>346</sup>

Leaving Carmacks at no very early hour on a Sunday owing to the Family Wash of the previous evening needing a further drying we made our way steadily towards the 2 Rapids we had to shoot

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<sup>345</sup> [George Washington Carmack \(1860–1922\)](#)

<sup>346</sup> [Carmacks, Yukon.](#)





before Dawson was reached, “Five Fingers” and “Rink”. They were 20 miles off but the time seemed short for me owing to the wild beauty of the scenery. Hopkins by now had developed an astonishing ability to sleep, he would lie for hours in the bottom of the boat “dead to the world” whilst I kept watch and guard. With a steering paddle I had only to keep the craft on its course and could take in quietly all that was to be seen. And here great walls of rock, shelving back, hemmed in the river. Back of these were range after range of mountains with ever changing forms. Moose tracks — like human trails — could be seen on their sides leading down to the water, for there was little timber.

We had been given careful directions at Carmacks as to the 2 Rapids and knew that the only way to get through the first was to hug the right hand shore. I hugged it accordingly for miles (before it was really necessary) to make sure. To be caught on the wrong side we were told would mean disaster. Just after 3 p.m. coming round a bend I saw the preliminary white water of “Five Fingers” and waking my partner got all ready for business.<sup>347</sup>

The appearance of the 50 foot rocks which lie across the river’s way and whose extremes force the stream to a width of but 150 yards is as if you place your hand on a table, spreading out the fingers towards yourself, the thumb and little finger are on shore, the others are spaced in the river’s bed. We were in the correct position and our pace increased more and more rapidly. We steered straight for the passage on the right. There was a stiff headwind which as it met the tearing waters kicked up considerable waves. It did not take long but whilst we were at it, it was pretty strenuous. A big comber (just after we had passed through those towering Fingers) carried us — as if we were a leaf — clear over a great slab of rock, then dying dropped us with a mighty flop that lifted us from our seats. I had the oars to keep us “nose on” (for the slightest bend and we would have overturned) and they held the strain, our nerves were in the best of shape, and all went merrily.

An Indian hailed us shortly afterwards who shouted from the bank that he had moose meat. Every prospector is keen to get it and doubtless he placed us in that breed. Making a landing we purchased a fine leg. A couple of miles more and rounding yet another bend found ourselves in a fine stretch of water at the far end of which lay the “Rink Rapids”. They are pretty enough but there is nothing to them as on the right there is a smooth, though swift, passage which a tyro<sup>348</sup> could negotiate.

<sup>347</sup> Five Finger Rapids (date unknown).



<sup>348</sup> A novice or beginner

By suppertime we reached Yukon Crossing where passengers going by stage — or in winter by sleigh — make crossing for Dawson. Here we found an hospitable man and his wife at the Road House with comfortable quarters for the night, the good housewife kindly cooking our moose meat to perfection and adding choice viands of her own.

Our next objective was Minto 25 miles downstream, there to drop a passenger to whom I had offered a lift despite the warnings of Hopkins, “Can’t you see Boss that he’s only a tin horn gambler.” Certainly his looks belied him as a prospector despite his harping upon mining. He was quite dapper, his only impediments were a small handbag and an overcoat. He had walked from Whitehorse and been nearly eaten alive by mosquitos. I noticed that he cultivated the nail of his “little” fingers which is done by gamblers for the express purpose of manipulating cards. Despite all, I gave him a lift. I could see that my partner got quite a shock when the breeze lifted up the man’s coat as he was changing seats in the boat and revealed to both of us that he carried a small Gatling Gun in his hip pocket. But all went well. We dropped him at Minto and pushed on for Fort Selkirk where the Pelly River (a famous hunting ground) joins the Yukon and by the junction forms the “Yukon Proper”. So far we had been on the “Upper Yukon”. <sup>349</sup>

## VI

We seemed to ourselves very small fry in our humble craft on a river now one mile across, dotted here and there with islands. But this did not last long. At “Hell’s Gate” some 10 miles from the Fort the river is compressed again. Here we passed another steamer making its way upstream. Whilst this spot is nothing to small fry it is probably the toughest of all the route for large craft, and the steamer seemed to move by inches only. The water is very shallow and very swift. By 7 p.m. we reached the junction of the rivers and a little further on we came on to the Fort, once a real one in “Hudson Bay” days, which consists of the Police Barracks (now deserted) : quite a number of log shacks (very much

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<sup>349</sup> Minto Landing, Yukon.

[Fort Selkirk, Yukon.](#)





alive) : the “Savoy” Hotel : a couple of Stores : a Post and Telegraph Office : a missionary’s house and a Church. Purchasing some bread we floated down another mile so as to make camp in quieter quarters, and found the spot on an island.

Next day we set out to make the record day’s work of our journey and covered 70 miles, making our first stop 20 miles down where we delivered a letter given us at the Fort. Here we found a one armed Englishman, who is farmer, hunter and axeman despite his handicap. A breeze was very helpful but the blanket needed careful sailing with the sudden turns or there might well be an upset. The scenery was magnificent, rocky sides towering sheer from the water to the heights which cricks the neck to follow, then hills covered with verdure, foothills to mountain ranges in the distance. Close to the water the willows grew and rabbit warrens abounded, the little creatures taking not the slightest notice of us though I steered close alongside where they gamboled about. They seemed countless. Yet one of the strange things about the Yukon rabbit is that they entirely disappear for a year or two, none know whither, then reappear as if by magic.

Passing Selwyn we kept going to Coffee Creek opposite to which the summits of the rocky cliffs take wonderful shapes, looking for all the world like Battlements and Castles with rounded Towers, and straight walls as if built by the hand of man. We had another letter to deliver, so landed, only to find the party gone, so left it in a rickety mail box, then 2 miles down made camp on an island with our tent on “White” moss, beloved of moose and caribou, and slept soundly on a deep mattress of it which held neither roots nor stones for tired limbs.

The day following our record, we made a very respectable advance of 52 miles, finally calling a halt 70 miles from our goal. We passed the mouths of the White River and the Stewart (where Stewart City lies), both streams mighty feeders of a still greater one. Early in the morn we saw on the right bank what looked like 4 log houses rolled in one and everything looked so prosperous that we decided to explore. Here we spent an hour or so with a French Canadian, a marvel of industry as evidenced by a flourishing farm of oats, potatoes and many another vegetable. He lives on one of the main lines of travel for Moose and Caribou who cross (both by swimming or on the iced surface) from the valley opposite his home to make for the Pelly River. Up at the head of that valley, Sheep are found in plenty. The country is very open here and the Yukon very broad.

Becoming mail carriers once more, we headed for White River. At its mouth there were many buildings, one actually of corrugated iron but as we were on the wrong side of the river when we first sighted the Settlement, we were swept far past before we had paddled half way across. Some 10 miles farther on we came to the great Stewart feeder which is navigable for steamers to some Falls, 200 miles upstream. This was the river on which gold was first found along the Yukon, and the first rush came in ’84. The Yukon at once broadens still more and gets more muddy.

We wanted bread, so figured on being on the right side this time and drew up at the once famous “City” which still boasts of “The Stewart City Store” : “The Bar” : “The Stewart City Hotel” and

“Smyth’s Hotel and Store. No wet Goods.” <sup>350</sup> That is all that is left of the City today. We avoided the Dry one and visited the Wet one (not “The Bar”) and found a hearty Irish woman the proprietress who supplied our want : a loaf cost 25 cents, a meal 2 dollars and a bed the same per night. I had noticed some sunflowers and asked to see her garden. This was evidently the key to the housewife’s heart for she was charmed. Her vegetable garden would be a credit to any city residence. In the large Glass house she was growing Cucumbers and Tomatoes on trellis work. Outside were stocks, nor had she forgotten Sweet peas. She had tried but failed with Roses but there are the wild ones in plenty everywhere, as there are fruits, the wild strawberry, the raspberry, and the cranberry. She pressed upon me many pansies asking me to take them “outside” to show what the Yukon country — supposed to be so grim and cold — could do. She saw us off and blest us for our coming, and a few miles past man’s habitation we went to camp. I loved those nights of perfect stillness, save for the rushing river as it swept along a few feet from where I lay : my partner in the land of dreams.

Exactly equalling our previous record we reached the Klondike the following day. We made 2 calls, one at Ogilvie opposite “60 Mile Creek” — the distance reckoned from old Fort Reliance near where Dawson stands — to deliver mail : the other at Indian River 18 miles on, with similar intent, where the wife was busy pickling mushrooms. We had some difficulty in keeping the channel as the Yukon is very broad hereabouts and there are countless islands. Blind alleys or hidden shoals are not conducive to progress and at times are dangerous. We crossed from side to side for deep water and swift current, and at last rounded a spur to enter a Punch Bowl at the far rim of which Dawson lies on a goodly stretch of level land with an 1800 ft slope behind it, known as “The Dome”. No spot in the 500 miles we had come of the Yukon’s course is more admirably suited for a City. <sup>351</sup>

<sup>350</sup> Stewart City, Yukon (ca. 1898).



<sup>351</sup> [Klondike, Yukon](#). [William Ogilvie \(1846–1912\)](#).

The Klondike River — with its still hidden wealth — pours out close by, and at that historic river's mouth we tied "N° 169" up, the fragile thing that had served us so well, among company the most crazy lot imaginable, relics many of them of '97 : so called scows and elongated boxes, all of the roughest workmanship. It is marvellous how they ever arrived : daring men must have handled them : they rest and rot, mute evidence of what men (and women too) will risk for gold.

We had arrived. That glide downstream was well worth any slight inconveniences we had met, and will always be a pleasure to recall.

## VII

Dawson is still very much of a frontier town, there are but few solid buildings : and the sidewalks are like the waves of the sea. The dust of the streets seems kept down by the people themselves, each home and store sprinkling the roadway with a garden hose. Gramophones<sup>352</sup> abound, music pours out continuously from all sides. Here is a place where 25 cents is still the smallest coin and where prices stagger the outsider. The auto has of course found its way here and plies the road to where Man has torn up the bed of the Klondike, its various creeks, and blasted down their sides.

Men of a rough type are seen on every hand but lawlessness is unknown with the red coated Police always about. It is no longer the wide open Town. Just lately there was a 'round up' made of the gamblers who had filtered in, 50 and more were served with the "bluepaper" which means "Get out and quickly too". There is a useful citizen much in evidence, he seems to be the official Town Crier. In the clearness of the atmosphere his voice seems to cover the Town.

Many pretty log houses are to be seen, mixed up with ramshackle frame buildings. There are generally flowers blooming in front, some have window boxes but these are lying on the sidewalk. The

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[Dawson, Yukon](#) (2007).



<sup>352</sup> WWB has *gramophones*, but this spelling was rare.

inhabitants are not so mad for Gold that they can give no time to sport. There was Baseball one evening of my stay, “Civil Servants versus Bank” and the Fans were yelling in good style. There are Tennis Courts (of wood) and a Cricket pitch. They even squeeze in a short season of Soccer with snow generally flying in their faces, and in its proper time Lacrosse. Nature however is dead set against The Ancient Game, and golfers look at their clubs and sigh in vain. Here Pantages<sup>353</sup> of theatre renown first got his start and in early days many of the famous fighters in the ring gave of their best to crowded houses and for rich purses.

A walk round the city took me to a street well named “Church” for on it stands 3 so close that the hymn of one must disturb the prayers of the others, the “Good Samaritan” Hospital wedged in between them. The Barracks, the Administration Buildings, the Court House and The Post Office are substantial wooden buildings, whilst Government House is imposing ; but otherwise the majority of erections for business are very poor. The roads are deplorable, the virgin soil untouched with ballast ; outside the town the sides are lined with every kind of cast off mining machinery and rotting boats. Dawson needs a tidying up, but there is neither Mayor nor Aldermen. Once there was a City Charter but by plebiscite it was given up, so the duty of all becomes the duty of none.

At the far end of town, downstream, there is the Catholic Hospital and Church, both on the choicest site of the place, commanding a full sweep of the river. A Ferry runs across by overhead Cable and by the amount of coming and going there must be a good population hidden away on the other side of the Bowl.

Severe cold is evidenced by the double windows and the storm doors, whilst many of the shacks have a roof of earth which was bearing a fine crop of grass waving in the breeze. Dawson is built on an<sup>354</sup> ancient glacier bed (and was a swamp in '97) though to the eye nothing could be more seemingly likely. The proof is found when digging for foundations, glacial ice is struck.

Despite the illimitable water which sweeps by, a water flume costing half a million dollars is seen high above the town running along the side of the Bowl. This not for Dawson but to lead water to the Klondike washings from Moose Creek 12 miles away. It gave power which the Yukon could not do. The Guggenheims constructed another for Bonanza, costing four million dollars which brought water from 60 miles away.<sup>355</sup>

<sup>353</sup> [Alexander Pantages \(1867–1936\)](#)

<sup>354</sup> WWB has *a*.

<sup>355</sup> Bonanza Dam, Yukon:





I rambled often to the Klondike by way of the bridge which crosses it from town, and took in the Diggings. Here was a Dredge working 35 feet down, to the bedrock of the once peaceful stream and its average daily output is 3000 dollars. The mighty pile of debris far up behind it showed the work of destruction it had already done. Further up lay Bonanza Creek, a feeder, and here again, as still further on, the wreck of nature was seen as men were busy at hydraulic work washing down the sides of these creeks. The Klondike was indeed The River of Gold, none like it the whole world over.<sup>356</sup>

I found pleasant company at “The Zero Club” of which I was made a member but my visit had to end as the “Alaska” was pulling out for Fairbanks 1000 miles away. The boats get larger and more sumptuous the farther down you go, for no boat goes the whole long way to the Yukon delta. There was now an “Observation Room” and commodious State Rooms on The Texas which is not the name of another boat but the topmost deck of these steamers. In earlier days the State rooms were called after the various States of the U.S. (for from Dawson on they are all American, not Canadian) : and Texas being the largest in area, the name was reserved for the largest room which was on the top deck. When the rooms were only numbered, the name Texas was still retained, but not for one room only, it covered the whole series atop. One lives to learn. I was lucky in my State room, nearest to the sky.

## VIII

Once off — with a 100 ton barge full loaded lashed ahead by steel cables — “The Alaska” swept along downstream with 1000 miles to go : a difference indeed from my 12 ft boat, which I had given to my companion. The Indian Mission at Moosehide Creek soon appeared with its Memorial Church raised in memory of Bishop Bompas, who was never seen without an Indian child in each hand, and another tagging on behind. With him the Industrial School for the natives — which I had seen at Carcross — was an obsession ; and to it he drew all children possible.

Ten miles on came the site of the old Fort Reliance, telling of the days when the Hudson Bay Company reached out its mighty paw from far off Labrador to the Mackenzie and, not yet content, stretched over the Rockies to the Yukon and settled here, last but one of its Northwestern Outposts, and that one, Fort Selkirk which I had passed at the mouth of the Pelly. The great River was now gliding through chain after chain of mountains, an island here and there. The pilot swerved continually

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<sup>356</sup> Hydraulic mining on Bonanza Creek.



from side to side following the channel. He knows his way by the colour of the water. There is but one thing that ties him up and he cannot contend with, and that is Fog. But August is not its season so we were safe to go ahead during daylight, unless we struck a sand bar of sudden formation. On one long bench of beach I saw the Original Transportation Company of the Country hard at work ; dogs harnessed ashore to a rope, hauling a boat upstream. <sup>357</sup>

Fifty miles down we came to Forty Mile (from Fort Reliance not Dawson). Here 15 miles up the creek, gold was found at Bonanza Bar in '87, ten years before the Klondike, and it still produces its placer gold. It was from "Forty Mile" that those who made The Great Discovery set out upon an Indian's report (and evidence) to them. They made across country and river to the Head of the Klondike, Henderson going up present day "Hunter" Creek : Carmack up "Bonanza". The latter on finding richest pay dirt gave no thought to Henderson but hastened back to "Forty Mile" to record his claim. Soon all at that creek made tracks to the Better Land and staked before ever Carmack's partner knew. It seems a mean thing to have done — but gold has ever turned men's heads. <sup>358</sup>

Off again we went, this time into a big open country, the mountains thrown suddenly back. We passed Coal Creek with its bunkers, its coal like that at Carmack poor of quality as yet. Then came a striking action of the river. In aeons past it must have met here an obstruction in a wall of rock. It did not trouble to go round but worked its way over the lower part, gradually wearing it down deeper and deeper till it is here 150 ft to its bed. It left however on the one hand a mighty mass 60 ft high (known as "The Old Man") alone, upright, still defiant, whilst a similar mass of like height (known as "The Old Woman") still holds the shore on the other side. It was at the foot of "The Old Man" that the Pioneers of "Forty Mile" swore that they would be buried ; but their bones lie far off and scattered. They were a restless crowd.

Then the wood pile had to be replenished and we crawled crab fashion to the shore, where high up on the bank above (to avoid all possible chance of flood or ice reaching it) 100 cords were ready, stacked. The gangplank was run out and the crew clambered up the bank — as did we passengers to stretch our legs — and threw the wood lengths down to the beach : from thence by truck it was carried aboard.

A half hour later we passed the clear cut Boundary Lines, the old one made by Ogilvie some 50 yards from the new and final one, marking British and American territory : and were once more in Alaska, and the Stars and Stripes would float above me till Seattle, and my journey's end in Canada. Now, Eagle City came in view with its Wireless Station and the frontier Customs House. It used to be "Fort Egbert" and the fine Barracks of the Army Post still stand : but deserted. Another freak — not this time of the river but of nature — next appeared : "Calico Bluff" so called from the appearance it gives as if an immense Calico sheet, heavily ribbed, was suspended from summit to its base. The pioneers had a ready wit, but sometimes went astray : for Circle City our next halting place was named by them, assuming that they were located on the Arctic Circle but really were over 80 miles below. It was once a town of 1000 souls but was depopulated by the Klondike rush. Now men have in some measure returned to mine on Birch and other creeks nearby. From Circle there is a Winter Trail to Fairbanks of 160 miles, a short cut indeed as compared with the 800 we had to go by water. The mountains had ended just before we reached Circle : and now came the Yukon Flats extending over 200 miles of the river's course. Here it stretches out its bounds till there are 40 miles between its banks with a maze of islands large and small. Sand banks are plentiful. It is an immense sight from the Texas ; water as far as the eye can see, one cannot think of it as a river. Here ducks and geese

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<sup>357</sup> [Fort Reliance, Yukon.](#)

<sup>358</sup> [Forty Mile, Yukon. Robert Henderson \(1857–1933\).](#)



have their habitation in the breeding season, coming from vast distances, a very paradise of rest for them. These flats tend steadily northward and 85 miles on, where the Porcupine River flows in at Fort Yukon, it enters the Arctic Circle. We had taken a special pilot aboard at Circle for this part of our journey. He threaded the boat through those islands, keeping strictly to the channel he knew by long experience, refusing all short cuts, and yet we struck bottom at times. We could quickly feel it all through the steamer : we hit, then glided over the bar, which oft forms overnight. We kept going, no damage done.<sup>359</sup>

## IX

Fort Yukon was in full sight, though far off across the river which had narrowed somewhat. Its buildings could be seen on a gentle slope as they shimmered in the sunlight. We were within the Arctic Circle, that imaginary Line, redolent of famous deeds by famous men, its apex sought long and seen at last. Soon we were tied up nigh the mouth of The Porcupine, no mean river of itself. Down it (first of white men) came Murray in 1847 bringing the goods of his Company from York Factory on Hudson's Bay, 4000 miles away. It took 2 years for the transit but Time was not of moment then. Today the Porcupine is the way which the Police take from Dawson to reach Herschel Island at the

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<sup>359</sup> [Eagle, Alaska](#). Yukon River at Eagle:



Calico Bluff, Alaska:



[Circle City, Alaska](#). [Fort Yukon, Alaska](#).

mouth of the Mackenzie river flowing into the Arctic Ocean, or to trek to Edmonton in Alberta, and beyond.<sup>360</sup>

The Fort is no more, but the Settlement is a live one : Indians in the majority. There are Stores of General Merchandise, a resident Doctor — with a plate on his door — a fine log hospital, a School, a Pool Room and an Episcopal Church, its square tower holding a bell. Outside the House of Prayer is a veritable Children’s Graveyard, the majority of its graves bearing an age from 1 to 14. I spoke to an Indian who told me, “Every year plenty children of Indians die.”

I saw two boats like mine, numbers 47 and 74 which had made the run this spring from Whitehorse — but the men I could not find. One of the sights of the place are The Dogs. I counted 50 “huskies” and “malamutes”,<sup>361</sup> fearsome looking beasts (who snarled like wolves and tore at one another ceaselessly) gathered by our boat’s side. The Kitchen Department tied a hide of bacon to each end of a stout cord and threw them to the pack. Then pandemonium reigned. Not even a husky can get easily away with the rind and most of those canines got pieces of one another in place thereof. Then a sack of bones — tightly tied — was thrown. When that sack was torn to shreds and its contents secured, fierce battles began and in their fury a dozen would leave their mouthful to dash into the fray and tear at the dog that was down. It was not a pleasant sight. One hears of the savage northern dogs : I have seen them, but I was too late to see that other sight — the Midnight Sun — one should be at the Fort the first fortnight in June.

Fort Hamlin 150 miles away was our next port of call, the Flats with their islands all the way. Then those Flats were over and the river takes only one broad channel for the mountains were with us again, low at first, steadily rising till the high ridges are squared off atop as if by human hands. Here lies Rampart City, a fair sized Settlement, a supply camp for the Diggings back in the hills. Rex Beach, writer of famous Alaskan stories lived here — his rude cabin still to be seen. Across the river is the U.S. Experimental Farm on sloping land with its up to date buildings and fields of various grains. A couple of hours and we reached The Ramparts Proper, where the squared top mountains run high and close together, shutting the waters in, narrowing them and deepening them till there is not more than 100 yards from bank to bank, and the vast volume of water — 1000 miles of it behind and 40 miles

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<sup>360</sup> [Alexander Hunter Murray \(1818 or 1819 –1874\)](#). WWB has *McMurray*.

[Gwich'in](#) hunters from Alexander Hunter Murray’s 1847 Journal:



<sup>361</sup> WWB has *mamalukes* here and elsewhere.

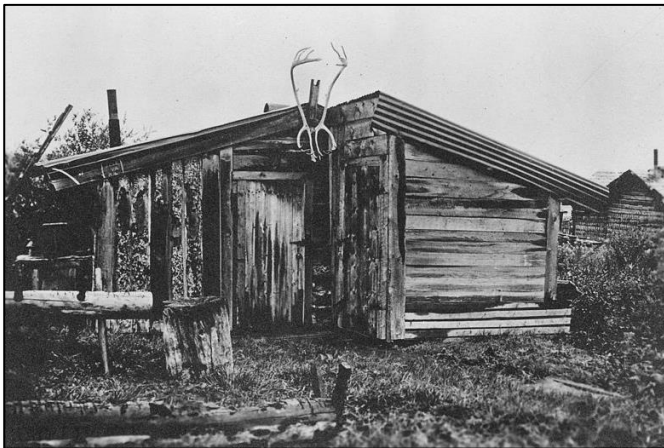
across not far away — presses so fiercely that there is swift water indeed, and an approach to “Rapids” since an ugly reef of rock — despite the depth — rises in the middle and attempts to bar the way, giving a passage on either hand of scarce 50 yards. It is a gloomy Reach but you are quickly through it. Here were many Indian fish wheels ; and beyond the squeeze both tents and drying grounds. <sup>362</sup>

Now, Mission, where the Episcopalians have a neat frame Church for the Indians who are active enough to have a sawmill in active operation. Time pieces are changed here, putting them back an hour, the next change is at S<sup>t</sup> Michael in the Bering Sea. Before sunset we arrived at Tanana. <sup>363</sup>

The Town is situated on a broad flat, well raised above the river. Some claim it to be the most beautiful site on the Yukon ; opinions differ ; it has not the setting that Dawson has with its Punch Bowl. It is a busy place : for connection is made here with boats going up and down the Tanana to Fairbanks ; and those to and from Saint Michael and from Dawson. It has long been the meeting place for Indians to trade their furs with the white man. Here too is a large Post of the U.S. Army — Fort Gibbon — with fine Barracks. Those soldiers must have much spare time. The Town has Avenues numbered 1, 2 and 3, but houses are sparse save along the waterfront where Saloons, Restaurants, Stores and Hotels abound. It boasts a Jeweller’s shop with no mean display in his windows. The dogs are countless.

<sup>362</sup> [Rampart, Alaska. Rex Ellingwood Beach \(1877–1949\).](#)

Rex Beach cabin, Rampart, Alaska:



<sup>363</sup> [Tanana, Alaska, 1911:](#)



## X

The mouths of The Tanana are a mass of quicksands, the channels never the same. It is always a chance that you get stuck on a sandbar. We did. A visible sand island of 100 acres lies right in the middle of the main mouth, round it we crept and got safely in. A half hour later, the barge hawsered to our bow found a nice soft resting place and in our efforts to pull it off, we swung round and got in the same fix. It was 8 hours before we got clear. The experience is so frequent that no one gets excited. Off at last, we sought another way, the crew calling the depth which was very uneven, 6 ft, 4 ft, 8 ft, 5 ft. A great river, no creek, in a flat land, the dirtiest stream in the whole Yukon basin : it bears Mother earth in countless tons along with it from its very source, so making a Delta with half a dozen “named” mouths, the rest are nameless.<sup>364</sup>

Many fishing wheels were in evidence ; the “King” salmon were about over, the “Silver” were now running ; a month later it would be the “Chinook” kind. These fish wheels are set in the strongest current and as they sweep round and catch up the fish, they are connected with a stout board, or a trough, set slantwise in each flange which throws the fish into a large box set on each side at safe distance from the wheel. I saw some not yet cleared, the big fish filled the box to the brim. At “20 Mile Wood Camp” we had a feast of wild fruit as the crew filled up the wood box : raspberries, blueberries, cranberries and black currants.

I had thought of The Tanana as a sinuous river in well defined channel, winding its 300 miles course east. Its sinuosity was correct enough but its breadth is an ever changing quantity. It will narrow for a mile or so, only to break out into an expanse of waters like a flood, where soundings have to be continually called by men stationed on the barge ahead. Despite its manifold difficulties it must be navigated for it leads into, and indeed all along back of its bank it is, the Garden of Alaska. Here also are abundant Big and Small Game, the moose and caribou, the lynx and rabbit, ducks and ptarmigan.

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<sup>364</sup> Tanana River at Fairbanks:





It is a slow journey upstream ; bucking the current is a very different thing from gliding with it, as we had been for so long. We made but 80 miles the first 24 hours, when (after another struggle with a sandbar) we reached “Hot Springs”. A dozen years back, Alaska yielded up this secret and men claim for them medicinal qualities and have made of them a health resort.<sup>365</sup> Here also is an extensive Fox Farm, as also at Tolovana, our next stop — only 75 miles by rail to Fairbanks but 140 by water — where we also saw some fine animals, with marten also in captivity. Birch bark canoes now appeared for the first time on the run, their seams heavily glued with resin. There must be Athletes here for I saw a Rugby football in the Store, all ready for the game. The spot takes its name from a pretty stream flowing in close by.

As we crept slowly up, time and again we nearly “boxed the compass” in a few miles run. Sutherland was not honored by a stop, its mail being tied to a faggot of wood and deftly thrown ashore. Then Minto, the second of that name for me, the first one where we dropped “the Tinhorn Gambler” — this one noted for its duck shooting. The second day was over when according to schedule we were due at Fairbanks, but the river was exceptionally high owing to recent rains and the current extra strong, with Fairbanks another 24 hours ahead.<sup>366</sup>

“Chief Thomas” is evidently an industrious and thrifty Indian, combining wood merchant with salmon curing, as his large Camp and huge sign board testifies 20 miles above Nenana passed by. Then came “Eat’em up Frank’s Estate”, who lives up there for the good of his ‘health’ having carved up some man in California in the Long Ago and now is a simple farmer with many broad acres his.<sup>367</sup>

Now a long Reach of difficult water, with the boat twisting and turning to avoid the floating trees and those blown down projecting from the bank we were forced to hug. Last trip up, the current swung the boat round plumb upon the point of a fallen tree, thus projecting, which bored a hole clear through the stern into the boiler room and gave the Engineer the surprize of his life, missing his head by inches. On another trip up, an unseen “floater” was caught by the stern wheel and flying up on The Texas, smashing the companion way and creating general havoc on top. But though we missed these excitements we had our own troubles, for a tube in the boiler sprang a leak and we could scarce get steam enough to crawl ahead. The ash pan was half full of water and it became a question whether we could make Fairbanks before repairs would be indispensable. But the Captain struggled gamely on and eventually made our goal.

First however we had to cross “12 Mile Bar”, which could only be done by use of “The Jack Knife”. This is not the schoolboys Delight, but the loosening of the barge on one side, whilst tightening up on the other so as to be able to take sharp corners. Then Chena. Here is “The Tanana Valley Railroad” which runs 2 trains a day to Fairbanks, and has other lines laid to various points along the gold bearing creeks. Here The Chena river joins The Tanana and makes a pretty picture with farms at the back creeping up the hillside.<sup>368</sup>

We left The Tanana and went up The Chena which is navigable for 100 miles for light draught vessels. The 10 miles and more which we had to ascend is known as “The Slough” and takes time and many a Jack Knife to navigate successfully. But Fairbanks at last, and stepping ashore I had covered another 1000 miles of waterway.

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<sup>365</sup> Possibly [Manley Hot Springs, Alaska](#), which was discovered in 1902. If so, then WWB’s trip down the Yukon took place in 1914.

<sup>366</sup> [Old Minto, Alaska](#).

<sup>367</sup> [Nenana, Alaska](#).

<sup>368</sup> [Chena, Alaska](#).

I was sorry to see the last of that company aboard, who had interested me greatly by their very diversity. There was the cross-eyed Montenegrin who had bled for his Prince <sup>369</sup> and whose every effort to be polite of speech had ended in breaks of rudeness : the ponderous Alaskan, jovial and free of talk : the irrepressible Philadelphian who called everyone (bar me) by his or her Christian name : the travelled U.S. Lieutenant in charge of Telegraphs : the inevitable Railroad man whose rapid talk was ever of Rails, of Land and Transportation : the long haired, high booted Frontiersman, grizzled, hard as nails : a Russian from S<sup>t</sup> Petersburg with parted beard and courtly manners : a well groomed Skagwayan with his petite bride on their honeymoon : a school ma'am very angular : and a lady missionary most sedate. From one and all one could learn — and hear of Life from another angle.

## XI

Man is a wonderful Being. Here in the heart of a Forest Empire, surrounded by half a million square miles of Land as yet scarce untouched and over which Nature has had its way for untold centuries, having but a few Indians to say her Nay — you suddenly come upon a Metropolis in miniature. Man says “Here I will dwell” and forthwith clears the ground, builds a railroad, erects Hotels, installs a water system, electric Light turns the short Night into Day, telephones connect everyone with his neighbours, Schools, Churches, Libraries, Hospitals, Banks are raised, and newspapers abound. Here standing alone is a tiny spot — a little World in itself — created “in a night” : and yet not really Alone for a single wire strung on poles for a thousand and more miles connects it with the Greater World outside. It looks complete, up to date, as if it had borne the weight and experience of years, but really is “A Thing of Yesterday”. It is set in the V of two rivers — is really on an island — on a large tract of level land, the mountains some distance back. It is neat, no swaying sidewalks, no ramshackle stores or houses, all is trim, taut, well built. Many of the homes have beautiful — even if small — gardens, sweet peas and poppies are to be seen on every hand. It bears an honored name, that of no mean Vice President of the United States. <sup>370</sup>

The real founder was — as usual — a miner, Felix Pedro <sup>371</sup> by name, who believing that gold lay hereabouts, worked tenaciously on for years when others quit and finally found his quest. In the height of its Day, Fairbanks held 8,000, now things were very quiet, and everyone was waiting. What they await is the contemplated Government Railway from the coast to Fairbanks as its Terminal. It will come in time.

I arrived at an interesting time ; for The Chena, alike with The Tanana, <sup>372</sup> was in flood ; and the wooden bridge spanning it and connecting Railway Town with the City proper was in danger of being smashed by the drift which high water had loosened from its banks miles above. Men were stationed on the bridge with long poles to divert the logs and stumps from jamming as they struck the piles of the structure. There was but a short four feet from the water to the floor of the bridge, and roots were high and had to be axed and even sawn by men who were evidently experts at “riding a log”. From

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<sup>369</sup> See [Nikola I Mirkov Petrović-Njegoš \(1841–1921\)](#) and the [First Balkan War](#), which lasted from October 1912 to May 1913 and pitted the Balkan League (Serbia, Greece, Montenegro and Bulgaria) against the Ottoman Empire.

<sup>370</sup> [Charles Warren Fairbanks \(1852–1918\)](#)

<sup>371</sup> [Felice Pedroni \(1858–1910\)](#) — “There’s gold in them there hills!”

<sup>372</sup> WWB has *Tenanana*.



the windows of the Tanana Club <sup>373</sup> — to the privileges of which I was courteously invited — as well as afoot it was a sight worth watching, day by day.

A roam around had much interest. One Church is clearly conducted by a Progressive : its large sign board on which is usually found the Hours of Worship and Subject of coming Discourse held nothing of the sort : for thus it read “Kansas did it — Will Alaska? Bank deposits increased, etc., etc.” What Bank deposits have to do with the Kingdom of Heaven I failed and fail to see.

I wanted to meet — from my start — 3 men whom I knew “outside” and who I knew were “somewhere in Alaska”. I had met one by sheer good luck at Whitehorse : here I met another on the street. The third was still lacking.

At night that bridge collapsed, but the light was that of Day and I was there to see. Despite every effort, the logs and roots piled up high against it and with the flood behind it brought such pressure that mere piles and wood could stand no longer. An extra freshet bore along a huge battering ram, it struck a fatal blow and with a crunch, a wrench and a roar the whole thing “went by the board” and the river, triumphant, smiling, swept hurtling on its way. It was a fine sight — for me : the citizens thought otherwise : “but,” said men beside me, “better than a jamb such as happened a few years back, when the defeated river sought revenge by flooding the town and its winter cellars, citizens navigating the streets in boats.”

A Day of Rest (The Sabbath) passed all too swiftly and on the Monday morn I started again, this time headed for S<sup>t</sup> Michael Island, another 1000 miles away. “The Alaska” swung off from the wharf, this time with no barge to impede, and with a flood behind. Whistles tooted a Farewell from many a steamer, half Fairbanks lined the shore, men hungry-eyed for the “outside” looked longingly at the craft, husbands staying in for the long winter waved goodbye to wife and children ‘going out’ : there were many tears aboard. “The Rush” was on, only a boat or two more before the land would be locked up and those ‘within’ begin their hibernation.

We made fast time, fairly racing along, the lack of any weight at the bow and our running faster than the current causing a motion like that of leaping and a tremendous quiver day and night. During that

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<sup>373</sup> Tanana Club, Fairbanks, Alaska, 1916:



morning we passed many portions of the Fairbanks Bridge floating gaily to the ocean. Nenana was the excitement of the afternoon. Here is a large community of Indians and a Mission Station with excellent buildings (not of logs) and a Trading Post with great business in furs, for the Nenana River leads up into a fine hunting country. Some mission folk were ‘going out’ and a crowd of Indians gave vociferous cheers as they speeded the departing ones. We met the “Up” boat and — as Time does not seem to count despite the schedule — turned head upstream, both boats drew to the bank, hawsered themselves together and had a “Chin Chin” for an hour or more.

There was heavy rain that night and running out of the storm area into bright sunlight we met Fog which we had no reason at all to expect at that season of the year, so had to tie up to the bank for 6 hours till it kindly lifted. But then a clear sky and a wonderful view of Mount McKinley — the highest mountain on the Northern Continent — was vouchsafed us. Eighty miles distant it towered in the sky, with a portion of the Alaskan Range also snow capped and formidable, of which it is the Crown.

What took 3 full days to go “up” took us but 24 travelling hours to go “down” : and we were back again at Fort Gibbon, I to make transfer to “The Sarah” <sup>374</sup> for the voyage to S<sup>t</sup> Michael. But though the boat was there, it did not mean prompt departure : for the Sarah — whose twin sisters are “The Susie” and “The Hannah” — had to await orders, so there were 2 days to roam about, nor did I miss the chance to explore all the neighbourhood afoot. The Indians hereabouts have the charming name of The Qliyukuwhutana and for natives they looked clean, healthy and prosperous.

## XII

We pushed out on a roastingly hot day. The passenger list was light but the freight was large, that is, what was outside “The Sarah” for she pushed ahead three large barges, the middle of oil, on either side of which was one of coal and one of wood for S<sup>t</sup> Michael ; whilst alongside we had “The S<sup>t</sup> Michael” tied up to us which had outlived its usefulness and was going to join half a dozen others in the Boneyard at Andreaofsky. This was letting us off easy, as on her last trip she had 5 barges in front and one on each side. The Sarah is far larger than any other stern wheeler on The Yukon, 220 feet long with a 40 foot beam, thus giving excellent promenading space. Everything on her spic and span. From Tanana down the steamers use crude oil so there was an end to the wood pile and its delays.

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<sup>374</sup> Steamboat *Sarah*, 1911:



Here unexpectedly I met aboard — as an Official of the Company — the third party I was on the lookout for. He was making for the same port as I was. Such is luck.

All day we ran through a lovely land, ever changing in aspect but always charming, the current not so strong and the eddies less noticeable, for The Yukon is now of such noble width that it needs must become stately and sedate in its final stages to the Sea. Plenty of Indian villages were passed with an ever increasing number of dogs. At one village which is a Camp for Government Mail dogs, where plenty of fish were being prepared for their future wants, there were 40, each tethered apart to a stake on the beach and each had dug a hole in the sand which was used as a kennel.

The Indian graveyards now took on a gayer hue. The coops erected over the dead were painted in the weirdest and most flaring colors : there would be yellow and blue with mauve on the roof and sides, whilst red and green would be used on the crosses at each end. A fair sized Flagpole also of many colors would stand at the head with a piece of calico for a flag.

Whilst we made calls at various places, Telegraph Posts and native villages, Ruby was the most important one of the day. For many miles we could see it as we approached down a long wide Reach. It is well named for it is indeed a Gem in a lovely setting. It lies in a hollow between two ridges of a mountain and creeps up some distance on either side. It has distinctions. It claims to be the geographical centre of Alaska : it has sent out in its short history one and a half million dollars of gold : and its men are noted for their Great Thirst. Anyway Ruby can afford to acknowledge the last without taking offence with such other high claims. Long Creek is its main payer. Nearby we passed a rock face which in early days had been ‘holed’ and ‘salted’ but that was done by base fellows from Nome and not by Rubyites. Another barge was added here, so both sides were now equal. <sup>375</sup>

In the evening we were given evidence of the care the Company insists <sup>376</sup> upon for passengers and boats. There was the sudden clanging of a bell which gives the Alarm of Fire. Every man flew to his post, boats were swung out, hoses unloosed and played, lifebelt cases undone and served out. It was but a Practice but well done, and no confusion ; nor were we passengers excited.

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<sup>375</sup> [Ruby, Alaska](#), in about the 1910s:



<sup>376</sup> WWB has *insist*.

We had now passed into a level land still tending fairly to the south as we had been from Fort Yukon. Far as the eye could see from the Texas all was a plain covered with small timber : that to the north being where the great Koyukuk River lies, navigable for 600 miles, but ahead there was one huge mound which raised itself up, round which the Yukon winds and takes a quick turn due south. It rises (on its river side) abruptly, the face of it worn sheer away. On its summit lies a Grave, at the foot of a gigantic Cross of wood. None can possibly miss it. Standing there alone in the wildness, it makes a striking picture. Here fought, here died and here were buried 3 Englishmen, Lieutenant Barnard <sup>377</sup> and 2 companions from H.M.S. "Enterprise" who in 1851 had come thither from Bering Sea seeking news of Sir John Franklin. Barnard sent word up The Koyukuk that he would like to see the Chief of that Tribe. His message was misunderstood and was taken as a Challenge. Down the river swept the Chief and his Braves who were ever at war with the Nulato Indians on the Great River and (overpowered by numbers) white men and their Nulato friends perished. At the foot of the Mound lies the village of Koyukuk where the river of that name runs out. <sup>378</sup>

A few miles on we came to the Post and Fort founded in 1838 by a half breed Russian — Malakoff. From the very first it was attacked by those fierce Braves from the north ; and Nulato has the bloodiest history of any Yukon Settlement. There is no Fort now : only a line of log buildings fronting the river, and on a small rise close by, there is the usual fantastic graveyard, only more than usually weird in its arrangements. Three U.S. Flags flew from poles at the head of graves : looking glasses were at the head of others. Inside some of the coops there were changes of clothing, changed regularly so that the Departed may ever have clean Raiment. All good Indians are buried with their face to the Great River from the Circle down, so that they may see the "King Salmon" run. <sup>379</sup>

It was here that another tragedy took place a few years back, when Archbishop Seghers <sup>380</sup> of Victoria, B.C., on a missionary journey to Alaska (which was in his oversight) was foully murdered in his tent by his lay Brother attendant who escaped the hangman on the plea of dementia. The beloved Bishop does not lie here but on fair Vancouver Island, long his home.

### XIII

Passing Kaltag we were but 80 miles in an air line from our objective but by river route had 500 miles and more to go. All day we ran along the Kaiyuh Mountains, a fine Range, peaked but, as yet, without snow. There were but a couple of calls, but Indian camps were plentiful. Anvik lies at the mouth of a pretty stream of that name. Here many Indian women displayed their wares (tobacco pouches) but of unattractive make. A large Sign near a Store showed evidence of a kindly Heart : "Attention! If you are tired, call in. Free Accomodation." A toiler upstream in a flat bottomed skiff would certainly be

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<sup>377</sup> WWB has *Bernard* here and below.

<sup>378</sup> [Koyukuk, Alaska. John Franklin \(1786–1847\).](#)

<sup>379</sup> [Nulato, Alaska.](#)

<sup>380</sup> [Charles John Seghers \(1839–1886\).](#) WWB has *Seeghers*.

weary. A stable — though I could hear no horse in the country about — bore another sign, “The City Hall”.<sup>381</sup>

Then came “Holy Cross” formerly an Orthodox attempt to Christianize the Indians, but now under the care of Jesuit Fathers and the Sisterhood of Saint Ann. An impressive set of buildings with a well kept garden in front, a large Church and a ‘Calvary’. The one and only Hotel a disused steamboat moored to the bank with sign board “The Oil City”. Transfer is here made for the Iditarod country.<sup>382</sup>

Further downstream we made halt at Russian Mission, a Settlement still bearing the stamp of its beginnings in the great Church — one of those Mosque like structures with its green painted Domes and Golden Crosses with double crossbar and yet one other below always seen on the slant. Soon after this, the Yukon turns almost sharply to the north and it was easy to see that we were nearing its

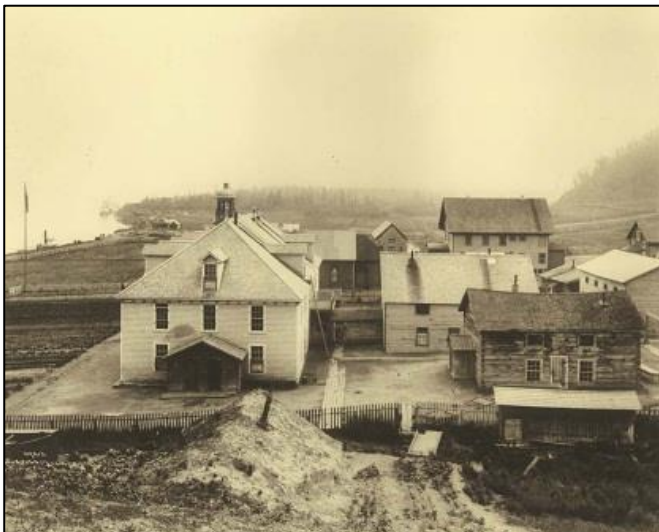
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<sup>381</sup> [Kaltag, Alaska](#), in 2002:



[Anvik, Alaska](#).

<sup>382</sup> Mission in [Holy Cross, Alaska](#), 1914:





Delta ; the mountains were being left behind, the lower hills were flattening out as if squashed down by some mighty force, the banks, far off to either side of us, were low, and gulls were plentiful. <sup>383</sup>

Then came Andreafsky which we reached by leaving the great River and going a few miles up a charming little stream of that name, its clear water quite a change after the muddy Yukon. Here are wintered many of the regular River Steamboats — with fine Quarters for the men : and here also is the Boneyard where we left the “Saint Michael”, its journeyings over for good, the latest addition to half a dozen others. But before we could get up we had to leave our 4 barges behind. <sup>384</sup>

Back to the river and all set, we came to Last Mountain village where a large herd of reindeer are kept by the U.S. Government. They were being attended by Indians who took on much resemblance to the Esquimaux, and this increased as we passed on further down. They were of shorter stature, more plump, their skin smoother and they wore “muck lucks” which are on the order of moccasins but the upper part is of sealskin and the lower of walrus hide. No kyaks as yet, only very light canoes.

Now there was indeed a final end to the mountains and the Delta began. At usual times it is 60 miles across but at others it extends to 250 reaching down to the Kuskokwin country. The land is very low and covered with “tundra” — the abomination of the foot passenger, being tufted grass on lumps of mud broken into squares by frost and thaw — and remaining so. We made progress slowly in a misty rain common to these parts. Nigh Hamilton we met with the Kyaks (their single occupant looking very comfortable in his seal skin covered craft) and moored “Bidarkies”, no mere canoe but a good sized boat made of walrus ribs and hide.

We arrived at Kotlik at eventide. This is the last Post on the Yukon before it enters the Bering Sea and has finished its long course. Despite the fact of the vast width of the mouth we were forced time and time again into the narrowest of channels. A Dredge is kept hereabouts at work but the tide and the river together work constant havoc and it became a question, with a falling tide, how far we could get without running aground. By 8 p.m. (but of course still daylight) we were hard and fast. At midnight we were off and had left the Great River which I had followed so closely from its birth at Summit Lake. We passed into Pastol Bay and were in The Bering Sea. <sup>385</sup>

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<sup>383</sup> Orthodox Church, [Russian Mission, Alaska](#), ca. 1900:



<sup>384</sup> [Andreafsky](#) combined with [St Mary's, Alaska](#) in 1980.

<sup>385</sup> [Kotlik, Alaska](#).



Creeping carefully along under the lee of the land for the swell was heavy for a flat bottomed boat (and a strong wind blew) we reached opposite Stebbins Village <sup>386</sup> on S<sup>t</sup> Michael Island as the sun rose. Our real Port was on the other side a dozen miles away. We anchored and waited for wind and tide to fall. I passed the time with a new experience. I was at home in a canoe and would fain make acquaintance with a kyak. There were many around us. By the kindly aid of a Judge aboard who spoke the language like a native I was handed over to the tender mercies of a short but husky Esquimaux. The hole in the centre of the top covering of seal skin is made for one, but the 2 of us stowed ourselves in — a tight fit. I left him to do the paddling with his double ender, he kept us balanced beautifully as we circled the ship then made for land where I had a stroll in the village and made effort (at his urging) to enter his inglot <sup>387</sup> but not only was the ingress <sup>388</sup> some difficulty to a Cheechako (new comer to the land) as it was like trying to enter a dog kennel, but the odour coming from within of fish and blubber oil was overpowering. He did not press the matter and we returned without mishap.

In the afternoon we weighed anchor, and rounding a Point found the sea calm enough for safe travelling. A Tug coming out to meet us, tied up alongside and gave a helpful hand. Soon we came in sight of the main settlement : and warping up, made our landing. I notched another 1000 miles to my credit and all the way a Pleasure.

## XIV

But I had not yet finished with Alaska. There was Seward Peninsula to be seen. S<sup>t</sup> Michael <sup>389</sup> was but a halting place. The island is low but here and there are slight rises : tundra everywhere. It would be impossible to get about the place but for the wooden sidewalks which reach every inhabited spot, even the Esquimaux Village. There is no timber on the island, the original buildings being all of logs brought from far off Sitka in the Alexander Archipelago I had passed through on my way to Juneau.

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<sup>386</sup> [Stebbins, Alaska](#).

<sup>387</sup> No reference to this word, which WWB uses to refer to the Esquimaux's residence, was found online.

<sup>388</sup> A means or place of entering.

<sup>389</sup> Riverboats on ways in [St Michael, Alaska](#), 1916:



The Post was founded in 1833 by an officer of The Russian Fur Company — Michael Tebenkoff<sup>390</sup> — who gave it his guardian Angel's name. In the midst of many galvanized iron stores there still stands the original one, with a brass plate above its now closed door (erected by men thoughtful of the Past), "Constructed by the Russian Fur Company in 1833. Material brought from Sitka." On a point of land overlooking the water is one of the old Redoubts, loop holed for rifle and cannon, six of the latter still standing on their tiny carriages. Another Redoubt is to be seen in the middle of the Settlement.

S<sup>t</sup> Michael is really a U.S. Military Reservation, but the mercantile and transportation Companies operate under Permit of the War department. The Post itself is (as usual with Americans) trim and neat, the men mainly belonging to the Signal Corps, there being a Wireless Station here. Even the dogs of the Post are carefully thought of, possessing their stables where each dog has his stall and his run, his name painted over his abode and his harness slung alongside. The number of River Boats lying up on the many "Ways" bespeaks much traffic but travel has been light of late. The Shipyards, Machine Shops and Warehouses mean considerable population, and large Signs meet the eye of "Bunk House", "Dormitory", "Hotel". Several stores deal extensively in native curios, such as baskets of tundra grass, muck licks and ivory work. Both Greek and Roman have their Church ; the former of the usual fantastic arrangement within, much tinsel flowering, with Ikons thick on the walls.

I made my way — by sidewalk — to the Esquimaux Village to visit their Ke-sheim, a combination of Meeting House, Dance Hall and Turkish Bath. It is built half underground and entrance is gained by a tiny door which one has to crawl through. Inside there is a bench all round, and in the centre a large pit where a fire is lit when the Bath is called into requisition for the sick. The smell is concentrated Essence of 100 Zoos and I stood it as long as I could : then visited the captive black bears of the natives on their chains in the open : one of which is specially adept with "Root Beer". It holds the bottle between its paws at first, then lying on its back makes sure that he has every drop. The days passed interestingly. The waterproofs of the Esquimaux caught my eye. They are like a sack, with arms and a hood and are made of the stomach lining of whale and walrus. They can be rolled up into a small ball when not in use.

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<sup>390</sup> [Mikhail Dmitriyevich Tebenkov \(1802–1872\)](#) of the [Russian-American Company](#).

The S.S. “Corwin”, <sup>391</sup> formerly a Bering Sea revenue Cutter, was to start for Nome and way ports, so saying farewell to “Sarah” I went aboard the much smaller craft and found myself by the following morning in the Bay where Golovin lies. This is on the southern side of the Seward Peninsula ; the Arctic Ocean is on its northern. Rounding Rocky Point — well named — we kept at a distance offshore as we next made for Bluff where a gold bearing creek joins the sea : its workings close to shore. A boat put off from our ship : for there is no possibility of a wharf along the coast. I was glad to see mountains again though these are very bare, many with a mantle of shale, looking like clay at a distance ; nor are they high. Hereabouts were to be seen ashore great herds of reindeer. This animal is a Government monopoly. Only Esquimaux are permitted to keep them. It was thought that by importing them from Lapland, a steady and serious occupation would be provided the native, and many of them have proved highly successful at the business. <sup>392</sup>

Then came Solomon — or rather, what was a Settlement so called till lately. In the “Great Storm” as men call it, this place was wiped off the map for the nonce. <sup>393</sup> Nome also suffered terribly. Bering

<sup>391</sup> [S.S. Corwin](#), Nome, 1911:



<sup>392</sup> [Golovin, Alaska](#):



<sup>393</sup> The Great Storm took place on October 5 and 6, 1913.

Sea is a treacherous and fierce body of water. Storms rise with a rush and the shores are low. It was however on its very best behaviour as I crossed the Norton Sound from S<sup>t</sup> Michael. Soon the great stretch of famous beach appeared with its black sand, 20 miles in length, reaching from Cape Nome to Cape Rodney, with Fort Davis, a Military Post, at one end, Nome City about the centre and Rodney far off at the other, opposite to which lies Sledge Island, the one and only Place of Refuge for ships when storms rage. To it all shipping round make haste and shelter behind its lofty shore. Now Nome was seen. The engine stopped, the anchor dropped, out to us came two sturdy launches, and to these we were transferred, but even they had to tie up to the buoys 100 yards from shore. To flat bottomed boats we again transferred, and as the last big comber of the three drove us up and landed us on the beach, men in high gumboots grasped the bow and hauled us out of the reach of receding waves. Had it been stormier we would have had the experience — which by good luck was mine on leaving — of using the Aerial Route, by line and breeches buoy, and been slung up high in the air to a stout wire, extending from a Tower ashore to another similar one raised far out past the Breakers.<sup>394</sup>

## XV

Nome lies on the First beach, there are what are known as the Second and the Third where the waves in aeons past beat against the mountain sides and pay gravel<sup>395</sup> is also found. There is even a Fourth Beach high up amid the hills and the gravel seen there is clearest evidence. It was the Black Sand of Nome which made it more famous in '98 than even its creeks. Here gold could be gathered on the seashore. In 1910 came the great Stampede where 25,000 people camped on these barren shores, and as there were no Police to keep Law and Order, Nome was a Roaring Camp in very deed.

But now all is orderly. It is not an attractive place. It has one main Street, a mile long, behind which are others of shorter lengths. There is a fine Life Saving Station in the middle of the waterfront : those Breakers call for it. There are hotels and banks, schools of course and Churches, Clubs, various Fraternal organizations and a Station. There are many “workings” in Nome’s district, and a Railroad

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<sup>394</sup> [Solomon, Alaska. Nome, Alaska:](#)



<sup>395</sup> [Pay gravel](#) is also known as “pay dirt”, a nickname for gravel with a high concentration of gold and other precious metals. The metals are recovered through gold panning.

runs for 80 miles inland due north, a railroad that once was, but now (owing to a Government Tax of a crushing order) the engines have given place to dog teams which give entire satisfaction — as I know. The Town has another distinction besides its golden sands. It is famous for its Dog Races. From here the Great All Alaska Sweepstakes starts with its run over the snow of 400 miles to Candle (on Kotzebue Sound to the north) and back, in which the finest of the fine teams take part, untold gold is wagered and its progress followed by millions of the Great World Outside. Another race is “The Derby”. This is but 72 miles, to Solomon and back, and pace here rather than Endurance counts.

A roam around took me to the “Public Square”. It is an imposing Title but the reality discounts the claim. Its dimensions are very small, it does not possess grass. It seemed to be The Children’s Playground for there are swings and a tiny pond, both fully occupied. The craze then on was boat sailing in the miniature sea. The Beach is almost worked out, a few men were engaged with their sluice boxes which I watched for some hours and saw scarce paying results. The whole shore as far as the Sand Spit where the Esquimaux live, some in tents, others under their upturned bidarkies, is a sight for its wreckage. Not only smashed boats and rotting sloops but piles of machinery, rusted and half buried, line that shore. Countless oil cans, shacks falling down with decay, dilapidation written large, speak of a wild day gone by. But among the debris I came across something of Today. Two Whitehorse boats of this year, Numbers 117 and 121 lay there, which had made the full journey — and I envied the men.

The Ivory carving of the Esquimaux is very fine and they make much money by their skill with the tusks of the walrus. Even “Sour Doughs” (white residents) do not spurn the beautiful goods offered but add steadily to their collections. Though keen to sell, I found those Esquimaux never importunate and always courteous.

My Luck held. I spent a day with the Swede — Eric Lindblom <sup>396</sup> — the actual discoverer of the Nome Gold Field who happened to be on a visit to Nome and who invited me together with another Outsider to go over The Pioneer Mining Company’s operations on Anvil Creek, the site of his great Find and Fortune. It was an instructive day but more properly forms an Appendix than to be here set down amongst one’s own experiences.

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<sup>396</sup> [Erik Olof Lindblom \(1857–1928\)](#). WWB has *Lindbloom*.





Visiting M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Darling in their charming home and with them going over the lady's kennels where "Scotty Allen"<sup>397</sup> looks after her celebrated dogs, and has won a name wherever Dog Racing stirs the blood of sportsmen, I learned their story, bound up as it is with the Blue Ribbon of Alaska. Here again it — like Lindblom's — finds more correct a place in an Appendix. But an experience of my own claims right of present record.

I was bound to sit behind a dog team : and I did for 40 miles and more : and further I rode on the one and only "Dog Railway" that I have heard of, in the World. It was thus. The 80 miles of rails laid in 1900, already referred to, had lain unused for years. Quite lately, a big Norwegian — Matson by name — ventured to become Lessee of the private owners on the basis of a percentage of profits. Instead of cars and trucks he uses trolleys and instead of engines — dogs. I sought him out and engaged a seat for a Friday's run of The Dogmobile. At 9 a.m. sharp I was at the Starting place which was not at the Station but in the middle of a street. We were timed to return at 7 p.m. Two trolleys coupled together were piled high with freight, a seat also was fixed up in my honour : and harnessed in front were twelve huskies and "Black Nettie" as the Leader. There was 2500 lbs of freight aboard, not counting Matson, myself and 3 others.

All aboard, and "Mush" the magic word, off went the train, no laggard pace but a trot that covered ground at a fast clip. No two rails in a straight line with one another, no ballasting, no attempt at grading, that railway rose and fell just as the ground happened to. How engines and cars ever kept the rails is hard to conceive. There were 4 miles of fairly level land, then a 5 mile climb up grade over the Divide from the head of Anvil Creek to the head of Dexter. Every dog worked with a will, no whip, only "Mush". At the start they were crazy to be off, they were just as eager all day long. When we reached the Summit we tied up 4 of the team in Dexter's deserted Station, for now the hardest part of the journey was over. The howls of those left behind were piteous.

Then the "Coasting" began : but first the dogs were unharnessed and put on the trolleys all mixed up with the freight and ourselves. I had 3 sitting on my feet, and Nettie on a box behind with her pretty head over my shoulder. We were off, and went dashing down grade for 6 miles, taking turns that made me grip tight, and over crazy trestles in which many a tie was absent. Our way was along a mountain side with the valley of the Nome River, at first, far below, but at the end of that 6 mile 'coast', we crossed it by bridge and drew up at a Road House — nothing but a Tent. Here we lunched on bread and ham and coffee, but not so the dogs, they eat but once a day. Then off again for another 6 miles slightly up grade along the Nome to Hobson which was our day's Terminus. Here we unloaded the freight and gave the huskies a rest, whilst Matson and I walked a couple of miles up a creek to a Dredge he wished to see. But first that Nome River had to be crossed and there were neither bridge nor stepping stones. Matson generously offered me his broad back and on it I safely made the crossing. Again on our return he gallantly did the same ; then hitching up the dogs we started homewards.

Those dogs are very 'knowing'. When the time for hitching comes, each one steps up to its place as its name is called. They well know too the drinking spots along the way and the whole team will suddenly switch off and plunge into the pool. On our return to Dexter where we had left the 4 dogs, we again uncoupled, took them all aboard and had another 6 mile 'coast' but this was a far steeper grade, and accordingly the pace grew faster and ever faster till to a 'tenderfoot' it seemed positively risky, but we got down somehow in safety : then one more hitching up, the Dogmobile drew up in Nome — on Time.

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<sup>397</sup> [Allan Alexander "Scotty" Allan \(1867–1941\)](#)



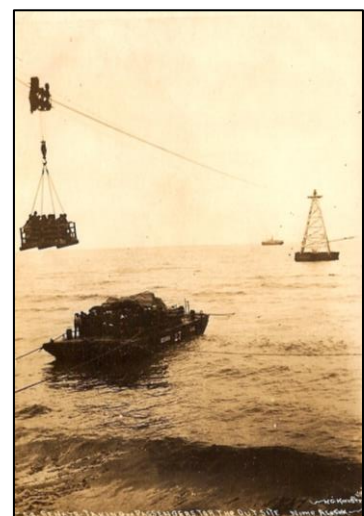
## XVI

And now “The Senator”<sup>398</sup> hove in sight and the order came to get ready for the last leg of my trip. The Aerial Cable was at work, and a look at the Breakers assured me that happily we must needs go out that way. We went in the Cage by bunches. Four stout ropes are attached to the four corners of that means of transit, the flooring is 12 ft square, and railing 4 ft high keeps you from falling out unless you wish to. Up you go 40 ft in the air and look down upon the crowd below as if from a balloon. Then you are swung out over the sea and look down upon those Combers thundering on the beach as your Cage slides along the cable. Reaching the Tower we were slowly lowered to its base. Thence a jump (at the correct moment) into a stout launch and we headed for the steamer kept at a respectful distance out.

The last I saw of Nome was a flicker of lights along that world famous beach : and high up in the sky the Cross of the Catholic Church, brilliant with its electric globes, a welcome to the Incomer and a final message of Hope to those who would fain return to the Great World Outside, but are not free from Danger on the way. For 2 nights and 2 days The Bering Sea was in a furious rage. The 3<sup>rd</sup> day it was sullen, the 4<sup>th</sup> morning broke gloriously as we passed from the Sea to the Ocean between Unimak and Unalaska (Islands of the Aleutian Group), all clouds gone, the water deepest green with white caps everywhere to set it off, and for our companions, whales, albatross, sea parrots and auks. Far off, where no land could be discerned 2 Volcanic Mountains rose into the sky, one a perfect Sugarloaf of purest white with a thin wreath of smoke atop telling of semi slumbering fires within : the other more rugged, its top blown off, leaving 2 horns covered with snow.<sup>399</sup>

Ten came the long Home Stretch, the great Waste of the Pacific, a stretch where little commerce ever plies and we were alone for days, so far out from land that even the mighty M<sup>t</sup> Saint Elias was beyond all possible range of vision. But Sea and Breeze were wholly on our side. Land hove in sight the 9<sup>th</sup> day out, Vancouver Island once again (its mountain tops), then “Flattery”, “The Straits” and “Puget Sound”.

<sup>398</sup> S.S. Senator, ca. 1911 (left), and taking passengers in Nome, August 1914 (right):



<sup>399</sup> Possibly [Bogoslof or Agasagook Island](#) and [New Bogoslof or Fire Island](#).

The 10<sup>th</sup> day from Nome, “The Senator” docked at Seattle ; and landing, I had completed the circle of a 6000 mile Alaskan trip : 6 weeks (and over) spent roaming in one of Nature’s Great Wonderlands with all her many lessons on hand for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

I end as I began, and there can be few if any to dispute it — Alaska and The Yukon are One and Indivisible. He who would see Alaska must make journey on the River.

## THE GOLD OF NOME

None can dispute Lindblom's claim to be Nome's Pioneer. He is "Mr" now. A Swede, as his name bespeaks, thick set, short of stature, with hands which show that he has long since parted from pick and shovel, wiry and quick of movement, he is the best possible type of the successful miner. His great wealth still finds him a simple, open hearted fellow and report says that he is generous to a fault. He has travelled much since those strenuous days of '98, knows London, Paris and Berlin well, and has heavy interests in Mexico, as well as here.

Khaki clad and gumbooted he stood ready for a day with me. We trudged over miles of country as he explained everything and oft gave spice to his talk with stories of the early days. Laughingly he told of how various newspapers have portrayed him and how far from the truth they were : some of his being "shanghaied" on a whaler and his escaping here, others of his being shipwrecked upon this coast, and yet others of how a blind instinct brought him from Sweden around The Horn to this Land of Gold awaiting him. Someday, he said, he may write down the truth and the history of his discovery and to me he gave it as we roamed the length of the Creek which gave him a Fortune.

The real tale is simple enough. A sailor in many a ship from his Homeland, he was in San Francisco on his beam ends <sup>400</sup> when he read an item in a whaler's yarn to newspapermen of there being gold around Cape Nome far to the north. Having no means to ship as passenger, he worked his way as one of a whaler's crew. Arriving, he wandered long north of the future Town, fell in with another of his countrymen — Lindberg <sup>401</sup> — and still prospected. Coming south on the Peninsula they reached the ridge of hills below which a Creek made its way to the Sea. Across from where they stood, they saw the further ridge surmounted by a rock — the reproduction of a blacksmith's anvil. It was virgin land so there and then they named the stream "Anvil Creek".

As they had reached the height on which they stood, they had flushed a covey of ptarmigan. The birds — as they ever do — flew down, not up. "We will prospect where those birds alight," said Lindblom. Where they lit was "Discovery" and a fortune for both. He took me there, showed me where he had driven in his first rough stakes, and where awhile later the largest nugget so far found in Alaska was picked up. Another Swede <sup>402</sup> soon joined them as he roamed around the land. He was welcome, and Number 1 Above and Number 1 Below were added to his own. Then Saint Michael's heard of it, then up The Yukon went the news and men poured in and staked the whole 4 miles of Anvil Creek. Next the World heard of it and a Rush came. His talk was all in broken English, softly spoken and no rough word escaped from him, but the Pioneer appeared in his tale of that fierce host fighting for a place in the new Land of Gold, "there was a dead man for breakfast every morning."

Men squeezed out of all chance on the Creek began in '99 to try their luck in the sand of the sea shore where that River of Gold ran out. It was rich in the precious metal. The Black Sand of Nome was discovered and another Rush began, and with this last one came men who would make money without work, by 'jumping' claims or robbing them. He told of both, and showed me where, as we went along.

Miners had worked hard. A great mound of pay gravel was ready but too late in the short season. Frost and snow came and covered all. When Spring arrived they went back to wash it down and get the treasure in it. But others were before them at it who had tunneled in and got away with all but a

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<sup>400</sup> Hard up; in a bad situation. The beams are the horizontal transverse timbers of ships. This nautical phrase came about with the allusion to the danger of imminent capsize if the beam ends were touching the water.

<sup>401</sup> [Jafet Lindeberg \(1873–1962\)](#)

<sup>402</sup> [John Brynteson \(1871–1959\)](#)

frozen crust — the Mound was there but it was hollow. “Discovery” itself did not escape. In defence of his gold he had been forced in ’99 to “put daylight” into a couple of a gang. He and his Chum kept their “dust” in a leathern portmanteau inside their tent, close against the back end. They had been too busy to go to Town with it. There was Forty Thousand dollars in that case. “Bad men” they knew to be hanging about, so had set some of those working for them to watch their Dumps with lanterns. All was quiet : the two in the tent were sleeping. Men crept up and cut the canvas so that by lifting the cut flap they could pull the portmanteau out. They succeeded but it was heavy and in carrying it off, they tripped in the darkness over one of the guy ropes. The shaking of the tent woke Lindblom. Striking a light, he looked towards his treasure store, took all in, seized gun, rushed out into the night and seeing forms of men ahead fired twice. His wild aim was true as cries attested. There was a scurrying and flitting of figures up the Creek side, then all was still again. An Arm of the Law appeared to say that two men had been attacked as they had made past “Discovery” in the dark, and were being doctored in Nome, one shot through the shoulder, the other through the arm. The affair ended there. Years later, Lindblom was accosted in Seattle by a man who said that since he had been shot in the shoulder up North in a quarrel, he had been unable to do anything, was ‘down and out’ and that knowing Lindblom to have made a fortune there, surely he would give him aid. He got it.

As to ‘jumping’ claims, it has only been by gun, litigation and a million thrown away that he and his have kept their own. Men tried the game of Non Citizenship time and time again. He took me to where he had ‘called the bluff’ of two Americans. They had appeared one morning in true Cowboy outfit, pitched their tent on his claim telling him that not being a Citizen of their Great Country (which however he had been for many years) they had ‘located’ and for the good of his health he had best clear out. He did not argue the point, but going for 3 of his men who he knew <sup>403</sup> would gladly fight, he posted them behind some brush near the tent, then himself walked in on the men. He told them that he had returned to ‘dis-locate’ them. They laughed in his face. Stepping back he signalled his men. “Hands up” was now his order, and they obeyed, with 4 guns covering them. He took their guns, threw their tent over his claim line ; then gave them back their weapons and saw no more of them.

But a heavier fight was on his hands when bigger rascals came after him. They secured an Order from the San Francisco Courts to eject the Swedes, Law’s officers in Nome enforced it, and the Gang worked furiously placing the Clean Ups in a Safe they had brought with them. But those Swedes were a match for them. They sent South the fastest craft in reach, with the true facts, got an Order ousting the men, served it with guns in their hands and ejected them upon the spot. So suddenly and fiercely had the Swedes swept down upon them that the Gang had not been given the time to remove their Safe. As they made for Nome to hurry south to tell more lies and reverse the last Order, Lindblom and Lindberg got to work on that locked Safe. They toiled for hours, finally cut a hole and drew out a small fortune : for in those days \$10,000 was not thought much of for a few days’ work and the men had been for long weeks in possession. Then working further they found the bottom of that Safe to be not of solid steel but of wood with a very thin plating of steel to cover it below ; its purpose clear. Knowing that in the end the Swedes would triumph, they planned upon eviction to draw from below all within it, and leave a weighty, locked, but empty Safe behind. I saw that Safe, it lies where it had been broken open all those long years past. A Judge and a Lawyer both ‘served Time’ before that business was done with.

Now all is Peace, so far as Man is concerned. But not so Nature. The War of Destruction still wages. That Creek is a wreck, and yet Man will not let it rest. The “Pioneer Company” — which is practically the original 3 — has bought out all smaller men on Anvil Creek and has set out to tear it up to its bedrock. There is no chance of dredging, it is all done by hydraulic means. The water is brought 42

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<sup>403</sup> WWB has *know*.

miles from the head of Nome River, at a first cost of a million and a half. The huge streams of water shoot out from their hose mouths 250 feet and tear down the banks to their base ; then other hose, and pipes like sewers for their size, force the dirt up to the steel lined sluice boxes where riffles of steel hold the grit and gold. There is glacial ice below the surface of sides and bed. You see it and it fights back hard and long, before the fierce play of hose is conqueror. The tailings form small mountains. In some spots they had already reached to bedrock — a deep chasm — and men were carefully scraping the bottom so that nothing but the bare hard rock should remain. There is gold all the way. Lindblom took a shovel and leading me to a spot nigh bedrock, dug up a small spadeful, then washed it with a master's hand : there was gold dust and a tiny nugget left behind ; a present there and then to me from a simple and gallant man.

In his fine Auto we went and returned. Of Nome's roads I will say nought, Nome seemingly still thinks only of Gold.

## ALASKA'S BLUE RIBBON

From Nome to Candle and back : 400 miles of trackless, unbroken snow. Once a year Nome, all Alaska and a million folk Outside, for the inside of a week centre their interest and hopes on Dog teams struggling for Victory over that long race-course. A man to each sleigh.

It is no brutal exhibition of forcing defenseless and dumb animals to terrific strain for man's mere pleasure and profit. Those dogs are as keen as their masters behind or running alongside them. They cannot know of The Blue Ribbon, the Fame, the huge Stakes involved or the heavy bets laid on them, but they do know their Competitors, those other teams alongside them at The Start, and Pride of Place, a determination to lead the rest at any cost is their Inspiration. No lash is used or necessary to urge them on, "Mush" is the one command, and mush they do, till some in the teams can mush no longer, then lay down and whine, their hearts greater than their strength, to see their fellows pass ahead, and they to trail behind.

Of the many celebrated Teams and the Great Race itself a book could and should be written. I can but tell shortly of one of those teams which it was my good fortune to see in their home. In earlier days when Nome was "humming" and 16 Teams would enter for the Race, one resident — Allan <sup>404</sup> by name and working as Secretary to the Darling Company of merchants — as a side issue had a team and a partner. The latter leaving for other parts, the Stables were in danger of extinction. Then it was that M<sup>rs</sup> Darling stepped into the breach, but it is hard to say whether the husband or the wife have and take deeper interest. Anyway the wife's name is always associated with the dogs, and no woman could love dogs better.

As to "Scotty" I was glad indeed to grasp the hand of so good a sport. He is a little fellow, pleasant and quicksilver all over. As his name implies Allan is from the Land of the Heather. He had his first lessons in dog teams in the Canadian North West during the '80s. Now he is Past Grand Master, and by thrice winning the Great Sweepstakes has well earned the title by which he is known throughout Alaska of "The King of the Trail".

M<sup>rs</sup> Darling's dogs are 36 in number. No care is thought too great to give them. In the Stables each dog has its stall : and those dogs are different from the ordinary dog met in the street as Racers are from Cab horses. They were turned loose in the yard by bunches, for my inspection. They are not true huskies nor malamutes, but a cross of Bird dog and the first named. Everyone of them is a fine specimen of dogdom. The Leaders were brought forward. "Baldy" first — as the most renowned — whose love is centred on one person alone in the world — Scotty Allan — and of whom many a tale is told. Then "Irish", a setter, with lovely eyes : but those eyes are delicate, and so when Leading he wears goggles of strange make, which were put on for my benefit. Then came the third Leader, "Spot", a pointer, a magnificent thing, proud as a peacock of himself, and always posing as for a photograph.

The teams as they were turned loose in the big yard tore wildly about but a single word from Allan and they stopped in their tracks. As he said to me, "If you are not Master in the Kennels, you will not have obedience on the Trail." During the short Summer the dogs are fed on fish, but as soon as Winter comes they — like Allan himself — go into training, and have special diet served them. I asked him how much of the 400 miles he actually ran. "Somewhat under half," the rest he covers standing on

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<sup>404</sup> WWB has *Allen* here and elsewhere.



the runners behind. The Record Time for the 408 miles is 76 hours. I saw the beautiful sleigh, weighing but 30 lbs, made of hardest hickory, tied with reindeer sinews, its runners shod with ivory.

Men say that Allan is King because of his wonderful handling of his dogs : but he modestly lays in to “The Luck of the Trail” which has mostly been his. There are however blizzards to be faced by all. He has been fortunate as to broken runners and tired dogs, but not always the latter. One Rule that must be kept is that every dog starting must be brought back either dead or alive. None can be added.

“Baldy”, the Hero by common consent of the great race, once came near being brought home on the sleigh. He played out in breaking the trail, and after a rest was so stiff that Allan put him in a robe and tied him tightly down in the sleigh. Soon after restarting there was trouble in that robe, and tearing himself free Baldy leaped out on the trail. Still Allan would not harness him, so Baldy ranged ahead, breaking trail for the rest. Allan felt that the only way to show the dog that he was useless was to place him again as Leader for awhile. The dog would show his master how greatly he erred. Once in his old place he swept ahead, setting a terrific pace and kept the honored post to a victorious end. No wonder that “Baldy” is a Hero. He has a Heart of Pure Gold too.

In another of those mighty struggles of grit and endurance, Scotty, in the lead of all, heard something snap ; leaning forward and outward from where he stood behind his team, his head struck a tall iron post marking the trail and with such force that he was knocked senseless and fell over in the snow. The team went on for some distance — as their track showed — when Baldy must have turned, and saw no Allan. When Scotty came to his senses, Baldy was standing over him, licking his face and howling in his grief, his mates in their line standing round awaiting their master’s orders. That year again the Darling dogs captured The Blue Ribbon of Alaska.

Of a certainty they will be my Favourites whilst Life is mine : I count myself fortunate to have seen them.

## WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS

It was glorious summertime in the Canadian North West. All looked fair to the outward eye but there were murmurings of a coming storm, not of Nature, but of Men. Riel the Half breed <sup>405</sup> was, for the second time, at work. Escaping from the Vengeance for his first rebellion <sup>406</sup> into the United States, he had managed to sneak into the Territories once again, and though his whereabouts could not be located, it was becoming increasingly evident to those who watched the Indians that he was sowing seed vigorously and that on fertile soil. There were isolated black deeds being done, and every little incident of offence by white men was magnified a hundredfold by Riel's watchful agents, which oft times lead to tragic end.

The North West Mounted Police could not be everywhere, but once on the trail were relentless in endless pursuit. It was ever a stern chase, for the Indians were at home on prairie, in timber and foothills. Once murder had been committed, the Indians' blood was up, and his hand was against every white man as he sought escape. But not "alone" would he flee from the Wrath behind, that was never his way, he and his, sometimes his grown up family would raze their tepees and escape on their prairie ponies. The Police were always splendidly mounted, and to meet them when out in their scarlet coats, broad hats and high, spurred boots was a brave sight. They hunted sometimes in couples, at others in small posses — but a single Red Coat was enough to strike the fear of the Law into the heart of Indians in normal times.

Mounted on a cayuse, <sup>407</sup> clad in tanned leather coat, and prepared in a saddle bag for a long ramble, I was in the foothills, a rolling land with scrubby timber here and there. <sup>408</sup> I had been riding all day, and as evening drew on was beginning to think of a likely spot where the pony could be tethered and graze, I cook my grub then roll up in my blanket for the night. Just then I caught sight of a couple of tepees down in a ravine. Here I thought is the very thing. Why not chip in with these wandering folk, it would be company anyway, and Indians had never been aught but friendly to me. I was some distance off at first, but as I rode near I could see some commotion in the camp. A man stepped out into an open space, then quickly hied him to a tent, out of which another came with him, then women, then another man stepped out from the second tepee, and long they looked nor moved as I drew near. I put it down to a natural unfrequented spot ; and working my way down, rode right in among them and dismounted.

The 3 men I summed up in a moment as father and sons, the father well on in years and of an unpleasant look, the sons fine stalwart men but by no means of genial aspect. With the bridle over one arm I stepped up to the old man, giving him word of greeting but got in return but a stolid stare. The 2 sons stood mute, rifles in their hands. Still sublimely unconscious why there should not be friendliness on both our parts, I thrust my hand into a pocket and drew out some plug tobacco, always carried as a sort of invincible visiting card. To receive the plug is to make a friend, to refuse it is to declare enmity. Extending the tobacco with a genial word, my unmistakeable innocence of any secret they held, causing their coolness to a stranger (so unlike those fine strapping giants of the Plains) evidently had a lightening <sup>409</sup> effect. Casting a look at his sons, the old Indian took the plug and

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<sup>405</sup> [Louis David Riel \(1844–1885\)](#)

<sup>406</sup> The [Red River Rebellion](#) of 1869–1870. The [North-West Rebellion](#), which took place in 1885, ended in Riel's arrest on May 15, his trial on a charge of high treason, and his hanging on November 16, 1885.

<sup>407</sup> [Cayuse](#) is an archaic term used in the American West, usually referring to a feral or low-quality horse or pony.

<sup>408</sup> WWB was a missionary at [Moosomin, Canada](#), in what is now southeastern Saskatchewan, from 1884 to 1886. He was 26 years old in the spring of 1885.

<sup>409</sup> WWB has *lightning*.

grunted thanks. Such grunt is not a growl but caused by their guttural tongue. I knew then that I had him and the whole lot, and gave further plugs to the sons.

Putting the first coolness down to their perhaps not wishing to be put about serving a stranger, I lead my pony off and tethered him, first leaving blanket, saddle and bag at the feet of the men : then returned to be at once invited inside one of the tepees, where in the middle was a small fire over which a pot hung and the smell that arose was very satisfying to a hungry man. I made to undo my bag to help the meal out, but the men grunted dissent and I forebore. We squatted down around that iron cauldron and the old man plunging his hunting knife therein, brought out half of a rabbit which he extended towards me, gripping one end with his hand. I promptly grasped the other, and though 'twas amazing hot, held on grimly till a parting came, then fell to and devoured. Bannock was handed me by a squaw, and water was handy. The meal finished, we lit our pipes and smoked around the dying embers. I noticed that one man was always outside, first one, then another. I had some little gifts in my bag which I got out and <sup>410</sup> gave to the women and children. By signs and much gesticulation we made talk till time came for sleep. The old man pointed to where I should lay me down, the squaws withdrew, I rolled myself in my blanket and slept profoundly.

I awoke to find a small fire going, and a warm drink being prepared, which together with the remains of our last night's repast formed out breakfast. We were genial friends by now, and one of the sons first watered, then saddled my cayuse and with hearty a hand grasp all round and many thanks on my part — which I am sure they understood — I rode off to wander for yet another day.

A summer morn again : we had risen early and I had been lopeing many hours through this ravine and that, turning as I felt inclined, mounting any high ground to have a look around, when I decried a posse of Police riding towards me. I was well up, and watched those Red Coats with some pride at their brave showing, then rode down towards them. We drew rein and the Sergeant expressed his surprize at meeting a lone white man in so unfrequented a spot. "You're sixty miles north of the railroad." "I know, I'm fond of roaming." "Seen any Indians in your travels?" "Yes! put last night in with some." I saw the posse exchange glances. "How many were there?" I gave their number and described them as best I could, not forgetting to tell of my at first cool reception. "And you tell me that you slept in their camp last night?" "Certainly I did. Why not?" "Well, Sir, I don't know who you are but I beg leave to say that you've been dreaming." I told him plainly that I was not in the habit of day dreaming, that I was very much alive, that as he had asked me a straight question, I had given him a straight answer. He saw that he had made a mistake and apologized handsomely. "But do you know who those fellows are? No of course you don't or you would have kept clear of them as doubtless you would from the very Devil himself. They are murderers. We have been after them for weeks, have driven them hard, got clear on their tracks, only to lose the brutes. They have sworn to kill every white man they come across and they have done so, by Jove, as their track shows. What's the trick you have, Sir, to be able to lie down and sleep with those butchers doubtless looking at you, a white man in their very tent. But we're on their trail now with a vengeance. Which way have you come since you left them? How long have you ridden since then?"

Now : though indeed they were murderers, they had hospitably entertained me. I had eaten of their salt and we had smoked the pipe of peace together. I rejoiced to think that I should not have to betray them, even when the Law — in the person of those Red Coats — put it up to me. I told that Sergeant what was the very truth, that I had been riding for mere pleasure and to save my life I could not help him as to my back tracks, save in general, South by the Sun : that I had been a full 5 hours in the saddle : that as I mounted so did they, which meant a 10 hours start : that as an Officer of the Law I

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<sup>410</sup> WWB is missing the word *and*.

wished him luck, but as one man to another in my heart I couldn't. He smiled, saluted, thanked me. As he rode off I heard him say "That man has the luck of the devil. He slept among those murderous fellows. Only his ignorance saved him."

**A BRUSH WITH WOLVES** <sup>411</sup>

Sheep are defenceless things, wolves are fierce and strong. I was the sheep and the wolves were of the “timber” kind. It was a run for life, but other legs than mine saved the situation. ’Twas in the early 80’s in the Canadian North West, with deep snow upon the ground and every river frozen solid. The then one trans continental railroad ran nigh the Boundary line twixt Canada and the States, leaving the vast space to the north with nought but buffalo trails as summer guides, the Compass winter’s only finger post. Above the railroad lay that great stretch of open land which was then being occupied by oft times far scattered settlements and outpost pioneers : above that prairie domain lies timber stretching up to the Barren Lands to the East and Great Slave and Great Bear Lakes to the West.

In a sleigh of the toboggan kind, i.e., not having runners but lying flat upon the ground, without a seat, with head and tail piece gracefully curved both for more easy gliding and better protection for head and feet ; and drawn by a team of bays — no Indian cayuses those, but Canadian horses true, and trotters fast, well used to ice and snow ; I had left the railway and my “shack” now many days, had made an old time Hudson Bay Fort where I was right royally entertained by the Factor, <sup>412</sup> and struck out still further north — alone. I purposed working my way round through the timber country to an advanced settlement, then to beat south and so make “Home”, though ’twas but a rough and humble one.

We were now on our last lap, my general direction I had gleaned from some Scotch Crofters <sup>413</sup> as I left them (after an hospitable night in their turf dwelling) at early morn. The timber would be kept till a Valley appeared and if I had held the right direction, south by east, I should find a lone settler on the further bank. But the way was long and it would surely be nightfall ere I could arrive. What mattered that! It was a glorious day, the sun shone, there was a sting in the air and that night ’twould be full moon. My team ripped off the miles in gallant style, the timber was open, and the going good, blest with a surface that held and gave but spring to the horses’ feet. Wrapped as I was in buffalo robe, hands, head and face encased in fur, triple socked and mocassined, beneath me skins and blankets, it was solid comfort to glide along, lying at full length, with nought but the thin wood of the sleigh between me and snow. We had rested at noon, fed and were off again amid the silence of the woods, broken only by the merry song of the sleigh bells. Not a soul had we seen all day, nor of Life aught save now and then a scurrying rabbit, recognized only by his apology for a tail, which being black gave away the wholly white rabbit it belonged to. Now the sun had settled in the west, and the moon was appearing through the timber. I was confident that I was heading aright, nor did a care of any kind disturb my mind.

But hark! What was that? As quick as I, those horses heard, shot their ears forward and broke into a gallop. A howl long and mournful, far off in the rear, such a howl as I had ne’er yet heard from throat of animal. So this was a Wolf’s cry, thought I, and fell romantic ; Poor, Lonely beast. But feelings altered (quick as the first which had sprung to mind) when that single howl was answered by another, then another, then by a great chorus of uncanny volume. Not Lonely, but a Pack, and they spoke clear behind. At that grand outburst, thrilling to hear but highly unpleasant, my bays increased their pace to danger point thought I. They gauged the danger and the Terror behind better at that early stage than I, but I must be the Master. The reins I must not lose, for I alone knew the direction, so instead of

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<sup>411</sup> For a shorter version of this story, see Tale #69, *On Wolves*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>412</sup> A *factor* of the [Hudson’s Bay Company](#) was a district manager who was paid a share of the profits of the Company.

<sup>413</sup> A *croft* is a fenced or enclosed area of land, usually small and arable with a crofter’s dwelling thereon. A crofter is one who has tenure and use of the land, typically as a tenant farmer.

them lying loosely in my mitts <sup>414</sup> I wrapped them round and round my muffled wrists. So too, if the team parted with the sleigh by misadventure, I preferred to be dragged by them, even to my death, than to be left to face that Fury, alone. And it was by no means impossible that such parting might be, for a stump or a root hidden just below the surface of the snow — to be seen by daylight but not at dusk or moonlight — if struck at the pace we were now travelling would mean a rending of the wood ; and what that meant for me I had learned already by hard experience.

I must gain and keep control of those sacred steeds. If they ran amok despite the curb, they still stood a fighting chance, but not so I. We had grown to know one another well, I alone for months had tended them. Many a night I had slept in the open, with them tethered nigh (when free they would come to my call) : but now they were terrified. I spoke to them gently by name and their ears moved at the familiar sound. I counselled Steadiness, and lay but just feeling their mouths, keeping them straight ahead as my plan had been in the hours of perfect peace. Now it was War and the enemy was not going to let us forget it. At the first outburst it was a distant cry but it was certainly clearer now. Galloping fast as those horses were, those Fangs behind were faster still.

If only I knew how far off that Valley lay — that settler's home and safety. Would the timber never cease. If but a few miles I felt sure that we should win but if the distance had been wrongly calculated! I felt in the sleigh and there lay to my hand sure enough a Smith and Wesson, a little friend I never moved from Home without, for who knows what may hap when Indians are ugly and horse thieves about. It might help at a pinch, it might stop one or two for good and give us further chance. I should be on a level with them and could hardly miss the mark. So I lay still : to get excited would be to ruin all, the horses had the speed, I had the brains. We were going to win. My eyes were ahead but my thoughts never left the Fury behind.

One mile, surely two we must have covered, those horses never letting up, when straight before us the moonlight came clear : no trees now intervening : here then was the last of the timber, here close to was the Valley, and maybe across it was the house. Out under the full moon we flew : stretching far down was the Valley, and a dark patch on the top of the farther bank some little distance to the right showed a glimmer of light in a window. Could we make it though before — and again that blood thirsty chorus rose in our rear — yes clearer and surely nearer.

In those days — I know not now — every settler put a light in his window at nightfall as a guide to possible wanderers. This was not the first time by many that I had found it very helpful, but never was it more truly welcome than that night. The valley itself is broad and its slope on each side very gradual. Long Ages ago it must have held a mighty river for in an air line from bank to bank that Valley stretches a good half mile. Today a stream (dignified by the name of River) runs through it, not 50 yards across. I learned these facts for the first time as made hot and fast for that light. Not knowing of the stream had banks or not gave me an anxious moment but I surmized (and correctly) that it was altogether likely the settler would have placed his Home near a ford, and might even have a sleigh road for timber on my side of the Valley.

As my bays galloped down I drew them to my right and just as we reached opposite that blurred patch with its glimmer on the summit I felt just such a sleigh road under me : we had almost crossed it but I swerved the horses round in time, got on to it fair and square, dashed on and down, then saw the ice ahead. Now would the pair or even one of them slip, for then 'twas likely still to be all up with us, as once again the Pack gave tongue : they too had come out of the timber and evidently saw their quarry below. But here Instinct came to those horses' aid ; as they reached the ford and the ice, they shot

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<sup>414</sup> WWB has *mits*.

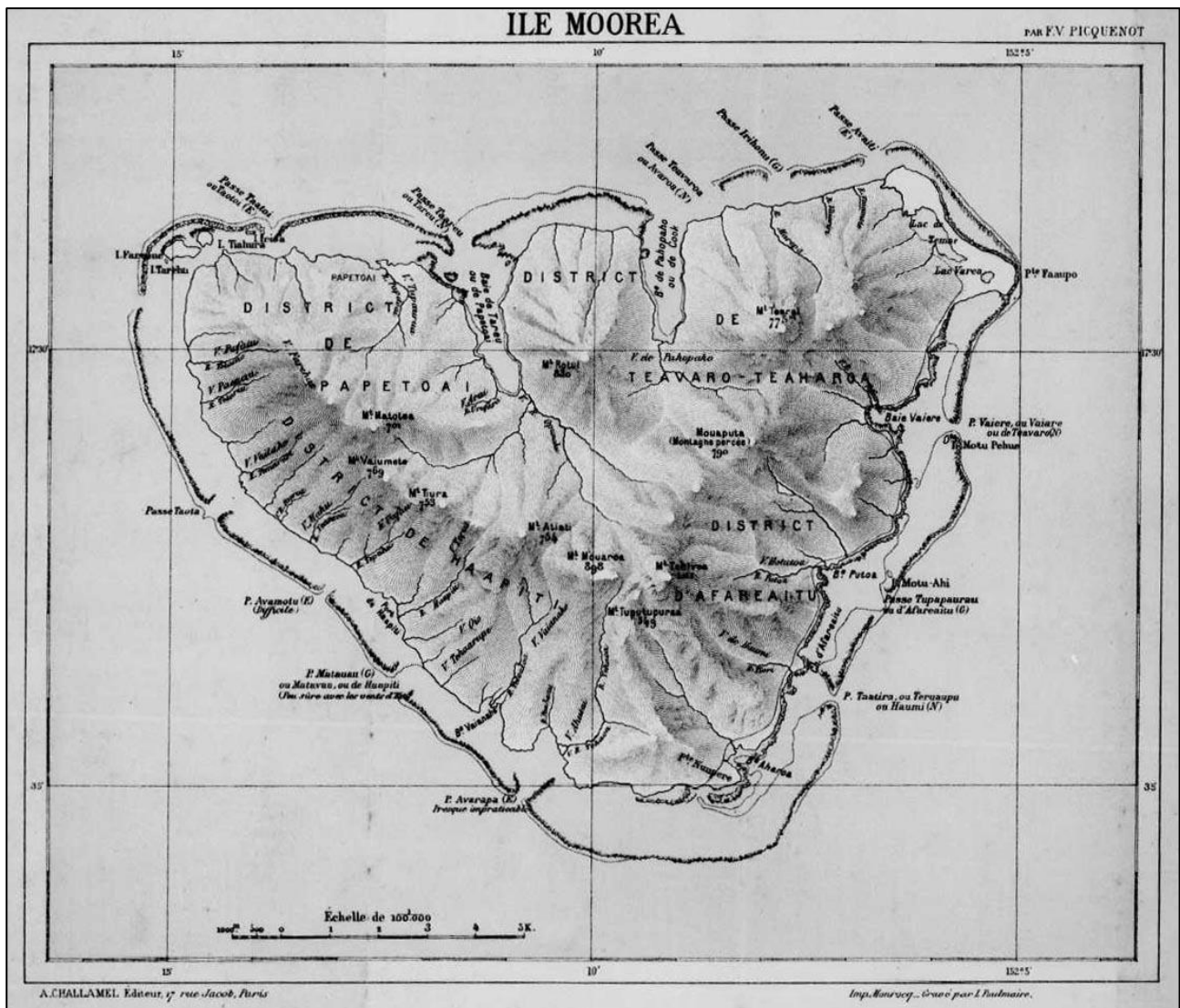


their hind legs towards their front, half sat upon their haunches, and by the very fury of their pace slid clear across.

Now up they tore, keeping the track which was certainly a help. Then I acted. The revolver spoke. But alone it would be useless. The man inside his cosy Home would say "What's that — 'tis a branch snapping by the frost — all's well." Quickly the weapon spoke again — once — twice. The door flew open : I saw a figure : heard a door slam in the stillness of the night : a man passed like a flash across the light to my right. That was enough for me — the stock yard would lie that way — to it we headed — saw high stout paling and wide opened gates. Into it the horses plunged, the gates swung together behind us, the race was over : my gallant Bays had won.

Now out of my warm bed I quickly got and went straight to my sweating, trembling and exhausted team to give them each caress ; then rapidly we unharnessed them to lead them into the warm cattle shed, nor left them till rubbed and bedded down, well stocked with hay, they should be sure to have the rest they rightfully deserved.

But even before we had begun unharnessing, those sharp fanged brutes were at the gates, so a close call had we : and we could hear them snarling as they sprang at gate and paling. Not they but the bays were our only thought : but when all was snug and we made our way by the back yard into the log shack, I opened the front door of my good friend's Home and saw the pack, under the moonlight, discomfited, making their way down to the ford again, to return to their den in the timbers : whilst for myself I turned to eat up the remains of my kind host's meal ; then rolled up in my robe upon the floor and dreamed — No! not of wolves, but a strange mixture of Winged Horses ; fangless Babes ; and Home Sweet Home, e'en "England" : not my prairie Shack.

THE ISLAND OF MOOREA <sup>415</sup>

Across a ten mile Strait from the north west coast of Tahiti lies the heart-shaped island of Moorea. It is extremely picturesque in appearance both at a distance or on more intimate acquaintance with its towering, broken, rugged heights, in parts like castellated <sup>416</sup> walls of rock, lending itself readily to both artists and photographers, an endless stream as magazines and travel tales bear abundant testimony.

The interior is a maze of long dead craters and steep ascents, nowadays all overrun with that curse brought in by innocent enthusiasm for the Lantana, a towering bush ranging wildly like the blackberry, ever ready to lacerate the unwary.

<sup>415</sup> Longer versions of all of the stories found below are to be found in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>416</sup> WWB has *castlabeled*.

Moorea covers some 50 square miles of land, its littoral at the foot of the continuous mountains on which the villages stand being 38 miles, flat land with scarce a rise the whole length over. Up till late years the various streams from the hills were crossed by wooden bridges of so light construction that light horse drawn vehicles alone dared venture but having now been strengthened the ubiquitous motor has invaded the isle.

Formerly many thousands inhabited those villages and the short valleys running up into the hills but the latest census gives but 1837 and these mainly half castes. Some old time villages with all their inhabitants gone have become lost to ken but there still remain Papetoai and Haapiti, Afareaitu and Maharepa with lesser settlements between.

Three towering heights break the skyline unevenly as one views Moorea from Papeete on Tahiti, two of them sharply peaked, the third finely moulded and unbroken, the highest by many feet, around whose summit clouds linger when all else is clear. This is Tohivea rising 3000 feet and more.<sup>417</sup> Nigh the centre of the picture stands the rugged and sharp pointed Mauaroa, and at the island's eastern end rises the fantastic Mouaputa, the basalt peak with the huge round hole near its summit, large, lofty<sup>418</sup> and roomy enough to rest and shelter in for the few white folk who have ever ventured to reach it, and so, Tradition holds, made when the giant Pia hurled his javelin from Tahiti in defiance of his enemies on the rebellious isle, nor stopped in its flight when the towering peak of rock stood in its way.

A Barrier reef completely surrounds Moorea, save at one reach where it becomes a Fringing reef, and hugging the shore permits neither boat nor canoe to pass. There are but 2 main breaks in that encircling coral wall, one on the near side of the island straight across from Papeete, opposite the village of Afareaitu : the other at its northern end leading into Oponohu Bay where nestles the village of Papetoai, the chief settlement on Moorea. Within that reef the broad smooth waters of the lagoon lend to a pleasing paddling in canoe, with rests by the way on little islets as the various settlements are passed.

Ashore, the ruins of countless maraes abound, some on the shore line, others high up the valleys, and there are caves in those mountains, some known, others lost to knowledge where the ancient dead were laid away, and to which the natives of today fear to go, much less to enter for fear and dread of Tupaupas, the ghosts of those carried up to their last resting place in the Long Ago.

The island has but one lake at its north east corner, Lake Temea, where the Fringing Reef holds back the large area of brackish water save for an outlet allowing ingress and egress for fish, chief of which is the silver and white scaled Ava, formerly held as forbidden to the common herd, the food for Chiefs alone and today much angled for by epicures. It runs to a considerable size, a hefty trout for sample, and spawns in the placid waters which lie between the two lesser settlements of Temea and Tiaia.

The Brethren enter the following in their Journal (1816) :

Proceeded to Temae, an interesting little settlement situated inland and is very fruitful. A lake of fresh water perhaps not less than 2 miles in length and nearly half a mile across, separates the village from the sea : this lake abounds with large fish particularly the white salmon. It is remarkable that there is no passage for a canoe round this part of the island within the (Barrier) reef. Our people were however able to drag the canoes over a considerable piece of low land into the lake.

<sup>417</sup> WWB has 3975 *ft* above the word *more*.

<sup>418</sup> WWB has 2593 *ft* above the words *lofty and*.

Upon leaving we crossed the lake in our canoe. Our people with some difficulty dragged the canoe from the lake into the sea, the land being about 300 yards wide.

There is no small amount of history connected with the island. Its very name holds interest and historic facts.

To the first white voyagers it was known under an entirely different name with which great licence was taken in its spelling. Cook has it as Eimeo, but Melville has it Imeeoo, whilst the first missionaries make brave attempts in their correspondence, Emoo, Emeo and Aimeo. The last one was nearest to the truth which is 'Ai-meho.

But 'Ai-meho after all was not its first or true name which was the one it now bears, but a substitute. Before Christianity came upon the scene there was a drastic law on both Tahiti and Moorea that words or even parts of them became 'Sacred' by Chiefs using them in their own new names, their property, or their newly coined daily vocabulary. This law was known as Pii and it meant death to him or her who broke it.

Some Moorean Chief thought fit to take part of the word Moo-rea for his own use and therefore a new name had to be found for the island. Moorea was a very appropriate one for it meant "Offshoot" and clearly was used as believing the island to be an offshoot through volcanic action from the vastly greater volcanic island of Tahiti.

Happily there was good ground for a new name the while still connecting the two islands. Moorea had been for centuries the spot where fugitive warriors in Tahiti's many wars had fled for safety and knew that once upon it they would not be allowed to starve. The word for "Food" is closely allied to the Kai of the Maoris but lacks the K, an unknown letter to the Tahitian peoples. Meho means "place of Retreat". What more to the point than to call the smaller isle where Food was sure for those in Retreat or Hiding Place. So was it but no white man ever got it right in writing or indeed in sounding.

From the very first this island played no small part in the politics and quarrels of the day. They were a fighting crowd, as ready to fight among themselves as with the neighbouring islands. Tradition has many a tale of bloodshed to tell before Cook came upon the scene and records it as a fact. Let one fierce slaughter stand for the Long, Long Ago as it has come down the Ages.

Centuries before Wallis, first of the white men, saw Moorea as he made for anchorage at Matavai Bay on Tahiti, the Paramount Chief on Moorea was he or she of Haapiti. Their forebears had won the position, a woman Chieftainess in chief, and her succession still retained it when the White Man came. She had had visitors from across the Strait and had given them hearty welcome but they had overstayed their welcome and became not only insolent but aggressive. The slaughter of 2 boys who had played a prank with kites against these Atiroos was too much for Marama. She called upon her warriors to avenge her and they carried out their mission with relentless fury. Not content with massacring every Atirooan man, woman and child upon Moorea, hunting them up the valleys and hills whither they fled for shelter, they launched their war canoes and sped across the Strait, swooped down on the Atiroos' headquarters nigh Punaauia slaughtering the lot, then still bloodthirsty sped on to Lesser Tahiti to complete their task, and did so with such thoroughness that the site of that bloody scene has ever since been known as Teahupoo, "The Pile of Skulls". 'Tis a peaceful village enough today.

When Cook arrived in 1769 he saw a fleet of 160 large double canoes attended by 170 smaller double canoes gathered in Matavai Bay, Tahiti, preparing to attack Moorea. The Chiefs of Faa and of Paea were there to secure the first Pomare's assistance. He hung back, at heart a coward. Cook computed

that a force of 7,760 were ready for a fight. They went and were defeated. Mahini of Moorea must have had no small force to beat off such an attack.

Again in 1773 he found the two islands at war and again Tahiti retired worsted. Moorea was keeping up its record so far as outside enemies were concerned. Internally the supremacy of Haapiti now assured, put a stop to sanguinary fights between its villagers.

In 1777 Cook who had hitherto only seen Moorea from a distance sailed thither, anchoring not in the Bay that today bears his name but in Oponohu. Usually he was very forbearing but Moorea saw him showing the strong arm, though he must have regretted it. A theft of a goat tethered in the Bay so angered him that taking his cutter he sailed round from Oponohu to the next bay, Pao Pao, from whence he gathered the thieves had come, landed his small force, burned the homes of the natives, destroyed their canoes, only to find on his return the goat aboard, a misunderstanding all round. The memory of that raid on innocent folk is retained by his name being applied to where he cast no anchor tho' most think he did.

With the coming of Christianity by the arrival of the missionaries on the Duff (1797) Moorea comes to the forefront in a wholly different way. Not at first, for the first attack on Paganism centred from Matavai on Tahiti and one reads only of an inspecting tour made by 2 of the "Brethren", not undertaken till 1802 on the neighbouring island. The Brethren were having a very rough time on Tahiti for their first 10 years, and other islands had to wait.

Moorea's turn came suddenly and from that time it has a record well worth recording and of which it has no reason to be ashamed.

Neither the first nor the second Pomare had Chiefly rights on Moorea save through marriage with Moorean heiresses. The father had for his second wife Tetua of Raiatea whose possessions reached to Moorea, the son had for his first wife Tetuanui of Moorea. These marriages brought large property to both, some at Uaeva (Papetoai) and some at Afareaitu. At both places they erected homes to which they retired as fancy took them from the Chieftery Paré Arué on Tahiti, their rightful heritage. It was the second Pomare who found Moorea not only a casual residence but a City of Refuge. Through him and his troubles Moorea though small compared to its neighbour Tahiti has to its lasting credit the happenings now to be described.

(1) It was on Moorea at Uaeva (Papetoai) that the Second Pomare surrendered to Christianity as against Paganism. That was in 1812. Things had been going badly for him at Matavai as well as for the Mission Band whom he befriended but refused to submit to as his Faith. The crash came towards the close of 1808. In November things were so threatening that all but four of the Brethren escaped on a calling brig to Huahine and thence to Port Jackson (Australia). He in December met his enemies nigh Papenoo with such forces as he could gather and was totally defeated. Without further effort he with his 4 faithful friends fled to Uaeva. He, as they, was a refugee and as the months and years passed he had time to ponder over things both material and spiritual. Suddenly he announced to the Brethren that he would be a Christian and with that announcement Christianity gained its first and decisive Victory. The Brethren knew full well what that decision meant. It might take time but the end was sure. His surrender was of a truth really a masterpiece of strategy rather than a full change of heart. The Brethren to his very death record how shallow was his conversion but it served his end. He knew that hundreds on his own island were Christians at heart. He would cease to fight as Pagan against Pagan but it should be a fight, Christianity against Paganism. It came within 3 years. On November 15, 1815 the 2 forces met in a death grip and Pomare won, but it was on Moorea that the campaign was planned.

(2) It was on Moorea at Afareaitu that the first Printing Press in Oceania was set up. That was in 1817. The press was brought out from England under the charge of the new missionary Ellis who had been thoroughly instructed as a printer and was landed at Papetoai February 15, 1817. In a letter to the Directors in London we read

Brother Ellis was desirous to have the Press put up at Afareaitu and Brother Davies wished to make trial of a school in that district whilst Brother Crook wished to accompany them. Brother Ellis considered it to be a healthy place for residence.

From the Journal of these 3 at Afareaitu we have the details of the removal,

It having been agreed to by a majority of the brethren that the Printing Press should be put up for the present at Afareaitu, the Press and a great number of other articles were placed on board the canoes at Papetoai which were 9 in number. Brother Davies accompanied them, and with some difficulty they reached Atimaha in the evening of March 18<sup>th</sup>. Early in the morning of the 19<sup>th</sup> the canoes left Atimaha and proceeded to Afareaitu where with some difficulty — the wind being against them — they arrived in the afternoon. The natives gave us a large house by the seaside for our present accomodation. After dark the brethren Ellis and Crook arrived.

March 20. Fixed upon a place for the Press near a stream of excellent water at the head of the bay (inside the lagoon). The natives appeared heartily willing to work and much pleased at our coming here.

June 5. Employed with the assistance of the natives in digging down the remains of the altars in the neighbour maraes as part of the printing house floor.

An Edition of 2,600 copies of a Spelling Book was the first struck off from the Press. The Entry for June 10 is as follows :

Pomare arrived to witness the first composing for the printing press done on his dominions. He was asked whether he would like to do the first himself. He answered Yes. The composing stick was then put into his hand and he was directed from whence to take the letters and how to place them till he had composed the Alphabet at the beginning of the Tahitian Spelling Book. He appeared much pleased.

(3) It was on Moorea that the first Tahitian trading schooner was built and launched at Papetoai. That also was in 1817 but the building had taken many years to bring about the launching. It was a remarkable undertaking seeing that there was not a boat builder amongst the Brethren as his former trade. The nearest was Bicknell, by trade a wheelwright. In 1813 the Keel was laid though it had been discussed and planned from 1809. In 1811 there had been a request sent to Port Jackson, their Supply House, “for tools and 2000 nails suitable to build a boat”, then came a full year of sudden deaths and much coming and going.

In February 1813 the Brethren wrote to Pomare, then at Matavai on one of his short visits, to see how the land lay for his plans, asking his permission to cut timber to which he replied, “Cut down for the Keel of our vessel without regarding consequences. What will be the consequence? Shall we be destroyed by the Evil Spirits? We cannot be destroyed by them for we have a great Saviour Jesus Christ.” So the work went forward, none afraid.

Through 1814 and 1815 the vessel was slowly taking shape. With the New Year they wrote Home :



Our vessel is still in hand, not finished : partly through want of materials, and partly through illness and want of time to attend to it during many of the past months. Some time ago the pearl fishery and pearl shells promised much advantage : but that trade (which we had partly in view when we began the vessel) was soon brought to a close and now the sandalwood business is also nearly terminated, but were it otherwise we could not in conscience allow our vessel to be any way concerned in it, as we apprehend most if not all the sandalwood is used in China or India for idolatrous purposes. The pork trade is likewise at an end for the present, as most of the hogs have been destroyed in the late wars, or have been purchased by the late vessels that have touched here. Our motives in attempting to build it, were good, whatever may be the result : we had no other view than to serve the purposes of the Mission and lessen the expenses of the Missionary Society in respect of our support here. If it fail of answering these ends, we cannot help it : we have made the attempt in the midst of many difficulties.

In August 1816 it was so far advanced that a request was made from Moorea to the Society's agent at Port Jackson (Hassell who had come out in the *Duff* but had fled and taken up residence and trade — a flourishing one) to send "a competent man to complete the boat and take it to the Colony". Captain John Nicholson came upon the scene and 7 white men with him as part of the future crew. So they pushed ahead through 1817 till at last on December 6<sup>th</sup> of that year the vessel was launched from its stocks : a great day for both natives and the Brethren.

We have the following account of the great event from one of them who was not at all likely to forget it.

December 6. About 4 a.m. set off (from Afareaitu) for Papetoai in a single canoe with Pati, landed at Papetou, <sup>419</sup> passed through Tamai, crossed the lake and walked on to Maharepa. Here expected to borrow a canoe but the people had all gone to see the brig launched. Walked to the adjoining district, found only one canoe which was about to be used to carry food to Pomare. We were kindly put across Cook's Harbour. Walked on to Pihêna, met the Chief who was ill and infirm, everybody else gone to the launching.

Found the bottom of an old fishing canoe, the edges of which were scarcely 2 inches above the water, but being too much fatigued to walk any further I got into it and keeping near the shore till we reached Oponohu harbour we crossed over safely and landed opposite Brother Hayward's.

We had scarcely arrived when Pati observing the Flag hoisted on board the vessel wished to run on lest it should be launched before he could arrive. He took up his bundle of breadfruit which he had brought from Afareaitu (a distance of 20 miles by sea) and ran on before : shortly after, I reached the place where they were endeavouring to get the vessel off the stocks.

The King, the principal Chiefs and vast crowds of people were present assisting. After some time the vessel moved from the stocks, when the King, performing the usual ceremonies, pronounced as she passed along "Ia ora na Haweis", Prosperity or Peace to the Haweis.

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<sup>419</sup> Teavaro?

D<sup>r</sup> Haweis has always been considered the particular friend of the Otaheiteans, and the King wished the vessel to be called after him.

In June 1818 it was ready for sea and with 6 natives added to the crew the Haweis cruised through the Island Groups carrying the owners to isles they desired and gathering up oil, hogs, etc., as cargo. Then on the 1<sup>st</sup> January 1819 it headed for New South Wales from its home port Papetoai, Moorea, arriving with flags aflying at Port Jackson February 15<sup>th</sup>, a dream fulfilled and both the Brethren and Moorea had Tahiti's first trading schooner notched to their lasting credit.

(4) It was on Moorea at Oponohu that the first Sugar Factory was set up. That was in 1818.

A M<sup>r</sup> Gyles <sup>420</sup> who had been engaged on a sugar plantation in the West Indies was commissioned by the Directors of the Missionary Society on a 4 years' contract to set up and maintain a sugar factory. With the aid of Darling, Platt — both missionaries — and a son of Bicknell, he established it on Moorea, "but as the natives had neither the aptitude nor the desire to engage in regular work the scheme soon fell through from inability to procure labour."

The experience that Gyles had had with negroes moreover "did not fit him to deal with free natives like those on the islands."

In addition to the troubles which arose in this way with the natives, Pomare became fearful lest if the plantation prospered adventurers would be attracted and his island Group injured by their presence and actions. To allay his fears, Gyles abandoned the work, retiring to New South Wales.

Bicknell Junior removed the plant to Tahiti and succeeded in making very good sugar though not in sufficient quantity to be of any commercial value. The site was Faone within Paré-Arué.

(5) It was on Moorea that the first Book of Scriptures was printed and distributed from Afareaitu. That was in 1818.

Much preparation was necessary before giving the chosen Book — The Gospel according to Luke — to the public. They had to be able to read. There has been noted the issue of a Spelling book and whilst Henry Nott was completing his Translation, 2,300 copies of a Tahitian Catechism were issued.

The first copy of the Gospel was rightly sent to Nott at Papetoai, and the second "half bound in red morocco" to Pomare. There came a change of policy with the issue. Hitherto all books had been free gifts but now a charge was made. The following quotation is from the Brethren.

For several weeks past the people have been told that books are to be sold in order that we may have the means of getting more paper towards printing other books for them. Each man that wished for a book has been advised to prepare in time 7 or 8 bamboos of oil (about 3 gallons) telling them it would be measured and that whatever was above that measure would be their own. They seemed well pleased.

It is of great importance to suit our plans to circumstances. Had a similar measure been adopted with respect to the elementary books it would probably done much mischief and certainly would have prevented many from learning to read. But now all those who have been taught and made some progress in their little books are eager to procure copies.

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<sup>420</sup> [John Gyles \(? – 1827\)](#)

The question of both paper and binding appears often in their Journals and the eagerness of the people.

Busily engaged assisted by Pati, Tahuaeva and Hitoti in binding the books. The mill boards made from the bark of the breadfruit tree answer well.

Our beach is lined with canoes from different parts of Otaheite and the District crowded with people who are all eagerly waiting for books.

Our place very much crowded with people who are waiting for books : we labour at them from morning till night but cannot get them ready fast enough : some of them said they could not sleep thinking they should be unable to obtain a copy.

Truly gratifying to observe their care of the book when procured : a cover is immediately made for it, and a bag or basket to carry it about in : some are even afraid to take it out lest it should get dirtied or torn : afraid also to leave it at home lest it should be injured in their absence. Frequently they may be observed sitting in circles beneath the shade of a spreading tree and reading to each other.

And again

The natives crowd from all quarters for books.

Been employed now about 2 months in binding the books partly with sheep skins I had brought from the Colony and partly with skins procured by the people, chiefly goat, cat and dog which we have dressed for them not very well we being but indifferent tanners, yet they are strong.

There seemed no end to visitors : for again one reads

While at work at the printing we were visited by numbers of the natives who have lately arrived from the eastward (or Paumotu) islands. They appeared much surprised at the sight and use of the press. There is a rudeness in their manner which we do not find in the Otaheiteans.

Tati Vahine, wife of Tati, a Chief of Otaheite, paid us a visit in order to inspect the printing press. Most of the Chiefs of Otaheite and many of the people have come over to see it. Its mechanism still remains beyond the comprehension of most of them.

Exchange, no robbery, appears in the Diaries :

M<sup>rs</sup> Ellis and M<sup>rs</sup> Crook employed in making covers for the books. By means of these covers, a sort of trade is carried on with the natives for food : a root or two of Taro or a bunch of Breadfruit is the common price of a cover.

Anxiety as to supply of paper is relieved. There arrived

a quantity of paper, a present from the British and Foreign Bible Society.

High praise appears for the printer's Devils :

Captain Thompson inspected the printing office, he expressed himself much surprised at the expertness the men who assisted me had acquired. The man who pulls the sheets does it as fast as I can.

Their memorizing ability is noted :

Chief Faito was anxious to see more printed, he could repeat those in his possession without looking at them.

With “Luke’s Gospel” printing reached its climax on Moorea.

(6) It was on Moorea where the first Boarding School was opened at Afareaitu. That was in 1824. This was for the sons of the Great and the little Boy King Pomare III was there till his death. Hard by lay the body of his baby elder brother Teina<sup>421</sup> whose grave is thus described at the time : “His grave is enclosed by a strong high wall, near to a large public marae.” Tho’ much broken that wall still stands.

The first Headmaster was Brother Orsmond<sup>422</sup> who had arrived in 1817. He retained the position till 1831, removing to Tautira on Tahiti. His place was taken by Brother Simpson who had arrived in 1827, who was in charge of Papetoai ; and the Institution was removed in 1831 to Oponohu which was in his district, but a short walk from his Chapel. It passed under the care of the French Protestant Missionary Society and its record became undistinguished. Its actual site in both villages are today impossible to trace.

But the “South Sea Academy” lead the way.

(7) It was on Moorea at Papetoai that the first Stone Church was erected in Oceania. It was opened for worship in 1829 having been commenced in 1822. We read

On the 20<sup>th</sup> of February (1822) the brethren had the pleasure to lay the foundation stone of a new Chapel which is to be of an octagonal form and built with hewn coral rock. The people are carrying on the building with spirit, observing that it will be the first house of stone erected in these islands.

But the hewing out of the stone from the coral reef was no easy task. It took years in the doing. The architect was the missionary Platt who superintended the work till he removed to Pora Pora when his place was held by Brother Henry till 1827 when he<sup>423</sup> moved across the Strait. The local deacons with other brethren then watched the work to its completion, Brother Simpson being called upon to take charge and open the Chapel for regular use in 1829.

A Report sent Home in 1824 by visiting Delegates of the London Society makes the following comments :

The Chapel at Present is a native house 80 feet by 25 feet, but this will soon be abandoned for a stone building of extraordinary workmanship. It stands upon the site of an old public

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<sup>421</sup> WWB has *Tina*.

<sup>422</sup> WWB has *Orsmund*.

<sup>423</sup> WWB has the word *likewise* here, since he originally wrote that Platt went to *Tahiti*; later he crossed out *Tahiti* and wrote *Pora Pora*. Presumably Henry went across the strait to Tahiti, not Pora Pora.

marae. Its form is octagonal, 60 feet in diameter : the doors and windows are semi circular and well proportioned. The walls were nearly completed when we left (for other Groups) and are about 20 feet high.

Over each of the 4 doors is an Inscription well cut in the coral stone. Those over the east and west doors are in Latin, that over the south door is in English and that over the north is in the Tahitian language stating the year of the reign of the King when the foundation stone was laid.<sup>424</sup>

Today 2 of the Inscriptions are clearly to be read, the English and the Tahitian, the Latin ones have had hard treatment.

The English reads “Holiness becometh Thy house, O Lord, forever.”

The Tahitian reads “This house was begun in the year of Our Lord Jesus Christ 1822 in the reign of Pomare III.”

Time and man’s hand have played havoc with the Latin ones.

That over the west door Time has largely obliterated. There can be read “Haec domus sacra... Anno Domini 1822 et in Anno Primo Regni Pomare III... Gloria Qui in Secula. Amen.”

That over the east door Man has wiped out all but 3 words at the bottom, “Gloria soli Deo”. Above there appears “Ebenezer” and above this name in place of Saint there appears in French, “This temple was reconstructed by the Protestant Parishioners of Papetoai 1887–1891.”

As there is no record of the Church having ever been entirely closed since its opening day one must conclude that “renovated” would have been a better word.

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<sup>424</sup> See also 6. *Extracts From the Quarterly Chronicle, Volume III*, in *Pioneer Missionaries of Tahiti*, in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

Entering the building the visitor sees a large and handsome Tablet of wood, gold lettered, upon one of the many sides. It bears 5 names and tells a Tale of the Past. It reads in Tahitian <sup>425</sup>

In grateful memory  
of  
HENRY BICKNELL  
arrived  
on the ship Duff  
March 5, 1797  
Died August 7, 1820.

Also  
WILLIAM SCOTT  
arrived  
on the ship Royal Admiral  
July 10, 1801.  
Died February 9, 1815.

Also  
SARAH HENRY  
Died July 28, 1812.

MARY DAVIES  
Died September 4, 1812.

SARAH HAYWARD  
Died October 4, 1812.

The graves of the above lie nearby.

This tablet was erected by the  
L.M.S.  
1936.

The little cemetery is within a stone's throw of the Church and these white folks' graves are outlined with coral rock laid there from the first. Close by them are a few graves of natives, evidently there to stave off any possible attempt at desecration for they are those of the first native Christians, given Christian burial on Christian ground. When Christianity ruled the isle there was no further fear.

Thus reading of Moorea we may surely say that the little Isle has clearly won right to a place in the History of the Past and its natives have good reason to be proud of their Home.

Additional note.

The grave of the first boy of Pomare II by his wife Terito of Opoa who was born on Tetiaroa Nov<sup>r</sup> 21, 1817 and died aged 4 months lies "on" Afareaitu. Aimata was his elder sister and Pomare III was younger brother. His name was TEINA.

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<sup>425</sup> See the article *Tablet in memory of the early missionaries* in the 21 December 1936 edition of The Pacific Islands Monthly, page 8, in Part VII.



# PART XI

## ROAMING THE PACIFIC WATERS

BY  
REV. WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON, M.A.

### PREFACE

The original text of *Roaming the Pacific Waters* is stored in the Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia, as Volumes 7 and 8 of the Bolton Papers (Collection 1–7A). They are partly rewritten from Volume 5, *Roaming in the Great South Sea*, and Volume 6, *En Voyage*. In contrast to the other volumes in the Bolton Papers, *Roaming the Pacific Waters* is typewritten, rather than handwritten.

This text represents WWB's travels in the South Pacific from 1920 to 1921 and from 1924 to 1925; the period WWB spent on Niue, from 1921 to 1924, is covered in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*. We know that he left Victoria in 1920 <sup>1</sup> and visited Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Tonga and Samoa, before arriving on Niue on 12 June 1921. <sup>2</sup> We also know that he departed Niue for the Kermadecs in April 1924. <sup>3</sup> He then travelled to the Kermadecs, New Zealand, Australia, Lord Howe Island, Norfolk Island, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia and Singapore, returning to Victoria in 1925. However, the only firm dates that we of those travels is All Souls Day, 2 November 1924, and Armistice Day, 11 November 1924, which he spent in Vila, New Hebrides. <sup>4</sup> He then travelled among the islands of the New Hebrides, spending some time on Santo.

In Tale #50 in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, he writes "I was roaming in the New Hebrides when word reached me that my helping hand was needed amongst you [at the University School]." It would appear that he then returned to Victoria rather quickly. He stayed in New Caledonia long enough to visit Noumea, Bourail, Saint Louis and Conception, probably a week or so according to his stories. He then travelled by ship to Singapore, where it appears he stayed only a few days. If he left the New Hebrides in about early December 1924, he probably departed Singapore in about January 1925.

These volumes are now available on microfilm (CY Reel 4990). The text was transcribed from scans taken from the microfilms and provided in PDF files.

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<sup>1</sup> See *Departure For the Great South Sea* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

<sup>2</sup> Regarding the date of his arrival on Niue, see *From Victoria to Niue* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

<sup>3</sup> See *The Lonely Isles : The Kermadecs* below.

<sup>4</sup> See *Commemoration Days in The Isles of Joint Control (I) : the New Hebrides* below.

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## INTRODUCTION

With time no object, nor definite program ahead, a special sense of freedom and pleasure is the possession of the Roamer setting out to learn what he may haply gather on the way. That way, in fact, led from the picturesque City of Victoria, B.C., the Gateway to the Pacific from the Canadian hinterland, over much of Polynesia and Melanesia, together with those Continents on the western boundary of the greatest of oceans, Asia and Australia, with their respective appurtenances of adjacent islands, till it ended at that other Gateway to the Pacific from the Indian Ocean, Singapore; and took five years in the doing.

All that had been settled was the Island of Oahu, one of the Hawaiian Group as the first objective, the rest must shape itself. Without companion there was no call to consult the wishes of another, but though alone there was at no time a consciousness thereof, by reason of the good comradeship met all along the way and a ready willingness to help which smoothed out every difficulty.

May what I learnt prove useful, as well as interesting, to my fellows.

Vancouver Island  
1926

W.W. Bolton,  
M.A.

## A FOREWARD : WHITE AUTOCRATS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

---

There was Adams.<sup>5</sup> Peeping up above the waters, a mere speck of land amid a vast stretch of lonely sea, there lies the isle of Pitcairn one mile wide by scarce two miles long — after Sydney and Norfolk Island, the oldest British Colony in the Southern hemisphere. It was Captain Carteret<sup>6</sup> in H.M.S. Swallow who in 1767, first of white men, mapped it on the chart. Magellan had passed by, far to the north, two centuries before, so had Mendana and Quiros later.

The Midshipman Pitcairn was the happy lad to sight it, and to him was the lasting credit given by his Commander, nor attempt ever made to change the name. It was not then, nor ever is easy of approach. They saw a coastline, precipitous and rugged, a line of high points with a valley covered deep with vegetation, but no sign of life thereon. To this day it may well have been left as it then was, but for an happening over 1000 miles away — a mutiny on the high seas.

In 1789, more than 20 years later,<sup>7</sup> there headed for the isle another man of war, The Bounty : without Commander and but a handful of crew. No flag flying, proclaiming boldly its nationality, but rather was it a fugitive from all its kind, seeking to hide from a Justice that its crew knew full well would reach out after it, nor rest till it had found its quarry.

Lieutenant Bligh had been commissioned to sail to Tahiti and there secure plants of the bread fruit tree (which Captain Cook had reported upon after his first voyage in the Pacific) and carry them to the West Indies, with the idea of thus furnishing a useful food for the whites and natives of those islands. The stay upon Tahiti had been long and pleasant and the crew left it with regret. Three weeks hence, heading west in preference to returning on the course they had come, round the tempestuous Horn, 25 of the crew with the mate at their head broke out in sudden mutiny. They not only had had enough of their commander but to some of them the delights of Tahiti were over mastering. Putting Bligh and eighteen others in the launch, together with a sparse supply of equipment and rations, they set them adrift off the Tongan Group to find their way Home as best they could.

Bligh was not long in touching land, but that landing at Tofua cost him the life of his Quarter Master, and drawing off he vowed to make no further landing till he had reached a land of civilized folk. He did not know for a certainty of the settlement just made at Port Jackson (the Sydney of today) so struck out west, passing group after group of savage lands, till he reached Timor 3600 miles away — a mighty feat of endurance for one and all; yet all came through, though nearly finished.

Mutiny is an evil deed, and yet for those mutineers it may well be that they had cause. For that same Commander was sent by the Home Authorities a while later, as Governor of the new settlement in Australia. The settlers, not long after, rose in rebellion and imprisoned him in his official residence; his rule they declared to be impossible. To Home, both sides appealed. Bligh was recalled, promoted, but no further employment was given him by the Powers that be.

The mutineers, who had compelled three young midshipmen to remain with them, turned and made back towards Tahiti. They were conscious of their peril, for ere they made that island, they touched

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<sup>5</sup> [John Adams \(1767–1829\)](#)

<sup>6</sup> [Philip Carteret \(1733–1796\)](#)

<sup>7</sup> WWB has *less than 20 years later*.

at Palmerston, now enrolled in the Hervey Group, found it uninhabited though rich in produce of a kind, a fairly safe hiding place from Justice. Thence they headed for the Austral group south of Tahiti but were driven away by the natives. To Tahiti they then went and after a second attempt in the Australs, returned to Tahiti and took their chance. But not all of them were so inclined. Nine of their number determined upon seeking greater security. These, together with seven native men and twelve women, set sail once again in *The Bounty*. It was well; for Justice though tardy reached out from Britain and laid hands upon all those who had remained save two who had been killed by Tahitians. They were placed in irons and carried off for trial. Their ship was wrecked upon the coast of Australia and some of the mutineers were drowned, one of the midshipmen amongst the number; the rest were saved, most only to be condemned. Three were hanged, a few altogether freed from complicity, the young midshipman and two others sentenced to death, but life was granted them by a King's Pardon.

Carteret's account of his voyage was a published report and was upon the *Bounty*. Here the band seeking safety read of Pitcairn's finding. What better place for them! And so to Pitcairn they went, not finding it readily as Carteret's longitude was incorrect; not easy of access when reached. They landed, stripped the *Bounty* of everything they might need, burned and sunk the ship and settled down. But not peacefully. Within two years only one man, a mutineer, remained, Adams, whose real name was Alexander Smith and who has left no reason for the change. Jealousy and drink brought crime. First, over the women folk, the native men attacked the whites and killed five : a little later the four whites with the help of the women killed off all the native men. One of those who remained discovered how to make a powerful spirit from an island root. He served it out to another, the two perished, one by suicide, the other at the hands of the remaining two. Then illness of a natural order took one more and Adams reigned alone. His reign was long and masterful. Women and children were in his charge. Things had to change, and first he changed himself. When in 1808 some 20 years later an American trading ship appeared, seeking fresh water and haply fruit, Adams had his kingdom in ideal shape. His Bible was his Book of Laws. He was his own interpreter and had moulded his people into models of Christian piety. He was still in his prime for he was but 2 and 20 when he broke with Law and order. He had passed through a fierce ordeal and was tamed thereby.

When Britain learned, it took no further steps of vengeance; it left Adams alone, nay instead stretched out its hand to help : and when as the years rolled on, men of war came upon the scene, Adams trembled not. Though free now, he had no wish to leave. Pitcairn was his home, his kingdom : he had enough to live upon, his word was law, he was at peace with all and himself. Grey hairs came and length of days : then the final scene, and the one time mutineer was laid to rest, with the regret of all, in the lonely isle which had so well sheltered him in the day of his necessity.

---

There was Marsters.<sup>8</sup> When Magellan in 1521 rounded Cape Horn and sailed out into the Pacific — he the first of white men so to do — the first landfall that he made, he named San Pablo. To look at a map is to wonder how he had sailed so far without sighting land, for San Pablo is in the Hervey or Cook Group and named Palmerston today.<sup>9</sup> The Marquesas, the Gambier, Tahiti and other groups

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<sup>8</sup> [William Marsters \(1831–1899\)](#), born Richard Masters. WWB has *Masters* here and elsewhere in this section; however, the family on Palmerston has always been known by the name of *Marsters*.

<sup>9</sup> WWB has mistaken [Palmerston](#) in the southern Cook Islands for [Puka Puka](#) in the Tuamotu Archipelago, French Polynesia, the latter being the first island sighted by [Ferdinand Magellan](#), in 1521. Palmerston was discovered by Captain Cook in 1774. This and WWB's next sentence are therefore incorrect. (There is also a [Pukapuka](#) in the northern Cook Islands.)

lay clear across his path. But those islands that look so close upon the map are oft hundreds of miles apart; and it was chance not knowledge that chiefly caused the pioneers to make discovery. Magellan died from a native spear, and lies buried in the Philippines, and San Pablo dropped wholly out of ken. Two centuries later, Cook sailed into the South Seas and in 1774 made a second voyage. It was then that he rediscovered San Pablo and renamed it after one of the then Lords of the Admiralty at Home.

A lonely but fruitful spot he found it, and was glad thereof, for when he touched there again in his third and final voyage, his cattle needed fodder and his crew a change of diet. It is but an atoll, a ring of coral enclosing a lagoon eight miles in diameter, but a ring abundant of life. This was the isle that the *Bounty* mutineers had touched at when heading back towards Tahiti in 1789 but had left alone. Then another long period passed before Palmerston was trod by man.

It was in 1862 when a ship's cooper named Marsters with three wives, landed on the atoll and proceeded to take possession. In time he had a numerous family, and his sons took to themselves wives from neighboring islands, and the Marsters increased until today there are 120 souls all bearing the one name — Marsters. He, the first, was no derelict; he had his views of autocracy and religion. He ruled, he judged, he punished. He built a Church out of wreckage cast up on the atoll, and all have since that day, had to carry out their religious duties. The Marsters family is not likely to be dispossessed, for there is but one ship a year that calls from the outside world. They are Britishers, one and all, and King George is their undoubted Sovereign Lord.

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There was Jennings.<sup>10</sup> Not far to the north of British Samoa lie the Tokelaus, and Olosenga<sup>11</sup> has been, till lately, considered an integral part of that group. But it has other name than that by reason of its white discoverer. Among white folk it is Swain's Isle : not large, one mile broad, by nigh 3 miles long, of coral formation, but very rich in cocoanuts.<sup>12</sup> Hither over 50 years ago<sup>13</sup> came Eli Jennings, an American who had married the daughter of a Samoan chief, and settled down as Lord of the manor whose rights there were none to dispute. He opened up the isle with roads, planted and tended with care, and made good money. A church he built too for his dependents, and secured a native Teacher to educate the children. It is a thriving little colony still; and though no longer British, having of late been ceded to American Samoa, no one has had cause to regret that an American and his off-spring have ruled the land.

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There was Enderby.<sup>14</sup> The Auckland Islands lie 290 miles to the south of New Zealand and were discovered in 1806 by Captain Britow in the whaler *Ocean* belonging to one Samuel Enderby. He

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<sup>10</sup> Eli Hutchinson Jennings (1814–1878)

<sup>11</sup> [Swains Island](#)

<sup>12</sup> WWB uses the spelling *cocoanut* here and below, and then switches to *coconut*, starting with his account of Tonga, *Tong-a Tabu*. He then uses both spellings in *Of Cocoanuts*, concerning Samoa.

<sup>13</sup> Swains became a semi-independent proprietary settlement of the Jennings family, under the U.S. flag, on October 13, 1856.

<sup>14</sup> [Charles Enderby \(1798–1876\)](#) founded the [Southern Whale Fishery Company](#) in England in 1846. In December 1849, he established the [Enderby Settlement](#) in Erebus Cove, [Port Ross](#), at the north-eastern end of [Auckland Island](#), close to



took possession of them in the name of King George 3<sup>rd</sup>. They were much used both by whalers and sealers. Later on in 1847 a lease of the islands was granted to Charles Enderby who formed the Southern Whale Fishery Company and went thither to control. He had at his own urgent request been appointed by the Colonial Office Lieutenant Governor responsible to Downing Street. Almost at the same time Douglas <sup>15</sup> of the Hudson Bay Company had been given a similar commission over Queen Charlotte Islands and to both these officials the Home Government had been careful to point out that they were given authority solely to meet the circumstances of the times. "It conveys to you no power to make laws or constitute a regular government but it gives the party bearing it a position of authority which is both important and valuable." <sup>16</sup>

When Enderby landed in '49 there were half a hundred white folk in the Company's employ and some 70 Chatham Islands natives to assist them. At first all went well and the Governor reported on the benefits that would soon follow to the New Zealand settlers and that things would prove financially a success. But the company promoter's sanguine expectations were not realized. His rule did not suit his subjects and soon he writes Home asking how to deal with cases which were extreme enough for transportation. He got no satisfaction. "You must deal with offences, should they unfortunately occur, to the best of your ability according to the law of England, summoning a jury of settlers if it should be absolutely necessary." But there were no "settlers"; all were the Company's employees.

By '51 things got so bad that a commission was sent out by the Company itself to look into matters; both disputes and finances. This did not help matters. Enderby endeavoured still to rule his refractory subjects till in disgust the following year he issued a proclamation of abdication complaining of the insults to which he should seek redress in Wellington, N.Z., through the Governor, Sir George Grey. <sup>17</sup> But Grey declined to take any part in Enderby's quarrel with his company or its employees. Referring the matter Home, word was returned that having tendered his resignation, the Colonial Office without any expression of opinion as to the merits of the case warned Enderby to abstain from any further exercise of authority. Thus ended his brief reign.

The Company itself collapsed a few months later and H.M.S. Fantome went down to evacuate the settlement. Since then the group has come under the jurisdiction of New Zealand and upon it today are found periodically both whalers and sealers to replenish stores, whilst sheep farming has become a profitable industry. Here too are depots for ship-wrecked seamen. Government steamers call from time to time and vessels find in Port Ross a fine spacious harbor where many a hard pressed vessel seeks safest refuge. But the one time autocrat of the group is merely a tradition of the Past, his very name unknown to most.

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[Enderby Island](#). The ill-fated Enderby Settlement finally bankrupted the Enderby family business, which was liquidated in 1854. Charles Enderby died in poverty in London in 1876.

<sup>15</sup> The Colony of the [Queen Charlotte Islands](#), in what is now British Columbia, Canada, was created by the Colonial Office in response to the increase in American marine trading activity resulting from the gold rush on Moresby Island in 1851. No separate administration or capital for the colony was ever established, as its only officer or appointee was [James Douglas \(1803–1877\)](#), who was simultaneously Governor of Vancouver Island. The colony was merged with the Vancouver Island colony for administrative purposes from the 1850s to 1866, when the Colony of Vancouver Island was merged with the mainland, which until that point was the separate Colony of British Columbia. The British Parliament had created the Colony of British Columbia in 1858 and appointed Douglas as Governor. James Douglas is the grandfather of WWB's wife, Agnes Jane (Lily) Bushby (1865–1944).

<sup>16</sup> From this point onwards in *Roaming the Pacific Waters*, the text in each chapter is contained in only one or two paragraphs. Paragraph breaks have therefore been inserted for easier reading.

<sup>17</sup> [George Grey \(1812–1898\)](#)

And there was Yankee Ned.<sup>18</sup> The Torres Straits lie to the north of Australia and are dotted with many islands. There is Thursday Island of pearl fame; Wednesday and Friday Islands too. Most have their history, Yorke Island amongst them. Its palm bordered shores bespeak a languid calm, yet few islands in those straits have such a record for wrecks. There is heavy salvage waiting there, and without effort of man, the sea steadily disgorges good Spanish crowns and swords and guns. Hither fled Yankee Ned, an American deserter from a man of war, married eight native women and started pearling. He amassed a fortune, and also a large progeny. Yorke Island is full of Yankee Neds. He, the first, lived to nearly 90, and died not perhaps in the odour of sanctity but certainly in the midst of tumultuous noise, insisting upon his gramophone playing its liveliest airs till Yankee Ned had passed to a Better Land.

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<sup>18</sup> [Edward Mosby \(1840–1911\)](#).

## THE CROSS ROADS OF THE PACIFIC : OAHU

(O-R-WHO)

### The Approach

Straight ahead it lay, seen through the haze of the noon hour of a glorious summer day. No low lying curve darkening the far horizon, but the Mountain Range of Koolau on the Isle of Oahu. We were heading for its eastern end where it dips into the sea, to appear again, twenty miles away as another of the Hawaiian group. To the West it grew higher and higher till the eye could no longer distinguish between the range and the sky. Steadily things became clearer. There could be seen a reef with the surf dashing over it; and beyond a bay bounded by mountains : and between these a valley under cultivation with a white painted mill in the centre. Outside the reef, rose Rabbit Island, a towering rock in shape like a gigantic barn. Now Makapuu Point appeared, with its Lighthouse, to warn ships at night (they know no fog in this favoured land) that here is the turn for Honolulu. Rounding the Point we plough along to Koko Head, the first extinct volcanic crater to be seen, where we turn, then Diamond Head appears, another crater, impossible this one to be mistaken for what it was in bye gone days. One can see nestling behind it, an Army Post with the Flag flying in the Trade Wind, and high up on the very pinnacle of the old crater's edge, facing the West, there are guns. Diamond Head to Hawaiians is what Fujiyama Mt. is to the Japanese. Neither can think of one without the other.

Now for the last time we turn and see Honolulu itself, nestling exactly on the opposite side of the Mountains to that which first we saw. Under the very nose of the Head, jutting out into the water, there rises a large white mansion. Those who built it wanted surely to have nothing of earth to obstruct their view. It was the home of the Castles, of Missionary stock, but is now the home of the Elks Club. There is a bend here in the shore line : and the calm waters inside the reef over which great waves tumble unceasingly, the many bungalows, and the multitude bathing, tell that we are opposite Waikiki Beach, famous the world over for its possibility of all day immersion, and its surf riding. In the middle of the bend rises up the great Moana Hotel, unmistakeable, the modern hand of business grasping the opportunity of Nature's handiwork. There is a long sweep of coastline, till far to the West one sees Barber Point, where a Captain of that name lost his good ship over a century ago, but now there is a Wireless Station, and a Lighthouse round which ships turn, on their way to far off China. A great reef of coral gives no sign of a passage way, but Nature was indulgent, for there are three clear breaks in that long sweep. We are making for the first; not far off is Kalihi, and then comes one leading into Pearl Harbour, ere long to be one of the great Naval Bases of the world. But our eyes now are upon the City. It lies on the flat at the foot of the mountains. A dozen spurs of the great range, called lovingly by Old Timers, The Delectable Mountains, run down towards the sea, forming entrancing valleys. Up all these there peep out Homes, amid a riot of Royal Palms and cocoanut trees.

The engines which have throbbed so ceaselessly for days and nights now well nigh cease, for out from the harbour there speed forth two cutters. There is the Quarantine Officer to come aboard, the Customs and the Pilot too. Ranged up in line, hats off and veils all lifted, we are passed by that dread czar without a hitch, the Customs (if you are properly prepared) takes but a moment; and there is naught to do but watch the Pilot at his work. Now, under our own steam we go, but in days of old, a long line of natives towed the ship in, who grasped the hawser and walked along the reef (which here bends in to the shore) unmindful of coral or of surf. Slowly we reach where the reef parts, we glide in between, and at once there is calm water. The docks are some way off, but now appear the diving

boys, dark skinned native sons, who swim out to meet you, jump off every nearby projection, hurl themselves from every stationed ship you pass; no height seems to faze them; and every movement of their lithe bodies is clearly to be seen as they duck and dive, and twist and turn like the very fish themselves, urging you all the while to “throw a copper” which in those deep clear waters you can see them grasp beneath the surface, as it slowly sinks.

We are at the dock at last, safely hawsered, the gang plank is in place, and we step ashore. Aloha is the first word to greet you, and you must not look surprised if some one throws around your neck — not his or her arms — but a garland of flowers. That is their way. They would have no lonely strangers here. And some of those same flowers have a heavenly smell. Aloha means far more than a mere formal welcome, it stands for sympathy and a willingness for friendship. And the Americans have caught the same spirit of the place for you meet the “glad hand” everywhere. Here then in mid Pacific we stand. A long time dream is realized : attained is the Land of the Perpetual Summer, no biting cold — the Tropics without the dangers of the Tropics — no agues, fevers, elephantiasis — few flies to make life a weariness — no reptiles poisonous or otherwise — a land of sugar cane and pineapple, of cocoanuts and palm — an Earthly Paradise — the Hawaiian Isles.<sup>19</sup>

### Hawaii's Isolation

To those who have lived in the great centres of the Continents it is a strange feeling to think that upon arrival where these Islands are. America is 2000 miles away to the East : China 5000 to the West : to the South, New Zealand is nigh 4000 : whilst directly to the North, those barren Aleutian Islands lie 3000 miles away. No wonder that these isles took long a finding. Men sailed long across the Pacific ere they hit upon these mountain tops rising out of the sea : they crossed far to the South. The natives tell of a Japanese junk drifting here in the long ago, which is not at all improbable, for the remains of similar craft have been found far further north, cast up by the waves on the coasts of “B.C.” They say moreover that a Spanish ship bound from Mexico to the Philippines centuries ago was wrecked on Hawaii, blown out of its course, and making a discovery for itself alone. The real pioneer was Captain Cook in 1778 and here (on Hawaii) a year later he fell before the spears of the natives in a quarrel not his own which he would fain have put a stop to. Fifty years ago our Schoolmasters in the Old Land taught us of the “Sandwich Islands” and “Owhyhee”. The former was Cook’s naming in honor of his superior, the Earl of Sandwich,<sup>20</sup> the latter was his attempt at phonetic spelling. He was nearer to the true name than we are for the natives have no true “H”.

Whilst there are eight main islands, there are five only which are of interest to travellers. They are all Volcanic, and string out in a long line from North West to South East. These five are Kauai — Oahu — Molokai — Maui and Hawaii. The last is the largest, and had the capital on it for many years, but Oahu has Honolulu on it and so now takes the lead.

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<sup>19</sup> [Oahu](#), [Mānana Island \(Rabbit Island\)](#), [Makapu'u](#), [Koko Head](#), [Diamond Head](#), [Honolulu](#), [Samuel Northrup Castle \(1808–1894\)](#), [Waikiki Beach](#), [Kalaeloa \(Barber's Point\)](#), [Kalihi](#), [Pearl Harbour](#).

<sup>20</sup> [John Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich \(1718–1792\)](#)

## Volcanoes

The one now active volcano is on Hawaii — Kilauea — “The House of Everlasting Fire”. It is a troublesome fellow, and is watched day and night by scientists. It was here that an act was performed rivalling the Biblical story of Elijah and the Priests of Baal <sup>21</sup> — an act of noblest heroism and Christian faith, and well worth passing on. In 1820 the first missionaries arrived. Just prior, the whole nation had overthrown Idolatry. But old beliefs die hard and the Spell of Pele, the dread goddess of the Volcano, was still strong upon the people. Kapiolani, <sup>22</sup> a princess, greatly beloved, became a Christian and in 1824 determined to break that spell. Her husband and her friends would fain have stayed her, but she would go into the very home of the goddess, and there bring the matter to an issue. It meant over 100 miles of arduous walking, but with a few faithful ones she made her way. At the Volcano’s edge, Pele’s High Priestess met her and furiously warned and forbade her not to go down into the Pit where the boiling lava surged. Kapiolani answered her in Scripture texts. Then with her faithful but frightened band she descended to the very edge, gathered the Sacred Berries which grew nearby, cast them and stones into that Liquid Hell crying “I fear not Pele, for Jehovah is my God! If now I perish, then fear Pele — but if Jehovah preserve me at this hour, fear Him alone.” There this little band sang Christian hymns, there they bent knee in adoration of their accepted God Supreme, and there Pele fell, never to reckon more as a Power over the souls of men.

On Maui is the largest extinct volcano in the world. It is 20 miles round its rim and 2500 feet deep, and even now with its head and best part of its body blown off, it rises 10,000 feet above the sea. So these far off isles may indeed be said to be uncommon ones, and aroused in me a keen desire to learn more deeply of them.

## A Note of History

To at all properly understand the Group and its people, we should make ourselves acquainted at least in some slight measure with their history. Each island had its King or Chief of Chiefs, but then rose up Ka-meha-meha <sup>23</sup> surnamed the Great, who with a mighty hand and strong right arm subdued the rest. To us, the interesting thing is that he was helped throughout by an Englishman, a captive from a Trading Ship “The Eleanor”, John Young <sup>24</sup> by name (the boatswain), who however was treated with great kindness, presented with much land and raised to the rank of a Chief. For over forty years he was the friend, first of that King in Council as well as his companion in all his wars; then of his successors, and lies now at rest amongst the sepulchres of Royalty. But Kameha-meha’s bones (after the flesh had been removed and burned as was then the custom, and as indeed they did to Captain Cook) rest no man knows exactly where. They were concealed in some cave on Hawaii, as his forefathers’ were, and the secret died with those who thus interred him.

It was then (just 100 years ago) that the first missionaries and their wives arrived from Boston, U. S. A. They were Congregationalists. It was the wives who had the surprise of their lives; and their needles flew to the rescue, to clothe their dark skinned sisters in hot haste. They had not time to devise flounces and frills and a waistline, just a plain white night gown with a train, reaching from the neck

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<sup>21</sup> [Elijah, challenge to Baal.](#)

<sup>22</sup> [High Chiefess Kapi’olani \(c. 1781–1841\), challenge to Pele.](#)

<sup>23</sup> [Kamehameha I \(ca. 1758–1819\)](#)

<sup>24</sup> [John Young \(ca. 1742–1835\)](#)

to the feet. The elder matrons to this day wear this apparel (The Holoku) come weal, come woe (only now it is black) and certainly it allows ample play for their robust and rotund figures.

The Royalty of these Islands has oft times trod the streets of London. The first was Kameha-meha the Second and his Queen Kamamalu, when George 4<sup>th</sup> was on the throne : but King and Queen both died there, of plain ordinary measles. It was a far off place for them to die in, amid strangers, and in a vast city, but their bodies rest quietly in their own beloved Palm Islands, brought hither on a British Man of War. In 1850 Liho-Liho ere he became the king was also shown much courtesy in London; and so was his widow, Queen Emma, in 1865. Nearer our own times King Kalakaua, in 1851, made a tour of the world, and London gazed on him with some wonder, for he was of the robusto build : yet neither did he die in the land of his fathers, but in '91 in San Francisco.

At the Golden Jubilee his Queen Kapiolani <sup>25</sup> was present, as was also Lilioukalani, Queen in her own right, the next Sovereign, who saw the end of Royalty here. She had a stirring time for a few years. Slowly the powers of the Crown had been curtailed — the whites say justly, the natives say unjustly — (and of a truth it is not altogether an honourable story on the white man's part). Hers was the slogan "Hawaii for the Hawaiians first : and the Crown freed from its bondage", but it was too late in the day. The whites took matters into their own hands, and forming a Provincial Government, deposed the Queen. Their real aim was undoubtedly annexation to the States. It might have taken longer to reach this but for a mad attempt in 1895 on the part of the Royalists to restore the Queen by force of arms. She was not wholly unconscious of the move, and who can wonder. The first clash came below Diamond Head, the final up the Nuuanu Valley. The revolutionists were gathered in and tried, Her Majesty among the number. Some were banished; none were put to death, the Queen was confined for about nine months in her former palace, then set free to retire to her own private home close by, where she died when well past eighty, Queen to the last in the hearts of her own people.

The Provisional Government had given place a year before to a formal Republic, but now the final step was taken, and as a group the Islands became a Territory of the U. S. A.; and that it is American is to be seen on every side, not aggressively, but in the progress, the life and the energy of those Islands. Capital has flowed in (Eighty million dollars and more, in the sugar industry alone) and the land been made "to blossom as the rose". What the Natives could not have done in a thousand years is a fact accomplished in five and twenty.

## A City Embowered

Now that we know some slight measure of the Past, let us wander here and there in Honolulu. There is "Fort Street", the main artery of the business section, running up from the water front; where in the last of the savage days our own John Young, by his wise counsel and under his personal direction, built a Fort in 1816 of coral rock, with walls 12 feet high and in thickness 20 feet; with seventy guns (later on) to exact respect from all and sundry. These business streets are narrow, the broad avenues are met with farther out. It does not take long ere you begin to find your tongue in gravest difficulty. Certainly there is Emma Street and Water, Queen Street and Hotel, the (long) King Street and Beretania (the latter the Hawaiians attempt to reproduce "Britannia") but what stranger can at once smoothly mouth N u u a n u — W a i a l a e — P u n a h o u and M o i l i i l i.

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<sup>25</sup> In 1887, Queen [Kapi'olani \(1834–1899\)](#) traveled to London to attend Queen Victoria's [Golden Jubilee](#). [Princess Lili'uokalani](#), [King Kalākaua](#)'s sister, traveled with Kapi'olani as her interpreter. WWB has the [Diamond Jubilee](#) of 1897.



There are the homes of 80,000 people here, but so embowered amid the wondrous foliage that it is hard to realize the fact. But of a truth on this same flat of land below the hills at the back, there could be housed half a million, if the great stretches of rice lands, and duck ponds, filled with rushes and wild Taro, were drained and brought under the hammer, which is under advisement and may shortly be accomplished. These waste lands occupy the main frontage to the sea, and the city circles round them till Waikiki suburb is reached. But everywhere else, Honolulu is one huge harbour. Not to Hawaiians but to outside countries this is due. The soil always produced the cocoanut, the Banana and the breadfruit trees, but these are but a tithe of the glorious sight. The sugar cane was always here, and Taro, the Hawaiians' Staff of Life, but all other now abundant fruits and vegetables they have to thank the foreigner for. Vancouver,<sup>26</sup> the Englishman, brought hither the orange and the almond : Don Marin,<sup>27</sup> the Spaniard, the pineapple, the grape, the fig and vegetables : and he it was who made the first sugar of commerce, yet no country has yet raised a monument to his memory.<sup>28</sup>

Here are no towering firs and British Oak but what is lost in height is gained in width of spreading shade. Here the North Temperate eye beholds the Banyan Tree, sending down new roots from its branches and thus expanding horizontally. These same side branches then become assistant trunks, and one tree looks like a miniature forest in itself. Here is the Poinciana or Flame tree, a graceful fellow with leaves each cut into 20 slithers, and the loveliest rich red flowers in groups like cherry blossoms covering its upper sides. Here are the Pink and Golden Shower, each of them Trees, not shrubs, with flowers like bunches of grapes hanging down amid the leaves. Here is the Bottle Tree with its enormous bulk of trunk, with a bark like the hide of an elephant : and the Rain Tree with a spread on top (shaped like an open umbrella) of over 100 feet. Here too is the Algaroba, one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon these Islands. It cares not for soil, has turned waste lands into forests, provided fire wood for the natives, honey to the bees, and fodder from its pods for the cattle. And gratitude alone would forbid the omission of the shady, gnarled trunked Hau Tree whose maze of branches twine and intertwine and are usually supported by posts and cross beams, beneath which I have sat to read by the hour, sure protector from sun and from rain.

But the Palms are Honolulu's glory. I can well believe that there are some 80 varieties here of these Princes of the Tribe of Plants. Some run straight up, till clear at the top they burst out into long sweeping fans : others break out almost from the ground : the Cocoanut Palm is of the former kind, the lovely Chinese Fan Palm of the latter. Then there is the Date Palm, its tall trunk all scarred from the very base where the huge leaves have broken off : and the Talipot with the most gigantic leaves of all. But for me the Royal Palm holds first place. It is used in Avenues : and a line of those beauties rising in their stately grandeur on either side of a driveway is a sight that can never be effaced from the memory. The trunk is whitish — swollen in the middle — and taped elegantly both above and below : then from the apex shoot forth the huge drooping fans.

From China and Ceylon, Japan and California, Mexico and Southern Europe, New Zealand, Australia and many another hot house, have come these treasures of nature which, together, have caused to create "Honolulu the Beautiful", even as any one who strolls along the streets of the City has no doubt of it as "Honolulu the Cosmopolitan".

Of Bushes there is the all prevalent Hibiscus. There are hedges of it everywhere. It is both single and double, and runs every shade from a glorious red to the most delicate pink : with yellow and white

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<sup>26</sup> [George Vancouver \(1757–1798\)](#)

<sup>27</sup> [Don Francisco de Paula Marín \(1774–1837\)](#)

<sup>28</sup> However, Marin street near the Honolulu Harbor was named for him; a 28-story high-rise apartment house called Marin Tower was built in 1994 on the site of his house, marked by a plaque and a sculpture; and Vineyard street and boulevard are also named for his vineyard.

besides. Of Flowers they cannot grow the Rose here (save for an apology thereof, which hangs its head for very shame), but they have two flowers at least, whose fragrance is exquisite — the Plumeria and the White Ginger, both with a scent like the orange. Hawaiians make wreaths (or Leis) from the flowers, and decorate their friends departing or coming with a necklace of heavenly odour : the young men place them round their hats and the girls wear them as a crown.

### Afoot

Walking I regret to say is not a characteristic of these folk, though there are some few faithful ones who have formed a “Trail and Mountain Club”. But with an extensive and frequent car service, and five thousand autos licensed, neither natives nor Kamaainas (Old Timers) dream of doing aught but ride : and the Malihini (stranger) is no whit behind. I noted the persistency with which everyone hugs the shade. To seek sun and revel in it, to feel its warm rays go right through you is more than most white folk here can understand. To me too the rushing auto is no real way to learn the secrets of a town or country. One catches only glimpses of views, of flowers, of homes artistic and of nooks which well repay the slower progress of the pedestrian. And so I roamed afoot, and in due course of time covered the whole entrancing isle.

### Of Mind and Soul

Honolulu does not lack for either Schools or Churches. There are Schools for the Hawaiians, Schools for the Japanese, Schools for the Chinese, Mixed Nationalities Schools, and Boarding Schools. Punahou School (one of the latter) has magnificent grounds 85 acres in extent. It is a relic of the first missionary days and run by a Board of pastors — the whole place speaks of wealth and prosperity. Of Churches there are diverse : to suit many minds. I noted one of the Latter Day Saints (but not polygamous) and the 7<sup>th</sup> Day Adventists. I passed a German Church but its doors were closed. There is an old Hawaiian Church hard by the Palace (the only Royal Palace that these Republican States of America possess). It is built of coral rock, each stone quarried out from the reef by some native, and brought as their contribution to the glory of their new found God. Hard by is the old Mission House; brought round the Horn from Boston and raised in '21. There was some hesitation as to allowing it to be erected, for as the natives felt and said “Houses such as that were only fit for Kings”. Close by in Lunalilo's <sup>29</sup> Mausoleum — he lies not in the Royal Graveyard up Nuuanu Valley — and whose crown was stolen from the Royal Tomb and later found in Philadelphia : some soldiers had purloined it. Of the Episcopal Church there is the beautiful stone Cathedral in the heart of the City. It is a choice piece of work and does credit to its London Architect. Around it gathers a very nest of activities : the Priory School for Girls, the Iolani School for Boys (neither for whites), a Church for the Chinese, and another Church for the Japanese.

Here too the Romanists are quietly at work. They have several Churches scattered about, but all quite unpretentious, their Cathedral least of all, though situated on Fort St., the main artery of the City. The reason for their outward non-aggressiveness is found in the Past. A century ago a Frenchman of the

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<sup>29</sup> Lunalilo, born [William Charles Lunalilo \(1835–1874\)](#), was king of the Kingdom of Hawaii from January 8, 1873 until February 3, 1874.

name of Rives,<sup>30</sup> after a twelve years residence in these isles during which his reputation was none of the best, stole aboard the vessel which carried the King and Queen to London and their death. Being forced to carry him, he acted as interpreter. Arriving in England, he was dismissed for misconduct (the King's money chest was rifled sadly on the way) and went to Paris. There he made out that he had great wealth and influence, purchased on credit a full cargo of goods, and sought not only labourers to cultivate his "Estates" but priests to teach his "People". Three priests and three lay brothers were deputed to attend him home. A ship was duly chartered and church ornaments were added now to the cargo, all of which were to be duly paid for on arrival at Honolulu. The rascal had 'his tongue in his cheek' for he himself took passage on another ship, was dropped off in South America, and these Islands knew him no more. The Captain landed his passengers, but took his cargo elsewhere. In the first year the priests worked unmolested, making converts : then the king and chiefs took action. The natives were forbidden to attend. It was clearly the fancied 'Image' worship that brought about the trouble. They had but just thrown off their old idols, and wanted no religion which seemingly had the same. The priests were banished and carried to California despite their protests. But the Lay Brothers remained and kept the Faith alive. Some six years later they boldly returned and there was heaps of trouble till they were sent off again. But two more appeared and they also were sent off. Then the French Home Government got busy. A man-of-war appeared and gave the poor King short shrift. It was War, or Freedom for the Roman Faith (and a Church site into the bargain). The King chose the latter. It is worthy of note, that through all the trouble, the Protestant Missionaries had urged Religious Equality. To see that Cathedral packed to the doors, allowing me a kneeling space only on the threshold is evidence that the Romans have done good work, for it was an Hawaiian service I attended.

### Customs of Old

Here are some strange facts which call for explanation but I failed to get light thereon. The first Whites found that every religious ceremony of the old heathen worship was accompanied by the frequent use of Holy Water. They also found Cities of Refuge scattered on these Islands, as amongst the Jews of old. They found indeed Marriage, but whilst every other act, Birth, Burial, Houseraising and Canoe Launching was accompanied by elaborate incantations and sacrifices (not alone of pigs but of human beings oft) yet Marriage was entered upon with less ceremony than of planting a tree. It is a long cry from today when the native women are securing their right to the Ballot, to those cruel days of old when women were treated worse than the dogs which ran around. They could neither eat with their men nor with their own baby sons : all share in the chief foods of the islands, the cocoanut, the banana, the pig, the turtle and the shark was denied to them. These things were Tabu and to break them meant death. Those were Feudal times when the King and Chiefs owned all the land and taxes were paid in the only coinage of the time, Food and Feathers. The King and Chiefs were supposed to see that their serfs lacked for nothing, but their liberty and their lives were ever in jeopardy. Despite the rich nut brown of their skins, the features of the poorer natives speak plainly of Past Suffering. It is not fair to judge as to the beauty of the brown races by the standard of the white, so I attempt nothing in that direction save to say that their eyes are the most striking part of their physiognomy. The men have not the build of athletes, they are however experts in and on the water : the one land game they indulged in freely seems to have been Tobogganing. Wherever on the mountain or old crater side there was a smooth run, here on boards and lying flat on their face they flew down the

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<sup>30</sup> [Jean Baptiste Rives \(1793–1833\)](#)

steep slope, the steeper, the better : and many a slide is still to be seen attesting to the popularity of this out door exercise.

### **Punch Bowl and the Pali**

I have made my bow to both Punch Bowl <sup>31</sup> and the Pali. <sup>32</sup> And in very deed I had to make my bow, for at such heights the Trade Wind is very masterful and I visited both when it was hard to stand upright. Punch Bowl is an extinct Crater just back of the City proper : indeed its front has homes a good way up, some of them only to be reached by tortuous paths. Leaving the car line on Emma St. (named after that strong but engaging Queen Consort, <sup>33</sup> the grand daughter of our own John Young) I took to the broad auto road which winds round the back and finally leads clear into the basin. The rim is high, rugged and broken : the inside is no longer lava rock but is covered with that rock, which disintegrated, makes good loam in time. The army now uses the Bowl as a rifle range. When they are firing, none can enter; a red flag flying, forbids. But there was nothing doing and I was alone on the Crater. I made my way to the highest point from which a fine panorama lies before you of the City, Naval Base and Sea. It was here, on the Sacrificial Stone which being solid rock Time has not altered nor ever will, that men were slain and cremated who had broken the Tabu of olden days. Hither they were brought, and one could visualize the dreadful journey as the victim was forced up the rocky precipitous sides, to the spot of immolation. There, looking down upon the grass huts below, and beyond the reef to the deep blue of the sea; pinnacled up high in the air so that all could see the tragedy, the butchers and the butchered stood and for what? Perchance he, a man of the people, had allowed his shadow to fall upon a Chief. Such atrocious wrong meant Death and Cremation upon that spot, which now curious eyes look upon, and pass on to other sights without a tremor. They had an eye to the Picturesque and the Theatrical, those savages of old. Their whole world should see Justice! meted out : no prison compound here.

The Pali is an eight mile tramp on a twisting and turning well kept road, deep shade for the best part of the journey, the mountains hemming you in, then opening out for a view, an up grade all the way. There is a ridge of mountains which runs clear down the Eastern side of the Island (there is another on the Western side, and between them is that plateau where the vast plantations of sugar and pineapple lie). In that Eastern range there is but one Pass to the coast line. That gap is the Pali. The ridge breaks apart for a space, less than 100 yards. Ere the white man came with his road making, there was nothing beyond that break. A sheer precipice, a 1200 foot drop clear into the open country below, and the coast line beyond. Nowadays you turn the corner to your right (if you can, for there are times when neither man nor vehicles can make that turn for Wind) and a wondrous piece of concrete road making winds down with many an S to the level land at the base. Across the face of the precipice is a stone wall : and standing there, you have a truly splendid view, well worth the tramp to see. There is the rugged range to your left, running as far as the eye can see, there is a valley at your feet, all parcelled out and under cultivation. The trunk road runs clear, every turn can be seen, a red road amid brilliant green fields — villages and houses dot the landscape. There are hills between you and the sea which look like ant heaps, but for all that are real hills standing alone; and there is that wondrous tropical sea. The reef was clear, though far away, there was not a cloud in the sky, and the sun poured down, but tempered by the whistling wind. There are islands all along that coast, beyond

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<sup>31</sup> [Punchbowl Crater](#)

<sup>32</sup> [Nu'uauu Pali](#)

<sup>33</sup> [Emma Kalanikaumakaamano Kaleleonālani Na'ea Rooke \(1836–1885\)](#)

the reef, and the waves can be seen dashing themselves in sullen fury against their age long barriers. Set against the corner of the broad road down to your right is a wire cable, fixed with iron rings cemented in the rock for foot passengers to cling to, as they turn around and down. I clung hard and could scarcely make it. Here is a funnel, and the wind disputes the right of man to force himself through, where for untold centuries none but it held sway.

There was History made at Pali. It was here that the King of Hawaii (the largest of all this group of islands, 200 miles away to the South) made himself the undisputed King of all the Kings. Landing with his army, from their war canoes, along the shores of Waikiki, Kamehameha the Great met the Oahuan King and his forces in the Nuuanu Valley and drove them mile by mile back to the Mountain ridge. He knew and they too knew what was his aim. There was no escape for that beaten army. To their right and to their left were mountains, rugged and unscaleable : and behind, there was the Gap! and the Precipice! The victor pressed on. The mountains narrowed, broke apart, the vanquished host rolled back, still back till at last all hope was lost, and down headlong to death went the Oahuan army, King, Chiefs and all; and Hawaii's King was Lord of all the isles. 'Twas in 1795.<sup>34</sup>

### Of Dress

How different the native then from now. Today the young native "Blood" is a well dressed fellow as you meet him on the street. His forefathers would not know him. His is an ample wardrobe, theirs most scanty. Boston made great efforts to meet the deficiency, but the missionary boxes could oft times bestow no more than a single article apiece to each of the clamouring applicants. And thus it was no unusual sight to see at the Sabbath Service, men wearing on so important an occasion each their entire wardrobe. One had on only a pair of shoes; another a hat; one a coat; another a pair of trousers; and still another a shirt, but alas! would mistake the entrance, and put his feet through the arms and tie the tail around his loins with a string of fibre. Some preferring one garment above all others, "hogged" them, and bartered what else he got from the Church's Grab Bag, for his particular choice. Thus would be seen one with many hats on, piled one upon another; and another with his beloved coats till his arms were helpless. An umbrella together with a pair of boots was quite sufficient to stamp the owner as a then day "Blood"; whilst the greater the squeak, the greater the value of shoes.

### A Bird's-Eye View

Tantalus is a mountain whose top is 2000 and more feet up in the sky. It lies directly behind Honolulu and the Punch Bowl. I went that way and stood upon the very summit, alone. It took three hours steady climbing. My descent was by another route, and it would be hard to say which to give the preference. It was hot, and though Tantalus usually is among the clouds, and the rain is plentiful, I was drenched to the skin but once, and the Summit itself was on its best behaviour. The road zigzags all the way, and every 100 feet rise, and every turn, brought out new beauty. Little eyries peeping out all the way from amongst the rich foliage all with their faces seaward, the summer homes of those

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<sup>34</sup> [Battle of Nu'uanu](#). In fact, the Chief of Oahu, Kalanikupule, escaped the battle, but was later captured and sacrificed. In 1898 construction workers working on the Pali road discovered 800 skulls which were believed to be the remains of the warriors that fell to their deaths from the cliff above.



who in the so-called winter live below : and as you look down, you see those bungalows everywhere, each with their garden setting. Chimneys happily conspicuous by their absence. Some folk with extra artistic eye paint their roofs green. Far above you can see the head of many valleys, where settlement ends, and the Jap and the Chinamen take hold, with their rice fields, and rickety shacks. The road leaves the last 500 feet for the pedestrian. There is but an even trail, and there is a need for a sturdy stick, and even then one has to grab branches to help mount up. But the view is well worth the climb, panoramic and grand. There I gazed long, and ate my frugal lunch of fruit, carried in true tramping style in a handkerchief tied to my waist line. Close to the very summit, above the road, there lies a lovely garden — the loam rich and red — laid out on terrace above terrace, where violets and carnations, gladioli, and calla lilies were blooming in profusion. And many another garden I passed on my way up and down but none fairer than the highest one of all. There is a brave attempt at lawns, but the grass is wiry and mats. Whilst the lawn mower, and even the gasoline driven one, is in use by the whites, the Jap seems wedded to his sickle. Why they refuse to use the scythe, I know not; but they will squat on their haunches and hack, by the hour.

### Fish and Poi

The Hawaiian fisherman with his glass box is strictly up to date. For him no line and rod. Hour after hour he strolls about in the water, at times up to his neck in the sea, peering down, with a spear in one hand, and a linen bag in the other, at times a comber comes in from the reef, and our fisherman wholly disappears, but he takes it with unconcern. The box is eighteen inches by twelve : no top, and glass for a bottom. It is held by the teeth! A white man I met who attempted its use, had a truly heavenly time whilst he was surveying the deep and spearing the scudding fish : but he reports (forgive the expressive language) that he had “one hell of a time” the next day, when to talk was an impossibility, and to eat a torture.

Prejudice is a foolish jade. I long held back from devouring Poi (a native food) which most told me is Concentrated Essence of Soap Suds. It comes in three grades, one fingered, two fingered, three fingered, the first being thick, the second less thick, the last like a fairly strong soup. It requires some agility and knack to land the last named safely in the mouth. It has for long years been my ardent wish to weight two hundred pounds and more. Here to hand was the infallible recipe sought so long. My course was clear. I partook, not once, but freely. Poi is good. I am still trying to define the taste. It was the three fingered kind. Despite protests I giped at the native means of handling, desecrating matters with a spoon. But the scales remain the same.

### Oahu's Fujiyama

A stroll round Diamond Head has its interest. Here at its base, next door to where I housed, was the home of Jack London <sup>35</sup> when he reached Port from 'Frisco in that weird voyage of “The Snark”. Without any knowledge on Navigation, with only his wife and a man friend they launched forth into the Pacific. The space was limited, the way was long, the woman took her place at the wheel alike with her men folk. Fair and square they hit Oahu and were welcomed as they deserved to be. Now on the way round I passed where Lilioukalani had her seaside home and here many a gay party did she

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<sup>35</sup> [John Griffith “Jack” London \(1876–1916\)](#)



and her brother Kalakaua hold. All town rode out on horseback for such festivity. A little further along is where Robert Louis Stevenson <sup>36</sup> dwelt and wrote.

Nearby is Kapiolani Park with its Polo Ground and Race Track, and one sees the well groomed ponies taking exercise. The horse was not indigenous but brought first from California in 1803. The wonder at the animal was great : but riding quickly became a passion with the natives. Even the then aged King, the warrior Kamehameha, must needs to sit astride. His bulk was vast, and the poor beast must have groaned beneath his weight, but his horsemanship was soon acknowledged as among the best. Horses have now given way to the auto and electric car and only in country places can you see the women astride with their long divided skirts and hair a-garlan'd. The lily ponds attract and the many Palms and shady trees. And then one steps into the Aquarium that wonderland of what the sea holds hereabouts. No picture, no artist could do justice to those fish. The colours might indeed be there, but never the glint and the light which the water gives them. They are striped and of hues as none could imagine : there is a pike like fish of an indigo colour (every whit of him) which greatly took my fancy; there is a flashy fellow of gold and red and blue who seemed conscious of his grandeur : there are eyes in some of them which actually seem human as they look at you and wink. I left that spot amazed.

A little beyond and one comes to Bertleman's, a woody spot where the Revolutionists of '95 <sup>37</sup> were taken by surprise as they foregathered for their attack upon the city, and where blood was shed. And then passing round the nose of the old crater there is a clear sea view, and gazing forth South East, twenty miles away there appear the outline of the mountains on Molokai, the Dreaded. Who has not heard of that awesome spot, the Leper Settlement, Home of Horror and Heroism. No idle curiosity should draw men to land thereon, and indeed it is only with the greatest difficulty that anyone can secure a permit to step ashore. Yet some few thus have done, and Stevenson was one. It was well : and had its sequel. No curiosity drew him, but a supreme sympathy; and a longing to grasp the hand of those who were living out their lives for the betterment and the cheer of God's most stricken ones. But Damien <sup>38</sup> led the way, and therein lies his title to the rank among the world's Great Heroes. He did not have to go; he, a poor Belgian peasant's son, trained for the priesthood, volunteered and deliberately landed there to dwell : and knowingly shut to and closed the door of his own Tomb. When he died, himself become a leper (for it is infectious and Damien washed and bound the lepers' wounds ignorant of the sanitary methods of today) there were those who dared to defame him. They were those who themselves had had the knowledge and the opportunity to choose as he had chosen, but had held back. It was then, that Stevenson let go, and his 'Open Letter to Dr. Hyde' is a masterpiece of indignation. There are men there today, and women too, who in the service of their stricken fellows will never leave The Forbidden Isle. Who then can look across that Strait of Waters which separates Diamond Head from Molokai, unmoved. It was Earth's Hell, it is now (at the cost of Damien's life) but an Ante Chamber thereto.

And now we swing off to the left and soon are passing through one of Uncle Sam's Army Posts. It is clear that the States aim to make of Oahu a veritable Gibraltar, for there are barracks and fortifications everywhere. All the commanding heights have their guns, and in the very heart of the Island there is a camp for 30,000 men. They will be ready when the clash comes, if come it must. And all the guns I noticed point towards the Land of the Rising Sun. Below are to be seen the buildings of the Military Academy, a private Boarding School for whites, built up by a lone Englishman through many years : all honor to him. The boy soldier thus lives under the very shadow of the real article, and smart the

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<sup>36</sup> [Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson \(1850–1894\)](#)

<sup>37</sup> [The 1895 Counter-Revolution in Hawaii](#)

<sup>38</sup> [Father Damien \(1840–1889\)](#)

youngsters look in their peaked cap, their khaki and laced leggings. Through farms where cattle browsed one wends his way round to Kapiolani Park again, and home.

### Up Nuuanu Valley

The golfer has his course of 18 holes up Nuuanu Valley at the Country Club, a lovely site, nestling beneath the hills. The Club House is a wide spreading Bungalow and no care seems spared to keep the course in shape. The showers are daily, the Pali draws them, but the golfer cares not. To be soaked three times in a round with such Liquid Sunshine and to reach the last hole dry as a bone, is the usual thing and evokes no comment. Hard by is Queen Emma's Country Home. It is now a Museum of her belongings and twenty-five cents admits you. Your guide is a buxom Hawaiian lass whose eloquence is overpowering. There is Dining Room and Sitting Room, Hall and Bedroom, the kitchen the only part not now existing. The Four Post Bed fascinated me, truly a Royal Bed, fit for such portly Poi fed forms — half a dozen lean bodies would have room and to spare. There were oil paintings galore of Royalty and Foreign Potentates, gifts to the gracious Emma, who died at last of apoplexy. There was her bridal dress, and her husband's Windsor Uniform. They became sticklers of etiquette these Kings and Queens and held their Drawing Rooms and Receptions under Europe's rigid rules. And made slips too as other humans do. When Emma and her lord stood before the Minister to be joined in Holy Matrimony in the old coral Church, clad in regal robes and attended by a vast host, and the ring was asked for of the Royal Bridegroom, he had left it behind, and much discussion took place there and then as to the legality of using the signet ring of a lawyer friend who stood as his right hand. That ring was used, and the ceremony went through.

The glass cases are many, and the articles innumerable, but when with grave face my dark skinned maiden pointed out Queen Emma's Spittoon! I thought it time to go. My reverence for Royalty might vanish, for there seemed naught of Emma's that was to be withheld. And so I wandered further, and came to the Royal Mausoleum. The heavy gates I tested one by one. Luck was with me for a postern gate opened at my touch. Here then I walked among the Tombs, and saw where the Kamehamehas, after their strenuous life, rest from their labours. The greatest of them all does not lie here, some cave of Kona holds his bones, nor Lunalilo, he of the stolen crown : but what greatly pleased me was to stand beside the grave of Old John Young and read his epitaph of faithful service done. The Hawaiians knew his worth. For forty-six long years he was companion of Kings, yet was over forty ere he began his work. It was only right and fitting that here in the outdoor Westminster Abbey of these Isles, with Palms waving o'er him, he should lie. I gently closed the gate with a Requiescant in Pace<sup>39</sup> for them, one and all. Then made me to Kahala, some miles out of town, near Koko Head. Here there is a lovely sandy beach where the rifles smuggled from 'Frisco were, in '95, buried for days in the sand, till the hour struck for action. Now there are many lovely waterside homes; and much Family bathing was going on, as I rested beneath the Palm trees, watching the rollers break upon the Barrier reef.

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<sup>39</sup> [Requiescant in pace](#): Latin for *May they rest in peace*.

## Oahu's Museum

The Bishop Museum <sup>40</sup> is well out of the City proper. But before you reach it, if a Malihini keen for knowledge, you have to wander through Korean, Jap and Chinatowns with their oriental smells. Under a fierce sun this is somewhat trying. In flaring letters I saw one sign "Tattooing Done Here" and curiosity drove me within. They seem to do it en bloc, to impress at one fell blow of many needles, any pattern on any or on all parts of your anatomy you choose. On the walls are pictures of what they can supply. Crosses and Snakes, Birds and Beasts, Flags of all nations, and women galore. I was sore tempted to bare an arm and add to those which in the days of my childhood, my brothers, just for practice, had imprinted on my tender arms : but when I saw another notice "There must be no Washing for One Month" I fled the place.

I arrived at the Museum on the correct day and hour. The wondrous golden Feather Cloaks of the Kings are under lock and key. They are only shown at stated times. This was one of them. The largest of the cloaks has a spread of eleven feet at the bottom, a vast cloak, all gold, fit for a man of gigantic stature such as the first Kamehameha. He was the first to wear it completed, seven other kings had lived and reigned and died as it was a making. The ground work of them all is a coarse net fibre, and to these the feathers are attached in tiny bundles. The feathers forming the border lie the other way to the rest. The bird which supplied the feathers is now extinct. No wonder! and moreover its name was the most appropriate one of Ohoh! <sup>41</sup> It had but one golden feather under each wing, and evidently disliked the operation. So does vanity have its Price, and Nature her Revenge. To the British Museum some of these cloaks had strayed. In the astonishment at the appearance of the Pale Faces, Kings and Chiefs who alone had these wondrous cloaks, had presented them with their choicest gifts as to the gods. All honour to London's Treasure House in restoring them to their rightful home. One beauty was discovered at Boston, U.S.A. where it was being used as a sleigh robe, a heavy flannel lining having been added. It bears the marks of its rough usage. Some others have circlets of red feathers added amid the gold, and others black.

There were no guns in those days; but bows and arrows, slings and bird lime were the weapons used. The Museum is a Storehouse of Hawaiian and Polynesian treasures, and takes many days to thoroughly explore. But the collections within its walls are only a minor part of its activities. Its research work on Polynesia keeps a trained staff busy. Its publications are wonderful reading. It has more than justified its existence and the prescience of its Founders. Mrs. Bishop <sup>42</sup> was a Princess, the last of the Kamehamehas, and to her came all the personal property of that line. She was of great wealth, as also was her husband, an American Banker. <sup>43</sup> He it was who started the first Hawaiian Bank, <sup>44</sup> which is still one of the leading ones, and with their private store at his command increased their fortune tenfold. To the Hawaiians they bequeathed it all in noble ways and benefactions; this Museum is one of them

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<sup>40</sup> [Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum](#)

<sup>41</sup> [Hawai'i 'Ō'ō \(Moho nobilis\)](#)

<sup>42</sup> [Bernice Pauahi Bishop \(1831–1884\)](#)

<sup>43</sup> [Charles Reed Bishop \(1822–1915\)](#)

<sup>44</sup> Founded in 1858, Bishop & Co. became [First Hawaiian Bank](#) in 1960.

## Olla Podrida <sup>45</sup>

In the dead of night I went off, hunting the night blooming Cereus, <sup>46</sup> a truly noble flower. It lasts but a single night, then the great creamy flower wilts and dies. It is a Cactus and grows best over walls. There is none to be seen here finer than that on a 3000 foot wall some four feet high which runs round part of the Punahou School. The flower is some eight inches long, opening out like a huge tulip; some of them are a span wide.

The first Kamehameha's Statue stands in front of the Government Law Building and looks across at the Palace. The original one, cast in Italy, was lost off the Falkland Islands, and the Insurance covered the cost of this one; when lo! the original one was recovered from the deep and now stands on Hawaii at his birthplace. This is no lifeless cold marble Statue, but there he stands, a tall commanding figure, nut brown in hue, with a golden Feather Cloak about him and a helmet of like feathers on his head. His action seems that of calling upon others to follow.

A few steps from there brought me to the Palace, <sup>47</sup> its architecture moulded upon that of Versailles, and I entered the Throne Room. It is kept as it was, a large room, rectangular, with oil portraits of kings and queens, European as well as Hawaiian, on the walls : and at one end, on a raised dais, The Throne with heavy curtains behind. The last that chair saw of Royalty was when Queen Lilioukalani <sup>48</sup> stood before it, arraigned for misprision of Treason. <sup>49</sup> Her sentence was Prison for five years, Hard Labour, and a \$5000 fine. But the bark was worse than the bite. There was no Hard Labour, there was no Fine, and after about nine months confinement in some rooms above (her own Royal Apartments ere the Republic came), she was allowed to go free. The older Thrones made of the native Koa wood (mahogany texture) covered with rich crimson brocade and surmounted on the high back by a carved crown are in the Bishop Museum, along with the Kahilis or plumed Staffs of State, for all the world like huge feather dusters. They were borne by chiefs and others specially chosen, on great occasions such as Marriages, Burials and Drawing Rooms; great cylinders of many coloured feathers, mounted on heavy Staffs, ornamented with rings of ivory and tortoise shell, and tower eight to ten feet high. They are barbaric, not artistic. Nowadays the Palace is a maze of Government offices : and the Governor resides in Washington Place, Lilioukalani's private home.

To have visited Wo Fat's Chinese Restaurant is, so I was told, to have really lived. But after I had been and partaken of his fare I began wondering if I should not die and bring my wandering to an abrupt conclusion. I formed one of a party who were set upon initiating me. It of necessity lies hidden in Chinatown where odours of an overwhelming kind do ere abide. Ascending stairs, one is ushered into a broad gallery where are many separate tables, minus cloths. From here you look down into the hall or pit below where Chinamen of lesser breed are hurtling thin food with their chopsticks. The noise is infernal and the table manners do not bear inspection. Aloft, we find our company very varied, Hawaiians many, and not a few whites. We select our Menu from a card, where English appears as she is spoken by others. The spelling can only be described as "gone drunk". I gave over my Life to my friends who ordered a wondrous dish of Chop Suey, Water Chestnuts, Egg and Lobster, Rice and Soi. The first named is one of those dishes that no European can ever hope to analyze. I could see that

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<sup>45</sup> [Olla podrida](#) is a Spanish stew made from pork and beans, and a wide variety of other meats and vegetables, depending on the recipe used.

<sup>46</sup> [Night-blooming cereus](#) is the common name referring to a large number of flowering Cereus cacti that bloom at night.

<sup>47</sup> [Iolani Palace](#)

<sup>48</sup> [Lili'uokalani \(1838–1917\)](#)

<sup>49</sup> [Misprision of treason](#) is committed by someone who knows a treason is being or is about to be committed but does not report it to a proper authority. This occurred following [the 1895 Counter-Revolution in Hawaii](#).

lots of chopping had been done, for everything was in narrow ribbons. It was a sort of Pot-Pourri of all things eatable — and I ate it. The last named is a pungent sauce, a little of which goes a very long way. The whole was rounded off with copious draughts of clearest Chinese tea served in tiny handleless cups. Some of the party disdaining knife and fork made fair headway with the chopsticks but it is too like baseball for me, you miss more often than you hit and it takes too long. I refused all further invitations, Life is far too precious.

Herewith is a Recipe for housewives as to preparing for the table that special delicacy, so long favourably known as the *Pièce de Résistance* of Hawaiian Cookery — Baked Dog.

Take a Dog. Keep him in solitude. Pamper him with toothsome delicacies and choice vegetables till his coat shines for sweetness. Then you know that he is ripe. Kill and bleed. Have ground furnace all ready and heated stones. Place some of the heated stones inside your dog, then swathe him in Ti Leaves, and Banana Leaves on top of that. Place body in oven, cover with an old mat, then heap on soil and leave for two days. After which bring him forth — and call your friends together for the Food of Foods.

## Good Fellowship

I was shown that I was not the only priest of the Outdoor Life : there are over 200 in Honolulu who have not bowed to the knee to Baal<sup>50</sup> of the Auto; men (and women too) who have banded together under the “Trail and Mountain Club”,<sup>51</sup> and week in, week out, use the means of locomotion God has given them for health, happiness and education. I have met them, so I know. They hold a weekly luncheon in the heart of town and are addressed by those who have roamed the world. An open invitation to the public led me there, and I left it as an Honorary Member. The speaker of the day was an American who had lately been sent to the Far East of Asia, on a “boosting” mission for a chain of New York Hotels. A typical American speaker, rapid, full of vim and racy stories, humour bubbling over. He took us to Japan and China, the Philippines and Assam, Straits Settlements and Mandalay, India and Ceylon, Sumatra and Java, Australia and New Zealand, thence to the Polynesian Isles and so back home. Sixty thousand miles in all, yet he was no Superman, for most of his hearers were like Veterans of the Trail by Land and Sea. But it is good to grasp the viewpoint of others as to Lands, some of which we know, and others that we hope to.

I was invited to the Balboa Day<sup>52</sup> Banquet. It was held al fresco, under the cocoanut trees with a multitude of electric lights and tiny flags. Here if anywhere one could realize that Hawaii is the melting pot of nations. At my table there were representatives of a dozen nationalities. There was much speech making — though none of a high order — the best by a Canadian but evidently learned off by heart. A Jap speaker cogently remarked that whilst his nation owed an incalculable debt to Balboa, in that his ‘discovery’ of the Pacific Ocean led to the opening up of Japan, yet it might be allowed for him to remark that the Pacific Ocean had been remarkably well known to Japan for untold

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<sup>50</sup> [Baal](#) is a Semitic title meaning “master” or “lord”.

<sup>51</sup> The [Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club](#) is an Oahu based hiking club founded in 1910 to explore and enjoy Hawaii’s unique natural heritage and environment.

<sup>52</sup> According to an article in The Straits Times of Singapore, 17 September 1927, page 8, Pan-Pacific or Balboa Day was inaugurated by Queen Lilioukalani in Hawaii on September 17, 1913, on the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific by [Vasco Núñez de Balboa \(ca. 1475–1519\)](#); however, Balboa first sighted the Pacific Ocean on September 25, 1513.



centuries ere Balboa's eyes first lit upon it. There were speeches also by the Governor and other Americans, besides one each from a Filipino, a Chinaman, a New Zealander, a Portuguese, an Australian and a Hawaiian. The motive power of the gathering is an organization known as "Hands Across the Pacific" : <sup>53</sup> its object the welding together into one common Brotherhood for Trade and Friendship of all those who dwell by the Pacific Waters.

### Oahu's Kew Gardens

The old Hildebrand Homestead, not three blocks from the heart of the city is a sort of miniature Kew Gardens. <sup>54</sup> It was thither I was drawn by accounts of the many treasures it contains. There is no symmetry about the grounds, perhaps once there was, but now it is a very maze of growth. I saw there the Betelnut Palm, 60 feet of broom stick, straight as an arrow, with a tiny tuft of leaves at the very summit : and the Travellers Palm from which clear fresh water can always be obtained, by making an incision at the base of any one of the branches which spring from close to the ground. I experimented and found it so. There were giant Magnolias full of fragrance, and the Red Ginger : and in another part men busy potting new varieties of trees and flowers which were pouring in from other lands. But of roses, never a one. The truth is there is a beetle which somehow or other has emigrated from Japan to these isles, a night prowler, having a passion for roses, peach and almond trees, which during the day lies hidden in the ground. Until some antidote is found for him, rose culture is practically an impossibility on Oahu. None so far as I can learn have attempted Pot-Pourri <sup>55</sup> here, yet they have ingredients enough to hand. Besides Plumeria, White Ginger and Magnolia, they have the Oleander, Verbena, Syringa, Heliotrope, Stephanotis, and Ylang Ylang from far off Java. I expect that this is far from the end of the list but can only mention what I saw in that emporium of Tree and Flower Land.

Sugar and pineapple play so large a part in the life of these islands that it is not so extraordinary to find both a Hospital and a Nursery set apart for them in Town. Here are to be seen row after row of these plants, each one a different kind, carefully labelled and watched with all possible care. Some are new and others are sick. When a new enemy Parasite is discovered in the fields, hither plant and insect are carried, and the whole world sought over for a devourer of that particular pest. This hospital has already meant the saving of millions of dollars to Oahu's industries; and no expense is spared as to its upkeep and development.

### Of Maidens' Attire

The young Hawaiian maiden follows not her buxom Mother in the use of the Holoku. Her street attire is quite up to date, nor but for her rich brown skin would you know her from her equally modishly

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<sup>53</sup> Alexander Hume Ford (1816–1945), who co-founded the "Hands Across the Pacific" movement, was also responsible for establishing the Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club and initiating the celebration of Balboa Day. He moved to Hawaii in 1907 and it is probable that WWB met him while in Honolulu. See [Hawaiian Prophet: Alexander Hume Ford](#) by Valerie Noble (1980).

<sup>54</sup> The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, usually referred to as [Kew Gardens](#), is in southwest London, England. The [Foster Botanical Garden](#), in Honolulu, was first planted in 1853 by the German physician and botanist, [William Hillebrand \(1821–1886\)](#).

<sup>55</sup> [Potpourri](#) is a mixture of dried, naturally fragrant plant material, used to provide a gentle natural scent inside buildings.



dressed white sister. Yet I cannot help but think what a far step from that of her great grandmama whose only covering was the Pau or loin cloth made from the bark of the mama-ke tree, yet it was ample. Did the tree win the title, or did the title name the tree? The strips of bark were united by overlapping the edges, beating them together and glazing them with a kind of resin. Five of these cloths were used joined together which were wound round the waist and reached below the knee. But women of the Court went one better than Bark. In the Bishop Museum I saw a Golden Feathered Pau a good twelve yards in length. What the lady must have felt and looked like when that stretch was wrapped around her on a broiling day, one can but faintly imagine. But even she was excelled by the Queen who had seventy-two yards of orange and scarlet material wrapped o'er her portly waist till with her arms outstretched, not the most fervid courtier could reach so far as to be able to kiss her dainty hand. Yet note that at that time on Oahu, crinolines <sup>56</sup> were the rage at Home.

Two hundred nightgowns (Holokus) marching through Town was the sight that met my eyes as I entered the City proper on a festal day. Each buxom lady was adorned over the shoulders with a crimson and gold cape (an Ahuula) and a wreath of flowers across her forehead, another round her neck. They sang soft melodies as they went, and two by two wended their way to an Exhibition of Ancient Hawaiian Wares. 'Twas a pretty sight.

## Tramping

The Island of Oahu can be traversed in three laps, each distinct. There is the West side, which the Railroad monopolizes, skirting the edge of the Mountains so close to the sea that there is no room for road. This lap ends at the North end of the island at Haleiwa, <sup>57</sup> where there is an Hotel. This is a trip of some fifty miles. The second lap is the Auto road which runs clear up the centre of the Island to Haleiwa then turning to the East completes the North run and heading South finds its way back to Honolulu by the East Coast and the Pali. This is a trip of some ninety miles. The third lap is one which the man on foot alone can fully do. It runs round the Southern end of the Island and starting from Honolulu meets the autoist at the foot of the same Pali. This is a trip of some thirty miles. That I might know Oahu from end to end I covered the three of them, began with the South, then took the West adding to it the tramp not up but down the Central Plateau, and left to the last the East side and the North.

## Oahu's South <sup>58</sup>

The southern tramp was an all day hike and full of interest. Starting early I made off to the Koko Crater where is a great Wireless Station and not far off a Fishpond which rents at seven thousand dollars a year, and bespeaks a vast aquarium of fish. These ponds are arms of the sea dammed off, and here fish are preserved for the market. Thence by a rough road I made my way up to the Lighthouse of Makapuu Point whence I could see the top of that vast crater on Maui Isle as well as

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<sup>56</sup> [Crinoline](#) was originally a stiff fabric that first appeared around 1830, but by 1850, the word had come to mean a stiffened petticoat or rigid skirt-shaped structure of steel designed to support the skirts of a woman's dress into the required shape.

<sup>57</sup> [Haleiwa, Hawaii](#). WWB has *Haliewa* here and elsewhere.

<sup>58</sup> See also Tale #55, *Of Oahu Island (O-r-hoo) (I)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

the islands of Molokai and Lanai. Here are three keepers (one a fellow Londoner) all comfortably housed in separate homes. I was taken over the Lighthouse; and its workings were explained to me. Then I climbed down, but not by road, the rather over lava rock with a wicked drop on my right. One mile of lava rock is equal, in my mind, to five miles level walking. Reaching the beach, I made my way through scrub and arid waste to Wai-man-a-lo, a sugar plantation. I tramped right through the heart of it, and the heat was stifling with the tall canes, far above my head on either side, keeping out the breeze. At the mill I found a colony of over 200, all engaged in the business; a school for the droves of children, as well as a store or two. This is that valley which I saw from the steamer. Then I had to climb out of it through more sugar, and to twist and turn with the road as it winds its way through a spur of the main ridge, with many a pineapple farm on either hand. From where I struck the main road it was easy going. The climb up to the Pali is all concrete laid with a wall of the same on the outer edge (280 thousand dollars were spent on six miles here), a truly magnificent piece of work. At the Gap itself the Trade Wind was on its best behaviour and I had no need to grasp the wire rope. Now all the way was down grade, and a kindly Providence here threw in a Shower Bath free gratis. It was very welcome. Down it came and right to the skin it reached (we are but thinly clad in Tropic Lands) nor were towels needed, for once again the sun, and everything was dry. There was no need to sing me to sleep that night.

Ere I took the railway, I rounded off more fully the Southern end, for I had espied a charming little bay under Koko Head, some ten miles out of Town and I must needs investigate. Its foreshore I found was owned by a group of men who had put a Tabu on all visitors. But I got busy, pulled a wire or two, and soon became a privileged party. For me the bars were to go down, the Tabu was lifted. Thither therefore I went, armed with a note to the Jap in charge, a note written in his own tongue, so that I knew not if it might not be to set the dogs upon me if I overstayed, or to kill the fatted calf on my approach. I found a bay, in shape, like a balloon, with its narrow end the outlet to the sea where the great waves dashed clear over the rocks on either side of its entrance; a sandy beach with a lazy sea lapping it; for the reef across its middle bore all the roughness away. A Bungalow for the owners and a shack for the Jap. By a narrow and winding path I made my way down the cliff to the little haven, and found Mr., Mrs. And Master Jap at home. Whether it was the note or their own household's needs, I know not, but soon after my arrival when I was resting on a log, the little family came along with a net a-fishing bent. I was an interested spectator of the hunt. The brown folk with their spidery legs bare to the thigh marched into the water and looked. Attaining a safe height I also looked. I saw nothing but they saw their dinner shimmering before their sharper eyes. The net was some forty feet long, a great canvas bag in the centre with a large mouth into which they dropped two stones. On either side of the bag was about twenty feet of sail cloth a foot wide. Gathering it all up, they walked single file into the spot they had chosen for their cast. With a quick movement the man walked away from the woman, turned shorewards and swept the net into the water. At once the woman began drawing her end towards the man, and I could see the bag in a flash alive with movement. Drawing it to land they emptied the contents into a box, and in that one haul had enough fish to keep them going for days. They said "Low tide, small fish : high tide, big". It was low, and they were of sardine size. The man gathered up the net and walked off : calmly leaving his little mate to heave the box on her shoulder and march home behind her Lord. When I presented the pair with an orange, his tiny little eyes closed tight with joy, and his grin reached from ear to ear. After a laze, I left them, to wander homewards in a blazing sun, past dairy farms and apiaries, with Waikiki Beach and its surf riders as my reward at the end thereof. Thus added I Hanauma Bay and Quick Eats fishing to my bag of knowledge.

## Oahu's West and North <sup>59</sup>

The railway was now due. I made my way thus to the north end of the Island reaching Haleiwa with its hostelry, whence I headed south on foot down the Central Plateau, thus covering by rail and foot some ninety miles. The train journey was delightful. The line is a narrow gauge, and the engine being an oil burner, I escaped both dust and smoke and saw all that was to be seen on the way. As we made first for Pearl Harbour we passed through the Honolulu Sugar Plantation, then circled round the great sheet of water where Uncle Sam is expending twenty million dollars. There were Battleships at rest, and the huge Drydock, the Wireless Station and lofty cranes, and above us circled many aeroplanes, like monstrous gadflies shimmering in the sun. Now we came to salt beds, and fish ponds, banana groves and rice fields, the latter gay with an army of banners flying in the wind to keep the birds off the fast ripening plants. The Mountain Range which we were nearing was a striking sight, its rugged peaks and heather mixtured sides of red and brown ever changing hue as sunshine or cloud played upon them. Up into every valley headed the sugar cane; and the mills with their lofty stacks were going at full blast; while here and there a church spire was seen. Then we came to the great sugar plantations of "Oahu" and "Ewa". The scene changed at Sisal where rope is made from the plant of that name, the fibre of which is like flax : and as if man had not enough already to occupy him, we came to cotton fields — at present but an experiment.

Now we reached the southern tip of the Western <sup>60</sup> Range and were hemmed in close between the Mountains and the sea, but only for a few miles. Before the Waianae Sugar Plantation came into view, at the little Settlement itself, we came to a halt. Here is a beach of purest sand, not a rock to be seen, a long stretch shaped like a crescent. Looking up at the Mountains at the back one had to own them a forbidding looking lot, with the highest peak on the Island among them, now the only home left to the wild goat and the pig, the roving cattle, the turkey and the dove. The only break in the whole range is here, a sudden low cleft through which runs a trail (no road as yet) leading to the very heart of the Island, Wahiawa. Then come Makua and its Barking Sands. They are only to be found on these Islands and Scientists have come from far to study this strange thing. At a distance they look no different from any other sand, but they are really minute shells or rather capsules, which under certain conditions (and only under such), a grade of dampness in the air, and the wind from a certain quarter, will explode under pressure and give out a sound like the bark of a dog. <sup>61</sup>

Now we ran for miles along the edge of the rocks up the West side of Oahu, none hotter or drier part than this the whole year round, till at Kaena Point where there is a lighthouse, we took a sharp turn, and were at once on the North Side of the Island. There is a broad level ledge of land all along this North end, so the railway has no difficulty. Once we had swung round the last spur of the range we came upon another great Sugar Plantation, that of Waialua. Haleiwa is but a step further, where I left the train to find a lovely half mile beach of sand, a river running in at one end, and on the bank of the stream an up to date Hotel embowered in trees and palms and shrubbery, with wide portico and Lanai where all meals are served. <sup>62</sup>

After lunch and a stroll around to get my bearings, I went off to find my Druidical Remains. I understood that both a City of Refuge and a Temple were in the neighbourhood, though I was warned that both had felt the ravages of wrath and Time (in 1820 just a century ago they had fallen, together with Idolatry) and that the first named was mighty hard to reach. I found it so. It was five miles further

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<sup>59</sup> See also Tale #56, *Of Oahu Island (2)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>60</sup> WWB has *Eastern*.

<sup>61</sup> [Wahiawa](#), [Makūa](#).

<sup>62</sup> [Waialua](#).

on, upon Waimea Headland, and a stiff, long winding climb to reach the summit. But it was worth it, The Refuge known by the melodious name of Puu O Mahuka <sup>63</sup> has now only its outer walls standing, the grass houses within the enclosure are gone : but what a site. It is almost at the brow of the Promontory, a sharp drop of some 700 feet to the level land below, and the sea a half mile off. There were other Cities of Refuge but this one served for the North when the land below, now so thinly peopled, was alive with natives. He who sought Refuge here from the Vengeance close behind him, had to bestir himself to get to safety. Those natives must have been as goats for climbing. A river runs down a deep gulch on one side, but how they got the water up and other necessary supplies passes my understanding. At the back there is a vast stretch of high table land now covered with pineapple : indeed this fruit grows up to the very walls, and Japs were busy hoeing all around. There are two enclosures, together some hundred yards in length by fifty wide, not running parallel, but one touching a corner of the other and then advancing further towards the Headland. Perhaps the Priests lived in one, the Refugees (till certain rites had been performed and they could go forth safe and free) in the other. The walls are now about four feet high, but judging by the fallen stones when the place was wrecked, I should say that they may have been originally full twice that height.

The Temple or Heiau (why not have added an O and so used all the vowels) known as Kupo-polo, some eighty yards by thirty yards in size I found on the flat below, a mile or more away on my way back. It nestled under a high bank, and a long wall 300 feet away kept out intruders. A tangled maze of shrubbery made approach no easy task. The outer walls are clear, but the stone altars are no more. It looks as if a cyclone had struck it, and from all accounts, when the doom of Heathenism was sounded, the natives and priests themselves, went at wrecking with a will. They levelled everything but the outside walls and the main dividing one; and even these they half destroyed. When one recalls the appalling shedding of human blood which took place within that coral enclosure none can regret that its nemesis came.

### Oahu's Central Plateau

The 5:30 a.m. whistle of a mill calling men and women to the fields aroused me, and breakfast over I set out early. Now I faced South with thirty miles to go and Honolulu at the end. No narrow, dusty road, but a broad, well oiled one for autos all the way, a joy to walk upon, not a loose stone nor sign of dust, the first seven miles all up grade, but a gently rising slope, with shady trees (in chief the Ironwood) till the high plateau is reached, these trees on either side, planted in perfect line throughout. Sugarcane all the way, and gorgeous golden gadflies for companions. Now came the Pineapple Plantations. Once on the Height of Land the whole country lay before me. Far as the eye could reach there were endless miles of pineapples. All day it was either they or sugar. I saw enough of them to surfeit my sight for a life time. There is no wonder to me, now, in the Official Statement that 600,000 tons of sugar and six million cases of pineapples are exported year by year. There are great fissures in this Central plateau, but even here man will not let Nature rest : down the banks and all along the bottoms fruit or cane are growing. The whole country alive with husbandry. In the cane fields, some weeding, others burning, train loads moving to the mills : in the pineapple fields horses singly ploughing between the rows, many gathering the fruit in sacks, and auto trucks bearing it off in boxes piled high with the golden fruit.

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<sup>63</sup> [Pu'u o Mahuka](#)

It is a wonderful sight in that country between the two ranges, with its endless fields and the broad trunk road cutting them in twain, and the autos tearing along, some northward bound, and as many south. Thus twelve miles passed ere I noticed it, and I was at Wahiawa, with its four mile Reservoir and the vast Schofield Barracks, and in the very heart of the Island of Oahu. What the object is in placing such an Aldershot <sup>64</sup> in such a spot, I know not. Here is accommodation for 30,000 men. Here are battalions of Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry. Huge buildings, great plains for drilling, small buildings, numberless, tennis courts and baseball grounds, a city in itself, hidden away, yet has its railway line running direct to Honolulu. These soldiers were truly an agreeable change from the endless vista of waving masses of sugar, or the stiff cactus-looking plants of the pineapple. On this went, mile after mile, till it became almost oppressive and I was glad ere full darkness came to hie me to a spur of the main line, and wait for the little train to pick me up and land me safe in Honolulu.

I learned some things that day. Sugar needs Irrigation, whilst pineapple requires only the gentle dew from heaven. There is no room for the small man in either industry in Oahu. The big Corporations will indeed buy, and buy fairly, the produce of the small man, but for white men there is no possible living to be made. No white man could work his own fields, the heat would prostrate him, and the price of labour is high. No alien can homestead land, and other land is at a price which eliminates all profit. To even purchase Stock in the great companies is not easy. The present holders want no better investment of their money, they have but to lie back and draw huge dividends whilst the Jap does their work for them in the fields. The exclusion of the Jap would spell ruin for Oahu.

### Oahu's East and North

One lap of the Island still was left ere I had circled Oahu, that lap from Honolulu to Haleiwa by the East Coast. I would fain have walked the whole of the fifty miles but there are roads and roads. The East side is very showery, the Trade Winds bring up the clouds from the sea, and hurl them against the range where they break : and they were road making, which meant deep mud. Just as the Central road is magnificent so was the Eastern road just then deplorable. I used sane judgment therefore, and took refuge in an Auto Bus which covers the first thirty miles : and mixed up with Japs and Chinamen, with women kind and children many, whom we dropped every now and then en route, I reached Hauula, my arms aching from having to cling on like grim death hour after hour, to keep myself from being shot out into the mud. The still lighter folk had a sorry time, they oft left much space between their seat and themselves as they rose to the roof. The Chinese friend a near me smoked an abominable mixture that gave forth an odour of burning leather, and at the same time never ceased a chatter with me which left even a Yankee orator far behind as to both rapidity and eloquence. At times we deviated into the fields where the way was narrow, and to pass vehicles no sinecure. Once indeed we made our way up the bed of a stream with a flooring of rocks : but nothing fazed our driver, who whenever opportunity served broke all laws as to speed and took the wildest chances at sharp curves. He too was Chinese. <sup>65</sup>

From the city was made for Kaneohe on the opposite side of the Island : from there we headed North, with the sea on our right hand all the way. Kaneohe was Voting. The Primaries or Preliminary contest for the Territorial Parliament was on — and as women for the first time were casting their ballots, the

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<sup>64</sup> [Aldershot](#) is a town in the English county of Hampshire, located about 60 km southwest of London. Aldershot is known for its connection with the British Army. This led to rapid growth from a small village to a Victorian town, and today it is known as the “Home of the British Army”.

<sup>65</sup> [Hau‘ula](#)

hamlet was alive with them. They had evidently put on their Sunday Best, and Holokus both white and black were everywhere. It was a case too of low shoes and Nature's own brown stockings, no need of hosiery. The fact that a woman's name was on the ticket (a thing unheard of, and still to be debated in the Courts of Law) doubtless brought out so great a crowd. She won. <sup>66</sup>

There are underwater Coral Gardens, and an amazing fish life to be seen here, then we passed on through Banana groves to Waiahole where there is a large pineapple factory, for here the valleys are covered with that fruit. Here too is a three mile tunnel bored through the Range to carry water up to the Central Plateau, and the pipe three feet through, looks like a great black snake as it crawls up and down the hills, bearing the precious fluid. This village is where we lunched. No dainty meal served on faultless linen on a luxurious porch, but in the precincts of a Chinese General Country Store, where you choose your meat, behold it cut, watch it fry, then sit you down on a bench to eat with all sorts and conditions of man, each evidently striving to complete their meal the quickest. I was the last.

Waikane, the next village, is the most charming I have seen on all the isle, it has an Old World look about it which sent me back to parts of the Sussex Coast before the days of Tourists and of Trippers. From thence to Hauula there is no more picturesque stretch on Oahu. The mountains at the back with their deep furrows clothed in green of varied hues by reason of their diversity of trees and shrubs; the "white water" in almost unbroken line, the fields where cattle graze, and every now and then a Church with its little turret or a pretty bungalow peeping out upon you, the School Houses and the quaint looking children on the way home from lessons; the water buffaloes who count ten between every step they take as they plough up the rice fields; Kahana Bay round which we swept, hemmed in by hills, and at its head a stretch of park land; even the ruins of an old mill looked artistic, and Hauula itself at last, with its country Inn where mine host, a Swiss, and his good wife, a Belgian, received one cordially, and where are to be found good company, "good eats", and beds of down embowered in mosquito net. I arrived at an interesting time, when a case of Atavism was to be seen within a stone's throw of the hostel, for the natives had slipped back to the ways of their forefathers in the brave Pagan days of old. They were holding a Jamboree over the body of a dead man. The pig had been slain and was a roasting, the contraband "Oko" was on tap, singing and jubilation had taken the place of wailing, and the circle of men and women outside the shack, under the Banana grove, sat far into the night. At dawn the body, encased in a rough coffin made on the premises, was lifted into a waggon, the mourners climbed up and sat on the sides of the cart, the Jehu <sup>67</sup> called aloud "All aboard" and thus hied they to the burial.

Here are some so called Sacred Falls, with a pool at the foot, and fourteen Stations or natural Stone Altars on its way to the sea. It is not easy going, up or down, as the way is narrow, and there is naught for it but to get into the stream. Here leaves are placed on each altar with a stone to keep them from departing suddenly, as this Way of the Cross is made. The appeal is said to be to some god of old who took refuge here from the wrath of Pele who was hunting him over hill and dale with her volcanic fire and ashes : perhaps when Koko Head blew off, and all fled for their lives into the clefts of the rocks.

Now forth I tramped, sugar once more all the way, and a sun which would fain burn you up, past Laie and Kahuku : a pleasant stroll of many miles, for the road was good. Along my route was Blue Grass to be seen as in Kentucky, and of course many a horse ranch : and at Laie the Mormon Settlement of Hawaiians : for both this peculiar creed as well as Christian Science, New Thought and Pentecostal Mission have found on Oahu congenial soil and many followers. Just as I saw in Salt Lake, so here :

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<sup>66</sup> [Kaneohe](#)

<sup>67</sup> [Jehu](#) was a king of Israel in the 9<sup>th</sup> century BC.



with the Mormon's usual thriftiness, broad avenues, neat cottages, well trimmed lawns, and luxuriance of flowers, ferns and all manner of tropical trees. The very birds seemed to pipe more strenuously than elsewhere on Oahu. Much carefully tended Taro, and men pounding Poi; everybody busy; a thing strange for Hawaiians who now have grown so weary that they look to the Chinese to grow their Taro for them, and to catch their fish. And in the centre of the Settlement is their Temple, of some ancient kind of architecture, surrounded by gardens laid out by one who has made landscape gardening the study of a lifetime. If there were more like settlements of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the native race would not be dying out, for in work, not laziness, is life.<sup>68</sup>

Kahuku at the North East corner of the Island has a Marconi Wireless Station : twenty-four masts towering towards the sky. Nearby is a huge sign to tell you that from here you can send your messages to America or China as you will. Here I dropped in at a large Plantation Store served by three young white men of the better class, sitting on the counter, twirling their thumbs to keep them busy. Where boys are sent that they may become better men, came next in view; the Industrial School far from all temptation, a rustication in very truth. Now but a few miles more and Waimea hove in sight, the site of that City of Refuge that I had already climbed to, where a halt was called and whence towards evening the railway bore me home, down the West coast. Oahu had become an open book to me.

## Wizardry

The Kahunas of old (the priests and medicine men) were wizards indeed. Their "Praying to death" was no fanciful dream, explain it how we may. So had they worked upon the people for many generations that once man or woman knew that they had been marked a victim, they collapsed and wilted fast to death. And more : it did not require that anyone should know that they had been marked for death — there was a subconscious treatment, almost unbelievable 'tis true, but cases are too well known to doubt. There was the white man married to a native girl who from perfect health began to droop. He could not account for it. He called in a white doctor to his aid. The latter in his diagnosis found that there was nothing wrong, and surmized the true cause. He discovered that another woman had through jealousy paid heavily in kind for the Kahuna's services. It was ticklish work but the doctor approached the Medicine Man and boldly offered him much gold to stay proceedings. This could not be done unless a substitute was found. To the Chinese, money is more than life — to leave a competency for their kith and kin is their supreme object. A Chinaman was found, who for much gold accepted, and in a few months died; the Native girl recovering and living long.

John Young, our old time pioneer, beat a Kahuna at his own craft and game. The King's favour to this white man roused jealousy, and at length murder in many hearts. They dared not openly attack him because the King would surely wreak his vengeance. So they sought out a Kahuna to pray him to death. The King got wind of it and acquainted Young. Forthwith he tracked the Wizard to the hills where he had built his Praying House and had begun his incantations. The Sailor built himself a similar one and notified the Medicine Man that he purposed setting to work to pray him in his turn, to death. So great is the power of will that the wizard becoming convinced that the white man had the greater power, collapsed; dying in short order. Young had no further trouble.

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<sup>68</sup> [Laie](#). [Kahuku](#).

## A Forced Comparison

Broad of creed I had already heard High Mass for natives at the Roman Cathedral. There was the packed congregation, reverent, in dead earnest, all hearts beating in that perfect union of thought, belief and feeling which is one of the glories as also the powers of that Faith. A cassocked orator in the pulpit, no laboured discourse, his words in the unknown tongue flowing like a river. Then once more the worship proper, the bent knee, the deep hush save for the voice at the far off Altar as he turned with his “Oramus”, <sup>69</sup> or the choir pouring forth rich melody from the gallery behind. Then the tinkling of the cluster bells, once, twice and yet again, and the Silence that can be felt — at the moment of the Host Uplifted. Then a thousand stood, strong in the faith and praise of Him in Whom they believe : and kneeling again for their benediction, rose, each to go their several ways, content in the thought that they had given due and orderly worship to their Maker.

I walked over to the old Coral Church, the rock hewn edifice raised through the efforts of that brave band of earnest men and women who jeopardized their lives a century ago to bring that Light “to Lighten the Gentiles” which lay as a duty upon their souls. In place of the Altar, a large organ high up; and in front of it the choir of men and women; below these a dais set with palms and ferns, with a Reading Desk to the fore. A line of dark skinned Deacons entered, followed by the Native Minister, white haired, white waistcoated with ample gold chain for his fob, and with him a white woman. These two on the dais alone. The congregation not by any means reverent, whispering, chattering, moving in and out at any and all times. None knelt, they either stood or lolled back in their seats. Hymns joined in well by all, an anthem by the choir most excellent; the Part Singing true — the Altos beautiful. During the first address a Collection made (without the least disturbing the Speaker) in long handled crimson bags. Then rose the woman, a “Down East” Yankee by her speech, which was in English : not eloquent, to many “wells” and “buts”. Her attire, a loose silk blouse and dilapidated straw hat. Then another address by the man, a torrent of words and much animation : a Doxology <sup>70</sup> (sung), this last the very best, for it was soft and low. All stood as it floated o’er the spacious nave : and we dispersed. That service failed utterly to impress. Here sat Kings and Queens in days gone by, in grandiose pews at the back, soft cushioned and with Tablets of their predecessors on the wall behind. They were sincere but they have passed and with them the fervour of their new found creed. The nave of the great Church is now but half filled, the galleries wholly empty, the older natives conspicuous by their absence, the younger folk in measure held, but these not serious. It looks as if there will be still further wanderings to other Folds or None — unless there be a revival of the old time ardour which those pioneers of Christianity from far off Boston so powerfully aroused.

Men say that the Hawaiian is a dying Race. Fortunate then are those who shall pass in and out among them before that end comes, for they are an enjoying folk and those of whom a pleasant memory abides. It is so with me, and Oahu I shall ne’er forget, the Isle of Sugar and Pineapple, of Cocoanut and Palm.

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<sup>69</sup> Latin: *We pray*.

<sup>70</sup> A [doxology](#) is a short hymn of praises to God in various Christian worship services, often added to the end of canticles, psalms, and hymns.

## IN THE HURRICANE BELT

To pass over that “imaginary line running round the centre of the earth”, the dream of childhood : to cross the International Date Line where Time jumps four and twenty hours at a bound, so that a whole day is lost to you, unless you retrieve it by making the circuit of the globe : to have a taste of the Doldrums, that space of vacant breeze between the Northern and the Southern Trade Winds, which sometimes is a stretch of one hundred miles, and yet again is not at all but instead a storm of wind and rain battling overhead where the two winds meet and fight it out : these are some of the incidents met with as one makes that long passage South, from Oahu to the Land of the Maoris under the Southern Cross. The Merchantman and the Man of War alone nowadays greet King Neptune in his true Domain — The Line. The rough boisterousness of the Barbering and the Ducking is not becoming to the present day luxurious passenger on the Liner. Therefore it is not easy to grasp that one is poised upon the supreme bulge of the earth’s crust. There is the same sun, the same heat, the same illimitable waters, but the Daily Chart tells the tale and imagination does the rest. Once passed — we begin to think of entering amongst those Thousand Islands of the South Seas of which so much has been written since the White Race first roamed amongst them. Men say there is a Lure of the Tropics, would that lure descend upon us, or leave us unscathed — Time would decide.

### The Run To Fiji

Our course lay straight for Fiji, but ere we reached that ‘halting’ spot we had to thread our way through many Groups. The days pass, and the hot nights too : and at last, something else than sea appears as the eye roams wistfully over the watery waste — Canton Island, <sup>71</sup> one of the Phoenix Group, all low coral islands, these surrounded by reefs — otherwise known as Atolls : the first break in over 1000 miles. At a distance, it appeared like a band of glittering gold in the horizon — this because of the blazing sun playing on the combers as they broke over the coral. When we grew closer, we saw its shape, an oval, some nine miles long, the width of the sand varying from 50 to 600 yards, a cocoanut tree here and there, looking very lonesome : some brushwood too : great Frigate birds flying overhead with the slaves, the Booby gulls, in attendance nearby. We passed close to the entrance to the lagoon (within the latter a huge expanse of turquoise colored water, calm and most inviting), a narrow space the entrance, and drawing little water. Here a British ship found her grave in the long ago, and there remain two deserted huts close by, put up by the wrecked mariners. Who picked them up one wonders, for few ships then passed that way. Happily there is fresh water to be found, a thing not always to be secured on these weird rock circlets rising out of the depths.

There is thirty miles of water between Canton and other atolls of the group and none of the rest did we see. That night we passed through the waterway which divided the Ellice Group from the Tokelau, both of which are inhabited. <sup>72</sup> Five hundred miles from Canton we came in day time to the Horne Group <sup>73</sup> (under French Protectorate). We passed Futuna with its Mountain Peak 2500 feet high. Houses and sheds, native huts and Churches. Then Alofi appeared, rising 1200 feet out of the Sea. What with banks and currents; and shoals some of which are not even above the sea level, a well as

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<sup>71</sup> [Kanton Island](#) is the largest, northernmost, and as of 2007, the sole inhabited island of the Phoenix Islands, in the [Republic of Kiribati](#). It is an atoll located in the South Pacific Ocean roughly halfway between Hawaii and Fiji.

<sup>72</sup> [Tuvalu](#) was formerly known as the Ellice Islands. [Tokelau](#) is a territory of New Zealand.

<sup>73</sup> The [Hoorn Islands](#), including [Futuna](#) and [Alofi](#), are one of the two island groups of the French overseas collectivity of [Wallis and Futuna](#).

the disturbance of the compass due to magnetic minerals in the bed of the sea under the ship, any captain has an anxious time, as he threads his way through these many dangers. But what think the majority of passengers of that : their aim seems to be but to eat, drink and be merry. Concerts and dances, mock marriages and deck games fill out their time.

Now no more sight of land till Fiji; and meanwhile we skipped a day, for we had reached the 180<sup>th</sup> meridian, the antipodes of Greenwich. We went to sleep on Thursday night and found it Saturday upon awakening. And with that day upon us we entered Suva.<sup>74</sup> All the day we had threaded our way under a glorious sun, the rich verdure of the islands of this Group a delight to the eyes.

### The Fiji Group

We passed Vanua Levu (Great Land), the second largest island of the Group, with the little island of Ovalau nestling under it on which is Levuka, the old time capital where the first settlement of whites took place in 1835 and which held its own till Suva's more commodious harbour and easier approach bore off the prize in 1882 : but today Levuka is far from moribund; its foundations were too well laid for that. It boasts, amongst other things, of schools both Public and Private equal to any elsewhere found in the South Seas.<sup>75</sup>

Then Viti Levu (Great Fiji) loomed up, the largest island of this group, with its four thousand square miles of land and today alive with industry. Besides the sugar, the cocoanut and the banana Plantations, there is rice and tobacco, rubber and Indian corn, coffee, oranges and vanilla, tea and cocoa, pearl-shell and turtle, not forgetting *bêche-de-mer* — a sea slug highly prized as a table delicacy in China.

Tasman<sup>76</sup> beheld Fiji, the first of white men, in 1643, but found no safe anchorage; other as daring seamen followed him, but it was a party of escaped convicts from Australia who first settled down among the savage natives upon Ovalau. Not a promising outlook one would think, but Levuka grew and prospered and is still the centre of Fiji's copra trade.

Time was, when no white man dared to go into those hills which we were fast approaching. They were homes of tribes ever at war with one another, each penned up in their narrow confines. But now the white man rules and the natives are content to have it so. There is justice for all, and the policy has ever been to govern in accordance with the usages of the Fijians so far as possible. Still the Family Council is held : then there is the Village Council, after that the District Council, then steps in the Provincial. The Chiefs still retain their rank, and ancient title of Roko Tui. They are responsible to the Governor for their respective Districts. Today those one time savages would be hard to beat as a law abiding community. Our possession today — but not accepted willingly. Now that we know their value commercially, politically, strategically, we wonder at the gross stupidity of our Leaders in the years gone by who had to be forced to extend the boundaries of the Empire into these far off seas. We lost Tahiti and others when we could have had them, not even for the asking, so willing were the natives to come under the Flag : and through the war we have got hold of Samoa at long last after its many vicissitudes. Polynesia is now practically ours (save Hawaii and Tahiti, the Marquesas and the

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<sup>74</sup> [Suva, Fiji.](#)

<sup>75</sup> [Levuka, Fiji.](#)

<sup>76</sup> [Abel Janszoon Tasman \(1603–1659\)](#)

Paumotu) but we badly bungled Melanesia (which stretches from Fiji to New Guinea) : and the best half of Micronesia is gone for good (first to the Germans, and now to the Japs).

Fiji is Melanesian, the darkest skinned race of the three, negroid and warlike. Tasman lit on them in 1643 but did not like the look of the natives, nor did Cook in 1773. Cannibalism was rife to a late day. Here reigned Cakambau,<sup>77</sup> that very real person of the Story Books, “The King of the Cannibal Islands”. Fiji was a name to be feared among mariners, for the natives were known to take great gastronomic delight in “long pig” in contradistinction to him of four short legs and a squeal, indigenous to most of these Islands of the Pacific since Cook first set his ancestors ashore. Fiji lies in the cyclonic belt along with Cook<sup>78</sup> and Tonga — Samoa too — and has a yearly brush with the elements, when it is wise to run in place of arguing, and seek shelter in the holes and caves of the earth if such can be found nearby. The Fijis are Mountainous, well watered, many forested, coral belted, they enjoy boiling springs and earthquakes. Here are 60,000 Hindoo coolies, employed under Indenture, i.e., to be duly returned from whence they came. They are restless, and the whites of whom there are but 5000 go oft in fear of an uprising. The Fijians of which there are 80,000 give no trouble. Since he has been missionized his bellicoseness has evaporated. His energy however does not extend to steady work. His main aim in life seems to be hair-dressing. His head gear is a marvel. A pompadour of crinky hair, a guardsman’s busby; which lies like a huge mop up his pate, dyed oft times to red (his favorite colour) or golden brown or even white. He and his womankind took kindly to garments from the first. A shirt and a kilt of linen for him; any old kind of dress for her, neither affecting any footwear. The first Missionaries were Wesleyans and they lead in converts today. The Romanists had much difficulty here as elsewhere to get a footing. This being a Crown Colony, the Anglican has its following among the elite.

A Barrier Reef rising far out from the land encircles Viti Levu, thus leaving a glorious stretch of quiet sea of loveliest hue between itself and the shore. We entered Suva through a fairly wide break of an inner reef, beacons on either side. Yet many a ship falls by the way, for we passed wrecks here and there, one even at the harbour mouth, where master mariners had met their match.

## Suva

Suva with its two miles wide harbour looks very pretty from the water, its red roofed residences dotted about on the green hillside, but it lacks progressiveness. Probably the Municipal Fathers were short of funds. There is a Main Street but the stores are meanly housed, a look of a frontier town of the wild west about the place : yet it boasts a Carnegie Library, a solid Post Office Building, a large hotel and a resident Grammar School for the whites, where many boys of junior age were seen with a school cap to distinguish them. A mile along the shore is the Botanical Garden with its profusion of tropical trees, bushes and plants, and nearby a goodly well-kept piece of ground many acres in extent, Cricket was in full swing, a Pavilion well attended. The players were all whites. Perhaps no aboriginies allowed; for the game has its disadvantages when taken up by the natives of these isles, and has had to have formal edicts issued against it. In Samoa and in Tonga all work stopped, whilst 100 played upon a side and a game lasted for weeks. Then came the order that cricket must be restricted to one day a week, under grievous pains and penalties for disobedience. But such games are the saving of

<sup>77</sup> [Ratu Seru Epenisa Cakobau \(1815–1883\)](#)

<sup>78</sup> WWB is referring to the Cook Islands.

the young white clerks and officials : they keep up health and spirits, and prevent the deadly dangers of isolation. Hence it was good to see many Tennis Courts in active operation.

Everywhere there was color through the abundance of Hibiscus and Croton bushes; jasmine was running riot over the houses; gardenia scented the air; the purple blooms of the Bougainvillea covered many a wall; whilst, almost a weed, one saw on all sides the Mimosa, that freak plant which shrinks from your touch as if frightened, and nightly rolls itself up, nor opens till the morning sun appears.

Here Churches have to think essentially of windows as ventilation rather than opportunities for embellishment of the building, walls are broken from plate to floor to let in the air, and by windows, with heavy venetian blinds, to ward off the elements if need be.

The Hindoo very much in evidence : the men small headed and of lightest build, the very opposite to the befrizzled and husky Fijian; their women robed in white or yellow of gauzy texture with gold ringlets in their nostrils, bracelets on their ankles and many rings adorning their toes. Their children exceptionally pretty with wonderful eyes and oft times finely chiselled features.

The Fijian as a longshoreman is fine, indeed next to the Niuean he is the most active and industrious of all these Southern Islanders : but as a tiller of the soil, he is, like the rest of them, the rankest of failure. He works fast at his specialty, his greatest strength telling : freight both coming and going is eaten up by him as if by magic : and all this for one dollar a day — with unlimited food of ship's biscuit, potatoes and salthorse <sup>79</sup> thrown in. Work done and cash in hand, no more work for him : he retires to drink Kava and laze till the next ship makes port. His physique is splendid : and it fascinates to watch him, naked save a loin cloth wound about him, his great shoulders and chest of chocolate hue, bending and heaving at his task. When the Fijian and the other native groups take to boots, there is going to be a new type of shoe in the boot trade. Long ages have developed in them an enormous foot, with the toes so wide spread that they are like another pair of hands. To watch a native climb a cocoanut tree to reach the fruit is to see that his feet are as good as hands, grasping and holding with the grip of steel.

## Headed South

Leaving Suva, we were soon passing Beqa, the island of Fire walkers, a tribe possessing and still practicing the secret of walking upon red hot stones with perfect impunity.

Then Kadavu, the most southern of the Group, some forty miles in length with Mount Washington rising in its midst, its summit hidden in the clouds. Very close to the encircling reef we passed , so close that the thatched homes of the natives buried amid banana groves and the gardens where workers were busy, were as if we walked amongst them. Here was the last point of land, none more till New Zealand loomed ahead.

No waters the whole world over usually more riotous or inhospitable than those we now entered : the mighty sweep from the Antarctic giving free rein to wind and billow. Yet it is not always in bad humour and such a happy temper was our lot. A few hours tossing and then such a sea for smoothness as the most indifferent sailor could but welcome. We were out of the Tropics before another 1000 miles were notched; and though the sun shone out, there was a nip in the air which called now for the

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<sup>79</sup> [Salt-cured meat](#) or salted meat.



warmer clothing of the Temperate Zone, and told us that we were approaching that far off haven we had set out for. And so it was : for at break of day I stood upon the deck and saw the Land of the Maoris (the home now of over a million whites who swear allegiance to Britain's King) burst through the gloom of night.

## UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS : NEW ZEALAND.

### The Pioneers

New Zealand consists of two Islands, the North and the South, with a tiny appendage below called Stewart or Third Island. The Dominion is famous for its Maoris, its varied scenery, its thermal wonders, its so called advanced legislation, its mutton and its butter. It has four big centres : Auckland and Wellington in the North Island, and Christchurch and Dunedin in the South. Auckland leads in population, numbering nigh 130,000 people and was the first Capital : Wellington being centrally located has now displaced it, and there is a very natural rivalry between these two cities. Christchurch is the City of the Elect, the emporium of the Elite, where the Rough and Ready gives place to the Polished, whose river, the Avon, as it flows slowly and gracefully through the town seems to bespeak the gravity and seriousness of its people. Dunedin is the chief town of a settlement of Scotsmen, who with their usual thoroughness had the plans of the new city drawn out ere ever they left the Home Country. Many are the books which tell of the history of New Zealand. It is enough for us, if we know the essential outlines. Not without struggle, and sufferings bravely borne, and splendid deeds by splendid men, have we come into possession of these Isles. Certain men stand out prominently, Captain Cook, Captain Hobson, Sir George Grey, and nearer to our own times, Premier Seddon. Cook, who may be said to have really discovered them, tho' Tasman first lit upon them a full century before : Hobson who annexed them to the Empire : Grey who loved and served them for a generation : Seddon who rose from the ranks to become one well worthy to take his seat as indeed he did at the Imperial Council Table. <sup>80</sup>

Certain deeds too stand out amongst the many : the old whaling industry, the Maori Wars, the advent of Christianity, and the Magna Carta of Waitangi. Fierce, cruel, ruthless men were those whalers who sought refuge from Antarctic storm or fresh water and supplies in the harbours of the land, but they met their match in the cannibalistic Maori. It was the awakening of the native mind to the unworthy way in which land grabbers had and were cheating them out of their soil which brought about those terrible conflicts when Maori and white man fought. Marsden, the New South Wales Chaplain from the Old Land, first brought the Gospel to these shores, landing in the Bay of Plenty, carrying his life, along with the Bible, in his hands. After him came a line of splendid men, the two Williams brothers, and Selwyn standing out preeminent; the latter a giant of strength and ability, recalled to die as Bishop of Lichfield. In those far off days these islands were to be had by Europe for the picking. It was Hobson of the Royal Navy who gathered together the Chiefs, so far as he was able, at the Bay of Islands, and there swore compact with them in the name of Queen Victoria, assuring them of liberty and protection under the British Flag. It was by a matter of almost hours that he forestalled the French Captain who was sailing at that same time to hoist his Emperor's flag over the South Island. Hobson won. <sup>81</sup>

<sup>80</sup> [James Cook \(1728–1779\)](#). [William Hobson \(1792–1842\)](#). [George Grey \(1812–1898\)](#). [John Seddon \(1845–1906\)](#).

<sup>81</sup> [Samuel Marsden \(1764–1838\)](#). [Henry Williams \(1792–1867\)](#). [William Williams \(1800–1878\)](#). [George Augustus Selwyn \(1809–1878\)](#). WWB was ordained deacon in 1881 and priest in 1882 by George Selwyn's immediate successor as Bishop of Lichfield, [William Dalrymple Maclagan \(1826–1910\)](#).

## Auckland

Auckland lies upon an isthmus, scarce ten miles wide — a narrow neck of land connecting rich lands north and south. Right across the isthmus she stretches in her suburbs — she herself resting on the shore of Waitemata Harbour, whilst her offspring O-ne-hunga nestles on a far larger harbour — Manukau — a magnificent stretch of water, but useless owing to its bar. Auckland faces America, Onehunga, Australia. This isthmus was for centuries the Debateable Land of the Maoris. More battles were fought here between the savages of the North and of the South thereof, than anywhere else in New Zealand. Nature seems to have anticipated these struggles, for dotted about the isthmus are natural strategic heights, standing solitary, each a natural fortress, castles which barred the way, the Pa's of the Maoris, and every one of them could tell a stirring tale. The white man saw the value of the site at once, purchased, located, built a city and the Tamaki Isthmus has since then known Peace. Auckland has its Fetish, it is Rangitoto, an extinct volcano, forming an island at the mouth of the Harbour, a main peak rising high, with a lesser one on either side. As with the Jap it is Fuji, and with the Hawaiian it is Diamond Head, so with the Aucklander it is Rangi all the time.

A climb to the summit of Mount Eden which seemingly rises in the heart of the far flung city gives a panoramic view which is hard to beat. All around at your feet is man's habitation, the factories, the workshops, the schools, the churches, tram cars feeling their way out till the last shops are passed, and only the red tiled homes remain. Gazing east you look up the great Hauraki Gulf till in the far horizon you see the waters of the ocean : to the right and left there are vast stretches of undulating farm lands : then turning round you look clear over the Manukau Harbour to where the huge rollers of the Tasman Sea thunder at the bar. There is nothing to obstruct your view, everything is below you, you might be floating in an aeroplane so clearly does every item lie beneath. Auckland is not a symmetrical city; it seems to have "just grown" — but it is picturesque for all that, with its rich foliage, its many parks and open spaces; and that touch of colour given by the 75 per cent of red tile roofing.

Mine was the time of roses, and of Calla or Arum lilies. The latter are indigenous and rank among the wild flowers of this land. Every park and garden was resplendent with all manner of old country flowers. The florist shops carried lovely blooms of the choicest roses of today, and few homes could be passed which had not Bush and Climbers to make the touch of "Home" complete. It was strange to feel that at that very time in that far off "Home" all gardens were sleeping their winter sleep. Summer here, Winter there, my old time world clear upside down.

The fact of two of Auckland's suburbs bearing the names of Epsom and Newmarket bears witness to the hold which racing has upon these people. Indeed New Zealand is no whit behind Australia in love for the race course and every town has its speedway. In the cars, women as well as men are to be seen eagerly scanning the cards bearing the entries and the weights. The Government has shut down on the Bookmaker and the Totalizator<sup>82</sup> is everywhere used instead. If horse racing leads in sport, cricket runs it a close second. On one of the local grounds on a Saturday morning, I counted ten matches being carried on at the same time, by school boys, and then there was room. In the afternoon the men appeared. Of the prowess of the New Zealander at Rugby the world has had proof, whilst all other British sports are freely indulged in. The fine harbours give ample scope for yachting.

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<sup>82</sup> "[Totalizator](#)" is the name for the automated system which runs [parimutuel betting](#), calculating payoff odds, displaying them, and producing tickets based on incoming bets.

## The Iron Horse

Railway travel can be done on a really economical basis. The Government issues a ticket good for thirty days over the entire system. This allows <sup>83</sup> the purchaser (if he likes) to travel day and night by rail in any direction for the whole month. The Pass for the North Island now stands at £10 : if you wish to include the South Island as well it costs £5 more. Seeing that the ordinary return fare from Auckland to Wellington is £6, it will readily be seen what an immense saving the Pass System is. But for all that, travelling by rail is no luxurious comfort. I saw no Diner on any Express, the result being that at the Meal Stations there is a rush and a stampede to get a hasty meal, which is not conducive to good manners, an even temper or digestion. Anyone who has enjoyed the Pullman Sleeper of the American Continent is quite unfitted to comment on the apology for a sleeper as supplied in New Zealand. But these are a hardy people and seem quite resigned to a bed like a board and surroundings primitive. The day coaches have separate seats or rather chairs with a long back which are comfortable save for those who long legs who find the way ahead badly blocked for any hope of a good stretch out. So great is the passenger traffic on the Expresses that your seat must be reserved a couple of days prior to your start, for which you have to pay a nominal fee of ninepence or you are likely to have to stand for the journey.

## Waitomo

Wellington, the Capital, is over 400 miles from Auckland by rail, and on the way thither I stopped off to see one of the many wonders of the land, the Waitomo Limestone Caves. From Hangatiki, the jumping off place where the ubiquitous Ford Car was awaiting me, I was carried off to a Government Hostel six miles away, comfortably equipped for tourist travel and adjoining the entrance to this subterranean wonderland. The site is a picturesque one, among wild hills, in the heart of the King Country, a portion of the North Island long held fiercely by the Maoris against its settlement by white men, and getting its name from a feeble attempt on the part of some natives to emulate the white races in the selection of a King. Used immemorially to Chiefs, the new title failed as a rallying point, but the appointed one held firmly to his prerogative to the last, burying himself in the recesses of the country, and holding aloof from the newcomers. The movement was caused by the visit of a Maori Chief <sup>84</sup> to England a few years previously who was received by George IV with becoming dignity, and was captivated by the Title as well as its surroundings. The crafty Chieftain took the opportunity to purchase many rifles, and on his return armed his tribe; and easily, thus armed, cleaned up and ate his adversaries.

The Cave was long known to the Maoris, nor could it well be otherwise seeing that at the foot of the hill on which the higher entrance is situated, hidden in a thicket, a subterranean stream flows forth, its beginning and its course unknown. But nothing would induce the natives to enter, for to them the cave was the abode of ghosts and goblins, and certainly it would be an uncanny place to wander in, alone. It was under the tutelage of a government guide that I passed the portal, and with lamps in hand wandered through the gloomy chambers. Womenfolk have to put on special garb because of skirts, but men are only required to change their footgear for the mud is not conducive to clean boots. The ramifications are many, some parts so low that one has to bend almost double, others lofty, great

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<sup>83</sup> WWB's typewritten text has *entacts*, but this word was not found in dictionaries, archaic or modern.

<sup>84</sup> [Hongi Hika \(ca. 1772–1828\)](#)

chambers and halls from the roofs of which hang stalactites in size from thin pencil lengths to those a foot and more through countless ages and at last joined with the parent above. Pure white is the prevailing colour, but in places this shades off to a delicate brown. There are marble looking pillars so clear as to be almost transparent; and striking them they give off different tones. Not a pick axe would make the slightest impression upon them, so hard are they. Strange formations are of course abundant, blankets and fleeces, pipe organ fronts and statuary. Concrete stairways with iron hand rails have been laid in places where heavy descent or ascent have to be made : and by degrees one works down at last to the river upon which you embark in a boat and are carried about in the bowels of the mountain with a myriad of glow worms overhead. Here no light is used but at length you come out into the bright sunshine where the stream breaks forth from the mountain side. It is all very weird, and save to a profound geologist quite incomprehensible. Never could such a cave be the home of either man or beast, it is damp and chilly and the moisture sparkles over you everywhere, like countless beads. There are other like caves in the neighbourhood, but nowhere else in the land.

### **Taumarunui**

Moving South again, I reached Taumarunui where two pretty streams, the Ongarue and the Whanganui, join and together make for the ocean, a three days trip by steamer. Here there is a large settlement, situated on a plain, with hills all round, but the land itself belongs still to the Maoris; the whites have built their homes on leased ground only. Very careful of Native Rights is the New Zealand Government today. There is no chance to filch the Maori. He has his Grand Council to protect him, his members of Parliament to speak for him, his native Minister in every Cabinet. The natural eloquence of the Maori which was noted from the very first contact with our pioneers has found both occasion and opportunity in Parliament to shine forth at its best, and some of the finest orators of the land today are college bred Natives. I wandered up the hillsides to gain the summits and a prospect, as well as a view of one of the snow capped peaks of the North Island — Ruapehu, a volcano that is not yet altogether quiescent. The other peak is the noble Mt. Egmont which rises close to the sea near the town of New Plymouth. It was the season for wild strawberries and I gathered many. The country from Taumarunui to Wellington I could not designate as picturesque. The hills are low, very irregular and covered with scrub. Such trees as there are had been wasted by fire. This portion of the island is no grain country but there are cattle, and sheep innumerable upon 1000 hills.

### **Wellington**

“Windy” Wellington lived up to its reputation. It is an incontrovertible fact, this breeze, which even the most ardent Wellingtonian is bound to admit, though he hedges the acknowledgement with every possible reservation. Into the great harbour sweep the winds from the Tasman Sea, and up the gullies and hillsides where the houses nestle, there is no escape from it. The city forms an arc, and like the galleries of a theatre, with the sea for a stage, rise tier on tier of red roofed buildings. Wellington is still much in the making stage. The Parliament Buildings have been eight years a-raising, and seemed far from completed; the Museum and the Art Gallery are but poorly housed. The former is rich in Maori Arts and Crafts but they are too crowded together to do them justice. But the City has no need to hurry. It is the natural Capital; it has the site, a noble harbour of 20,000 acres, a water front all deep water, and it will grow along with the country.

The first settlement of Wellington was made in 1840 by an English Company organized by a man far ahead of his age who had never seen New Zealand but who had the instincts of a Colonizer in him — Wakefield <sup>85</sup> by name — and possessed the ability to carry things through. The history of the effort is interesting if only for the huge claim made by the Directors as to land grants from the Maoris which proved illusionary and the government had eventually to take over the whole business.

By an endless cable car line which makes its way by tunnels to a summit of one of the hills immediately above the city, there is a fine panoramic view of both harbour and settlement. Hard by the summit is a Kiosk where that peculiar habit of the Australasian “Morning Tea” at 10 to 11 a.m. can be obtained : and then a down grade walk back of the city takes one into and through the Botanical Gardens. Here one sees New Zealand Fauna in abundance, as well as flowers and shrubs of the Old Land. In the Rosarium I found in full and splendid bloom such old friends as Betty and Herriot, Hugh Dixon and Irish Elegance. Nestling at the bottom of a valley and sheltered from the breeze, each bloom was perfect.

Another stroll was out to Newtown Park — one of the many open spaces which these Islanders so wisely love to create — here was the inevitable zoo with the Kangaroo and other Australian quadrupeds. Strange birds too : the wingless Kiwi which by ruthless slaughtering is fast becoming extinct : and the bird that has learned to love the fat of the kidneys of living sheep, and is the dread of the farmer. <sup>86</sup> It has the hooked bill of the parrot, and the docile sheep allows the attack, the while coolly grazing, until the wool and the flesh are torn asunder and the vitals reached : then it is too late to protest.

Yet other took me to a height of land whence I gazed far out across the Cook Straits which separate the North Island from the South. On the far side was the home of Pelorus Jack, <sup>87</sup> that far famed White Dolphin, who for years met the ships which make for Nelson through French Pass and piloted them regularly through. To save him from destruction the whole finny tribe of dolphin was, and still is, protected in New Zealand waters by special order. Jack’s actual cave home no man knew, but the Maoris have their theory and their legend : a grain of truth these same legends are, lost in a bushel of impossibilities.

## The Maoris

But the Bibliography of the natives, their history, their myths and all that concerns them is both extensive and interesting. Few native races have had such careful search bestowed upon their Past. And to their survival and the proper upbringing of their children the government is wonderfully solicitous and attentive. The native Schools are under a special Department and from the Reports, a splendid work is being done. There are 120 village native Schools with an attendance of 5000 children, whilst 10,000 others attend the general Schools of the Dominion. It is good to come across a Native Race which is not decaying.

Whilst of course the present number of Maoris is almost infinitesimal compared with the numbers Tradition says once inhabited these Islands yet there are today 50,000 Maoris in the land and they are

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<sup>85</sup> [Edward Gibbon Wakefield \(1796–1862\)](#)

<sup>86</sup> [Kea \(\*Nestor notabilis\*\)](#)

<sup>87</sup> [Pelorus Jack](#) was a [Risso’s dolphin](#) that was famous for meeting and escorting ships through a stretch of water in Cook Strait, New Zealand, between 1888 and 1912.



slightly on the increase according to the census. From whence they originally came is a point of much dispute. That it was from a country called Hawaiki is not to be doubted. Some say Tahiti, others Samoa, others Tonga, others far, far west of these, but anyway the migration was a wondrous thing, sailing at the least nigh 2000 miles in their double canoes. There is a striking picture of their arrival of one of these in the Auckland Picture Gallery — a picture to haunt one in its intensity of Suffering — the gaunt forms of man and women being huddled in the frail craft as it mounts a mighty wave, the mat sails blown to ribbons, yet one lonely figure, indomitable, unconquered, stands up and peers through the haze for the long hoped for land : and in the far distance it is there, the Coromandel coast not far from Auckland of today. The migration was made in Seven Canoes and each one has its name and proudly the Maoris even of today trace their genealogy back to one or the other of these. It seems that they found another race inhabiting the land but quickly clubbed them into submission, the more likely slew and ate them. The Urewera <sup>88</sup> at the very north of the North Island claim to be the only survivors of that still earlier race. Why set they out on that wild journey? Probably because of overcrowding. How guessed they of new lands? Probably by reason of the flight of birds which annually they saw flying south and west. When came they to these shores? There seems to be no reason to doubt that it was in the days when our King Edward Longshanks <sup>89</sup> was conquering Wales and failing to hold down Scotland. They are no race of yesterday.

Gone now however are the days of Tattooing at least in the case of the men. It was wondrous work while it lasted as both the painted portraits of famous chiefs taken from life, and the mummified heads in the museum clearly testify. But with the women it dies hard. In the days of old no maiden would look upon a man untattooed as a possible husband; he was not a man till the blue pigment had marked him for aye. Nor was a woman mete <sup>90</sup> for a husband who had nature's rosy lips. They must be lined with blue and the chin adorned with like — but downward — strokes. This is still common enough to see, and might possibly look well if the original dress was retained, but to see it in conjunction with modern attire is to make it abominably out of place and keeping. The old greeting is still in vogue. Were two of our race to attempt to rub noses, there would surely be a mix up and the whole thing look ridiculous; but with the Maoris, long practice has perfected it; and to witness it is to pronounce it very delicately and neatly carried through. There is not the slightest thought of a collision; a graceful bending forward, a slight turn of the head and the thing is done.

## Rotorua

In both the Heart and the centre of the North Island lies Wonderland. Rotorua is the Heart, and Lake Taupo is the Centre. They lie on a high Tableland surrounded on all sides by hills, and through the major part of it there winds a singularly picturesque river, the Waikato, the outlet of the above named lake, its colour ever the bluest of the blue, its banks ever shaded by the graceful willow, its trout fishing famous the world over. Rotorua is some 170 miles from Auckland and the journey by rail is a pleasant, even though a dusty one, running through a grazing country dotted here and there with settlements bearing such euphemistic names as Papatoetoe and Mamaku : next tackling the encircling range and creeping up through the heavy growth of jungle : then hurtling down to where a great lake lies on the plain, with a high hilled island <sup>91</sup> in the centre 300 acres in extent, a mass of ancient fortifications, the scene of terrific contests not so long ago, and yet again the scene of one of the great

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<sup>88</sup> [Ngāi Tūhoe](#)

<sup>89</sup> [Edward I \(1239–1307\)](#)

<sup>90</sup> Archaic: *measure*.

<sup>91</sup> [Mokoia Island](#).

Idylls of the Maoris, where Hinemoa landed and hid among the rushes after her brave swim from the far eastern shore to reach the arms of her Beloved, defying both the anger of her Chieftain father and the dangers of the waters.<sup>92</sup>

On the Southern shore of this lake there lies a small sized town neat and trim, broad avenued, well timbered, replete with hotels and boarding houses, well furnished shops, a City Hall with sweetly chiming clock, a Public Library, Schools and Churches, parks and shady groves. It is Rotorua, a government owned city, a thermal wonderland, one of the great Health Resorts of the world. Who could doubt either of these last assertions who has trod its streets. The smell of sulphur here rises to the heavens, and clouds of steam are seen on every side, rising from the ground. Among the trees you see the great Bath House towering high, and a Sanatorium where bath chairs abound. Here walk or hobble on crutches men in blue, the wrecks of the war, to whom one's heart goes out as they seek health once more in these healing waters. The gardens of the Bath House are a joy to see, they are laid out to perfection by a master hand. They are immense in extent, but every bed was full of gorgeous blooms, though to attempt the names would be to write out a gardener's catalogue. Then there are the lawns like velvet where men and women are engaged from morn till even playing tennis or croquet or bowls; a glorious sun over all, whilst seats are placed here and there in the shade of trees for the less active of the ever present crowd. Here you see in the midst of a wired off space, a geyser cheerfully at work and play, boiling water shooting into space, rising now high, now low, then resting for a space, as if to gather strength for another burst. A little way off and one looks down into a great pit where the water tumbles about in fury, and ever and anon the whole thing is lost to view, and huge clouds of steam rise up : and it is best to be on the leeward side. Rotorua offers you a mixed assortment of washings. You can have a Rachel Bath or a Priest Bath, a Blue Bath or a Postmaster, a Mud Bath whole or partial, a Duchess or an Electric. A Pack is extra, when you are rolled up hot and steaming and feel quite prepared to die : but all these cost money, you have to go further afield for Bathing of such queer kind free and gratis : even to Wairakei, of which more anon.

## Whaka

To my mind amazing Rotorua is outshone by neighbouring spots. There is Whaka<sup>93</sup> two miles off where Sulphur seems sole King. And Ohinemutu one mile the other side where one must likewise walk warily for there is not much that is solid between your feet and Fury. Rotorua is the White man's possession, the others are the Maoris. Yet at Whaka you can have, under white control, a specially refreshing Bath — The Spout. You descend by stone steps into a kind of Joseph's pit.<sup>94</sup> You lift a handle and out of the wall comes forth a gush of water that hits you fair and square whichever way you may hap to stand. It is warm and delicious and you leave that pit with regret. In the hallway a pair of crutches hang upon the wall and underneath one reads of how their owner came hobbling to these waters and in a few weeks left, walking firmly without the aid even of a stick, and notes that he doubts this miracle may apply to the one time owner for verification of what here is told. Then you wander forth amid the Maori village and watch your steps for there is boiling water and boiling mud on every hand. Fumes and steam rise all about you, and you make your way to a bridge where boys and girls of a darker race than you, with skins as of coffee mixed with cream, will dive for pennies into the warm stream below, and fast as they secure them, stow them in their cheeks and ask for more.

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<sup>92</sup> [Hinemoa and Tutanekai](#).

<sup>93</sup> [Whakarewarewa](#).

<sup>94</sup> See the [plot against Joseph](#) by his brothers in the [Book of Genesis](#).

Hereabouts it is not healthy for aught of silver that is upon you — till you get out of this land of spouting waters you must leave all hope of watch or chain or change retaining its bright polish, far behind.

A little distance off you see on a rising ground a Pa or fortified village and because it is as it should be in fullest measure you go thither to study and to learn. It went well in days of spears and stones : it was but a house of cards when guns began to play. There is the outer stockade, a double row of upright stakes, with every few yards a post, with a hideous looking carving of a warrior surmounting it. There are the two corner watch towers each rising in three tiers all made of sticks tied together with fibre. These crossed you see the grass thatched houses : here for the Chief, there for the commoners, each with entrance like to a dog kennel : here is the Storehouse lifted high on posts to keep out dogs and other hungry wanderers. Of course there is the Speaking or Meeting House, the largest building of all with its wondrously carved porch posts and roof front, where oratory flowed and councils of war were held; and anon to one side the figures of their ancient gods horrible to look at in their gross fierceness. With the Maori, fierceness of face was one of their war weapons. They would rush upon the foe with great leaps, the while shooting out their tongues, rolling their eyes and uttering fearsome cries. But bullets soon taught them that steadiness was the all important matter. In strategy they were the white man's equal, at times his superior. They fell to trench work as if to the manner born : and their Pas gave evidence of a natural gift for Defence. Let us recall to their honour that though savage and cannibalistic they were honourable fighters. With them the Biblical order "If thine enemy hunger give him meat, if he thirst give him drink" was a natural instinct and many an instance of this occurred in our fierce struggles with them. Such is Whaka, yet not half told, for it is an eerie spot and the whole place seems ready to blow up at any moment.

### Ohinemutu

Ohinemutu is the site of many fissures where one can watch the Maoris do their cooking and their washing without ever the need of lighting fires. In the steam holes they place their potatoes in a sack and soon they are ready for the table, Their ablutions too are as often done in the open : here was a man sitting up to his neck in a hot water bath, and on the other side of the pool a woman indulging in a shampoo. Religions seem to clash in this small hamlet. Here is a Roman Church hard by a Sister's School for girls, and not far an English Church well worth a visit for its carved woodwork touched up with eyes of mother of pearl, and its wall designs of concentric designs, no one panel like another, akin to the Maori mats, each with a base of bamboo cane. Hard by is the cemetery where Chieftains lie under heavy tombs of stone; and close to them and all around pours up to heaven the steam, barricades warning you of new holes yesterday, and everywhere the ground warm beneath your feet. A row of the Lake was of course in order, which recalled a similar lonely one on the weird Salt Lake of Utah, but here 'twas easy going save for a brisk breeze which kindly tempered off the sun.

### Wairakei

But even if Rotorua and her twin handmaids be weird and wonderful there is a spot which rivals them. This is Wairakei, fifty miles further along the Tableland, some six miles from Lake Taupo. No railway runs here, it is by auto that one makes the journey, the road a fiercely dusty one winding through hills where prison labour has re-forested many thousands of acres, and forest fires were raging on Maori

lands just across the way. Now we are through the hills, and half way on our journey, a great plain stretching out before us, but even here we are not free from volcanic action being underneath us, for a great cloud of steam pours up continuously at a lonely hostel — Waiotapu, and sulphur again scents the air, there is boiling mud here too, yet for twenty miles on either side the land is as silent as the grave. You pass miles and miles where houses rise, and cattle graze, and everything looks normal, then suddenly in the midst of a green space there appears a Blow Hole which is working overtime and makes you feel that this whole tableland is naught but a crust over an eternal fire which may go off at any hour in rockets and you amongst them.

Coming down from the hills you could swear that there was a great sea ahead of you, so blue and so even is it to the very horizon, but not so, it is but miles upon miles of the Ti (tea) tree bush which hereabouts covers the land. It seems rank heresy of garden lore to call a tree a bush yet the Ti lends itself to such a mixture of terms. You see it in all stages of growth, from tiny shoots to fullest development which never however amounts to much for it does not grow singly but in groups of half a dozen or more, all from one and the same root, yet it is one of the most useful of the Dominion's trees for fuel. Cut young or old it dries out well, and helps Maori and white through the winter's cold. It is of a bluish colour, hence the illusion when seen from afar, and has tiny flowers upon it of pink and white. Once among it we saw its companions, the Turpentine bush and the Toot. The former is laden with the combustible fluid and a tiny fragment will set your fire going despite rain or wind : the latter is the deadly foe of the cattleman for it is rankest poison to his herd. It is an attractive bush of goodly size with leaves which look as if they had been highly polished, and catches the eye at once. Alas for the bovine which is drawn to it by its persuasive appearance. It is down in agony forthwith. The only road to salvation lies in bleeding : and the ears and tail are the parts mostly knifed : but if no herdsman be near then a carcass soon lies ready for burial, or for carrion bird.

Besides these there are cherry trees to be met with growing haphazard, wild and yet not wild, the reason not hard to find. One hears oft the Missionaries blamed; it is well to hear them given praise at times. To them three evils are openly laid, I know not with what justice, the introduction into the land of the Broom, the Blackberry and the Bunny (rabbit). But over against these, there is the everlasting credit to be set, of introducing fruit trees : the apple and the plum, the pear and the cherry. These they planted where e'er they worked among the native villages : but the fruits have spread far afield either by hand of Maori or by natural laws : and in the most out of the way places are to be seen trees laden with fruit only waiting the hand of the picker.

A few miles further, and still in the hills we turn off the road into a sylvan retreat, with tennis courts and lawn, baths and swimming tank, a spread out series of one story buildings with many tents; and have reached the Hostel of Wairakei, the true Wonderland of New Zealand, 1300 feet above sea level. To walk Wairakei's Valley of the Shadow of Death leaves lasting impression of the masterful side of Nature. The boiling cauldrons are so close together that there is but little room for the onlooker, and a false step means the End, or at least a scalding, its marks to be carried for the rest of one's days. Here is no place to wander in alone. A guide <sup>95</sup> trained to all the vagaries of the Inferno and who knows every footfall is essential. Yet despite guides some remain wilful. But a few weeks had passed

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<sup>95</sup> Beatrice Grimshaw's guide at the Wairakei Geysers in about December 1904 was Ingle, "a very remarkable character, and second only to the geysers themselves, as a phenomenon of singular interest. He is one of the very few men in the world who know all about geysers, and quite the only one who can literally handle and work them. Ingle knows how to doctor a sick geyser as well as any stableman can doctor a horse; he can induce it to erupt, keep it from doing so, or make it erupt after his fashion, and not after its own. He is the author of at least two scientific discoveries of some importance, combining the effects of steam pressure on rocks and the incidence of volcanoes along certain thermal lines. In fact, what Ingle does not know about the interior of the earth, and the doings down there, is not worth knowing; and he tells us much of it as he takes us over the cañon." See [Grimshaw, \*In the Strange South Seas\* \(London, 1908\), page 322.](#)

since a party were gathered about one of the geysers waiting for its time to be up and the fountain to play. The guide had carefully placed them all on safe ground, and charged them not to move. But one fair maid saw within a yard of her some lovely moss. Surely she could reach it, 'twas but one short step. She took it and that unlucky foot and leg went through the seeming solid crust into the boiling mud. Nor is it a wise place for nervous folk to enter. The boiling spray falls oft only a few inches from your feet — you have to look down from uncomfortable height into cauldrons ready to boil you to a frazzle — you have to clamber over rocks where a slip would mean a slide with no intelligent end to it.

Yet there is no limit to the visitors, old and young, men and women, even babes in arms pass through from end to end. For this valley is not long, scarce half a mile, and as to width you could throw a stone across it. It is the very heart of an old volcano whose rugged rim you can discern in the hills around. Through it runs a stream; as it enters from the rim above it is cold and clear; when it rambles on at the end of the valley it is too hot for the hand and has gathered to itself all manner of chemicals so that it is no longer fair. Whence all the water comes from, which the geysers belch forth, no man knows. There must be millions of gallons daily discharged, yet never since the Maori has known it has there been lack. And fresh openings are constant. Where one stood yesterday, may today be a boiling fountain.

It is a mile and a half tramp from the Hostel to the Valley and everyone provides himself with stick or staff. You descend, and gaze first down into the boiling pit of Champagne Geyser. The best of the Valley's many fountains is that they are regular, they work like a clock. Some rest for four minutes, others seven : some for ten minutes and one indeed wants twenty minutes to get its breath again. Long experience has taught the guides certain signs of these demons in the between time stage, so they can tell just how long you have yet to wait as you come upon them. There is a fizz about this first fellow which gives the name, it is sizzling all over, the temperature over 270 degrees. There are two safety valves at different points in the pit, at the edge of which you stand though twenty feet above it. These valves are working overtime as the gases work up and out. But now it is too much for them, they cease, and the whole body of water writhes about as if tortured, then with a swirl rushes up and around, higher, higher, till nervous ones tremble and clouds of steam arise blotting the whole thing from view. This geyser is an angry fellow — but his anger is in degrees. Do you want to see him mad, just a little mad, then throw in a handful of small pebbles. You will soon see that he won't stand for it. Throw in a real boulder and you will have to run for your lives for he goes clear off his head and rushes up the whole twenty feet to get at his tormentor.

Best leave him alone and go on to the Helium Pool. Here if only it could be harnessed is Helium worth a King's ransom; whilst here in another pool is living water that would make the fortune of any seller of soda drinks who had it handy to his counter. But down into the rippling stream it goes and has gone for ages, so prodigal is Nature with her treasures. Shove your stick here into the bank and you draw out adhering to its end a lump of hot (red) putty, here put it in again and you draw out the same but purest white. This is finest paint and mixed with oil men use it to daub their houses hereabouts. Here is a bank of greyish matter, take it and rub your poor dulled silver with it, you find it the best Fuller's Earth <sup>96</sup> that ever was sold in market.

These things one sees as we pass on to other geysers. Here is the Dragon's Mouth, between whose pourings forth you are able (that is if you have the nerve) to go down into that same mouth. You step down from where sure safety lies, and gingerly place your steps from side to side of that cavernous

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<sup>96</sup> [Fuller's earth](#) is usually highly plastic, sedimentary clays or clay-like earthy material used to decolorize, filter, and purify animal, mineral, and vegetable oils and greases.



opening. Below you can be seen the water in his gullet, not much of it but it looks very, very hot. Now you are in, and he has fairly swallowed you, but what if he went off before you had got out. The guide sees to that and has him in hand almost to a second. We come to a great basin of boiling mud. It fairly gapes with heat, little mouths opening everywhere as if looking for air, more air. Close by surely is a huge nest. Great sticks of wood, two inches through, lie interwoven round a centre, they are piled high as if for use by some titanic eagle who prepares to hatch its brood within. Look into the nest and you will see that it is but another geyser encircled with a wall of seeming stone : touch those sticks and you will find them petrified, cold to touch, encrusted with rime,<sup>97</sup> solid so that no axe could make impress on them.

No longer are there the famous Pink Terraces of Rotorua District; in a cataclysm of Nature but a few years back she hid them for aye; they lie buried beneath mountains of soil when the earth rent asunder and the hills fell like nine pins. There is now but one small fragment of that marvellous work of hers, and it is to be seen in this same valley. Very beautiful it is, when the geyser above the rock front begins to play and comes pouring down all sparkling, over a surface of rock, pink and white.

There are times when man can make Nature play tricks, and we now come to such a one. We see a boiling stream of water not six inches across, passing along the top of a level surfaced rock. Using some old cloths our guide dams up its usual course and turns its head another way. We are bid to descend some little distance and await results. We do so. It takes some little time, a full quarter of an hour, for there has to be a good mix up of certain ingredients which Nature never intended here to meet but which man says shall. Suddenly up into the clear space before you, all surrounded as it is by greenery, there spring not one but three geysers and take the shape of a perfectly formed Prince of Wales' feathers.<sup>98</sup> Who thought out this strange trick I wonder?

Hard by, below you, one hears the regular thump, thump of paddle wheels. You look into a cistern some twenty feet by six and to the right of you is water heaving up in perfect time, then ceases. Now you look to the left and perceive a rock a foot or so beneath the surface detached from the side : and soon several great balls of silver are seen rising from the depths. Now the great rock begins to move, to sway this way and that. It is then in order to step quickly back for now the whole pool goes mad and up into the air it shoots the water and the spray is hot and no one wants a bath at such a temperature.

## The Waikato

Surfeited with sight weeing, I betook me by devious path, well worn by feet of anglers, to the beautiful Waikato's edge where on a grassy knoll I sat, watching the joining of the stream which runs through the Wonder Valley with the main body of water. Here I could put my right hand into cold water and my left hand into hot; for the poor little bubbling stream never recovers from its passage through that valley of awesome sights, but hurries on to cool itself at last in the waters from Taupo Lake. All around spoke of peace. Not a sound save the rippling of the waters. Down stream there was a lone fisherman thrashing the river : long he worked but never a bite had he. A bird chirped now and again, and a grasshopper cricked. Here is the centre of New Zealand's North Island, and its greatest wonders which I had roamed far to see.

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<sup>97</sup> [Rime](#) is a coating of ice.

<sup>98</sup> The [Prince of Wales' feathers](#) is the heraldic badge of the Heir Apparent to the Commonwealth realms thrones. It consists of three white feathers emerging from a gold coronet.



Three miles above are the Huka Falls. A river when overcoming difficulties is always a pretty sight. This is such a one. The Waikato hardly gets started on its way to the sea over 200 miles away when it becomes compressed in between two solid walls of rock. There is much broken water before these are reached, and across them a swinging suspension bridge has been erected solely for sightseers' use. From this vantage point one sees the seething torrent take its plunge downward, to mingle farther on with the still, flowing stream. Comparison with the many others which one knows is out of place. A fall is a fall the whole world over. But with the Aratiatia Rapids it is another matter. I have seen many, but few as fine. They lie four miles further down this same river. They are a glorious half mile of foaming water. A 200 foot drop in so short a distance means real business. Again the channel is narrowed by rocky sides and there is nothing for it but a tearing and a squeezing to get through. A guide leads you to special spots. It is not easy going for the jungle along the banks is thick. In some places roughly made ladders help. But each spot leaves you looking up the stream as it comes foaming along. Here a great green mass pours over a smooth rock; alongside is a white turmoil. They join but to part again, and take another leap onward. No living thing could last ten seconds in such a whirl. A boat would be smashed to atoms in a twinkling. At the end of this mad race there is a whirlpool and you climb up a difficult rock to look down and over it. Here everlastingly the remains of many a canoe move round and round. You count upon such and such a piece getting its release as it comes within touch of the water rushing down, but no! just as it appears to be free it is swirled in once more and joins its unlucky brothers in the endless circle. I bethought me of my passage through Miles Canyon<sup>99</sup> and its whirlpool on the mighty Yukon. It was child's play compared to this. That was feasible, this impossible.

A hot stream quite apart from that of the Wonder Valley flows past the hostel and fills a good sized swimming tank. The water contains alum and silica. There are set hours from early morn till near midnight for men and women to enjoy a swim : free gratis. Higher up there are pools, but these without restrictions.

## Taupo

Six miles past Wairakei is Taupo Lake. Twenty-five miles in length and sixteen broad, it is the largest lake in the Dominion. Its surface lay unruffled by any breeze and the waters were bluest of the blue. A bridge carries you across where the Waikato River begins, and looking down, you can see the big trout lazily wiggling their tails, with heads upstream, waiting for their dinner hour to come. There is talk of laying a huge conduit from the Lake to Auckland and letting those pure waters take the place of the present poor and far from healthy supply. It is no such stupendous task and it surely will in time be done, for Auckland grows apace. Meantime anglers come from far and near and try their luck in Taupo; and there are hostels to house them and hot springs wherein to bathe and a steamer service across the lake; and afar off rising up in majestic shape a snow capped peak, volcanic not only in name but in very deed as if to guard its end of that great tableland, which Rotorua sets her watch upon far away to the East from whence we came.

Here are to be seen the old time barracks of the Armed Constabulary when Taupo was a base of operations against the Maori. Into this wild region fled the Chieftain Tekooti, after his massacre of

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<sup>99</sup> See Chapter II and III of *Alaska and the Yukon* in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*. WWB went down Miles Canyon, near Whitehorse, in a canoe with colleagues Robertson (a New Zealander) and Acland, in the summer of 1914.

white settlers at Poverty Bay; <sup>100</sup> and for six years outwitted and out-manoeuvred those who sought him. Five thousand pounds was placed upon his head but no one ever got it. The record of his fights and his escapes beats any dime novel ever published. Even Maoris joined in the manhunt, but all to no avail. At length, bereft of all his followers, his wife captured, driven from pillar to post, hard pressed, half starved, he escaped into the King Country, that space of hills and deep ravines, and there, rather than increase the toll of deaths already to his credit, we left him. Years passed and he was ready to make his peace. We forgave him.

### Cook's Nomenclature

Poverty Bay across from Taupo is itself historic, for here it was that Captain Cook first set foot on New Zealand soil. He hoped to get fresh water and fruit and vegetables, but all he got was a very hostile reception and a little wood gathered under difficulties. He resolved to give the place a lasting stigma, but today it is a Bay of Affluence : and the white settler smiles at the maligning name. A few miles northwards around a headland Cook made a second attempt, this time with such success of kindly reception and victuals that he named it the Bay of Plenty, and it is still that today. Through it, till the railway came, all white folk who sought Rotorua's healing fountains, passed, and stages bore them through the range by way of old time Maori trails to the land of their desire. Replenished Cook turned South and sailed into a noble bay which he named after one of his sea lords "Hawke". <sup>101</sup> As he left it he had a serious scrap with the natives. They appeared alongside in their canoes seemingly prepared to barter. But it was to turn out a very one sided affair. Holding up their skins and food they required that Cook should first hand down his beads and calico. Agreeing, the captain ordered some of his men to clamber down into the boats to lower the goods. Suddenly the canoes moved off in an effort to kidnap these newly found dainties. Into the sea sprang all the sailors save one boy who was too paralyzed with fear. Cook would stand for no nonsense and sent musket shot and cannon ball amongst them. In the wild excitement the lad gathered his senses together and likewise took to the water to be hauled back into the ship. That boy was the son of Tupaia, the Tahitian whom Cook, with his usual foresight, had brought along with him in hopes that he might haply become interpreter. And that he was, for though there was some small differences in dialect, yet he could understand and be understood by those whom he had no knowledge of before. That point of land on our maps is called "Cape Kidnappers". Sailing on, in a few days time he seems to have resolved to go no further south at that time and at "Cape Turnagain" he wheeled about and retraced his steps, then sailed further north till he rounded the cape which Tasman a century before had named "Maria van Dieman". Then south he went clear down to where Wellington now lies, and passed through those straits that will forever bear his name; then not content he made the circuit of the South Island till at its northernmost point he bade adieu to the future Dominion he outlined; and from "Cape Farewell" made sail for home. Tasman ne'er set foot upon the North Island. Some of his men set foot on the South Island, and "Massacre Bay" tells the story. It was enough for the Dutchman, he wanted naught of such inhospitable coasts. So can we learn history even from our maps, if we have a mind to.

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<sup>100</sup> On November 10, 1868, [Te Kooti \(ca. 1832–1893\)](#) and his war party killed about 29 Europeans, 4 half-castes and 22 natives at Matawhero. See, for example, [here](#) and [here](#).

<sup>101</sup> [Edward Hawke \(1705–1781\)](#)

## **An Insistent Call**

There was yet many spots in New Zealand that I would fain have visited : the Bay of Islands where whalers of old did congregate, Kaipara, one of the ancient cities of refuge, the towns of Wanganui, New Plymouth and of Napier, the Southern Alps, Wakatipu Lake, Milford Sound and the old time gold fields; but the Tropics called nor could they be denied.

I heard of the great need of Teachers for Native Schools which the New Zealand Government was keen to start on islands far out of the ordinary steamer routes. Here was opportunity both to learn and teach. Offering, I was gladly accepted. There was need on lonely Niue, a mere speck on the map of the South Seas. In the previous August <sup>102</sup> the taut little “Jubilee” with crew and passengers and cargo set out from Auckland Harbour for that same Island. She never arrived. Other Schooners, Steamers, even Men of War, have sought her high and low. She has not left a trace. Posted as missing, she adds one more to the mysteries of the sea. For that same coral Isle I sailed from Auckland, not direct (for no Schooner had taken the lost boat’s place) but by way of Tonga and Samoa, if haply I might find thereon some means of reaching my New Home. Those long months of waiting were full of interest as I roamed over fresh Island Groups.

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<sup>102</sup> August 15, 1920. See [\*Loss of the Jubilee\* in the Auckland Star, Volume LI, Issue 295, 10 December 1920.](#)

## WHERE MONARCHY HOLDS SWAY : SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

The Islands of the Pacific Tropics are of three kinds : Atolls, Coral and Mountainous. The first are bands of sand, built upon coral, which enclose a lagoon to which there is usually but a single entrance through the reef. The second are bands of coral which by volcanic action have been upheaved together with the encircled soil above the level of the sea; and these may, or may not, have a Fringing reef. The third are not the work of insects working upwards from a mountain top beneath the waves, but the summits of mountains whose bases lie miles below the surface of the sea; yet the coral insect has been busy, for most have Fringing reefs about them, many with Barrier reefs besides, some close to shore, others far out to sea.

Right across from Chile's coast to China there lies a mighty range beneath the sea, some of whose peaks the waters fail to cover, and which appear on our maps under many a name. Whilst "Canton" is an Atoll, and "Fiji" a mountainous, "Tonga-tabu" is a coral island. Canton lies on the route from Hawaii to New Zealand, but Atolls do not invite for residence : Fiji is on the same route and requires more than a passing visit to do it justice : Tonga is far off that route but more than repays its visitors for any little inconveniences of distance from the marts of white folk.

### Tonga-a Tabu

A week and more of sunshine, nights of comfortable warmth, with seas of glass, and in the early morning we were off Nukualofa on the island of Tong-a Tabu, where lies the capitol of the Tong-an Group, and where resides a Queen,<sup>103</sup> the last dark-skinned Royalty of all the Pacific Isles. This is a Coral island lying very low, but prolific in coconut and other fruits.

The Germans had cast greedy eyes upon this bountiful land, and would fain have added Tong-a to Samoa. Innocently the Native Government had become heavily indebted to German firms, and could not repay when demand was made. Then England stepped in, and to save the little kingdom, paid the debt and declared a Protectorate to keep others' hands off. Royalty still functions and Parliament meets, but the British Consul has the final say, though 'tis so tactfully done that the yoke (if yoke it be) is hardly felt and meanwhile the Tong-ans are secure. There are still large German-owned plantations here, and the natives would have sequestered them at the time of the Great War, but Great Britain's Government would not have it so. Yet in Samoa we did that very thing, and are paying dearly for it, as those who have taken their places have but slight knowledge of the business, and everything is running behind.

Mariners are shy at entering Nukualofa save in daylight, for here are reefs within reefs, and here and there a bar of Coral all by itself, as if to further bar the way. A grim reminder of the perils of this port of call is the wreck of an iron barque "The Knight of St. George" within sight of the town (or Village as a native told me they still prefer to call it, albeit 'tis the Capital). She lies clear on the reef and has thus lain for years. Now her back is broken and the stern has fallen to one side. She struck bow on, then she was lifted, and landed from bow to stern clear out of the deep upon that shelf, to reach her natural element no more.

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<sup>103</sup> [Sālote Mafile'o Pilolevu Tupou III \(1900–1965\)](#)

## Tong-a

Tong-a really consists of three separate clusters of islands, Tong-a Tabu, Haapai, and Vavau <sup>104</sup> with long sea waste between. The first two are low and flat, their beauty not grasped till one is upon them : but Vavau is mountainous and appeals to the eye at once. The Dutch ships of Schouten <sup>105</sup> and Lemaire, <sup>106</sup> first of white men, saw them so far back as 1616. It was not the natives fault that there was a fight in the offing and that the Dutch put no foot ashore. Then Tasman came and found the people amicable. Over a century passed ere another ship came, this time from Tahiti which Wallis had just discovered, and going shore gave freely of his iron nails which were kept as treasures too sacred for use, and shown to Cook when he arrived in 1773.

So cordial (at least outwardly) a reception did he get that he forthwith dubbed them “The Friendly Isles” and under that name they still go, along with the native appellation, Tong-a. They were a Monarchy then, and they are a Monarchy now — her present Majesty Queen Salote (Charlotte), tracing back her royal lineage to times of which there is not record. Educated at a school for girls in Auckland she is now a matron of sons though but in early womanhood, her Consort a high Chief, next to her in the succession. But what confused Cook and caused him to report a dual kingship was his natural ignorance of the custom of the Tong-ans to have a clear cut division between things temporal and things divine. The Heads of each of these departments of the State were paid regal honours; the Spiritual whose supreme duty was to absolve from the penalties of Tabu (or handling of things forbidden), the Temporal who was absolute as any Czar, and held power of Life and Death. It was not till Xtianity triumphed that the former fell, and that not without a struggle and the cost of many lives — leaving the Temporal king alone supreme.

The Tong-ans are a proud race, prouder even than the Samoans (which is saying much), they have a way with them that has earned for them the title of the Aristocrats of the Pacific — yet other that they have earned is that of The Anglo-Saxons of these island tribes, which they have fairly won by their fervent zeal of pushing out and endeavoring to extend their boundaries. Fiji had a close call from being conquered and absorbed by them, only Xtianity saving it; so too had Samoa and little Niue. They are still a progressive people and well set up as to face and form. They did not fall to the teaching of the Xtians, nor leave off their savage ways without a struggle. Cook never knew how near he came to being slain — his crew massacred, his ship cut off. Invited to a dance when ten thousand natives gathered, he and his were in the midst of them, and only divided counsels saved him. They honour him now, and still there is shown Cook’s tree — albeit a hurricane fetched it mostly down awhile ago — where he first landed at Mua, then the Chief Village when Nukualofa was unknown. I have seen the offing where he cast anchor and sailed in the lagoon through which he reached the shore. It seems in the Long Ago, and yet there is a living creature today which Cook’s hands handled. In the Palace Gardens at Nukualofa there abides a land tortoise which Cook presented to the Temporal King. And I have held converse with a white-haired missionary who has passed four score years and ten, who knew George I <sup>107</sup> the king — the old monarch, who himself as a boy was one of those upon the beach when the great Navigator landed. <sup>108</sup>

<sup>104</sup> WWB has *Vavou* here and elsewhere, which was in common use at the time of his visit.

<sup>105</sup> [Willem Cornelisz Schouten \(ca. 1567–1625\)](#)

<sup>106</sup> [Jacob Le Maire \(ca. 1585–1616\)](#)

<sup>107</sup> [George Tupou I \(ca. 1797–1893\)](#)

<sup>108</sup> This is incorrect; Cook visited Tonga in 1773, 1774, and 1777, before George Tupou I was born.

## The Coming of Xtianity

Many missionaries met their death here, and some fell at the direct instigation of renegade white men, who had escaped from the whale ships or Australian Convict colonies, and whose hand was against all their fellows. It was Vason, one of these apostates, who led the natives in their attack upon the “Port au Prince” in 1806 when the crew were massacred and the ship seized, gutted and destroyed off the northern end of Haapai.<sup>109</sup> Only three survived, one the son of the owner — named “Mariner” — who lived for three full years amongst the savages, grew high in the favour of a usurping king, and escaped to tell the tale in a delightful book.<sup>110</sup> That usurper was named Finau and as long as he lived there was slaughter, and no rest for the Group.

But there was growing up a royal youth who was to bring peace to these distracted isles. None was taller than he, none a finer athlete, not could out-swim, out-box, out-wrestle him : for long, a heathen, he bore the mark thereof to his dying day, for his fourth finger had been sacrificed as was the heathen custom to the memory of a friend. Yet once a Xtian, he was a consistent one, and passed away when ninety-six years old, revered and honored as a real king and a man. He sailed afar, even to Sydney, where he saw a way out of the white man’s demands that he should sell them land. Returning, he explained to his people, the leasing of their soil : and to this day no white man owns an acre. Tong-a for the Tong-ans is still their cry; and though it is barred to us, yet it is seen to that every Tong-an male owns some. When sixteen years of age, half an acre in a village and eight acres in the country is given him — his taxes but 36/– a year. He cannot part with it : it is his for family use when he shall marry and have children to support.

The Wesleyans were the first to try their hand at conversion, and they made so great a success of it that the heathen party went to war : the climax being reached at the time of the visit of H.M.S. Favorite to Tong-a Tabu. The heathen were entrenched at Pea some few miles in the bush from Nukualofa; and appealed to by the missionaries to lend his aid, Captain Croker went to the seat of war. His intermeddling he paid for with his life<sup>111</sup> : and I stood by his grave, which is the only one on the only hill of Nukualofa, on the summit of which stands the Zion Church of the Methodists. This Church, like the homes of the Tong-ans, has a dome-like roof, oval in form. The interiors are well worth a visit for their intricate woodwork. Sometimes there are seats, oftenest not, the men on one side, the women on the other, sitting upon mats.

The heathen party beaten, the Wesleyan Missionaries would seem to have lost their heads, and started in to run King George and the Country. Amongst them was one, Shirley Baker,<sup>112</sup> who became the Pooh Bah of Tong-a : at one and the same time holding the posts of Premier, Minister of Foreign Affairs, President of the Court of Appeal, Auditor General, Minister of Lands, Agent General, Minister of Education, and Physician in Ordinary to the king. George’s o’er mastering fear was that his little kingdom might lose its independence : and Baker worked on this. He flattered the king by negotiating with one of the Great Powers, granting Germany a coaling station in the magnificent

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<sup>109</sup> George Vason was a LMS missionary who went to Tonga on the *Duff* in 1797. He subsequently went native, taking a Tongan wife and getting tattooed; see [here](#). However, he returned to England on the *Royal Admiral* in 1801 and so could not have been involved in the [Port au Prince](#) massacre, which took place in November 1806. Vason published [An Authentic Narrative of Four Years’ Residence at Tongataboo](#) in 1810. See also [Life of the Late George Vason of Nottingham](#) (1840).

<sup>110</sup> See [An Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean \(1818\), Volume I](#) and [Volume II](#), compiled by [William Mariner \(1791–1853\)](#).

<sup>111</sup> See [this article](#) in the *Australasian Chronicle*, Sydney, 28 July 1840, page 2.

<sup>112</sup> [Shirley Waldemar Baker \(1836–1903\)](#). See also *Ci Gît* in the chapter on *South Sea Curios* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.



harbour of Vavau. The king was pleased at his importance, Germany was satisfied, and Baker wore a Kaiser's decoration.

Then came The Great Schism : and with it Baker fell. For years the contributions to the Wesleyan Church had been sent to Headquarters in Australia. These contributions were not niggardly, but actually lavish, running in time into thousands of pounds. Many natives felt that Charity began at home, and Baker, to keep himself in power, broke with his Conference and started a Free Church. That led to Civil War, and things got to such a pass that England had to step in. A Man of War being off Nukualofa, and at last it being felt that the only solution and hope of settlement was the elimination of this aggressive Wesleyan Missionary, he was deported. Then Peace slowly came, but the Schism remained : and today it is the leading Communion, the Queen a part thereof.

Years after, Baker returned, but not to the Capital. Broken in health and wealth and spirits, he stepped ashore on Haapai, where he died. But History has two sides and Baker's side has yet to be told.<sup>113</sup>

## Nukualofa

Steamer Day is a gala day upon these islands : like Sunday, only work of real necessity is done. Everybody is at the wharf to greet you. Being Saturday at Nukualofa many heads were well limed, which is their way to have a clean head of hair for the approaching Sabbath. In addition to the usual loin cloth, many men had aprons of tapa cloth would round them, for it is forbidden and fineable to attend even a Town Council, let alone Court or Meeting House, without such addition to their toggery. Here, as in Suva, we had to pass Inspection for these people fall before our simple measles and whooping cough as if such were the Plague. The Influenza hit this cluster hard in 1918, carrying off over seventeen hundred, a terrible toll in a diminishing community. They strive to keep their numbers up : and to ensure a healthy birth rate, a girl who reached twenty summers unmarried had — at least till very lately — to have her hair cropped short and be classed and treated as an old woman.

Stepping ashore one was soon lost in a maze of gorgeous shrubbery and fruit trees : here were Hibiscus Trees (not bushes), some of scarlet flowers, others with a glorious yellow with a heart of maroon : crotons too — a laurel bush this, of infinite variety of colors, some leaves deep scarlet bordered with bright green, others deep green blotched with carmine and orange, yet others purest gold striped with vivid green : the Sensitive plant here too : breadfruit and Tongan oranges : a lovely land.

The first thing done was a motor drive of some eight miles out, on a good hard road, through many villages (with their conical shaped homes, some thatched, others alas! with galvanized iron roofs) to Houma clear across the island, to see the Blow Holes, where the mighty rollers dash themselves against the reef, and forcing themselves under the coral, find vent in holes up which they rush, shooting a feathery column as high as sixty feet into the air. To see a mile of these working at the same time is a weird sight. Some of the holes are but inches across, others several feet : and the water comes up with a swish and a roar. Houma Village has still its ancient fosse or earth works clear around it : poor protection against bullets, but very helpful in the days of spears and close-in fighting.

Then back to the Capital and a roam off to the Palace and the Chapel Royal, both buildings fitting well in with their surroundings of ironwood trees and waving coconuts. A broad avenue, grass

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<sup>113</sup> See [Shirley Baker and the King of Tonga](#) by Noel Rutherford (1971).

covered, bordered all the way with heavy timber, leads up from the Palace to the tombs of the latterday kings.

They lie in the midst of a great green sward, which is evidently the golf course of the British residents — for the tees are railed off; though I saw none at play. Perhaps they were all rallying at the comfortable British Club, for 'twas Steamer Day and friends had come ashore.

High up those Tombs stand, reached by broad steps of coral. The central one is that of George I, inscribed in Tong-an Tioaji. The huge mound carries a monument of stone, the lower part some seven feet high, squared, and then rising upon it is a column, on the peak of which is a Dove — for he brought lasting Peace to the land. George II, his grandson lies nearby, with a life sized lion surmounting. His father, who never reigned, lies close by, but no monument; only the black pebbles which are greatly used for graves here, brought from far off Tofua — the only place where they are procurable. Here too lies Queen Lavinia whose good deeds have left a fragrant memory. Above her grave rises a life size figure of her in stone, with a babe at her feet, both hands to its eyes, having a lusty howl.

Then darkness fell, and it is to be remembered that there are no lamps in such a community; so we had to await another day ere we made journey to the chief wonders of the Tong-an Isles : the Langis or Tombs of the ancient kings, and the Haamonga or Trilithon,<sup>114</sup> that relic of a civilization and worship now unknown. Spread across the Pacific lie these archeological wonders : from Easter Island in the East they reach to Ponape in the Carolines in the West, jumping many a group upon the way, but here and there a remnant peeps up such as on Malden and on Tong-a Tabu.<sup>115</sup> The Tombs are at Mua twelve miles away, the Trilithon at Kolonga four miles further on.<sup>116</sup>

### Marvels in Stone

There had been rain, so the roads were not possible, but a party was made up and a launch hired. With lunch aboard we started, and had to make a long detour to get around that everlasting reef : into Cook's lagoon we headed, and twisted and turned where e'er the deeper channel lay, past fishing

<sup>114</sup> [Ha'amonga 'a Maui](#) (Burden of Maui) is a stone [trilithon](#) located on Tongatapu:



<sup>115</sup> See [Prehistoric ruins, Malden Island, Kiribati](#) and [Nan Madol, Pohnpei, Federated States of Micronesia](#).

<sup>116</sup> See also *Stone Masonry* in the chapter on *South Sea Curios* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.

traps and turtle snares, to the Village of Mua where we were landed (in the brawny arms of our native pilots) upon a coral shore. Here we lunched with a crowd of native youngsters looking on, who never left us till we set off home again. A walk through Mua brought us to a massive Roman Church, a splendid coral edifice : inside like a cathedral for its massiveness. Then half a mile brought us to the Tombs. Pity it is that they do not appeal to Tong-ans, for the wild shrubbery and trees almost hide them from view. We visited five of them, and there may be more, hidden away in that dense growth.<sup>117</sup> They are foursquare, some fifty yards by thirty each, rising in tiers, like a pyramid cut shore. Some have as many as five tiers, each faced with coral rock, blocks of the stone laid end to end, all accurately squared, and originally fitted close together, the corner mortised; but now creepers and roots have forced most of them apart, and they lie at every angle. One immense corner block we measured, twenty-one feet long, four feet through and five feet high. How they moved such stones passes comprehension. The summit of each pyramid was originally levelled off, and here Tong-a's Majesty was laid to rest.

The Haamonga is even more wonderful. Here standing alone on a promontory at the north eastern end of the island are two huge blocks of stone (not coral) each computed to weigh fifty tons, and across their top lies another block of equal weight, mortised in. The material of which this Stonehenge is made is only found on Wallis Island, two days steaming away. How they were brought that great distance in canoes : how raised when they arrived : what implements they had to face and square and fit them : are questions which none, so far, have found answer to. There is a cup like depression on the summit which is thought to be where the blood of victims was placed as an offering to some unknown god.

On our way back we were fed by natives on oranges and other luscious fruits, and were sorry indeed to have to go aboard and make once more for the Steamer, whose steam was up, and the Captain awaiting only our arrival to give the order to cast off and head to sea.

## Tofua

Now we passed Tofua,<sup>118</sup> off which Bligh was cast adrift by the mutineers of "The Bounty" in 1789, who had been sent by the Government to transplant Breadfruit from Tahiti to the West Indies. Adrift

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<sup>117</sup> See [Burial tombs, Mu'a, Fiji](#), where 28 are listed, including Langi Tau'atonga:



<sup>118</sup> [Tofua, Tonga](#).

he sought to land, and landing lost his Quartermaster at the hands of the natives. Resolved to keep clear of other savages, he passed through the Fijian and New Hebrides groups in his cutter with eighteen men, till he and his men, mere skin and bone, brought up at Timor in the East Indies, after a voyage of three thousand miles and more. He it was who later became Governor of New South Wales in convict days, where men again rebelled under his rule and actually deposed and confined him. From off Tofua, Fletcher Christian and the rest of the Mutineers made back for Tahiti : and the long story of Pitcairn Island soon began.

## Haapai

Now we made due north for the Haapai Cluster, and early morn found us casting anchor off the Village of Pangai on the island of Lifuka. Its north-western point saw the tragedy of the “Port au Prince”. This is another group as flat lying as the last. No wharfage here, the reef making it impossible. The stay was but for a few hours, but I went ashore. Here it was that the Pooh Bah of Tong-a died and was buried. His grave has but the black pebbles upon it at present. Here was his last home, fringing on the beach where his daughters now live, one engaged on a book <sup>119</sup> vindicating her father’s memory — a noble task — and with the intention of (with the proceeds of the book) raising a monument <sup>120</sup> to the one time companion of a king. The Roman Church here in the making, this one not of coral but of concrete — not so noble in proportion as at Mua, yet promising a splendid edifice.

The other denominations but poorly housed and raised in the native style. We peeped in where scholars were at work : there was much noise, which seemed to us confusion. Anyway they were cheerful enough, and lessons seemed no bugbear. Their elders were loafing or pounding kava on the green; some prisoners were sadly working under guard, and this on Steamer Day. A walk of little over an hour takes one to the other side of the island and back : but though ’tis narrow, it is many miles long. Copra its chief industry. The drying coconuts are seen on every hand throughout these isles : they lie out on raised stands, cut into small slices. If a shower comes, tarpaulin is handy to throw over them. There are copra sheds on every wharf where, sacked, they await the special steamers of the trade.

## Vavau

Off once again : that same evening saw us entering the northernmost group, of Vavau <sup>121</sup> : and that night we tied up at the wharf of the Village of Neiafu.

What a harbour is that of Vavau, it could hold all the navies of the world. Its praises have been oft times sung and it is worthy of them. To be ranked with Rio and with Sydney is honor indeed — yet, far out of the track of trade its worth is thrown away.

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<sup>119</sup> See [Memoirs of the Rev. Dr. Shirley Waldemar Baker, D.M., LL. D., Missionary and Prime Minister](#), by Beatrice Shirley Baker (1927).

<sup>120</sup> A photograph of the monument is shown in a footnote to *Ci Gît* in the chapter on *South Sea Curios* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.

<sup>121</sup> [Vavau, Tonga](#).



Vavau is a mountainous group and coral finds no place. We steamed in, past island after island rising sheer out of the deep, their rocky sides eaten underneath by the ceaseless beating of the waves, so that approach to many is impossible. But on some, the hills run gently down to the water's edge, there are beaches of golden sand, and all the hillsides are covered with coconut plantations. There are some large establishments fringing on the harbour sides, great store houses and drying sheds, many bungalows and wharves.

Behind Neiafu there rises a wooded hill named Olopeka, whence an early morning climb — and a stiff and testing one — opens up a magnificent view of the great land locked harbour. This is the place for oranges, for the village is set in an orange grove. Four pennies bought a dozen, and pineapples are as cheap. These oranges are not the yellow kind which grow on Tonga-tabu as large as one's two fists and uneatable, being naught but pulp, used by children for cricket and football; but an orange the common size, in colour like the breadfruit, vivid green, juicy and sweet : but beware of pressing the rind to your lips, for they will smart and sting for hours after the contact. Many white folk here reside, their bungalows rising tier on tier on the hillside, and the port has a wide awake look, though it was hot enough in all conscience, shut in and thus cut off from the steady trade wind.

### The Swallows' Cave <sup>122</sup>

Those who visit Vavau should not fail to enter the entrancing Swallows' Cave. No land cave this, hollowed out of mountain side, but a Sea Cave on one of those many islands which lie about within Vavau's mighty harbour. As stated, these are no coral islets but oft times volcanic rock rising sheer out of the deep, precipitous and crowned with richest verdure.

The time to enter is as the sun is slowly sinking in the Western sky, for then its rays reach within the narrow portal and play upon the sides, producing colours and shades over which even the satiated traveller grows eloquent, and leaving a picture which it will take long years to efface from the mind. It is within rowing distance of the Tong-an village and wharf where we lay overnight : but in this instance our genial Captain would fain have us wait, till he cast off his lines and headed out to sea to far Samoa.

A hundred yards away, the engines stopped, and boats were lowered from the davits, manned by dusky natives, an officer in each, into which we tumbled and cast off. The entrance is a fair way for even such good sized boats, with an arch above : then a great gap through which one sees the sky, silhouetted with heavy shrubbery and drooping trees. Peering down upon us as we entered this hallway were some native boys whose rich chocolate skins verily glistened in the light, and added further touch of colour to the scene.

Once within, we found a vast round chamber with vaulted roof, here and there great stalactites hanging down, an almost perfect circle with one or two deep recesses leading off. The roof seemed like to have been chiselled out by human hands, ending in a perfect dome where sea swallows had built their nests, and at our advent came sweeping down and round as if protesting at our invasion of their home.

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<sup>122</sup> Regarding this and the following two stories, see also Tale #19, *The Swallows' Cave*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

But the colours are the marvel. Here is a wall of sapphire, which shades off gently to a most tender green; in another quarter soft red glides off to cream and yellow : the water beneath the boat, like the dome above, a glorious Prussian blue, transparent to the very bottom which lies fathoms below. To heighten the effect, there entered with us a boatload of natives who had made the trip for the pure joy of the cool and the rest within. They seemed to fit the place and the place fit them, whilst we were but outsiders, only there on sufferance. Slowly we revolved around and watched the colours changing as the sun sank down in the heavens outside.

It is ironstone but not even at that impervious to the desecrator who conceives no such place as this to be perfect till he has inscribed his name, and the date of his immortal visit upon its should be sacred walls. So hard it is, that to strike upon the rock is to give forth a bell-like note which rings and rings again within the vaulted chamber, and sends the swallow owners fresh hurtling from their homes.

But the Steamer called, and we left the cave, with regret, for the world outside.<sup>123</sup>

### A Tragedy

Such is Vavau's cave but not the only one, for there is yet other further out to sea where only mermaids nowadays do visit : for to reach it one has to dive deep and long to find the entrance : then passing the rocky barrier beneath the waves, rise from the depths to enter Fairyland.

Here in the not so Long Ago a Tong-an youth brought a dusky maid to dwell, safe from parental wrath upon elopement. Large and roomy is the cave once gained : and the gallant bridegroom fed her with the best the land could give of fruits such as Tong-ans love. But Fate was against them, for ere long some of his companions wondering at his long absences, followed him by stealth and saw him take the plunge. They too dived, and the game was up.

Here a foolhardy white man came to his end : and since then none have stood within that cave. What natives could do, he could do, and Captain as he was, took along his men to see him do it. He plunged, and saw clear enough the entrance but misjudged the rising tide, crashing his poor body against the rocky bar, and came to the surface whence he had disappeared — a wreck, soon to die, the victim of over confidence.

### A Send Off

But what a send off did we have at Neiafu — this was the climax of all others en route : hitherto all the villages had come down, and mid shouting and waving of handkerchiefs had cheered us on our way : but now there came marching through the village to the wharf, a Band, khaki clad : two and two they marched in military step and bravely did they play. A white man, Bandmaster, this Mormon Band had eighteen pieces, piccolos and trumpets, trombones and drums, all handled by natives.

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<sup>123</sup> William James Diaper (1820–1891), who visited [Fonualei](#) after its eruption on 11 June 1846, states in *Cannibal Jack* (1928), page 199, that “This Tounalei is the real island, whence originated that beautiful, romantic, traditionary story of the two lovers and their cave home, entered by diving under water from the sea, and mentioned by Mariner in his *Account of the Tonga Islands...*”



Arranging themselves in a circle, with stands for their music, they played us off : and far away we could still hear their melody come floating o'er the sea.

### **A Loss of Time**

And now we touched that strange line of longitude where a ship sails out of one day into the day before.<sup>124</sup> We had two Tuesdays together, and I was even once again.

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<sup>124</sup> From 1892 to 2011, Samoa was to the east of the [International Date Line](#), whereas Tonga is to the west.

## BENEATH TROPIC SKIES (I)

### Apia Harbour

Once clear of the furthestmost isle of the Tongan group, two more nights and one more day and at the break of dawn we were nearing Apia. Imagine a half circle of hills, richly clothed, facing you as you gaze landwards, their slopes beautifully graded to the water's edge. In the very forefront one mountain keeping guard of Apia, lying at its base. That mountain Vaea stands out and apart from all else. On the summit of a spur thereof lies Stevenson — his home, Vailima, peeps out from among the trees to the left, it is now the Governor's residence. <sup>125</sup>

The Town lies along the Beach. A twin-towered church dazzlingly white is in the centre of the habitations — it is the Marist Father's and their school for boys is next thereto. Two streams pour down from the hills through the Town, into the bay — the Mulivai and the Vaisigano, bridged today; but a single generation back, having to be forded.

Now we head for the entrance through the outer reef. It is broad enough for comfort, but inside we can go no further. There is a second reef, and the entrance through that is at an angle and of insufficient depth. There is neither wharf nor pier, but all has to be lightered, and the work at times is very difficult for great waves sweep in and may crush or overturn the boats in a twinkling as they lie against the steamer. So we cast anchor, and to make doubly sure tie up to a buoy immediately in front of the wreck of the German Warship "Adler" which lies clear upon the inner reef, lifted there on that awful day five and thirty years ago, when the English man of war "The Calliope", fortunately in a position (though hazardous) so to do steamed out into the Fury beyond, amid the cheers of the doomed Americans and Germans, and saved herself. <sup>126</sup> A small portion of the Trenton is to be seen on the left, which was one of those beached, but the rest have disappeared, and lie so it is said, under the reef itself, drawn there and held for keeps. The "Adler" is a sorry sight, she has broken in two, nothing is left but her form. They tried to blow her up, but she is not one hundred yards from the houses, and Apia was likely to have gone up with her. On the outer reef on either side are other wrecks : but these of schooners.

<sup>125</sup> [Apia, Samoa.](#) [Mount Vaea.](#)

<sup>126</sup> The *Adler*, shown below, on the reef following the [cyclone of March 15, 1889](#):



## A Setback

At her anchorage lay “The Ajax” which ran at uncertain dates to Niue : but there’s many a slip at times. From the Harbourmaster I learned that she was so hopelessly out of repair that she was sailing on the morrow for the very place I had come from. She must have an overhauling at Auckland, and might be back in a couple of months.

But it was nothing to worry about. Time was of no great account. Something would eventually turn up. Luck was rather with me than against me. Here was Samoa, Stevenson’s Samoa; I would fain make it mine. Passing Inspection and handing in the special Measles Certificate I had had to secure in New Zealand which assured that I had not had that sickness “in the last three weeks”, I went ashore and finding no accomodation possible at the one and only hotel, found a friend who put me up : and started to get my bearings. Samoa is “dry” — not by plebiscite but by order of Government — and the white folk as a rule look weary. Most say that they are “fed up” with the place; its Glamour for them is a thing of the Past. There is a plethora of officials, one wonders what they can all find to do. Apia certainly looks “out at elbows” — it calls aloud for paint and brooms and an army of garbage men — but though outwardly unattractive it is redolent with memories, which make Apia a spot of abiding interest to many who may never see it. Here history was made and Stevenson noted it in his expressive way in his “Footnote to History” which awoke the Chancelleries of Europe. Here he lies, but far from forgotten by a world of readers.

## A Note of History

Of that chequered history in more modern times I would but touch upon the essentials so that one may better understand things Samoan which later will be dealt with. Both the Wars of the Roses <sup>127</sup> and the Fable of the Wolf and the Lamb <sup>128</sup> are to be read therein.

There was some measure of peace till the white man came, though there is but little Tradition of very early times. Savaii claims that it was from there, the largest island of this group, that the Maoris of New Zealand came : migrating in their canoes from an island always more or less subject to volcanic action, and possessing but narrow belts of fertile soil, to the larger islands in the South.

The Dutch <sup>129</sup> were the first of Europeans to see these islands, so far back as 1722. Then came the French, and a massacre on Tutuila (American Samoa today). It was of but a boat’s crew, not the seizure and destruction of the ill-fated Laperouse’s <sup>130</sup> ship itself. That tragedy was left for later years. Bougainville <sup>131</sup> had previously seen them and because of the skill the natives showed in handling their canoes far out at sea, called them “The Navigators’ Islands”.

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<sup>127</sup> The [Wars of the Roses](#) were a series of dynastic wars fought between supporters of two rival branches of the royal [House of Plantagenet](#): the houses of [Lancaster](#) and [York](#) (whose heraldic symbols were the red and the white rose, respectively) for the throne of England. They were fought in several sporadic episodes between 1455 and 1485.

<sup>128</sup> [The Wolf and the Lamb](#) is a well known fable of [Aesop](#); it is a story of tyrannical injustice in which a victim is falsely accused and killed despite a reasonable defence.

<sup>129</sup> [Jacob Roggeveen \(1659–1729\)](#)

<sup>130</sup> [Jean François de Galaup, comte de Lapérouse \(1741–1788?\)](#) landed in 1787.

<sup>131</sup> [Louis-Antoine, Comte de Bougainville \(1729–1811\)](#) sighted Samoa, but did not land, in 1768.

The English H.M.S. Pandora came in 1791. That great organization, The London Missionary Society, whose teachings reaches from Tahiti to Papua today, heard the call, and working towards Samoa reached it in 1830.

America <sup>132</sup> now took a hand, but only as to surveying its uncharted waters. It was doubtless then that the fine harbour of Pago Pago (Pang-o Pang-o) on Tutuila was noted with its strategic position at the cross roads of the Pacific trade routes from America to Australia and from Panama to the Orient, which fact later became the starting point of all the trouble.

Now to Apia came commerce. England, America and Germany in addition, starting Trading Stations, acquired property, and their citizens settled down among the natives. In 1872 an American naval officer called at Pago Pago and arranged with the high Chief thereof to establish a Coaling Station, pledging his country's protection. But the Senate would not act up to the pledge, for they wanted no outside territory. Yet one, Steinberger, <sup>133</sup> was sent out to make further enquiries; and returning, was despatched a second time, bearing gifts in his hands : and this done, his mission was to end. But not so thought Steinberger. He proceeded with a high hand and a strong one, and formed the native chiefs into an organized government under their king, in which he became not merely Premier, but Dictator. He soon became at odds with the foreign residents, and finally his own countrymen had him deported on a British Gunboat. But not without a fight, for some Samoans were his friends.

Now went to Washington a high Chief (for it was not London nor Berlin to whom the Samoans then chiefly looked) and whilst the United States promised only its good offices to adjust future differences, Samoa handed over Pago Pago on Tutuila definitely. At once Germany demanded and got her own Coaling Station at Saleaula, <sup>134</sup> not far from Apia on Upolu : and England (in no hurry) was to have one later. This meant Consuls.

So far the kings of the land had not appeared to the front : they rested on their honors. In '85 the king was Malietoa, <sup>135</sup> a weak man, and the German Consul, Stübel, <sup>136</sup> a strong one. The latter, for some double dealing on Malietoa's part, caused through abject fear, took possession of Apia. America stepped in as she was bound to do, and a Conference at Washington decided that until London and Berlin had been heard from, Germany should keep its hands off. But that was not German policy. On a flimsy pretext it declared war upon poor Malietoa — the German Empire against a semi-civilized people on a tiny isle — he was forced to give himself up, and was deported, and one Tamasese <sup>137</sup> was made king. There was another high Chief Mataafa <sup>138</sup> on Samoa's isles. Him, poor Malietoa declared his Regent till his own return. Mataafa got his forces together, and proved too strong for Consul and Tamasese. The latter fled after a long drawn out struggle and soon after died.

There were then lying in Apia Harbour, British, American and German warships. One day they were there, the next all but the British ships were wrecks. Mataafa forgot his quarrel with the Germans, and he and his worked like Trojans to save the enemy's crews.

<sup>132</sup> The [United States Exploring Expedition](#), under [Charles Wilkes \(1798–1877\)](#) visited Samoa in October 1839.

<sup>133</sup> Colonel Albert Barnes Steinberger became Premier in 1875.

<sup>134</sup> [Saleaula](#) is on Savai'i. Perhaps WWB is referring to [Leauva'a](#) near Apia on Upolu, where some of the inhabitants of Saleaula were relocated after the volcanic eruptions of [Mount Matavanu](#), 1905–1911.

<sup>135</sup> [Susuga Malietoa Laupepa \(1841–1898\)](#)

<sup>136</sup> [Oskar Wilhelm Stübel \(1846–1921\)](#). WWB has *Steubel*.

<sup>137</sup> Tupua Tamasese Lealofi-o-a'ana I

<sup>138</sup> [Mata'afa Iosefo \(1832–1912\)](#)

The Washington Conference was now succeeded by the Berlin Conference which did justice to Malietoa and restored him. But the taste of power and the undoubted wish of the majority that he should be king had unsettled Mataafa and in '93 war broke out — a civil war <sup>139</sup> — between King Malietoa and his one time Regent Mataafa. Malietoa triumphed and the people's favorite was deported; both by the aid of foreign power.

In '98 Malietoa died and his son <sup>140</sup> of the same name succeeded. His almost dying request was that Mataafa, his one time friend, might return. He came and signed a promise to keep out of politics. But egged on by the Germans, who had formerly most stoutly opposed him, he broke his promise and proclaimed himself king.

To avoid further war, <sup>141</sup> Malietoa II was ignored for the time being by the Great Powers till another Conference was called; this time onboard ship in Apia harbour : and the men behind the guns decided, despite the refusal of the Germans to agree, to depose Mataafa and set up Malietoa II again. Urged by the Germans, Mataafa stood firm. Then shells once more began to fly, and British and American marines landed to enforce the decree. This force was ambushed back of the present straggling town, and officers and men fell in the unequal fight.

This was the beginning of the end. The Wars of the Roses was now followed by the Fable. The three Great Powers sent out a Commission. Both King Malietoa II and the would-be one, Mataafa, agreed to abide by the decision made as to their respective claims. Thereupon the three powers decided that the only way to govern the group was to divide it up amongst themselves. America took Tutuila and Manua : and Germany might have the rest provided that she gave up to England all claim to the Solomon group and threw in little Niue (which was never hers). Thus both the would-be kings were gobbled up and disappeared from view : and Germany proceeded to exploit her practically bloodless conquest, till fourteen years later, when in the month of August there sailed into Apia Harbour six ships of war and two Transports. It was the invading force of the New Zealand Government. The Governor and his little handful of officials were helpless. Quickly the whole body of troops was landed, the German flag came slowly down from above the offices of the German Administration Building; and as the British was run to the top of that same staff and fluttered out on the trade wind, the troops came to the Salute, the Band broke forth, three cheers were given for King George, and fair Samoa was ours.

### A Personal Note

From History to the everyday wants of Life may seem a sudden change but Man cannot live by Intellect alone, his daily needs force themselves to the front, and the pursuit thereof in unknown parts has an interest far in excess of the things themselves. Many a Stay-at-Home oft wants to know of Life; details in foreign parts of the world, wondering much how his fellows fare in the minor wants of Man. I aim to meet this want. My own first want was the need of a Hairdresser. I was told that the only ones were natives. I had a natural shrinking from their handling my locks, but necessity rises superior to foolish prejudice. When the German reign in Samoa ended, the high class German barber was deported. No white man came to take his place. The natives considered such a trade not too hard work for them, and also not beneath their dignity, and started business. My operator was a huge

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<sup>139</sup> [First Samoan Civil War \(1886–1894\)](#)

<sup>140</sup> [Susuga Malietoa Tanumafili I \(1879–1939\)](#)

<sup>141</sup> [Second Samoan Civil War \(1888–1889\).](#)

fellow, robed only in a loin cloth. His shop a somewhat dilapidated shack, yet it was spotlessly clean and possessed a dentist's chair. I rather fancy that this was once owned by the efficient German. All went well, but the shampooing I preferred to do myself in my own sanctum.

As to washing of linen even in remotest spots I found no difficulty. The native women see to that. In Apia as to boot mending there was but one man in the business who by profession is a saddler, and does repairing as he can. He looked to have one hundred pairs of boots awaiting; he clearly was doing a rushing business with white folk. There is a watchmaker but he has no window dazzling the eye, and the same modesty seems to possess the only chemist. The only dentist went off for a year and men until lately had to grin and bear the pains and needs. There are Doctors now and a splendid hospital with a large staff of trained nurses. There is a weekly local paper which does its best to dispense news, and the Government which controls the Wireless strikes off typewritten form of what comes daily through and thoughtfully pins it up outside the Post Office. Here folk foregather and scan the lines with eagerness, and are grateful for these crumbs which come their way.

### **Native Homes**

There are charming walks leading out of Apia towards the hills. They are Nature at her best; the foliage is so rich and varied, large trees and small line all the way, grassy swards lie back of them with tall bushes spread about bearing many colored blooms : and the native houses complete the picture. These latter (fale's) are still much in use, and far surpass in artistic effect the bungalows of the whites. Oval in form, with a heavy thatch roof supported by poles all round some four feet apart, the sides are entirely open to the breeze, yet there are mats rolled up just under the eaves ready to be let down at night, or in case of rain. The flooring is of pebbles, and at any time of day you can see Samoans squatting therein, lazing the hours away in talk or rest.

### **A Fairy Scene**

As I wandered one afternoon along the road which leads up to Vailima, there came trooping down a band of young womanhood, fifty strong : walking two abreast, each couple exactly behind the one in front, for they were carrying on their shoulders baskets of copra between each two; these baskets (made of split leaves) slung upon a pole. They stepped bravely along, despite their heavy burden, chatting gaily as they went, sturdy and superbly formed, clad in loose cotton gowns of many hues.

I wondered not at Stevenson's choice of a home which lay not a mile beyond. Looking up I could see the mountain top where his ashes lie : but that was a walk that still awaited me.



## A Game of Cricket <sup>142</sup>

Apia's chief promenade was deserted, every shop tight closed, for it was Saturday afternoon, and everybody was off to games or picnics. There was to be a native Cricket Match in the Compound close to my residence, and keen was Apia's excitement over the coming struggle. Thither therefore I went, and found myself alone amid a wildly noisy native crowd. Not that there was any roped off arena round which the people gathered. Far otherwise. The pitch, if you could so call it, was set in the middle of the uneven sward round which Samoan houses ranged. Every seat in the Stands was occupied, which means that all the mats (or blinds as we should call them) were up, and people young and old squatted on the edge of the pebbled floor of the circular dwelling houses. They were going strong when I entered upon the scene. And what a scene! What a travesty of the solemn British Game. Here was noise enough for a Baseball diamond; and to add to the din there was a Band which never ceased : but of that Band anon. First of the Samoan game itself so far as I could interpret it.

There are two wickets set close together. The should-be third one is set apart, on a line with the others some two yards away. These are used by those who make the runs, for the batsman only bat. The runners carry wands, the batsmen use an implement which is a cross between a huge baseball bat and a club : its end is foursquared. It was certainly twenty a side, and may have been many more, the fielders seemed to be all over the place. There were umpires at each end, I fancy a couple worked the duty together. They were distinguished by an umbrella to keep off the sun : or a walking stick for those who did not mind the heat. The overs consisted of one ball each, and the batters idea was not to save his wicket, but to lift the ball to the sky. I noticed that the umpires gave to each new comer "mid wicket" or "off leg" but the batters once securing paid no more attention. The bowling was all overhand, and the catching good. At times the ball landed on a roof and slowly careened down. This seemed to count for nothing as the runners made no move, but when they did move they got on such a pace that they failed to stop till full ten yards past the post. I looked in vain for the scorer : I fancy that they carry all runs made in their heads. None kept to their positions in the field, and when a ball went up, at least three would collide to catch it. It seemed to be the order of things to clap when you felt like it. Of course when a batsman was out, the whole company started in; not with the rapid clap of the white but a measured beating of the half closed hands; but you are not tied down to that moment only if your enthusiasm carries you away.

But even if the game was interesting to watch, as indeed it was, for the intense excitement of the players and their antics : the Band was the thing that fascinated me. I counted sixty in it, and not an instrument among them. They were seated in rows on the open sward, and had at least four conductors who all worked overtime. They sang what I should call Samoan Shanties; never ceasing the clapping of the hands. There seemed to be a Programme, for the antics varied. At one time they all moved in perfect time as if rowing : at another time they lay flat on their backs : and at another six men stepped out and danced in front, the wildest, weirdest, most savage kind of dance I have as yet set eyes upon in any clime. All the while the conductors kept leading in song, to which the Band responded in short, snappy phrase; nor did those same conductors hesitate to use the stout sticks in their hands, stepping into the crowd and belabouring the backs right and left of any of the singers who grew slack. It is extraordinary the lung power these dark skinned races have. Hour after hour they sang and shouted, but the sounds were never hoarse.

Of a truth they were supplied with much Kava : for women kept bearing across the field of play (quite oblivious of the game) galvanized buckets slung on poles : and passed in and out amongst the Band,

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<sup>142</sup> See also Tale #23, *A Cricket Match*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

handing out the fluid. It was a fiercely hot day, yet how those dancers whirled and squirmed and twisted, flung arms and legs in air; each separate yet none moving out of a square yard space.

I passed on at length, to where white men played the game, on matted crease and concrete, with leg guards and wicket keeper's gloves, and a bunch of onlookers watching with serious countenance and whispered words. 'Twas a change indeed : but each to his liking. Alike they get exercise and pleasure from the game.

## Lodgings

I was fortunate indeed to find a roof over my head upon arrival : my host a leading merchant, an American who has spent long o'er thirty years in Apia, has amassed wealth, but still keeps his four and twenty Trading Stations going. Above the distributing one in Apia he has bedrooms for his white employees, with a common dining hall. As space permits, he is generous enough to extend board and residence to such as I.

The table, not sumptuous, was plain and good, the furnishings simple but adequate. There are showers provided and a delightful verandah fronting the sea which beats across the road not twenty yards away. The housemaids are Mission girls which means they are strict Sabbatarians, and left us severely alone on Sundays, when each man became his own valet, cleaned out his room and prepared his bed. Our chef a Samoan, our waiter a Chinaman. True, all dine in their shirt-sleeves as a rule, but the proprieties are observed. Bullermercow (native word for "Beef") is served three times a day every day of the week, but when the Auckland boat arrives, there is joy on every countenance for mutton appears for all too short a space. Apia is no place for a gourmand, but a vegetarian can feel perfectly at home. Nay, even his frugal diet was surpassed a few years back by a band of white enthusiasts gathered from many parts who dwelt up in the hills behind Vailima, were known as "The Grass Eaters" and lived up to it. They are all dead today.

## Teaching School <sup>143</sup>

Time was passing happily when the Government Authorities seized upon me. They were short of Teachers and sought my aid. I was offered the Headteachership of the Native school for boys and girls (with two native Teachers to assist) for as long as I felt inclined. Such an opportunity of getting close to the child mind of the Polynesian Race was not to be refused so I took the plunge. The work was a great pleasure. From eldest to youngest they were keen to learn and quick to grasp. My assistants were charming fellows, one some forty years of age, the other nearing thirty. They took all the hard work from my shoulders. They drilled, and lead the scholars in and out of the large airy building with fife and drum band going gaily (it is not only the boys who play those fifes). Forms I and II were in their hands, for the tiny tots knew but a few sounds of English. My own charges had some fair knowledge of the language. The range of studies was but the three R's — their writing would put white boys of their ages to utter rout — their arithmetic excellent — their reading very pretty to hear as they strove to give the English sounds, all touched by their soft Samoan. Much time

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<sup>143</sup> Regarding teaching at Malifa in this story and the next, see also Tale #25, *Of Malifa (1)*, and Tale #30, *Of Malifa (2)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

has to be spent in explaining words as well as sounds : they know so little of Life and their orbit is so small that it kept me guessing how to explain at times, but we always got there in the end.

I found that the custom was the first thing of a day to take some object and tell them of it. A watch, a piece of money, my sunshade, anything would do. They gave profound attention but when I gave them dissertations on their bodies, they were enraptured. Samoans are strong on good manners and see to it that their children follow suite. Upon the Master's first entering the class room they rise and welcome you with a "Good Morning Mr. Bol-e-tone". But you are required by the same code to first say "Good Morning boys and girls". The boys raise their hand to the head, the girls bend slightly forward.

### A Tribute

And they are appreciative. One afternoon as I made ready to leave, a scholar slipped a note into my hand which (because I would have men know that it is better than fine gold to a Teacher to receive such reward for his labour — and that you may have despite sad mixing of his pronouns the thoughts of a Samoan lad in his own words) I here subscribe (but the original I could not part with at any price).

Malifa School

Dear Mr. Bol-e-ton,

Just a few lines I let you know how I please for your teaching me some new way for finding the British language. Please Mr. Bol-e-ton will you leave your work in Niue because we are very much please for your help in Samoan children, now we wanted you to stay in Samoa for long time and teach me in every way in English language. When you come here we know many things from you that's why we wanted you, because you are a wise man, and you are true teacher, that's all I want to let you know. I hope this letter is not say "Goodbye" but merely "Au revoir."

Fatuesi.

Who could want richer reward or higher praise than that?

Malifa School for Natives (Apia) is set in a Native Compound, and is attended by a representative number from many villages rather than all from one; which was the German method and is still in force. My two assistants live in the fales nearby : their names Tauaa and Maiuu. A little distance off through coconut groves is the White and Half Caste School of Ifi Ifi : for the two do not mix in lessons, save for singing which the Headmaster takes — a wonderful teacher of song. To that hour's exercise I got to look forward with avidity. I still fail to fathom how he has brought them — even with the aid of the Tonic Sol Fa System <sup>144</sup> — to such perfection. It is Part Singing de luxe. No one has a score in their hands, yet every note and word rang true. The elder boys have an astonishingly rich bass, the tenors are sweet and clear, the altos ring deep and true, the sopranos never overpowering. No accompaniment. They followed the baton for time and expression like veterans. "Hail Smiling Morn", "Little Boy Blue", "Sweet and Low" and a soft Samoan Song of Farewell

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<sup>144</sup> [Tonic Sol Fa Method](#).

(which I still seem to hear) are only a few out of their extensive repertoire, but when one day they burst forth into Handel's Hallelujah Chorus I was astounded. Up, up they soared nor ever faltered. Back and forth went that wondrous song till when the last note rang out amid that tropic scene of palms and foliage, brown skins and blazing heat, it was hard to believe 'twas real. There is talk of taking them en tour, they would certainly surprise.

### Stevenson's Grave <sup>145</sup>

It was St. Patrick's Day. New Zealand recognizes in full measure her Irish citizens and proclaims a holiday for Banks and offices and schools. Her authority extending to distant Samoa, a holiday was mine. It was easier to declare to my scholars that the approaching day was free from lessons, than to explain the reason why, for the Good Saint took some careful handling. That day I made my Pilgrimage to the Grave of Stevenson <sup>146</sup> — Tusitala — The Teller of Tales. Ere the full heat should beat down upon me, I sallied forth alone, climbed the steep ascent and stood beside it.

The way was pleasant, and the going fairly good. Many white folk's bungalows on the road, set well back, and oft times hidden amongst the groves of coconuts and cocoa beans and breadfruit; past a village with its native church all too garish in its white daubing and formal style amid the grass roofed native homes; past plantations, some well kept, others run to seed; and so to Vailima, two miles and a half away — all up a gentle grade.

Since the days of its first owner, the Author's Pacific home has been in possession first of a wealthy retired German, then of the German Governor, and now is the official residence of His Excellency the Administrator. Heavy gates face you, hung to massive concrete posts, with sentry box nearby, and just inside there is a Lodge, once the temporary home of Stevenson (whilst Vailima was a-building) but not on its original site : and a large extent of open fields where cattle graze. A broad road leads straight on to other bungalows (once soldiers' quarters) and beyond, on a knoll, rises the old home, facing the sea, with its verandah looking out upon a spacious and well kept lawn, and its upstairs where the brain workshop lay. The new way is not the old way in. You turn down a shady lane and soon come to an unpretentious iron pipe gate which leads you into a grass covered way bordered on either side with shade trees. Those were planted by man, not nature : and the pretty roadway winds round and up till you are at the home in which Stevenson took so lively an interest in the building. It was a fine home for those days, other hands have made it even more so. At the old time gate there is a notice board which has lettering in Samoan. It refers to that grass covered roadway from the iron pipe to the house and is as follows:

#### The Road of the Loving Heart.

Mindful of the great kindness of Chief Tusitala during the time of our trouble when we were in gaol, we have made this road as a remembrance which shall not fade away, even forever.

<sup>145</sup> Regarding Stevenson's grave, see also Tale #27, *Saint Patrick's Day (1)*, and Tale #28, *Saint Patrick's Day (2)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>146</sup> [Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson \(1850–1894\)](#)

(Here follow twelve names of chiefs, Mataafa the would-be King among them.)

On past that gate you go along a bridle path where mauve colored butterflies abound, to a pretty rushing stream coming down from the mountain, at the very base of which you stand, winding its way to the sea. A rustic bridge takes you over. The waters of Vailima tasted good to a thirsty soul.

Now started the ascent and so too does the undergrowth and forest. No wonder that the bearers had to struggle hard and fight their way with axe and rope and mattock to carry out the wishes of the dead that he should rest upon the summit. Deep shade prevailed as I made my way slowly up the slope; a heavy rain overnight had made both rocks and roots most slippery. Leaves lay thick : but the way was clear; for pilgrims to that shrine are never lacking. I met two coalpassers one day as I roamed around Apia. They had their work stamped upon them. They sought of me the way to that lonely grave. Their steamer lay in the offing : but ashore they told me that they must needs pay their tribute to him whose books had given them such unfeigned delight.

The trail twists and turns, at times almost perpendicular. You are alone indeed : the density of growth hides all of what's below, save that you hear the rushing of the stream and an axe or a hammer at work somewhere in the Beyond. Higher and higher you climb till at last thirteen hundred feet up, you suddenly step out of the dimness into light; a blue sky above you, where on the summit (surrounded with tall bushes of scarlet hibiscus and many a feathery drooping tree) lies...

### **The Grave.**

A massive concrete slab some fifteen feet by nine surmounts it : upon which rests a tomb plain as many a one beneath which kings do lie in Westminster's Valhalla : no column, fluted work or statue : impressive in its strength and its simplicity. Bronze inscriptions let in on three sides : one to Stevenson : one to his wife (whose ashes were brought from California in 1915 and laid beside her husband) : one from his wife (in Samoan) taken from Scripture.

The poetry of Stevenson's own making. Herewith I give all three as I copied them upon that mountain top.

To Stevenson.

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie :  
Glad did I live and gladly die  
As I lay me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :  
Here he lies where he longed to be :  
Home is the Sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

To Mrs. R.L.S.

Teacher : tender Comrade : Wife :  
A fellow farer : true through Life :

Heart-whole and Soul-free :  
The August Father gave to me.

From Mrs. R.L.S.

Entreat me not to leave thee  
Or to return from following after thee :  
For whither thou goest, I will go  
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge.

Where thou diest, I will die  
And there will I be buried.  
The Lord do so to me, and more also  
If aught but Death part thee and me.

### **The Outlook.**

At one point on the knoll, nigh the head of the Grave, looking north, there is a glorious view of the sea : and another break in the trees and shrubbery to the East shows Vailima nestling at your feet, with a great vista of rugged, green covered mountains far as the eye can see. Thirty years have passed since the day when he was carried up and laid there, and few of the actors in that drama of deep devotion now survive : yet in the villages below, even the children prattle of him, and throughout all Samoa, he being dead, yet speaketh.

As I stood by that Grave far from his Home Country, and from mine, I felt grateful indeed that I was privileged to personally lay my little tribute of appreciation upon his Tomb — an hibiscus bloom, blood red.

### **Market Days**

Wednesday and Saturday evenings are the Market Days of Apia. The market itself was next door to my residence. But be not led away into imagining a fine building, well lit, with roomy stalls. The only thing in which it is like our market Places is the crowd, and the ceaseless jabber. Apia's is held under the open sky, with the sea dashing itself upon the beach not twenty yards away : the lights are hand lanterns : and the stalls empty cases procured from the Merchants. No butcher finds a place here : no farmer tempts you with fresh eggs and sweet cured hams : no florist shows potted plants and nosegays : the dusky sellers, both men, women and children are not in those lines of business. Here are huge "flapjacks" piled high : and many uncorked bottles of a liquid like diluted raspberry vinegar : here too are gigantic crabs for purchase, still alive and vigorously kicking : and fruits of many kinds. One fancies that this market must surely be for Lazy Ones in a country where every native woman is a cook, and where both fish and fruit are to be had freely for the gathering in a village communism. But perhaps it is a social gathering in the main : and certainly the din of talk and laughter leads one thus to think. There is a Brass Band too : to add éclat and more noise for the occasion.

It is a weird sight, with the dim lantern glow, and the white robed figures, with as many well nigh unrobed, flitting ceaselessly about. Order is kept by bare footed Police dressed in khaki colored cloth



(hot covering for such a climate, even at nightfall) with a silver star on their breast : but by ten p.m. all is over, and silence broods once more o'er Apia's Market Place.

## Easter Morn

The Roman Catholic Cathedral is a massive structure. Within, the wide and lofty nave is clear of pews, the space instead covered with tapa mats : the aisles and the transepts have the pews which are for the use of the white folk and the half caste. Behind is the organ and Choir Gallery, but unlike Honolulu's fame, they have not attained the former. So 'tis an harmonium set nigh the Altar rails, and the choir nearby.

Easter Morn broke fine : the heavy tropical rain had spent itself in the early hours, and by seven a.m. when High Mass was to be sung, the sun was already blazing. Troops upon troops were pouring along the Beach Road, white the all prevailing colour, though some few natives had gowns or lavalavas of gaudier hue : few heads covered. St. Paul's Dictum <sup>147</sup> seemingly does not hold good in these parts : nor if he had long hair in mind would there be any cause for it; since few of the native gentler sex have aught but close cropped hair like unto the men. Some came in rigs, but most on foot, old men and women, young men (and babes in arms), one and all with but one object in view, the Oblation of Thanksgiving for their risen Lord. I was early, yet already Litanies were being chanted, led by a Samoan native nun.

Big Ben rang out, and the great church quickly filled. That nave was a wonderful sight : from Altar rails to the main doors there were many hundreds : at one time kneeling, rigid and straight as arrows, upon the mats; at another time squatting on their haunches tailor fashion, their naked feet all evident. A woman nigh me had a great column in front of her, nor could she have seen one movement at the Altar, but she followed every part of the Service with deep devotion, nor stood at any time in need of book. The collection was made by two young girls for the pews : and by two solemn looking native men in cassocks (with Rosary and silver cross pendant from their necks) for those sitting on the mats. The men brought their offerings in the folds of their waist cloth : the women produced theirs from I know not where — they certainly never carry handbags and worship is no time to be inquisitive.

It was an early hour for Preaching, but sermon there was, short and delivered without heroics by a Marist Father with fast greying beard. Being in Samoan, I was unable to follow, but the sacred name was clear, and Alleluia has no native equivalent. Then came the Great Oblation : the grouping at the Altar of the superbly robed Celebrant, his Deacon and Subdeacon : the Master of Ceremonies : the Acolytes and Torchbearers (a great row of these, clad in scarlet cassocks, lace cottas and a sash of scarlet round their waists); the Thurifer, with odorous incense rising to the roof, and the tinkling bells.

Who of white folk partaking in such a scene could fail to be seized with the thought of the Attraction of the Cross. Samoa — far flung from all that Xtianity had meant for nigh twenty centuries to man — whose people but three generations back were steeped in heathenism, and its concomitants — now kneeling at the feet of The Crucified One — the white man's Gospel theirs : joining with the millions of the Church Catholic in Thanksgiving on that Day of Days in the Christian Calendar.

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<sup>147</sup> [St Paul's dictum](#) was that "Women should remain silent in the churches."

## Vailima

A visit paid to His Excellency gave me, at the same time, the privilege of seeing Vailima at close range. Tea was dispensed in the Workshop upstairs, and dinner in the roomy quarters below. Here is the open fireplace, within it its andirons, which was determined upon, not for any possible use, but for old Home's sake : above it hangs a large oil painting of Bismarck <sup>148</sup> (a relic of German possession). Electric light is now being installed, but in the first days those great rooms must have had an eerie look of nights, unless lamps without stint were put in use. The aim throughout was roominess and all the air possible. Set as the house is on rising ground, it gets all the breeze there is. A splendid view is obtained : Apia itself lies hidden below you : but one catches a glimpse, over the tops of trees, of the outer reef with its white foam, and then comes the Ocean. On the left rises the mountain covered with foliage from top to bottom, on the summit of which is the Grave. We strolled down to the Bathing Pool, which needs no trained artistic eye to recognize its beauty. It lies but a little distance above that rustic bridge I passed over on my way above. You step from the open field in which scattered lemon trees flourish, into the shade of the banks of the stream. Making your way down by step of boulders you come to a pool fed by a waterfall above. It must be ever cool here, for the trees are all around, and their branches bend over, one and all, as if determined to protect the spot. Ferns are abundant upon both banks. It is a vision in green; and your eye follows the stream as it sparkles down over the rocks through an avenue of foliage with the trees still meeting overhead, till it takes a bend and is lost to view.

## Learning a Language

There is at all times here, a colony of Niue "boys", as well as of "Solomons" (the latter well nigh black as negroes), who are brought under contract by the Government to do laborer's work which the Samoan has no wish to. The Niuean Village was quite handy to my quarters. There were fifty then waiting to return to their home even as I was : and it struck me that I could well employ my time, if I went to school myself, and began to learn their A B C. My good friend Tauaa took me to the Settlement : and by appointment I visited the native pastor. For me he had spread the mats (which are rolled up during the day), had a folding chair ready, and fresh coconuts for refreshment. He himself, a dapper little man, keen of aspect, sat tailorwise whilst we discussed the matter. A young fellow named Ata, otherwise Archie Head — a half caste — also attended, who speaks English well : and he it was who stood prepared to hand out the instruction. Quickly the news spread that the new Teacher had come, himself, to be taught; and my daily walk through the Niue Village — after school hours — was made for a time at least, amid the scrutiny of many eyes peeping out of homes, which was somewhat embarrassing to a stranger. Niueans affect the closed-in house, and board up the sides with broken up cases. It certainly gives the appearance of very rough carpentering : and the entrance is decidedly limited as to height. Ata's lessons were given sitting on the edge of a board which cut off his sleeping mat from the rest of the room. I was provided with a chair and we generally had an audience of half naked, heavily tattooed men inside, keen to lend a hand, the while enjoying a game of cards. The women gathered outside, plaiting baskets. Happily a Grammar Book was dug up from somewhere, and there were Bibles and Hymn Books, all three of which were brought into play.

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<sup>148</sup> [Otto Eduard Leopold, Prince of Bismarck, Duke of Lauenburg \(1815–1898\)](#)

There are only seventeen letters, as they have no B C D J Q W X Y or Z. It is somewhat disconcerting to be told that R has to be sounded “Low” and T as “See”, but there you are. In order to protect me from an outpouring of Niuean in my infant days, I soon learned how to stop it by saying “Ai iloa lahie au vagahau Niue” which being interpreted as “I can only speak a little Niuean”. For me, the Reading Lesson was like stepping on hot stones, but my Master was very patient. Here were a few more nasty jars for the Student. There are no less than four forms of our “The”. For plurals they merely put “Tau” in front of the word. Adjectives have plurals usually made by duplicating the first syllable; and they seem always to go about the long way to express themselves. “A mean man” is a man who is “Koe loto ke he tau mena he lalologi velevelekoloa ne atua kehe tau mena ia”. So I had something ahead of me. They simply adore the letters F and K, and I was secretly Fa-ing and K-ing all day long. The Niue language would not by a long way fill a Webster’s Dictionary. Their paucity of words is confusing. The same word has to do for a canoe and a root, whilst another means both to scold and to kill. One can imagine the horror of a schoolchild should his Master “I must scold you for this” if he interprets it as a threat of murder. They must be quick witted indeed to grasp which word is meant when “Mo” stands for “and — for — from — so as — or — with — as — in — nor” and “Fua” can be “Fruit — egg — to carry — to weigh — and to swell” as you please. Never before did I know that there was any connection between a mosquito and an odour, but “Namu” is the word for both. My Teacher allowed that half of the words used to make one only, are quite untranslatable; and we were sworn friends despite the load he put upon me. There is unfortunately everywhere on these Pacific Islands a Chief’s language and the People’s. Woe to him who uses mere common words when addressing those of high Birth, and even if white folk it is considered ill bred. My Grammar Book shows me that to him you must not use such plebeian term as “leg” for his means of movement, nor are his “face” or “hair” or even “eyelids” like unto ours; his “sickness” and “death” are things apart from us, and the last act of all still finds him and his Class alone in their glory.

## Health and a Story

A pleasing feature as one roamed amongst these people and their villages was the absence of deformity. I have no ground for thinking that they hide those thus afflicted from the gaze of their fellows : their fales are too open to attempt such a thing. They are simply a well formed race, carrying themselves erect, heavy weights always slung on a pole, the “pack” unknown. Yet they have their troubles. The blind in one eye are numerous, and elephantiasis is all too common. The reason of the former is (at least till lately) largely their own fault, for when the eye is troublesome for any cause, their method of relief has been to scrape the eye with a slither of wood, its uneven surface rasping across the delicate pupil, blindness generally ensuing. Elephantiasis is an ungainly sight, an ankle, a leg swollen enormously, yet not incapacitating from movement. It is a disputed point of the villainous mosquito should not have this debited to his account in addition to his already heavy list of crimes.<sup>149</sup> Anyway it is best in such a clime to leave no sore or bite uncovered, and one sees natives on every hand with rag tied round a leg, an arm, a foot : would that they did the same to the sores of the horses. These latter make one’s heart ache, for they are all too roughly handled, the native considering speed the all essential, and his beast looking as if he had not had a “square” meal for months. Seeing that the folk eschew boot leather and that their own soles are not even yet made of iron, it is not surprising to meet many with bandaged feet. They can tread on stones and rocks, even coral with impunity, but they are not proof against the perils of loose nails, tin cans and other accompaniments of an untidy

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<sup>149</sup> [Elephantiasis](#) occurs in the presence of microscopic, thread-like parasitic worms, all of which are transmitted by mosquitoes.

civilization. Broken glass too has its victims but it also has its distinct advantages under certain conditions. It was the salvation of a certain skipper in these Southern Seas not so long back.

His crew massacred, he found himself alone onboard. Nothing daunted he sailed his sloop to safety, though to rest at night he must needs seek the shelter of bays where savages abode in hoards. His scheme was original and entirely effective. He did not lack for bottles, which he broke and ground to pieces. Before retiring to his bunk he covered his deck with the fragments. Knowing full well that he would be boarded ere the sun rose, he slept till the whispered jabber of voices alongside woke him, when he lay low and waited. Clambering up the sides, with a blood curdling yell they sprang aboard. Those yells in an instant were changed from triumph into pain. Pandemonium reigned, for those aboard sprang back, only to be met by others who were still thirsting to sack the ship. What those savages said, even the Captain failed to translate, for the volume was too fast and great. But his duty was plain : to have his sleep out, then rise, sweep the broken glass up ready for the next night, cook his breakfast and then proceed upon his way.

### Crying Needs

A “bird of passage” like myself is in no sense qualified to pass upon the politics and policies of the country he is merely passing through. He can but note what he observes. There are certain things that are patent to the dullest eye about Samoa. It wants labour badly. Plantations are going to ruin for lack of it. And the Samoans will not readily work. Why should they? Samoa did not ask the white race to come and try to make their fortunes out of its bountiful soil. Even if the Samoan did work, he is far above working for the wages of a “coolie”, and more than that wage the white man will not pay. He has not to work for his own living, except that light measure of daily toil which is good for every man. His is a Communism. The Jap is “tabu” to the white man in these parts, as elsewhere; the Chinese are being withdrawn by their own Home Government because dissatisfied at the treatment meted out to its people — being refused the right to settle — and the labourers brought from other groups are but transients, not always easy to be obtained.

Communication with the outside world is very limited. One steamer a month from New Zealand. Days and weeks pass and not another ship in the harbour save the little ketches that sail about the islands. Eighty miles away one hears of the American Liner about to pass through Pago Pago and send mail and maybe a trifle of goods to Australia by that means. The copra trade (such as it is) is now headed for the United States, and it is likely to get settled in that direction if no cargo boats come hither from British ports. The passenger steamers refuse to carry copra for fear of fire. New Zealand has accepted the Mandate and she has her work cut out. Her officials are working hard, with their eyes, in the main, upon the uplifting of the natives — as should be.

Labour and ships are the crying need and it is not easy to see how they are to be supplied. Federation is in some men’s minds as a solution of the difficulty : which means that these Groups should be allowed to cut away from their various mothers’ apron strings and stand on their own feet. The stronger then would help the weaker, there would be a community of interests and trade would be fostered by a fleet of merchant ships ever going the rounds. Whether the great distance lying between these islands would make it a practicable proposition is something for experts to decide. From the Cooks to the Solomons is a vast jump. But something will have to be done if things are not to fall behind, and if these fertile spots are to take their share in the output for the support of mankind in general.

## **The Losing Side**

My respect for the men of Niue has greatly increased. They know how to take defeat. No grumbling, no thought of trickery to make up for efficiency. I have learned that ever since the Niueans have been brought hither to work, they have tried to lower the colours of the Samoans in the national game of cricket. Week in, week out in this land of Perpetual Summer, they have played, and the superiority of Samoa is today overwhelming. A chance victory comes Niue way, and the Village is in transports, but it is but a fleeting joy. And the price of defeat is heavy : they play not alone for glory. The losers have to provide a feast for the visitors, and the wonder is that Apia has not long ago eaten up all the food resources of the Niueans. Off to their own Plantations the conquered needs must go, gather coconuts and yams, bananas and taro : and carry the spoils to the victorious Samoans.

## **The Beach Road**

The entire sweep of the coastline within the Bay is now called Apia, but 'twas not always so. In those times of stress we know of, there were four villages scattered along that mile or two of beach front. The Western point is still known as Mulinuu, then comes Matafele, then Apia, and at the Eastern point lies Matautu. The first named was the residence of the Samoan Kings, the second where the Germans ruled supreme, the third where British and Americans held sway, the last was no man's land in particular but here were the Consulates of Great Britain and The States.

Along that road which I took exercise upon, Kings and Consuls, Admirals and Captains have moved their men like pawns in a game of chess : plots and counterplots have come off or come to grief : bullets and shells have whistled across it : messengers have sped along it carrying notes of war or peace to the camps hidden in the bush at the back : but never a fairer sight, nor more stirring to look upon than when beneath darkening sky and howling wind, the crowds of whites and natives, great men and humble folk worked together, all feud forgotten, as they strove to drag their suffering fellows to it from the wrecks lying crushed upon the reef and shore on that March morn in '89.

## **Strong Arm Doctoring**

Belief in devil possession dieth hard. If some unfortunate party be seized with abdominal pains, as happened at a house I dined at, do his folk put hot fomentations thereon, and bathe his temples. Far from it. He hath a Devil inside him say they, and that Devil has got to be driven out. Forthwith they proceed to beat with thunderous blows that tender part of one's anatomy despite the shrieks of the sufferer, nor do they desist till he is in hysterics and is alternately laughing and crying like a madman. Then is that Devil on the run, and they cease their loving ministrations, and let the stricken one repair as best he may.

## Lochinvar <sup>150</sup>

Brides hereabouts are sometimes won in courtly fashion, sometimes far otherwise. The former requires a gathering in the fale, the Kava prepared, a call to order and the flowing bowl passed round, the would-be bridegroom makes his offer of marriage, and the matter is settled then and there. One of my girl scholars was asked but happily for me the offer was declined, for schooling was considered to be more important than Love at that time. She did not seem to be concerned about the matter. I saw no tears, nor did a single sigh escape her. She was my most studious one.

But there are rougher methods. A young man sets his fancy upon a maid, and calling to his aid a boon companion, they watch the habits of that maiden's village. Down by the stream or a pool in the bush the good girl is washing clothes : suddenly they spring out upon her, the swain declares his intentions, and willy nilly he carries her off. Depositing her with his parents they await developments. The girl is missed, is tracked, her fond parents descend upon the scene full of recriminations at her base behaviour, but having administered a wholesome whaling, kiss her, bless her and make friends. This the Tradition in such case and it must be followed to the letter. Then comes pig and taro and much Kava, and the matter ends.

## A Lover of Nuts

'Tis but a beetle, but the damage he does is well nigh incalculable. He has the strength of ten and is armed with an instrument of war, a horn (sprouting from his nose) of fearful power. Hence he is named The Rhinoceros Beetle. He was not always here, he came by reason of the ardour of a Scientist who brought wonderful plants and fruits from far off Malaya to test their ability to grow in Samoa. He was a Stowaway and though men curse him for his depredations, they can hardly blame the man of Science. Yet he might have searched his plants for eggs ere shipping them. This beetle goes for the young coconut when it is green and tender, and with his weapon, rips it open to feast upon its contents. If he stopped at the young fruit it would be bad enough, but if he cannot get that for his voracious appetite, he seizes upon the young leaves themselves, and rips and tears them so that shape and form are deformed and their usefulness is gone for aye. Men hunt them as others do wild game : but with the plantations only half tended, such search is largely futile. As is the rabbit to Australia, so is the Rhinoceros Beetle to Samoa.

## Tombs

The modes of sepulture are various on Upolu. There are formal graveyards but they look wholly modern : there are single graves set in the bush : there are mounds lying right against the fales — these latter by far the most common sight. Seeing that they still have the most deadly fear of ghosts and spirits, it is strange that they keep their dead so close at hand. So great is the fear that there is no

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<sup>150</sup> Lochinvar is the fictional romantic hero of the ballad [Marmion](#) (1808) by [Sir Walter Scott](#). The brave knight arrives unannounced at the bridal feast of Ellen, his beloved, who is about to be married to "a laggard in love and a dastard in war." Lochinvar claims one dance with the bride and dances her out the door, swooping her up onto his horse, and they ride off together into the unknown.



need of any Curfew Law. You rarely see a native outside his home once darkness falls. It is only when the moon is full or when they move in company to the market that the roads and seashore are not deserted. A grave by the wayside would be an effectual bar to progress on a dark night, to most, alone. There seem to be no Langis as in Tonga, where royalty lies apart : yet in Mulinuu there is no doubt their dust lies within a bowshot of each other in the seat of the Kings, each under a circular tower, some twenty feet high, of cement and stone, with a dome on top, having the appearance of miniature observatories.

Here too as one heads back from Mulinuu for Apia, there are iron fenced enclosures where white men lay in groups. One is of those who perished in the hurricane of '89 : another of the men of H.M.N. and U.S.N. "Killed in action" as the great headstone says, but preferably ambushed and having no chance to put up a fight, in '99 : yet other, beneath which lie the Germans who fell in the defeat of Fagalil, miles down the coast, past Matautu, when Mataafa won out in '88.

Full many a grave of native warrior, if opened, would disclose the absence of the skull : for whilst Samoans were no head hunters and ever abhorred cannibalism, they considered it the proper thing to carry off in triumph the head of the enemy. Remonstrated about this practice by the Missionaries, they were quite unable to give any reason or tradition on the subject : but once familiar with our Holy Book, they were ready enough to quote the story of David and Goliath, and felt that they had now an argument quite unanswerable.

### **From the Verandah**

Two trees, acknowledged to be the largest and most umbrageous upon the Beach, raise themselves like sentinels across the way from where I oft times sat, to escape the heat, on a verandah, built up and out, above the narrow road beneath. There is a strip of grassland on which they grow, ere you reach the small boulders and the darksome sand. Their boughs bending over, meet in the middle of the space between, forming a perfect arch of greenery, through which one sees the view beyond, and all else hidden. 'Tis a picture indeed, in Nature's Frame.

The sky overhead to the horizon, where the ocean meets the skyline, is leaden gray : a storm is coming up. In the very centre lies a single steamer, stern on, its boats swung out on the davits, and its lights just lit, for evening is coming on, and here there is no twilight. To the right and left there are ketches at anchor, lying snug in the harbour, each with their twinkling lights fore and aft. The tide is coming in : and over the inner reef the waves break continuously, making a line of purest white, ever changing but ever there, the color standing out against the otherwise placid sea which takes its sombre hue from the sky above. That reef in front lies straight across the line of vision, but there are other shorter reefs which stretch away to right and left, each a step further out to sea, all ruled in perfect lines, as if laid there by human masonry. Over each the sea breaks as it lifts itself to surmount them, then rolls itself level again till the next barrier comes. Beyond is quiet water where lies the steamer and the ketches.

Then ahead, some half mile from the shore, leaving the harbour mouth clear and broad, stretch away as far as those bending boughs will allow the view — the outer reefs, two of them, to right and left, ruled again for perfect line. Here heavier combers break, and though far off, the great white line is seen to be ever lifting and falling, and one seems to hear the crash of waters. A leaden sea — white horses prancing towards you line upon line — clouds lowering and moving ever landwards : now they envelope outer reefs and steamer, now they reach the inner lines, the shore, those trees; the whole

scene blurred, now blotted out : the rain descends in torrents, and you haste for more perfect shelter. Would that I were an Artist. Words are but poor things at their best.

### A Coconut Plantation

Vailele covers nigh three thousand acres and was formerly one of the large coconut plantations owned by the German Company with an unpronounceable name, universally shortened to “the D.H. and P.G.”<sup>151</sup> Since the Occupation it is controlled by the Crown Estates Office in Apia and has a Manager, two White Overseers, and a small army of Solomon Island Boys and Chinamen to work it. By the kind invitation for the weekend of the Manager and his wife, I made my way some five miles out of town — all the way skirting the seashore, and passing many a village — to their charming bungalow set upon a high bank overlooking the Sea, and surrounded by all the outbuildings necessary to the proper conducting of the Copra business. Here were the splitting sheds, the drying kilns, donkeys with their ironwork panniers to bring in the nuts from the various sections of the estate, ox teams with lumbering wagons to do the same in larger bulk, motor lorries to carry in to Apia the finished and sacked article, ready for the steamers; community houses for the bachelors, wooden shacks for the married folk, blacksmith’s shop, and storehouse filled to the roof with supplies, which under the present contract with the laborers, has to be served out with a liberal hand. With a Plantation such as this, free from heavy bush and undergrowth, there is immense pasturage : and here horses and cattle roam, some of which are wholly wild. Fresh meat is always procurable, and there is an extensive dairy, whilst pigs, chickens and ducks all add to the sense of being once again amid the farms of old time civilization, not upon a small island in the Tropic Seas.

The Estate is in three divisions for more careful supervision, Vailele proper under the Manager direct : the other two under the White Overseers. Their work seems never done. It is early rising and a hot pace kept up till bedtime. That work has been increased tenfold by the Rhinoceros Beetle. It is a fierce fight for supremacy between man and an insect. Monday mornings are given entirely up, not only on this plantation, but by order of Government on every plantation, Samoan as well as White, to the hunting of this pest. All the workers set out with cans, and whilst some climb the trees in their extraordinarily nimble way, others stir up the heavy ground about the roots to find the loathsome looking grub. Here a tally is kept as to the result of each man’s search, and it runs into the thousands. At Vailele the pest is just kept under control. No more. Any relaxing of effort and the mastery would not be man’s. Seeing that there are possibly fifteen thousand folk out upon Upolu every Monday morning in search, it may be gathered what a plague has been introduced unwittingly.

The days passed pleasantly, there was boating and bathing, extensive rambles along all too muddy roads and trails : the evenings spent in long Deckchairs on a mosquito proof verandah, with the soft sea breeze blowing in to keep all cool.

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<sup>151</sup> The headquarters of the *Deutschen Handels-und Plantagensellschaft der Südsee-Inseln zu Hamburg* (D.H. and P.G.) were in Apia, Samoa. For information on German firms in Apia, see Chapter 2, “The Elements of Discord: Foreign,” in [A Footnote to History: Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa](#), by Robert Louis Stevenson (1892).

## A Maiden's Glory

I was taken off to see the Tuing-a Luna or Headpiece of a Taupou or Village Virgin — a most important and well nigh sacred personage, the Head Lady of all Social Functions, who has her Duenna and attendants. The Party herself unfortunately was not at home, having gone off on a visit with her father, the Chief, but her fond mother showed me her photograph, and I should gather that she was well able to take care of herself; her upper frame and lower limbs of athletic proportions, and her face not of a character to easily move the susceptible heart.

Her crowning glory came from Fiji. A devoted brother had gone thither to procure this one that should make all other high Caste Virgins envious. It took six months in the making, for it is of the feathers of the parakeet, and the birds had first to be hunted down, and the number must have been great. Each feather — not wing feathers, but breast — one below the other, was separately attached to a tape line, some nine inches long; feathers brown, feathers green and feathers red : these lines all joined together at one end, thus forming a loose wig. Apart from this, but surmounting it, was an arrangement of looking-glass attached to three thin canes which spread out like Prince of Wales' feathers. The whole was carefully preserved in a wicker work parrot cage, well wrapped up, and hung from the centre of the Fale, from which the mother kindly lowered it by means of rope. We disturbed her at her afternoon nap. There seemed to be no one at home, but in the centre, upon the pebbles was what appeared to be a huge pile of mosquito netting. "Alofa" (good day) at once produced a movement of the mass, and out of it rose Milady, who despite the inopportune hour, and an entire lack of knowledge of our tongue, was most gracious — like all Samoans are invariably.

It was Sunday, and just then the Conch Bell went, summoning to worship. Out of the fales the congregation came, each with a Bible and a Hymn Book in hand. Here the rule is evidently that the ladies must be covered and some of the hats were quite attractive; others otherwise : but all seemed at a loss how to attach them properly; perhaps the present price of hatpins is prohibitive : but I would not have guaranteed any lasting connection had a breeze sprung up just then — but there was none : and it was therefore very, very hot.

With "Alofa" to one and all we left that Village to its Evensong.

## Of Cocoanuts

A cocoanut is good for drinking, and its flesh for eating there and then. It must be fetched down for you from on high by those who can. A cocoanut for Copra must be fully ripe, and generally falls of itself from the tree. Then it is of hard exterior and the fibre thick, ere the nut is reached. That exterior is of no use locally, and usually is piled together and consumed by fire, which seems a mighty waste of what would make countless door mats for that industry. Where drying kilns are used, it comes in handily for firing in lieu of wood, and cooking is done by it to some degree. The whole thing left alone upon the ground but a little space, a shoot springs forth, which would in time break its thick tough bonds, reach down into the soil, and become a tree.

I desired to see the workings within the nut, and for that reason, several at various stages were split open for me. How could a shoot get out of that hard central nut? We all know the three eyes as embellished for "Aunt Sally". It is through one of these, which Nature has left weak, that the shoot breaks forth, and then forces its way through fibre and outer shell to the light and air. In the very early

stage, the milk curdles in a measure, and just beneath the eye, forms a tiny, hard white ball. Out of this comes the shoot which breaks through, and forthwith sends out roots of purest white which cling to the nut lying within the outer husk, like our five fingers would if spread out. That is the first stage. Later, one sees that all the fluid milk is absorbed and becomes like sponge, filling up half the space within — the hard ball gone. That little ball is delicious eating, so too is the sponge which melts in the mouth. But now the green shoot is strong and vigorous, and needs full feeding, so draws the white of the nut which we know so well. It consumes the lot; and by that time the contact with Mother Earth has rotted outer shell and fibre; inner shell is weakened too : the bulb presses outwards and those finger roots press inwards, and the whole thing collapses : the shell is cast aside, and the shoot is wholly free. Then Nature comes and covers it in measure with soil, and the roots dig down, and the shoot mounts up inches daily (as I have watched it) till it becomes a sapling, then a tree, and bears its fruit : the babe has become a parent in its turn.

You rarely see a straight tree — it ever overgrows its strength — they take many shapes, some even weird. Many I have seen rose but four feet from the ground, then turned at right angles and stretched out their full long length so that I could gather the nuts which hung level with my arm. These the exception : but all do some amount of graceful bending. Then comes the wind, and those which are old and infirm find that their days are numbered, yet rarely measure their full length on the ground. They yield to the inevitable, but snap off at various heights. The woodsman has to do the rest, and in its place drop a spouting nut. Nature then quickly fills the gap made in the line of a Plantation's trees. The eye wearies at acres of sugarcane, so too of pineapple, but the coconut with its sinuous trunk and waving plumes was ever to me a charming sight.

## BENEATH TROPIC SKIES (II)

### A Malang-a <sup>152</sup>

There was to be a Native Reception to His Excellency <sup>153</sup> at Matafangatele, a village some three miles out of town along the eastward coast. He had, since arrival, visited each district on Upolu, where a Malang-a had been arranged to give him royal welcome. This was the last of the list, and not one village but many throughout this portion of the island were to foregather — to greet him — hear and offer words of wisdom — drink Kava — feast — and complete the great occasion with both Song and Dance. I was there. Others were there, Cinema folk, men in white duck and yachting cap, just arrived in port on a cruise of varied interests : amongst them — the photographing the customs on the South Seas natives. Their trim white craft lay in the harbour, the object of interest to all, for its was said to be by those who had gone aboard a very hive of industry, men of Science with the labelled bottles, students of ethnography with their ponderous note books, “Picture” men with their dark room and pungent smells, store rooms of gifts with which to entice folk lore and secrets from the aborigines. Americans all, as none could possibly deny.

The time was early afternoon, the village green the site for Feast and Dance, a brand new fale adjoining, where Speech was to be made and the all essential Kava to be drunk. Many flags were hung pendent from rope stretched on poles which reached round three sides of the square, flags of many nations, and some most certainly of none. But they helped to make things look brave and gay. Leading up to the Congress Fale was an avenue made of posts and joined across the top, on which had been laid the huge leaves of the coconut tree for shade, whilst similar leaves were tied round the posts themselves. Near the head, it branched out so as to form a T. This was not for His Honor’s perambulating, but the site of the coming Feast. I was early on the ground so as to miss nothing.

### The Laying of the Table

Mother Earth the table, coconut leaves the tablecloth, mats on either side for seats. Then came from all quarters, men and women, carrying the food in baskets of the same jack of all trades tree. Out poured baked taro, legs, wings and breasts of chicken, fish baked in leaves and oil, breadfruit and shrimp salad too. One lone thing yet was lacking. That was Pork. It came : a whole pig, roasted, carried by four braves. They laid it almost at my feet, and Ye Gods! what expert carvers. Those huge knives that cut grass, yet hew trees down, which are axe, saw and a whole carpenter’s tool chest in one, to the Samoans, got to work. The hams were gone in a trice, the head severed : now a knife ripped all along the backbone from that button of a crisp tail to the neck, the hands grabbed hold, and the whole carcass was displayed without an atom of flesh on it. That flesh was cut into thick strips, some six inches long, and distributed upon the table : it did not seem to matter where the pork fell. Thus was the Table — an immense one — spread.

<sup>152</sup> See also Tale #34, *A Native Feast*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>153</sup> Colonel Robert W. Tate was [Administrator of Samoa](#) from 1920 to 1923.

## In the Fale

Already grave faced men were squatting within the Speaking House, and women too. None but Chiefs could enter here, none but high browed females. It had but just passed out of the hands of the workmen and looked a creation of real beauty. The roof inside a perfect masterpiece of interwoven wood. Hanging from the double crossbeam in the centre were decorations, not such as white folk use, but banana leaves split into slim widths, which moved to and fro in the gentle breeze. Each post was entwined with either fern or coconut leaf. The floor of pebbles was completely covered with fine mats. At one end of the concave there were chairs, nine in all, the central one for His Excellency; a table in front held a vase of flowers, together with glasses each of which supported a young coconut split open, ready for use. Behind and above the chair of state hung portraits of King George and his Queen.

Courteous as ever, the Chiefs begged me to enter and sit down on my haunches, and entering handed me coconut milk to drink. To one side sat two Taupous with a Kava bowl in front, and one was already busy with her hands in the bowl kneading the root to and fro. It looks like soapy water and has the snap of ginger. Those Virgins were not willowy, neither were they of blithesome aspect. They both were buxom lassies, and the occasion seemed to lie heavily upon them. For dress, they wore a light corsage of tissue paper, and the same material for an abbreviated skirt. The colors deep blue and maroon. Two young men attended them, bringing water in coconut shell and steadily supplying fresh root. The ubiquitous kerosene can was in evidence, abominably out of place, a very outrage to the eye. But the Chiefs were already thirsty with much preparatory talking and oft drew upon the coal oil tin. Only one person speaks at a time in conversation in these parts, there is never any breaking in, and it is not etiquette to rise. With their back to one of the supporting posts (unless the fale be full) one will hold forth, all others silent and attentive. None interferes till he has surely done. How they tell that is somewhat beyond me, for the Speaker often stops for a considerable period — to us it would surely be taken that he had had his say — then breaks forth again. Here then were gathered the Chiefs of the District, all in sober dress — bare skin is for the Commoner.

And Malietoa was there, still Chief of Chiefs, a tall man of medium build, black moustached, not of commanding mien but yet distinguished. He was clad in spotless white coat, soft shirt and lavalava, and carried a crook handled stick, verily first cousin to my own. His Consort musty have been a beautiful girl in her youth : even now at forty or so she is apart from all of her sex whom I have seen on Upolu. She is natural, very graceful and looks a Queen. Natural! Yes! for later in the day when Dance was on, her native blood could withstand no longer, and leaving her chair nigh His Excellency, she stepped out amongst her people and herself joined in the wild movement of arms, hands and feet, yet never lost her grace.

## Speeches and Drink

Word was now passed that the Governor and his party were arriving through the Grove, from Apia. The fale was emptied, the band fell into place, the Chiefs gathered, and from the auto stepped His Excellency. At once a bar of the national anthem rang out, and all stood at the Salute. Then came introductions and hand shaking, and the whole company moved slowly off to the Talking. I found a place at the far end of the fale from the high table, and watched. Malietoa sat on the right hand of the Chair, his wife on the same side, white folk between — to the left of the Chair sat His Excellency's ever genial Aide de Camp, together with high placed white officials.



Now a portly Samoan, squatting in his place nigh me, began to read from a lengthy manuscript in the native tongue, and sentence by sentence this was translated into English by an Interpreter of most engaging face and manner. It took long, but the sentiments of loyalty to the Crown, goodwill towards the Governor, and a hope of progress for the land were forcibly expressed. One phrase that caught me, as it evidently did His Excellency, was the statement that “With Samoans in their dances, it is held that the first on the program and the last are always the best : we know that the first Malang-a Your Excellency attended was good, may this your last not fail to be the very best.” The long address over, a generous reply was given. It Likewise had to be interpreted, which of necessity takes some of “life” out of one’s words, and makes one feel the added power which knowledge of the native tongue of any country, gives. They were told that for their country to progress, they must work : that the hope was to fill offices with Samoans, when Samoans had fitted themselves for the posts : and many another useful point was pushed home.

The Speeches ended, forthwith things proceeded to the handing round of the Kava, that Wassail Cup<sup>154</sup> of our own wild time days, the seal of Friendship and of Peace. The bowl and the maidens had removed outside and sat close to me. Another Virgin, tall and really graceful, now appeared, and taking a coconut shell (black with age) in her hand, one maiden still seated lifted up the mass of roots in her hands and the soapy like fluid drained in. Then from the all powerful lungs of the Announcer came the news to all the Assembly both inside and out that the Kava was to be borne to His Excellency. His voice power was simply tremendous and I was not a yard from him. The girl bent as she entered the low side of the fale and bore the bowl direct to the Governor who bravely drained it to the dregs at one long draught. It is violence to all known etiquette to sip or drink it “piece meal”. Withdrawing, the maiden next bore the Cup to Malietoa, then her work was done. The others were served by a mere man, but one who most gracefully, with sweeping movement of the hand, fulfilled his trust. Each time the loud voiced Orator thundered out the name, till all those seated on the chairs — as also the Speakers who were upon the mats — had been supplied. Then all rose and filed out to the next stage.

## The Feast

I was pressingly invited to join in, and found a place upon the mats, directly opposite to the two solemn visaged tissue-paper Virgins, who fell to with a vengeance, without thought of Grace before meat. My appetite did not run to any brave attack of fat pork or oily fish, but when with a broad smile (at last) one of those high born Taupous broke a taro and offered me one square inch, adding thereto one shrimp, I could not well refuse. Fingers alone were brought into play. I saw His Excellency, who sat at the Head of the T (fanned by a couple of one-eyed women) bravely attacking the wing of a chicken with hand and teeth, and took courage accordingly with my shrimp. None but Chiefs could sit at that feast, the Commoners looked on from the fales around. Yet some Commoners of youthful age crept nigh, and I soon saw the reason why. If all of us thus seated had eaten till nightfall we could never have cleared that table groaning under its weight of delicacies. Yet it vanished marvellously quickly. My Taupous behaved abominably, they seized article after article before them, fat pork, taro, fish, and slipped them behind their portly backs whence boys with leaf baskets seized them and hied themselves off to the fales and the “tall timbers”. I willingly assisted, gladly giving all my share to

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<sup>154</sup> [Wassail](#) (Old English *wæs hæl*, literally ‘be you healthy’) refers both to the salute ‘Waes Hail’ and to the drink of wassail, a hot mulled cider traditionally drunk as an integral part of wassailing, an ancient southern English drinking ritual.

those brazen faced thieves opposite. Then round came bowls of water and there was Washing Day. His Excellency, and Malietoa beside him, rose and so did all the Company. We adjourned, but only moved a dozen yards away to enable the table to be garnered up, the whole avenue to be ruthlessly pulled down and dragged away : and turned to find chairs placed where we had but just now sat on mats, and everything now ready for the Grand Finale.

### The Dance

Now all round the village green squatted the crowd, each village by itself, and weird calls began to arise from the coconut groves to our right and left. Out from one side would step a Taupou, at times a couple, accompanied by men, and move towards us in their strange, halting, mincing, dancing step. The men aimed at savagery both in their attire and their antics, brandishing, twirling, hurling in the air those fearsome knives, yelling and whooping the while : the maidens adorned with their wondrous headpiece — not these of parrot feathers, such as Vailele's absent Taupou owns — but of human hair, fair of colour, secured from the albinos of the race, those freaks of nature, of whom there have never been many, but whose golden locks seem greatly treasured. In their hands they carried saw-like knives with a hook at the extremity, once used to sever the head of the enemy and bear it, suspended to that horrid hook, triumphantly to camp.

Now from another quarter more Taupous would appear and dance up to the Governor and his Company, bow and dance away. There were clowns too : one at least had tried to blacken himself, but 'twas a hopeless failure as what with plenteous coconut oil and his untiring zeal, the perspiration had worn large streaks away — and still mostly chocolate was he. Now half a dozen Taupous (my Kava maids amongst them) took the floor with their men, and danced till some at least could dance no more. Each was a unit. I should doubt if any muscle in their body had rest in that mad time. They were in movement all over, and it was difficult to watch and fully appreciate so many moving figures at one time. The women were silent, but their men burst out into weird, unholy yells and calls. These were, though, but the preliminary canters. The more serious business was to come.

### Musical Drill

There was a sound of chanting male voices, and through a grove of coconut palms one could see a band of men, four abreast, clothed as to their loin cloth alike in deepish blue, their necks festooned with garlands, their skin shining with abundance of oil. They stepped in perfect time and slow : and marched to stop directly in front of us where lines of mats had now been strewn on which they proceeded to sit cross-legged. They looked a brave company of stalwarts, and to add to their general effect had black lines like moustache ends upon their cheeks. These turned up, fiercely, Kaiserlike, added much to their manly bearing. But the incongruous must ever be; for now a woman passed along the ranks with a whisky bottle of oil with which she rubbed the chests and backs of these already glistening heroes. Behind them, in a large group were women and children, these all of one village who came to make play for His Excellency. And wonderful play they made. One man led off in a falsetto, then the whole company broke in, and as they sang they moved their hands, their arms, their bodies. Every conceivable movement, thus seated, did they make, all in perfect time; upwards, outwards, this way, that; one arm, now both arms; slapped their knees, their thighs; it was the perfection of seated drill. They were not many but were one. Now these brown figures half rose,

kneeling on one knee, now they stood upright, and swayed together to the right, to the left; then half turning passed in and out between each other, the singing never ceasing both by themselves and their company behind.

### **A Wild Finale**

But they had to give place to others; and these, women in the main. Led by a Taupou, tall and best looking of the lot seen that day, they marched forward to their places; and again the background was a miscellaneous one. They took their seats and forthwith broke into a chant. They had movements of their own : they seemed at one time to be at sewing, then at cooking, cleaning up and washing clothes. Thus were they picturing to His Honor their daily toil. They too rose as they performed, and right gracefully they did it, despite their lack of flowing skirts, which prudishness would have demanded. All the time, moving about amongst them was a woman well advanced in years who seemed to be the clown of that company. She was but sparsely clad at the best of times but in her ever increasing excitement things became worse. She must have been a wondrous dancer in her youth for there was none I saw that day that could surpass her, in her sinuous movements. Yet it seemed incongruous, such fast play benefits youth not old age. Yet example is infectious and when at last she rushed in front and started dancing pure and simple, the other women rose and joined her; and once more, but never quite so madly, hands, arms, and feet worked overtime. It was a whirl of movement, their very bodies squirming like snakes on end. Their blood was up now with a vengeance.

'Twas then that the stately, graceful lady in her long, plain smock of faintest blue, felt too the Call of the Blood and stepped out to join her people — but with her it was all grace, and her very presence seemed to sooth : and fitly, as she ceased to dance as end came to the performance.

All the while one heard, even amid the ceaseless chant, the rattle of the Cinema man. He had made a haul indeed. If he wanted action, he certainly had got it. But he had not been content at that. He must needs secure the portraits of the Principals. To him, bravely stood up His Excellency and Malietoa : but when it came to Malietoa and his Queen, there was some pretty byplay. She was shy as any unsophisticated schoolgirl. Malietoa called her to him but she hung back, half turned to go away : again he called her, and his tall Consort came this time at his call, and half hid her handsome face upon his shoulder, ere she summoned up courage, and quietly faced the camera.

Now broke forth once again God Save the King, the company rose, His Excellency bade all good-day; and I, with many another on foot, wended my way back to Apia.

### **The Overseas Club**

The British heart beats true and strong amongst those who gravitate hither from every part of the Empire. They are far from insular. One can see by the papers in the hands of many, that they would keep abreast of the times. The Apia branch of the Overseas Club is a live concern; and to me, a stranger, its doors were promptly opened. The Club has its social side well developed : weekly there are Card evenings, dances, lectures and other entertainments.

It fell to me to return much kindness by some Travel Talks, but what I gave was more than repaid by what I learned. Amongst much, this of August 1914, that eventful month for Samoa and the Empire.

To hear from one, a long time resident, whose birthplace was London, how the Germans acted in Apia between the news received over their Wireless of the breaking out of the Great War and the arrival of the New Zealand Force, near a month later, was both interesting and instructive. Here were folk bottled up upon a German island. How fared they? During all the years of German occupation the utmost harmony had prevailed. Old intrigues and animosities had been forgotten. And throughout that month of suspense there was, at least, no outward sight of hard feeling, nor a single untoward incident. So much indeed did the British feel the kindness shown them, that before ever the General of the invading Force set foot on shore, a Statement signed by over one hundred of our people, expressing their warm appreciation of that fact, was taken aboard and laid before him. It was known that Von Spee's <sup>155</sup> ships, the Gneissenu and the Scharnhorst, were off the China Coast. Indeed a visit from them had for some time been expected and a considerable sum had been got together, to entertain the crews, but as the days passed and they did not appear, the British had to suppose that the visit was off. Certainly any entertainment was.

The Germans had their Wireless, but little or nothing was given out : nothing anyway that was likely to give our folk encouragement. But the case was given away when the Germans began to express the most fervent hope that it would be the British and not the French who would appear in the harbour. Money and documents they had sent on the last one for American Samoa. It was positive relief to them therefore when the little British Armada appeared; and the surrender was made. The Germans made light of it, openly expressing the opinion that their Country could not possibly be beaten, and that Samoa would be theirs again in a very short time. Therefore the only warlike act was in inflicting a trifling damage to the wireless, which was easily repaired.

And this same thought doubtless saved Apia from bombardment a few weeks later. The New Zealand ships had gone : the Force had settled down on shore, when one morning Von Spree and his ships sailed into the harbour. The Beach folk made haste for the Bush and the hills, the soldiers prepared for a fight and an attempt at landing. But after a stay of a few hours, without a boat being lowered or a shot fired, the ships turned and headed out to sea. They were not going to bombard and to destroy what would be theirs again so soon. Thus Apia was spared : but not so poor Tahiti, whither Von Spee went, and knocked the French Settlement about most ruthlessly, sinking a gunboat — and a steamer besides — in Papeete Harbour.

### Tit-for-Tat <sup>156</sup>

But not alone to mine own countrymen did I open up new lands. Once a week, at the close of lessons, the children of the two Government Schools gathered together to learn of me of that great outside world which to them is so much a mystery. It was their own wish, at their instigation : how then could I find heart to say them nay. And if they enjoyed those Travel Talks — as by their attendance, their eagerness, their smiles and laughter they seem indeed to have — I too enjoyed those hours. Who could find it difficult to talk with such a gathering before him and amid such surroundings. I liked best when it was not within, but under the open sky, palms and coconuts around, the dark skinned and the white skinned seated upon the sward, teachers and strangers too.

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<sup>155</sup> [Maximilian von Spee \(1861–1914\)](#)

<sup>156</sup> Regarding WWB's Travel Talks in this story and the concert in the next, see also Tale #30, *Of Malifa (2)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

But the agreement was not all one sided. If he talked to them, they must sing for him : and so at the conclusion of a wander off into some strange land, the leading boy would rise and in his brave, quaint English thank me courteously on behalf of all, then came my reward. Those were happy hours for all of us I trow.

### Love's Offering

But the time of Parting came; for a fresh band of Teachers was arriving from New Zealand and I could then be freed; and in their dear way the children said, that as I so loved to hear them sing, they would give me a Concert all for myself. Thus would they part from me. A Concert for one! Whoever heard of such a thing. Nevertheless it was so, and that one can never be forgotten. Every possible scholar was there, and so too, for this occasion was the whole Staff, the Director of Samoan Education likewise. Ifi Ifi (white) and Malifa (native) were one school in that hour.

The Native Children opened the program with a samoan chorus "How can I bear to leave thee" : then came from the White and Half Caste English Part Songs — Little Biy Blue — Oft in the Stilly Night — Son of the Sea — with Rule Britannia as a sort of centre peice. Then came an Interlude, and there stpped forward Fatuesi who in easy style and graceful words asked me as a token of Ifi Ifi's love to accept from them a Samoan Paddle. He was forthwith followed by native girls and lads who in Malifa's name made further gifts. Five girls one after the other flung over my neck necklaces of shells and seeds — their treasured Ulas — the boys laid in my hand tortoise shell rings, embossed in silver, embossed in gold, and a sturdy fellow made his offering of a fan. And the Teachers one and all unselfishly acclaimed the gifts.

The Head Master afterwards informed me that he had had to restrict those native gifts to one from each Standard or I had been swamped beneath the load they craved to give. Then came two more Samoan Choruses : the first "Over the dark blue sea, we speed you"; the last "Good-bye dear Friend, we never will forget you" — and with "God Save the King" that wondrous concert ended.

## BENEATH TROPIC SKIES (III)

### Savaii's Tour

By the invitation of His Excellency I formed one of a party of five when he made his first official Tour of the whole island of Savaii which lies some thirty miles west of Apia on Upolu. His party consisted of The Commissioner of Native Affairs, the New Resident Commissioner of Savaii, the Governor's Aide de camp, a host in himself, "A High Chief of Niue" as I was dubbed at the first drinking of Kava and which remained with me to the end — and two native interpreters, Asiata and Iiga — all important these for the mission in view. Servants and police completed the party.

### The Itinerary

Starting from Fusi,<sup>157</sup> the intention of the Governor was to circle the entire Island, calling a meeting of the Chiefs in each district and important centre. Ten days was allotted as the time, boats and on foot the means of travel. Of hotels there is not one on Savaii. To have made that journey under such favourable conditions is to know Savaii and its people as is not given to the ordinary traveller.

### The Start

It was an early start in a gaily beflagged motor launch of thirty tons burthen, with the Samoan Standard flying from the stern, and bearing the euphonious name of Fealofani. Friends were present to see the party off — the natives in clusters — the lines were cast off — the little ship proudly ploughed the waves — passed the inner (fringing) reef and had just reached the outer (barrier) when something crashed. The engine stopped, a native plunged over the stern and could be seen like a great fish below the heaving swell, twisting and twirling as he made his study. His verdict — broken shaft. Then distress whistles were sent forth, sweeps were got hastily out, and the dingy too, to keep her off the reef : and it was a close shave : two launches were seen rushing to the rescue, lines were taken aboard, and the ship which had but half an hour before set out "when every heart beat high" came back to the wharf ignominiously, a broken and a useless thing. But the Company? Who said that we weren't cheerful? We took it as merely the Epilogue before the real Play began. Neither were we superstitious and hung back at a second try. Had it been even a Friday we would have made another start. Therefore all we thought of was our breakfast, and each one hastened to his domicile once again, to refresh the inner man. Meanwhile hands got busy, superintended by a big man in pyjamas and a helmet whose haste out of bed, to the rescue, caused his weird appearance, and another boat was beflagged, food transferred, bags and deck chairs : and the Siliafai waited, straining at her cables to be off. Now the company reassembled and goodbyes were said again and out we headed, gained the mouth and turned west to skirt along the outside of the reef in a glasslike but heaving sea, Upolu's mountains all along the way upon our left.

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<sup>157</sup> Fusi is a village on the east coast of [Savai'i](#), up the coast from [Salelelolgo](#), what is now the main town.



## The Approach to Fusi

A fast run and we reached the Strait which runs between the islands of Upolu and Savaii with the two islands of Apolima and Manono guarding the pass — the one rising like a volcano crater with one side blown out, heavily timbered, the Place of Refuge in old days of the hunted and distressed — the other a larger and a lower land. Those eight miles were not placid, the launch acting as one who has drunk much Kava, clear of head but his legs all gone. It was a rollicking time but there were no casualties.

We were making for the Village of Fusi in the district of Faasaleleaga and at length passed into the quiet waters within the reef. It was a tortuous passage even then. A Fautasi was seen coming out to meet us : the long boat rowed by twenty natives using “sweeps” not paddles, its stern with awning over, and four short masts bedecked on summit with enormous croton bouquets.

The launch could go no further for lack of depth : so we transshipped and with their quick stroke, changed frequently to half a dozen long ones by the rhythm of their continuous song, drew nigh the shore but not clear to it. There was only one way left, on the shoulders of those huskies. His Excellency was an easy carriage; others not so. He of “Native Affairs” came hopelessly to grief. We heavy weights took warning. No “pig a back” for us : armchairs were required and we reached the shore of Fusi Village in perfect safety.

And it rained. Oh! how it rained. We saw it from afar as we drew nigh. It was waiting to welcome us and kept up steadily and relentlessly all day. No wind. As for the natives they are throughout all South Sea Islands as indifferent to rain as the ducks. The marvel is that they are not all dead long ago with rheumatism. They are not content with walking in the downpour but sit down in it and on it, not for a passing moment but by the hour.

As we stepped up the bank there stood awaiting us a double row of Chiefs — and past them Sisters with many young women (for the Roman Catholics are strong in that vicinity) — between whose ranks we passed, shaking hands with each and wishing mutual “Alofa”. Thus we were led to the Meeting House where a preliminary welcome was prepared. Seated on chairs, the Orator of the Day, after a short word of welcome to “His Excellency” whose title in Samoan means the poetic one of “The Overshadowing Presence”, called out each Visitor’s name; and each of us received from the Village Virgin by hand of man the bowl to drink from. We then adjourned to the Head Chief’s Fale, kindly put at our disposal. A large building in the best Samoan style with its inside roof of the usual beautiful workmanship. The frame on which the thatch is laid is stout and strong though it appears to be so fragile; its curved beams at each end made of the breadfruit tree, four inches only through, in separate portions none more than two yards in length, joined together to make one long beam by a mortice which only the closest scrutiny can find. Not a nail in the whole building. Everything is held by sinnet, the husk of coconut. Between the main beams of the roof are planks four inches across made of the coconut tree, which can only be an inch and a half in depth as the centre of that tree is pulp. These planks also are morticed together and the joint invisible. Then running vertically, resting upon these beams and planks, are laths of the breadfruit tree set two to three inches apart. The one tool is the knife and seeing that every curve and every lath is cut out of the square, the whole thing is a marvel of handicraft. At one end of our official Residence a portion was cut off by a huge piece of tapa cloth, the size of a goodly sized carpet, dyed in squares, half dark brown, the other half the normal yellow, the stain secured from a particular tree prevalent throughout the island. This end contained a real “four poster” bedstead. A large table was laid for lunch with white man’s accompaniments of knives, forks and spoons, napkins alone absent. Partaking of a quick lunch we went back for the further program.

## The Taalolo

First came the Taalolo or Presentation of gifts. Village after village of this District came forward in turn, some having walked full six miles to be present, and each came forward chanting their weird songs, led by dancing Taupous and their Manaia (Young Chiefs) in fancy costumes. Roast pig, whole of course, and live chickens were placed before the Governor, taro too and coconut; the while twenty Chiefs took up their place upon the sward opposite to us, some distance off, who sitting cross legged on the ground, each under his own umbrella, looked for all the world like human toad stools. Then an aged one arose and leaning on his staff — without which such orator never speaks outside the fales — began a long oration, offering these presents; the while some men were busy dividing them for the use of the many present and their followers.

When a tied chicken was laid at the Governor's feet and another at mine I wondered whether courtesy would permit me to escape the burden of carrying it alive around to all the villages ahead, but my difficulty was solved by a thief who boldly seized it from under my very eyes and bore it off. Never was a thief more welcome. There was still a possibility that the pigs might be divided amongst us whites, and I dreaded the possibility of having to carry half a pig in my valise or give offence. Seeing that ten thousand flies were busy at the carcasses, pork did not then at all appeal to me. But they did not come our way. They were carved up in the usual dexterous fashion and likewise disappeared. But one handsome present was made and not reclaimed — a piece of tapa cloth which a blushing Taupou (they blush perhaps as we do, though one cannot tell, but only detect it by their eyes) laid at the Governor's feet. It was worth having. Then four and twenty Mission Girls approached full soberly to take their places upon the grass before us and led by a native Nun made song and motions with their hands and arms till one began to wonder if there were any more conceivable. It was very pretty and graceful and as refined as was to be expected where a Sister ruled.

## In the Speaking House

Next came the Fono or Speeches proper, in the Speaking House. This the more modern way. The ancient was : that of the Toadstools we saw and had already heard (but without the umbrellas). A further word of welcome was now given and roots of Kava presented — a root to each with its two-foot stem laid on the ground pointing towards you — but which we never touched : then another round of Kava. One is expected to say as you raise the shell to your lips a Samoan "Bless You". It is not an easy word to catch the sound of, and when my turn came I unfortunately put the accent on the wrong syllable and loudly proclaimed "May you have abundant sorrow!" But then much may be forgiven to a High Chief of Niue, and as one of the Chiefs kindly excused the fault to the Company, it came appropriately enough from one who looks upon "Savage Island" as his official residence. Here with us sat Chiefs in lava lava only as well as those who were fully covered, seemingly clothing at Court is optional. It certainly adds picturesqueness to the scene. The Governor having addressed the Meeting, it was now the turn of the Assembly. Silence reigned : for Samoans take their time at everything. Then one well on years began to speak. He had finished his first sentence and the Interpreter was beginning to translate it into our tongue when a far younger man broke in. After a wrangle for some minutes, the Interpreter informed us that the younger man was asking the older by what authority did he speak for all. And he beat him out. This younger man was one of the unclothed and when he began, he put such fire in his words, and his eyes flashed so, that I for one felt sorry that the older had not won, for war seemed clear in that fast pouring torrent.

But appearances are often very deceptive, for when at last he stopped, we were informed by the Interpreter that the Orator in speaking for all desired to express their warm thanks for the Governor's kind words. Balaam<sup>158</sup> blessed instead of cursed. So everything was lovely, and though there was no Band to play, everybody wished everybody the best of good health and we parted — but only to meet again at once at the Taumafataga, or Feast, which was laid inside a Fale close by, instead of outside because of the everlasting rain : here we sat cross legged for but a short space and took a formal bite for sake of Courtesy, then left the Chiefs who were very busy and repaired to our own shelter where many waited upon us and fed us royally.

## Nighttime

Then talk ensued till 'twas time for turning in and all, save I, sought each their couch. The Governor of course had the four poster, the rest lay on mats upon the pebbly floor in the large dining room. And as I wrote, the lights went out one by one in the fales, the rain itself got tired at last and rested, and a bright full moon came out and threw its silvery light o'er everything. A great silence fell upon the Village, but now and again a child would wail and one could hear the muffled thunder of the waves upon the reef far off. At last I too sought rest. Men may say what they will about the mats and the spring mattress of the pebbles but I affirm there to be no difference between pebbles and boards. That couch was hard, and as I lay on into the early hours, I was afforded if not comfort, at least company, for one of my companions oft held rapid converse with ghosts who evidently wanted information, and another chanted (American wise) and dogs ambled in through the open sides and had to be "shood" or "shoed". Yes, pebbles are hard, and long ere break of day I stepped out and wandered about in the silent Village under the light of the moon. It is a very pretty site, made more so by the rich green of the large open spaces about it, and the lone palms, and the Pua trees, and the Mosooi (from which the natives gather a scent with which they perfume their coconut oil) and the fragrant Frangipani. So passed the first day and night for me upon Savaii and I saw a second at its birth. Early, ere parting with Fusi came, Asiata was the Principal in a charming little scene. This was his first visit since the death of a local chief whose friend he was. He had brought his gift, a handsome mat. It was not for him to place it over the grave but for mutual friend. Asiata sat upon the grass nearby — a woman with bowed head sat nigh the foot — the friend spread the mat, then he too squatted. The three remained some time motionless, then the woman rose and removed the mat, and they passed into the fale adjoining the grave where formal presentation of the mat was made. Again they adjourned; to the Speaking House this time, where Kava was drunk in solemn fashion and the Ceremony of Remembrance came to a close.

## On the Way to Fagamalo

Again it rained, but early we set out by way of the sea to Fagamalo, headquarters for the Administration of Savaii. The Siliafai had gone back, but in its place was a staunch Government boat, of lesser tonnage, with all the earmarks of a pleasure launch. Sending ahead a motor scow with the luggage, to make its way inside the reef to a break therein, miles on, thence to our trysting place by way of open sea, we headed out the way we had come in and met with squalls and again a choppy

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<sup>158</sup> [Balaam](#) is a diviner in the Torah, his story occurring towards the end of the Book of Numbers. He is reviled as a "wicked man".

sea. Things grew not better but steadily worse and we rolled and plunged as we ploughed ahead, a safe distance (unless an engine broke down) from that foaming reef; Savaii's mountains hid from view by heavy rain clouds. Yet could be seen where the lava from its never quiescent volcano met the sea, forming a solid wall, parts so ancient that a rough covering of sod and wild grass now mantles it, other more recent and forbidding. Our scow had come to grief in the open sea, her engine dead and was wildly tossing on the waves, beating towards that roaring coast : to the rescue we went, and connecting with a hawser had a tow to handle now as well as ourselves, which made progress slow. Twice the stout hawser parted and we circled round in that wild sea to pick the distressed craft up again. That thirty miles took all morning to negotiate and none were sorry when drenched to the skin we made for the narrow break in the reef which led to Fagamalo. But just here, again the hawser parted, and 'twas risking too much to turn, so the scow had to set her little sail and take a chance. We saw her gamely try but she couldn't make the passage and landed on the reef. By this time we were well inside and jumping into the big fautasis sent out to bring us ashore, the launch went off to the rescue and happily made it ere a wreck occurred. Here no fale for a residence but the Resident's ample and well appointed abode. A quick change, a hasty lunch and the proceedings began. The same program, The Welcome and the Kava in the Speaking House, where forty chiefs had gathered, and white clothed and helmeted police stood guard around to keep off inquisitive young urchins, who here were very numerous and quite as much up to every devilment as their white confrères. The Orator of the Day was both eloquent and possessed a poetic mind. His language was flowery and he knew well his Holy Book. The hymn "Come ye Faithful raise the strain of triumphant gladness" was deftly turned to the present occasion whilst St. Paul's travels around, and his meeting with his various Officials, was impressed as a picture of the present journeying. After the Governor's Reply came the Presents, here led off by a group of native Pastors and their wives, approaching at the usual solemn gait, chanting as they came. Their spokesman was a big fellow immaculate in white, and he spoke seriously and with an easy grace. Then came more frivolous bands led by wild dancers.

The Taro-tasi <sup>159</sup> was here seen in use : as a special mark of esteem the gifts were brought in baskets of cocoanut or hidden in leaves. Others to show the special respect they felt, wore fine mats over their lavalavas as they approached with their gifts. Our own orator's turn then came as it is his duty to "proclaim" aloud each gift. Woe to him who has but little in his bag for the eagle eye of our stentorian orator discovers the shortage and the giver is the butt of his fellows for weeks. There followed a "Lance Dance" where forty men led by a gorgeously apparelled Taupou carried long wands with floating white streamers at the point and made perfect movement with them as they sang and stepped. The second day was over and we were glad to rest.

## Safotu

With Fagamalo as Headquarters we made for Safotu some four miles away and were taken thither in Taavales or Gigs, <sup>160</sup> along a road that badly needs attention, and across some streams where we took chances on never getting out. Here at the end of our drive lay a large village on a volcanic gravel plain : a broad avenue running through it bordered on each side by large breadfruit trees. From the entrance to the Village right up to the Speaking House cocoanut leaves had been placed upright in the ground, ten yards apart, the avenue effect of which was very pleasing. Up to noon it poured in torrents, then cleared happily for the outdoor program. The three Kava maids were wondrously

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<sup>159</sup> Literally means *one taro*, but is applied to a small gift of any sort, a root of taro being a common present.

<sup>160</sup> A [gig](#) is a light, two-wheeled sprung cart pulled by one horse.

clothed in cerise, one went so far as to have black lace trimmings, another had epaulettes on her shoulders and many glistening buttons. All had elaborate combs in their abundant hair and looked prepared for a full day's work. And they had it for not only did they prepare the drink, but sat down to lunch with us at white man's table and then danced long and vigorously with their village brethren. They were very friendly Taupous, each a perfect hostess and very gracious. When at lunch it came to an offer of sharing a chair with one — whose name I think I caught from her Sister Virgin as Ophelia — I found that her bulk left little for me, but the honor was too great to refuse her gracious request. And the shock of the situation was increased when after lunch she "borrowed" a cigarette from the Aide de Camp and lit it from my pipe. The Speaker of the Day was in good shape but evidently a plain business man, who said how glad they were to set eyes on a Governor, and then got down to Safotu's wants. It was reserved to the Pastors to give a poetic touch, who came with seventeen eggs, one pig (dead), four fowls (very much alive) and taro. Said their leader, "As a spring of pure fresh water to a thirsty soul, so is Your Excellency's visit to us this day." The Governor's reply was of a kind to send them home happy and encouraged. Then off the Taupous led us to lunch and there were enough of them to give each of us a partner. The Governor had an unfair advantage as being at the head of the table he had one dusky maiden on each hand. The table was loaded with good things and even (I speak the truth) with real Plum Pudding and Cake.

There were ordinary maids standing at the four corners who did naught but fan us, yet were not averse to smoking at the same time. My special Taupou had a fine appetite — she ate my share of the good things as well as her own — and they all deserved praise for their handling of knife and fork, albeit they could be noted watching the white men's handling out of the corner of one eye. The time came however for the Presentation of gifts and our hostesses went off to dress, or undress for the Dance to come. An unprecedented number of pigs had evidently met their deaths for us. The Presenter of the gifts did not get started without a wrangle, but I found that it is often part of the Play. Here were four Villages come together, each one had its Speaker. Those four stood on their pins in front of their own bunch, each leaning on his long Speaking Staff which ever reaches to his chin. Give me a Speaking Staff and I can tell you the owner's height to an inch. The matter of who was to speak was then wrangled out. Here two old men and two middle aged debated the matter. Three got rid of one old one, then one of the middle aged was squelched. I laid my money on the oldest of the lot, he looked like Moses and had a determined jowl and eye. It was long in coming but he talked the other fellow down and won. What he said after all we never understood but doubtless it was very charming.

The Governor throughout his journey gave Presents himself — but did not (like the Samoans) take them back. We dragged around with us kegs of beef and huge tins of biscuits : and at each place gave out two of each kind. Here no sooner did they appear on the scene than husky young men bore down upon them, seized and carried them off. It looked as if they feared that the Governor might change his mind. Seventy-two men then came down the broad main way, four abreast and forming a solid phalanx before us as we sat on chairs in the fale, gave us a wonderfully clever "Axe and Knife Drill" led by two antic loving leaders who gave their commands in broken English and drilled their men like Sergeants. This Dance was followed by yet other wherein two of our hostesses appeared. There was a whirl of seated motion for a while, then all rose and for a time it was somewhat lively. A choir followed in which six and thirty men appeared, their leader a clown who conducted standing behind not in front of his singers, but he had them perfectly trained and they chanted delightfully.

Then goodbyes were said and we made our way back to Fagamalo where in the evening a real Samoan Play was promised us. It was given in honor of His Excellency's visit, but with an ulterior object too, the raising of funds for yet another Church.

## Royalty and a Bad Mix Up <sup>161</sup>

The entertainment duly came off in a Copra Shed kindly loaned for the occasion. There was a policeman at the door to see that no one got in free, and I saw one youngster dropping his one and only garment — a lavalava — in the hope that he would be charged less. Proceedings opened with an address read with extreme confidence by a Taupou supported by a phalanx of women and girls, who at its close broke out into a fine chorus. Band selections by guitars, ukeleles, violin and trumpet were played at the intervals; whilst an old lady, nearly square, very décolleté, furnished with a perpetual smile and a necklace of ivory toothpicks, introduced each portion. This was absolutely necessary in the second item on the programme which was the “hit” of the evening. It was really a misnomer to call the gathering a Concert for it was a Play which began well enough, developed into a roaring Farce despite the efforts of the players to make it serious, and if its conclusion had been reached we should have been there all night, but happily everybody in the Play got lost and ’twas therefore thought wisest by the Square Lady to draw the curtain and leave the conclusion to each one’s imagination. The plot was a Patriotic one, for it centered round King George, Queen Mary and a Rag Doll and though old Square Face forgot to announce the title, I think I have hit it fair and square in “Royalty and a Bad Mix-Up”. There was a beautiful (in the dim light) Princess Mary who, seeking her Lover, travelled from Samoa to Rome “across the mountains” and there was just going to be a terrible fight when the Square Lady cried out “Hold hard, this is getting too thick — we’ll change the subject” so we learned no more. The Play, thus coming to grief we saw through the curtain, shadows flitting, and there was hurrying and scurrying and enlarging of borders as side dressing rooms came down with a crash — then the curtain rose for a Siva (Dance) and every heart rejoiced. Four and twenty maidens sat upon that floor, their breasts and arms, their legs, their feet, glistening with oil (they must have upset the oil can in their hurry) and off they went with their chant and their body movements till their blood was up — and so were they upon their feet : and just as things got really lively — that abominable old Square Face dropped the Curtain, the Band broke out “God Save the King”, everyone rose, and that Concert over (at long last) we reeled home to sleep and to Forgetfulness.

## Things Sabbatarian

Sabbatarianism is no sinecure on Savaii : nothing doing for the natives but Church and sleep. We were informed when seeking some necessary repairs that “Samoan ladies do not work on Sundays” so had to be content. This dictum was issued by His Excellency’s Factotum, a really remarkable valet, pure Samoan, highly born, much travelled, speaking English and German, who can steer a ship, drive an auto, cook and run a house from garret to cellar, serve at table as to the manner born, save that his favorite expression when asked for something thereon or absent is a breezy “Right Ho!”, a truly valuable man, worth his weight in gold. He could supply anything and everything at command; seemed to have supplies up his sleeve, even fresh milk when search as we might we neither saw nor heard of a cow.

There is a Chief’s Curfew Law in Fagamalo which they see to is obeyed even though it grossly affects the liberty of the Subject and the real legality of the measure is far from sure. Nine p.m. is the last moment anyone may be outside their fale; and delightful strolls are too often brought to an abrupt conclusion to suit the rising generation.

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<sup>161</sup> See also Tale #53, *A Native Play*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.



Things Sabbatarian were brightened however by a Love Episode. It was announced that one of the Body Guard had collapsed before a maiden's charms — a case of Love at first sight — and desired to add a bride to the Party. But hearts were hard, and the lovers had to be parted, the guardian of the Governor's person had still his one duty to perform, the weeping maid was ordered deported to Apia where upon the Malanga and a marriage should be celebrated, ourselves having a cordial invitation.

So Sunday was our Rest Day and yet not without its special interest. That day H.M.S. Veronica steamed in, ready to assist us on our way. There was Church in the morning conducted by native pastor with some fine hymn singing and in the afternoon a walk was taken to see a miracle of Nature and hear the story from Iiga (Eenga)'s lips.

### **The Taupou's Grave** <sup>162</sup>

She was the pride of the village of Saleaula which lies along this northern coast of the Island of Savaii. Was she not the High Chief's daughter : and herself most beautiful? Gentle and kind was she and pure of heart. When, arrayed in all her finery, she stepped forth from her falé to lead in the social round of feast and gaiety, then all the men acclaimed her, and the womenfolk were of one mind that she did great honor to her sex. But sickness came, and she drew nigh to death : and all made earnest prayer, day in, day out, that she might live : yet it was not to be. Then was there great grief in that village, for their Taupou lay dead. The young men mourned for her whom they had loved to serve; her maids of honor refused to be comforted.

The Grave was dug, not close to, but within sight of the House of God, for the High Chief would fain have his daughter lie against his falé, that he and his might tend it as long as life should last. Great was the sorrow that day in Saleaula as the Village Virgin was laid in her last Resting Place — and the earth was put back that hid from sight that form which all loved so well. In due time they raised a tomb above it — the flat slab of coral rock all plastered over with lime, then upon that a sarcophagus as if Tulua lay there robed in her Winding Sheet. That was in 1895 and she slept in peace as the years went on.

Ten times the Seasons had come round, and all was peace in Saleaula : yet all unknown a great and fearsome thing was close impending. Nature was at war with herself behind the Village, up in the mountains and valleys of their island of Savaii. No surface war when fierce winds blow, and the mighty sea rolls shoreward in tidal wave. Below and hidden from sight of man went on that titanic struggle. How long it had been fighting against itself no man could tell : but at last the muffled roar thereof reached the ears of the Village in tremblings and rumblings which made all hearts quail. They greatly feared, yet went their daily round. Then came the blow, so awful, so appalling which the Villagers still speak of with bated breath. Two miles back lay a deep ravine which cut off the mountains beyond from Saleaula : a broad ravine too : a labour to get down and up. Suddenly as that memorable afternoon wore on there was an unearthly noise, indescribable (for Nature's Voice is not as Man's though men try to give it name) and the Ravine came up, mounting to the sky. It was no longer a Ravine but a towering hill and from its summit there poured forth flames and smoke, and over its awesome lip poured rivers of molten lava, seawards : and Saleaula lay directly in its way. Slowly it came, not faster than half a mile a day but it was relentless.

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<sup>162</sup> See also Tale #38, *The Taupou's Grave*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

Ample was the time given to get human life away; but their Homes? and which way would it take? Men drew near and though the fierce heat hurt, they stood and — fascinated — watched. Eight miles of land it spread across and took down all that was in its path : the cocoanut trees fell one by one, sizzled in the flood, then lay still till utterly consumed; streams hissed and fought till they could fight no more, then they too died. Saleaula was now in real danger : slowly the living, creeping thing came on and gripped the back of it, the falés fell one by one, toppling over as if loath to surrender — graves so precious were wiped out, the taro patches disappeared. Saleaula was doomed.

But no! the lava turned, and the western half was safe. But the eastern! where Tulua lay, and the Church raised its roof : and the thickest settlement! there was no hope for them. The molten flood came slowly on towards the Taupou's Grave : there it lay, so peaceful, with the form in Winding Sheet above it. Men and women stood afar off and held their breath as that hallowed spot was about to be wiped out and buried six feet below.

When lo! some Hand Invisible stayed its direct course, some word seemed given forth to Nature in her madness : halt! it cried : and the flood stayed as it reached the spot — and swept around instead; then went forward wiping all out till it reached the sea. There today lies the Taupou's Grave — a Miracle of Nature — a thing inconceivable were it not true and to be seen by anyone — let him explain who can. We natives affirm that God, Almighty, knew her Purity and Gentleness, and saved her Resting Place, that men might learn what He thinks of such. And there it is, and you stand on the black, forbidding lava, and look down six feet into the circle, and there, exactly in the centre is the Grave — a clear space all around where flowers grew that day and still do grow; so peaceful when all else you see cries War. Who can account for it?

And that House of God nearby? It too was saved. The lava flowed directly towards its East end where the Table of Communion stood. Fifty yards back stood the Pastor's Falé and between home and church was a garden plot. The red hot flood brought down the falé and swallowed : but again the Command went forth "No further!" and no further did it go. But it swept around each side of the House of God, yet left a space between the walls and it : and then as if it had obeyed its Master and yet resented the command, the two waves met and forcing in the front door poured in to fill the Nave — filled up to the window-sills, yet stopped short before the Table!! Who can account for such happenings as these?

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As one stands on that lava field of eight square miles and beholds the utter desolation, it is awe that fills the soul, but there is too a feeling of supreme content at the saving of God's Earthy House and the Taupou's lonely grave. <sup>163</sup>

## Sataua

H.M.S. Veronica lay away a mile, for depth, and to it early we made in fautasis rowed by a crew who badly needed music lessons (rare indeed in Samoa). Captain Lewin <sup>164</sup> and his officers received us with true naval cordiality : and the anchor weighed, we steamed along the coast to Sataua twenty miles away. Here again for half the distance all is desolation save that a light soil has gathered on the

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<sup>163</sup> [Mt Matavanu](#) erupted from 1905 to 1911.

<sup>164</sup> Commander F. E. L. Lewin

lava with bushes and small trees thereon : for centuries have passed since that lava poured out from the mountain summit clearly seen five thousand feet up, against the sky line. All the land along our way slopes gently down to the water with an abrupt drop at the end; but once passed the lava, we saw villages again. As the Officers had not been on the coast before, it was not easy to distinguish where Sataua lay from well out to sea, but one of the native police knew the spot of old and taken to the Pilot-house, pointed out the way. The *Veronica* steamed slowly in and at last dropped anchor not two hundred yards from shore just outside the Fringing Reef, there being no Barrier Reef just there. Sataua is a cramped situation, blocked in by rocks and trees with no background, and the huddled village stands on a mixture of coral and lava, neither attractive to the eye nor easy on the feet.

Out came men in *fautasis* and boys in canoes. Our boat was manned by thirty-two oarsmen, and Captain Lewin joining us we made for shore. Here seventy chiefs and commoners were drawn up in single file and it took some handshaking to get through the list. Thence to the Speaking House where the Asau Band struck up the National Anthem. Their pirate-looking red turbans and broad blue sashes across their chests, with white coats and lavalavas, gave them a smart appearance. There was but one chair in the Village so despite long legs we all save the Governor had to make the best of it upon the mats. A clean shaved Orator gave the Welcome, a man who looked as if he had stepped out of one of Marryat's Stories,<sup>165</sup> all ready for a fight, for he had a savage face and was naked save his clout.<sup>166</sup> Yet his words were friendly. Again the terms were flowery, in fact his opening remarks might be interpreted as "May it please Your Overpowering Presence, everything is lovely in the Garden". Then his mind ran on the Drink he wanted badly and the Meal to follow which he evidently wanted even more. He told us that Drink was Emptiness without a good square meal and that both were ready. Then he spoke of mats and we thought that we were surely going to get some, but it was all talk, merely another poetic allusion : "This is a Day of Joy, as when people get presents of fine Mats". Next he gave forth a story with a sting in its tail. It was somewhat involved (like the Samoan Play previously) but the sting made the Governor sit up and think.

Ten boys there were, sons of one mother; and one girl, their sister. The latter went to sea in a canoe and did not return. All hope was given up but somehow or other she returned. Then did those ten rejoice. The girl's name was an anticipation : for it was Ma. Said he, "We the Villagers of Savaii are the ten boys and You, O Governor, the Girl. You were long lost to us but have at last got back (he had never been to Sataua before) and we rejoice because of all the nice things, like a true mother, you are going to give us." Whether it was that the Governor had not fully recovered the shock of having changed his sex or worry over his fast depleting store of gifts, when the Kava went round immediately after that affecting story, he dropped the bowl (but not before he had claimed the contents) : a strange thing for anyone to do. But it did not spell ill luck nor savage looks but the rather was at once aptly turned into a pleasantry. "This," said one aloud, "speaks plainly that our Governor is going to drop plenty of fat appointments in our District." Having all had a drink came Presents, amongst them chickens which Sataua's Pastors brought. Those serious men made offering of four eggs and the four hens which had laid them that very morning (we took those pastors' word for it at the time but later found it sadly lacking in truth) each hen attached by one leg to pieces of string of great length; and the antics of those four hens as they strove to get home to their henhouses as the meeting lengthened were diverting. One indeed did actually get away, string and all; there was an impromptu chicken hunt and at last one Satauan fell prone upon that hen — yet it lived and according to a tip I got from the Factotum will cackle some day at Vailima. And then it rained in torrents but after the Feast the Dance went through; one of women only, largely different from the previous ones seen, the dancers

<sup>165</sup> [Captain Frederick Marryat \(1792–1848\)](#) was an English Royal Navy officer, novelist, and a contemporary and acquaintance of [Charles Dickens](#), noted today as an early pioneer of the sea story.

<sup>166</sup> [Clout](#), in this context: a piece of cloth or leather, rag.

robed in girdles of green leaves and crowns of the same, who came with lances in their hands singing loudly “Welcome, Welcome,” and went thro’ their performance to the accompaniment of bamboo tom-toms, lead by a huge female who ought to have known better seeing her mighty rolls of adipose tissue (which she made no attempt to hide) and who by reason of her violent contortions and the pitiless rain was constantly wiping off the drops of rain and perspiration from her face. It may have been “The Old Women’s Dance” both by reason of her and that none therein were young. The girls were sitting with us in the fale upon the mats, out of the rain, smoking cigarettes until they cleared us out, whilst the only helmet they respected was the Governor’s. Conclusion was reached by the usual government largesse and the Speech of His Excellency, in which he showed by his promises of further gifts that the bowl incident was weighing on his mind. Then we sought our respective fales, the Resident Commissioner and I sharing a fine one, with each a bed on the floor the size of a four-poster with a thick mattress of banana leaves underneath the mats which was a vast improvement upon pebbles and to be noted for future use. The Warship had gone to safe anchorage along such wild, wild coast and would meet us later in the week.

### Falealupo

Sending our goods by native boat we made our way on foot to the next point, Falealupo. This was a tramp of seven miles made on a trail through the bush, high up at times and sloping down at others to the beach. The whole countryside hereabouts is of lava foundation but it must have been ages in the past when that flood spread over the land for it is now covered with rich soil, and flourishes abundantly. All along the way there was not one barren spot, there were plantations of bananas and many another fruit, with undergrowth of beautiful ferns; nutmegs <sup>167</sup> and oranges could be picked by the way : there were forests of young larch with here and there a hoary giant. The whole way was shade, though mostly on disjointed pieces of lava which made going none too easy. It was single file practically all the way, a tall policeman carried the furled Flag before the Governor who followed, then the line strung out : for besides our party there were carriers, whilst three Satauan Taupous kept us company as an act of Courtesy to their Stranger Visitors. The last half mile was a surprise, for in honor of the visit the Falealupoites had gravelled a neat path from the woods to the entrance of the village, a path on which three could walk abreast, and fringed on either side by lava boulders. This they had made that long distance with no tools save wooden crowbars and cocoanut shells for shovels. At the entrance to the Village they had erected an open roofed Rest Lodge, made of cocoanut leaves, and had adorned the sides with tapa cloth — a free gift to the Governor — there were seats too, and young cocoanuts for thirsty throats. Falealupo is a long straggling village covering a full mile : a sandy place : plenty of room. It is a rich district in food unlike Sataua. Just beyond the Lodge twenty chiefs — amongst them a tall priest with long beard and in cassock — stood in line to offer greeting; and beyond them, a line of just one hundred men stood at the Salute. The numbers given are correct throughout as I gravely announced the number as I shook hands with each man. As it was in a tongue that is dead they doubtless thought it a new way of saying “Alofa”, anyway they beamed most cordially at all times. The long line passed, all fell in behind and with the Flag Unfurled leading, we marched sedately the full length of the Village to the Speaking House. A long harangue followed from the Speaker of the Day but which could have been put in to four words, “Long life and prosperity”. Then the Kava and a white man’s lunch prepared if I mistake not by the German priest. They were a liberal lot in that Village for ere we sat down to our table they came with a sort of “bonne

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<sup>167</sup> WWB’s typewritten text has *nutmets*, but he may be referring to *nutmeg melons*, the fruit of a variety of muskmelon vine.

bouche” thinking we might be short. It consisted of one whole roasted pig, and twenty baskets full of the produce of both land and sea. But we kept to our own bill of fare. Their Orator at the Presentation of Gifts asked for tools and dynamite with which to improve the roads; and needless to say the first the Governor in his Reply promised them, but not the dynamite save under strict Government direction. For be it known that if you would win your way to the heart of a Samoan, you have but to give him a stick of dynamite. It saves his fishing, for he blows them up and gathers boatloads at a time, whilst hundreds are left untouched.

The Entertainment following took the form of a “War Club Dance” and was very well done by a large body of men clad in ancient warrior garb and looking their part to the life. I was fortunate enough to secure one of the weapons as a gift. The Taupou of the Day was a buxom lass clad in light blue, edged with crimson. Here Iiga, our second Interpreter, received presents along with the Governor, for this was his home town and they had not seen him for a long time, gifts of food in plenty, which according to custom was at once distributed by him with a lavish hand. Only one gift was his to keep, an immense roll of tapa cloth. It will doubtless come in handy in his fale in Apia. We were now amongst the more primitive Samoans for Falealupo is at the extreme north-western point of Savaii and all the coast both here and to the south is rugged, where even small boats cannot easily make their way, and all steamers keep well out to sea for their own safety. Here there is ever a wild surf which lulls to sleep of nights despite hard beds, and kept out Artist busy at his easel. By our experience at Falealupo we came to the conclusion that the primitive Samoan had and still has a wondrous freedom of manners, children of nature pure and simple which to a stranger is oft both disconcerting and embarrassing. In Chief Iiga’s Home I wormed from him yet another tale.

### Chief Iiga’s Story <sup>168</sup>

It was in 1909 when Germans ruled the land : D<sup>r</sup> Solf <sup>169</sup> the Governor : and I lived in my home upon Savaii. We felt that as we had to pay taxes, we should have some knowledge as to where that money went, and though we had other grievances, this was the chief. We wanted and asked for a Balance Sheet and the Governor refused. We were angry. We are a proud race and our hearts were sore. Chief after Chief went over the water to Apia and came back with no kind answer : so we determined to go in force and have it out, even if it meant a fight with the Germans. We manned many large fautasis, stripped off even our lavalavas, putting leaves in place, painted and oiled ourselves, took spears and axes, and set out with shouts and songs of defiance for the seat of Government.

When off Mulinu Point at the turn into the harbour, the Governor came down to the beach and beckoned us to come ashore. We heard afterwards that we had been seen along our way and men had ridden posthaste in and told D<sup>r</sup> Solf : that his Counsellors had begged him to give us our rights : that he had hastened to the top of the Observatory to see for himself : that his heart quailed before us and he must stay our vengeance at any price, so he called us to him. He told us that we should not have come thus : that what we demanded should be given us, and that we should return with glad, not angry hearts. So we did not fight but instead went home. But we did not really know the Governor. What he did was to deceive us. He sent a letter quickly to Suva in Fiji and cabled from there for the German China Station Squadron, telling them to come quickly to Samoa. When the British mail steamer called

<sup>168</sup> See also Tale #66, *The Exile’s Return*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>169</sup> The division of the Samoan Islands as a result of the Tripartite Convention of 1899 assigned the western islands to Germany (now Samoa) and the eastern islands to the United States (now American Samoa). [Wilhelm Solf](#), at age 38, became the first Governor of German Samoa on 1 March 1900. WWB has *Self* here and elsewhere.



in, he had the mail put in the wrong bags, so that no news of the trouble should reach Sydney or Auckland. And then he waited. As soon as he had his Men of War, he sent word to us to give ourselves up, but we would not, till one of our old Missionaries talked with us and showed us that as we had failed as Heroes for our people, we should now be willing to be Martyrs for their Rights. When we saw that Light we surrendered, ten of us, all Chiefs. The Governor ordered us deported <sup>170</sup> and we were carried off to the Marianna Islands to the north which belongs to his nation.

There our hearts were sad, as the years passed, far from our homes, and nothing could be done to help us. Then the Great War came, and the Japanese one day appeared and seized those islands. Now I saw my chance. I had my Samoan-built canoe and I made up my mind that I would get away : for everybody said that Germany would surely win the War in the end and that those islands would be hers again. I knew that the nearest land for me was Guam which belonged to the Americans but it was one hundred and thirty-five miles away. So I set out alone, taking some food and water. I paddled by the guide of the sun and the stars. There was much wind and sea, but I know how to handle a canoe, and there was a strong current which happily ran my way. I thanked God for that current. Three days and three nights I spent on the sea : it was very lonely for I saw no sail, and at night I dared not sleep. When I had paddled ninety miles I was very weary and I sighted land. It was a little island <sup>171</sup> and I rested only a short time for I was afraid that only at Guam would I be safe. So again I went in my canoe and as I got near, I was at last quite exhausted and nigh death, but God saved me. If it had been only a little longer I should have died in my canoe. When I reached Guam I managed to make the shore where there is the Naval Station. The people came down to the beach and wondered when they saw me. They did not know where I came from. I was different from the Guam natives and my boat was strange to them. They helped me out of my canoe for I was near death, and gave me food, but no one understood my language though I spoke German as well as Samoan. Then the Governor <sup>172</sup> came and when he heard me speak the German he said to his people that I must be a spy and had come to them like this on purpose. But I showed him my papers which said that I had been five years in a German school at my home and that I was a good man and not bad. So as he could not read, he sent for an officer who could, and when the officer read them, the Governor was pleased and very good to me, and wondered much at my long journey. There was a German Man of War interned at Guam and the Governor saw the Captain and told him my story. The Captain said, "I knew *Iiga* very well when I was at Samoa. He is a good man." So I met him again and he too was kind to me. They put me in the Printing Office for I wanted to learn English, and as I set the type I learned very much. Then news came of the Influenza <sup>173</sup> breaking out in Samoa and that my friends were dying, and I longed to get home and see them, though I had been thinking that when the War was over I would visit America and learn of it, for those Americans were very kind to me. When they saw me sad, they said that they would send me to Honolulu to catch the mail boat for Samoa, and they paid my way. I was in the Hawaiian Islands for some months till money was sent me from Savaii to return. When I got back, I was glad to be home again, but very sad, for thousands had died and most of my dear friends, but God was good to me, and though I had been so far away and might have died in my canoe, He brought to my beloved land and here I have remained.

I thank you, O White Chief of Niue, for here listening to my story. <sup>174</sup>

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<sup>170</sup> An account of these events can be found [here](#).

<sup>171</sup> [Rota](#)

<sup>172</sup> [William John Maxwell](#)

<sup>173</sup> [The Influenza Pandemic of 1918](#).

<sup>174</sup> From [The Pacific Islands: an Encyclopedia](#), page 277: I'iga Pisa (1882–1965), a significant figure in Samoa prior to independence [in 1962], grew to fame as a composer of poetry and songs. Volatile and prone to enthusiasm, as a young [matai](#) [chief] in 1909 he acted as lieutenant to [Lauaki Namulau'ulu Mamoe](#), the orator chief from Safotulafai in Savai'i who challenged Germany's rule under Governor SOLF. Lauaki sent him to American Samoa to garner support, for which



## Neiafu

As no boating was possible, again we walked and added still more carriers. The journey of but five miles would have been delightful save for the rain which again set in. The road led out broad and white sanded in an endless grove of fruits. We could not see ten yards on either side for the density thereof. Here no lava seems ever to have come; the roadside marked off by “coral” rock instead. Half way we reached Tufu on the beach and the thoughtful folk had prepared a drink of Kava, wholly welcome. All the Chiefs had gone ahead to the meeting we were making for, save one who courteously awaited our arrival. Seated with his wholesome looking wife, two babes in her ample arms, he greeted us most kindly and never did we clap our hands more warmly (which is the custom) than when, his greeting finished, we saw the bowl approaching. We were here in the best of all the districts of Samoa for the making of those great bowls in which the drink is made, and this one was a beauty. By now I was quite at home with the soapy fluid — with a sting to it — and its many rites, but still held out against the touch of heathenism all else indulged in : for the Samoan ere he lifts cup to his lips first pours out a little, as a libation to the gods. Here a Petty Officer addition to our party was announced by the Orator as “The Man of War” yet had he no likeness either to a Prussian or a ship, whilst I received a new Degree attaining to the rank of “Doctor” and trembled for the consequences for there is much eye trouble and elephantiasis about and were I called upon I must needs keep up at any cost the reputation of the Governor’s party.

Now we struck the lava once again and though there was soil and a wonderful tropic scene all along the way, yet the road was all rocks and roots with tall ferns on either side and back of them a tangle. I used to have a tender spot for the huge Banyan tree with its mighty trunk and hanging limbs and far outspreading roots, but I have now lost all regard for it. Its special aim that day was to trip one up. We had to make round the shoulder of a mountain, and the climb — to say the least — was hard, but the Vi tree helped us greatly, not to grip but to consume, a kind of Cling Stone Peach and most refreshing. We could have had bananas without number once we got out of the larch forest, and a mummy apple too for this is a piece of richest land, but our one aim was to get out of the rain. Arriving at the Changing Lodge on the outskirts of Neiafu we were made right welcome by young Mrs. Tietie with one eye — her name tattooed on her arm — and soon were changed. Eight and twenty Chiefs and one Chieftainess here stood ready to greet us and then through an avenue of Palm leaves we led the way to the Speaking House which was also to be the Governor’s residence. This was really the Head Chief’s fale but he has forsaken it for a modern house close by, with verandahs on ground and upper floor, with iron roof and Union Jack a-flying. We found the Taupou ready at her bowl, garbed in a gamboge <sup>175</sup> blouse and pale green lavalava, a combination severe to the eyes. The Speaker of the Day was a man with a smashed in forehead as if by club in the Long Ago (and he was old), an attenuated face and aggressive elephantiasis in the right hand, but without a doubt he could orate. He gave the interpreter no chance, so they both talked together and the confusion of two voices made it hard to follow. His point seemed to be that this was “The Day of Light” to them — I recalled that another had already termed the Governor’s visit as “The Day of Joy”, another as “The Day of

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he was imprisoned by Solf. When Lauaki was exiled to Saipan, I’iga Pisa went with him and settled down to learn German. Instead of returning with other exiles in 1914, Pisa made a dramatic lone canoe voyage to Guam where he worked for the American Navy, learned English and travelled to Hawai’i. Back in Samoa he served under a series of New Zealand secretaries of Native Affairs as translator and bureaucrat, becoming a particular friend of C.G.A. McKay, later Secretary of Island Affairs in Wellington. I’iga Pisa served on the Constitutional Convention of 1954, was a *faipule* [Representative] in the parliament, a member of the Board of Agriculture and recorder of Samoan histories. Last of the exiled *matai* left alive at Samoa’s independence, he dictated a history of Lauaki’s opposition movement which has been translated into English.

<sup>175</sup> [Gamboge](#) is a partially transparent deep saffron to mustard yellow pigment.

Importance” and wondered what other days were to be served up as we went our round. More Kava and off to the Feast.

Here is my own Bill of Fare and it was not the largest : two plantains (each the size of three bananas rolled into one), four Mamae bananas (pink in flesh), two cocoanuts, two fish in leaves, three huge taros (each the size of a two-quart Thermos bottle), two chickens, with enough ribs and lumps of half done pork for six. The table groaned and yet we were told that just at that moment there was a slight food shortage. The Governor was politeness itself for he ate, despite the fact that facing him was a roasted pig, not placed as usual, but stomachwise to the front with a great circling hole therein, out of which protruded stuffing of leaves, to me a gruesome and unappetizing sight, but seemingly not to him who bravely got down to business, though a white lunch awaited us close by.

The Samoans know good manners, for one, finding himself in the wrong place, did not leap the table which he could easily have done since it was the ground, but went all round the house instead. Yet at eating there is much left to be desired. A long grace was said by a Pastor : then the attack commenced. If I had survived the sight of that pig, yet did my appetite fly at what at that and every Feast I saw around me, and the same this day. I dare not dwell specifically upon the scene but I can truly say that that company was hungry and that they one and all must have the digestive powers of an ostrich as the food disappeared in chunks. Their and our lunch over came the usual gifts. Then more Speeches in the fale. I give the Leader's :

“We rejoice to see your face O Governor. O that we had tongues all over our bodies to express our joy. My single tongue fails utterly. My words are few (they weren't) but our thought are many. Good is God to have brought you safely amongst us. Be not angry O Father, take it in good part if we make one request — a little one — one only — this is our supreme desire O Overshadowing Presence — grant it to us and we shall ever bless you. We want not to share with our neighbors as we now have to, but we want all to ourselves a Beetle Inspector.”

It was but a case of pure selfishness, and this his peroration, “When O Governor you and we stand, as needs we must before the Judgement Throne of God, our prayer is that His presents may be equally divided on that Great Day amongst Your High Excellency and ourselves.” Neiafu's neighbors seemingly to have nothing. The matter was referred to Apia.

Forthwith a native, wreathed in girdle and crown of leaves, was seen outside busy making a Plate of Honor, breadfruit and cocoanut milk, which was handed round to us in plates, without a spoon (and milk all know is hard to hold, and the breadfruit dumplings like large marbles and all slippery) but for the Chiefs it was handed to them in leaves and Ye Gods! it was as a bunch of pigs in a trough, a fearsome sound, and the Speaker, the bashed in forehead man, who sat at my feet had two helpings and cried for more, but happily the bowl was empty.

In the evening we attended a Patriotic Concert in a fale. It was really a final rehearsal for the coming Celebration of the Birthday of King George, a great day now throughout Samoa. We had front seats — in fact the only chairs — the crowded audience upon the mats or outside in the dark. Dim light there was, as usual, which made things very weird. The floor, as usual, the Stage and the Company of forty were all men. But such singing! It was Samoan at its best. It was good to be there. The Conductor was a host in himself, Leader, Dancer, Clown and Speaker all in one. He glistened with oil; he was the oiliest of all. He held no baton, but a dinner bell in his hand which he grasped by the clapper and used freely when he would cry “Halt”, or they would have gone on forever. Both the music and the words of the entire program were of Neiafu's own composing. There were ten items covering many subjects in song — King George — The Prince of Wales — The Great War — The Missionaries — The Influenza — I tried but failed to get the full program, they were too excited. As

is their custom they sang sitting upon the mats, but here formed themselves into double rows like a choir, that Ever Restless One moving up and down the aisle thus formed. Time was kept by a man who made a sort of kettle drum noise upon the mats with two sticks, whilst the whole forty struck the mats with one hand in perfect keeping therewith. The basses were particularly rich and sonorous. There was plenty of action apart from the clown, and the whole thing was a finished performance. Outside Samoa such a concert would astonish — here it is taken as a matter of course.

That same Influenza caused a fearful slaughter on Savaii as we saw all along our way, by the graveyards. Every village also has its mausoleum, sometimes two of them, where the bones of the Great do lie. First the Chiefs are laid in Mother Earth. Later they are disinterred, the bones are gathered, and find final rest in the high raised tombs.

### **Faiaai**

For the walk to Faiaai, a distance of twelve miles, the day was perfect, and we headed out — a long procession — into the forest, along a broad grass-covered but muddy way — some twenty feet wide — made by the natives in a fashion that redounds vastly to their credit. The grass comes from the light traffic, heavier will doubtless come : the mud from lack of drainage.

A few miles and we were at Falelima (Five Houses) which has far outstretched its name. Here the Headman stood by the roadside to greet us passing : close by a very modern grave with granite headstone on which appeared in gilt the curious name of Loolooloo Pea whoever he or she might be. And there was near, the Village Bell, a twelve foot length of massive tree trunk, hollowed out like a horse trough without ends, which struck with a wooden mallet, gives forth a muffled, mournful but all penetrating sound. It ever has its own shed and roof.

Not once after Falelima did we actually touch the beach. All along we kept the Cliffs for this is a wild yet lovely coast, giant black rocks running out from shore. There is ever a roar and spray, and little or no passage for boats. Men take great chances here to land either themselves or cargo, and little fishing is done. Falelima passed a mile or more, we came to the end of the made road for a space of full four miles — and this greatly to our sorrow for in the forest there was now but a narrow trail of uneven boulders, large and slippery and the going was exceeding hard. Rests throughout were very welcome to which the Governor contributed fairly oft (yet not frequently enough for some) by his ardent pursuit of butterflies, hereabouts abundant, which gave him extra work, but ourselves a breathing space. His captures he kept within his helmet. Not being an Entomologist I cannot give the species. The rocky road once passed, we had young coconuts served out for thirsty ones at a Plantation where a lone white man's habitation stood untenanted, for its owner had died in the Influenza Epidemic. Now the road was once more broad and excellent and we tramped on to Fagafau which rests picturesquely on the summit of a two hundred foot cliff, a little hamlet of twelve fales, and a church, a sort of suburb to Samata a mile further on, the latter a lovely spot with large open space of grass, boasting two rival churches.

Next came Fogatuli and shortly after, our journey's end. Faiaai is high up like all the rest, nor can the sea at all be seen because of the abundance of trees between it and the cliff edge. There is little fishing done below, save for turtles : the special forte of the Faiaaians being "Land Fishing" as they call it, which means the hunting of wild pigs with dogs. Having changed in the Rest House provided, we went through the same old program, first met by nine and twenty Chiefs and fourteen Pastors who followed us to the Speaking House where we were most graciously received by a Taupou in pink, by

name “The Moon” who greeted each of us in turn with a sweet and clear “goot mornin” — though of a truth it was well on in the afternoon. There was a shortage of Kava in this village, so before ours could be made into a drink, the roots had to be formally presented, then at once taken back to be pounded on one side between the stones. The Welcome fell to the lot of “Dreamy Eyes”, a man well on in years and having a great reputation on Savaii as both a poet and a Teller of Tales. “This is a Day of Vision,” said he (so please add this to those already named). “We have long heard of you, O Governor, this day our eyes behold our Father. There is a Samoan saying ‘Mulinnu nigh Apia is sacred, for the King dwells there’ — this day Faiaai is sacred, for Your Excellency rests therein. No noise, no mischief may be permitted. Long have we looked forward to this day. We are content.” After the Governor had spoken, came the Gifts lead by a dancing Taupou, two men in wild headgear, and a clown. Another concert for us in the evening, again most excellent. Boys here with fine soprano, men with their deep bass. A couple of men danced everlastingly at either side of the chorus like the end men of a Minstrel Show : the Taupou “Not Likely to Rain” danced too, never wildly, and with downcast eyes, here was the most graceful of all the dancing we had seen : and older woman joined her, more aggressive. It was strange to hear a Penny Whistle in far away Samoa, but the Piper played jig after jig, and the dancers danced the tunes. At last even pretty “The Moon” could sit quietly by us no longer and in her pink blouse added her graceful movements to the scene.

### Salailua

Amid so much rain as had been our portion, another day of fine weather was very welcome. The distance to be covered on foot was a mere nothing, some three miles but in patches the mud fully made up for the lack of distance. It was Ancient Rights that required meetings to be held so close together : and Ancient Rights are never lightly to be trampled on. Starting out, we left the high cliff and worked our way to the shore (despite the bogs which lay in our path — and oft drove us into the bush to escape being mired) where shortly after, a bend in the road brought us to our journey’s end, a village beautifully situated on a wide bay; and outside the reef we saw once more the Man of War at anchor, ready to pick us up on the following morning. A cordial invitation from the Wesleyan Minister took us up a long flight of cement steps to a commanding site where his good wife welcomed us to their home, a good shower bath, and morning tea.

Thence we made our way along the beach for half a mile where eight and twenty Chiefs awaited us. Assembled in the Speaking House we were addresses forthwith by “The Demonstrative One”, who kept his fierce eyes upon the benign Governor and used his hands with dramatic effect. This his Speech : “Once upon Savaii there lived a king — Manua by name — whose son much desired to visit his mother who dwelt far away. The father granted the request provided that the son could be of real use to his mother : and as a sign that he would often times be thinking of him, he would oft times follow him with rain. O Governor listen! Manua to us this day is King George of Beretania, the Mother is our beloved Samoa, the Son Your Excellency, and the rain that has so persistently followed you is to us a sure sign that our common King is mindful of your labours.” A Taupou in green and pink then dispensed the drinks. But the Pastors had to have their turn. Their Orator opened out appropriately with a text (which Asiata whispered to me — thinking that I was weak anent the Holy Book — came out of Revelations!). “Jehovah hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad,” said he. “Right is it that we rejoice today, O! Father, for great gifts are ours both past and present received from the good Hand of God. Did He not send the Missionaries nigh a century ago who brought the glorious Light of the Gospel to us benighted ones? Hath He not given us, after so many trials, the sure protection of the all powerful British? Are we not debtors to the New Zealand people who have sent amongst us their trained officials to set all in order? Do we not this day have our heart’s

desire in beholding you, our Governor, face to face? We rejoice indeed and are glad." All in all it was an eloquent oration. The interpreters all the way O.K.'d my hasty notes and begged me to teach them the trick of summary but I was altogether too busy learning, to teach. A Dance, a Concert, in the evening; and then we found sleep upon the floor.

## Satupaitea

Going aboard H.M.S. Veronica at an early hour, we made a good run down thirty miles of rugged coast, dotted with blowholes like so many salvos going off, and anchored in the roadstead of Satupaitea. Lunch over, we started for the shore in a fautasi of thirty black paddles worked like a machine by thirty chocolate figures, and another statue-like man standing at prow and at stern. The one torrential downpour of a beautiful day took just that opportunity — when we were well away from the ship — to come down and we landed wet through. There was a hastening and a changing before proceedings began. Our fale was to be at one and the same time, Speaking House, Dining and Bedroom; being the Head Chief's house there was the usual big four-poster bed at one end curtained off, a three-quarter camp bed (mine) at the other end (uncurtained), three dining tables to one side over which were suspended a large fish (freshly caught) and two great bunches of bananas. The space left therefore was but limited. Yet in trailed fourteen Chiefs to greet us, one huge fellow nigh three hundred pounds in a tapa loin cloth, with a red hibiscus behind one ear and a flower necklace over his massive chest. The Speaker of the Day, "Old Blinking Eyes", opened out with two similes and a text. Said he, "As the wild pigeon in the wood, escaping from the snare spread for him in the forest, doth rejoice, so do we, O Governor, escaping from late anxieties which might well have overwhelmed us, of sickness and lack of food, likewise this day and hour rejoice." Then his mind ran on to Aunt Sally and we learned that Hit or Miss is not alone our cherished possession as we foolishly thought. "As one playing at the game of Throwing Coconut Shells on the long and narrow mat therewith to hit the mark, so is Your Excellency's visit this day, for it has hit the mark — ourselves." Then to Holy Writ he went and quoting impressively the text (which once again Asiata whispered to me came out of Jonah!). "When all the Stars of Heaven sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for Joy" — he surpassed all former commentary thereon when he hesitated not to say — "this is that day of days to us, O Father, for who are the Stars of Heaven but you and your illustrious Party, and who the Sons of God but we the Chiefs of Satupaitea." This was certainly going very strong, and gave me — for one — a new light upon myself. A Star! "Old Blinking Eyes" was foxy. Those alluring compliments hid a deep design. "Well we know Your Excellency's kindness of heart and do not believe that you are aware of the trick played upon this people and district. Some months back, a heavy rain, continuous for one whole moon, brought floods which destroyed our fruit trees, and in our need we sought rice from the Government, else had we starved. That was good. Full well we know the Law of the Sea, when a ship is in distress, how all fly to the rescue, nor think of coin. So even were we in distress, and seeking aid, got rice. O Father, we got the rice, but soon after came a Bill for that rice! That broke us up. Such cold calculation should not in our eyes apply to Satupaitea." Thus "Old Blinking Eyes". The Governor promised nothing, only a careful inquiry.

At Gift time it appeared that this was Asiata's Family Seat and gifts to him came pouring in, beside those to the Governor. Yards of tapa cloth, piles of fish baked in leaves, porkers in abundance and the Orator of our party whose duty it had been all through, to call out the gifts, their number, the givers and the recipients, had here to drink "representative coconuts" enough to fill a beer barrel. Of course, Asiata had no say as to where the gifts went : Iga had the giving — but I fancy there is ever a secret agreement. For Asiata there was nothing, but to the surprise of us all there was something for me. I believe the two interpreters took compassion on my ignorance of the Bible and hoped to wheedle



me into more careful reading of it by a present. Anyway that Orator shouted out so that the very mountaintops might hear “A roll of tapa cloth for the High Chief of Niue” — and he took it.

Here was the only spot on the journey round Savaii where no Taupou appeared. Ordinary maidens alone appeared; for their Taupou had acted outrageously; she had eloped a short while before. Taupous altho’ they are such martyrs to high office, evidently have hearts, like the rest of us.

Satupaitea by the size of its church — one hundred and forty feet long by fifty-four wide — must have a considerable population. The building is a coral and lime edifice, with a sheet iron roof, plenty of windows, and thick mats covering the entire floor. Preaching the object in chief, for the only thing to break the internal monotony is a towering pulpit at the East End, and beneath it, a Font.

That evening was our last Concert which was an extra special one and may most correctly be called “The Whirlwind Entertainment”. There was, as usual, a crowded audience both inside and outside our fale where it was held. The first part of the program were Home Airs and a Clown, the Leader here sitting amongst his men, keeping his eyes closed throughout, with a most strained countenance as if the music hurt him. All the while a wild contortionist held the centre of the stage and to keep him supple, oil was poured over him whilst he capered and squirmed, though he already glistened as the sun. Part II consisted of Dances, the singers supplying the music. There was “The dance of the Five Maniacs”, men only : followed by “The Dance of the Décolleté”, all women. Things as usual were getting warm and the next became so exciting that even the Governor’s Factotum, despite a hard day’s work, felt the Call of the Blood and leaped up from my feet to take his place before the footlights — the usual two oil lamps — in that grand whirl, “The Dance of Ecstasy”. The finale came with “The Monkey Dance”, a clever piece of acting on the part of the Contortionist who both looked and acted the main part with skill quite above the average, yet had he never seen a monkey in the flesh.

A second Sunday was now spent at rest, this time at Satupaitea. There was church in the big auditorium in the morning with native preaching and a large congregation who sang with exceeding gusto, without books : a luncheon party in the fale to the Captain and Officers of the Veronica : and a desperate battle with the mosquitoes in the evening.

## Palauli

Again Ancient Rights required that though but three short miles divides Satupaitea from Palauli, it was necessary to hold special meeting in the latter place. The short walk was a pleasant one though ere we got through it, there was a torrent of rain as if to keep up the record of Palauli as the rainiest spot on Savaii. Its other unenviable record is as a special haunt of mosquitoes but as they are generally more aggressive of evenings we escaped, as we were aboard the Veronica ere that time arrived.

Out walk brought us to the local Curiosity — a bridge without approaches. For three years it has stood thus, the natives being unwilling to fulfil their part of the contract unless well paid, tho’ they had agreed to do it for nothing if the Government built the bridge. As there is a drop of four feet from the bridge floor to the ground, it is necessary to unharness steeds and lift traps on and off the structure. Tarvalles are having a rest these days, a horse however can jump with the aid behind of a stick. A little further on we came to a swift stream which in flood time had carried away the bridge and therefore necessitated our fording it on the backs of our sturdy police. My horse was our Orator. I chose him not for his voice but for his bulk.



On arrival we shook hands with two and thirty Chiefs and forthwith got to business. Two Taupous, one in cerise silk with trimmings of lace, and the other in peacock blue velveteen (the Interpreters didn't tell me this but my own hardly acquired millinery knowledge) here held the Kava bowl. The Speaker of the Day, "Sour Looks", had the misfortune to be the last of the many we had listened to and unconsciously repeated both similes and texts which had already been handed out to the Governor. But he got a new one in at the close of his oration, referring to His Excellency to the parting between David and Jonathan (again I was helped out by those compassionate Interpreters who told me on the quiet to read up St. Mark's Gospel!). That parting so touching was symbolical of the affection that the Speaker felt sure would be felt between the Governor and themselves as he left them, his short visit over.

Palauli was not backwards as to requests. They wanted no less than three Beetle Inspectors, two Lands Commissioners and a Mayor. But the best came last. "We are tired, O Father, of 'Presents' when we toil upon the roads. You give us barrels of beef, you give us tins on tins of biscuits, but we want them not : what we want, what we feel we can no longer work without is not presents but 'Cash down'." The Governor spread oil of coconut upon those troubled waters and there was a great calm and many "Ughs" at the close of his speech. Now came once more the Pastors with still more live chickens (the Factotum told me in a whisper that though we had eaten chicken every day, he had twenty-seven stored away for the henroost at Vailima), more talk and this the Head Pastor's story.

"Two brothers there were who had no protection above their heads save a tree which was but poor shelter in rain and burning sun. They determined therefore to go seeking something better. They travelled north, south, east and west, but met with no success. In despair they decided to seek the help of the Great Chief Tagaloa Lagi. To them he said, 'Why here?' Said they, 'We seek a sheltering cover for ourselves.' Said he, 'Take this one of reeds and gorgeous feathered roof, for such a house as I do give you is not only strong but the most beautiful of shelters.' They took it : dwelt beneath it and nor storm nor sun distressed them more. O Governor, this my story is a parable which I would here unfold to you. The Islands of Upolu and Savaii are those two brothers. In their ignorance they knew not how to protect themselves from many a trouble, so sought shelter at the hands of diverse nations, but one by one all failed them. They turned at last to the strong nation of the British and under Beretania they have dwelt in peace. And did not that nation give them, too, the Gospel of Jesus which is the most beautiful of all shades to rest beneath, and the surest of protections come what may." Deep clearly is the love of Samoa for Beretania.

On handing this interpretation in to Asiata and Iiga, they wanted there and then to make me a Samoan Chief : and once again asked me how many chickens and roast pigs I would take to teach them "Composition While You Wait". They are good fellows, those two : and ever speak gently and most courteously. Each have bluest of Samoan blood in them.

The Governor replied felicitously, then came the last Feast whereat my special Taupou tried hard to make me eat fat, half cooked pork. My salvation came in the gift of a whole packet of cigarettes. At our private lunch she fanned me for reward. The Gifts were led off by three Taupous (my own not among them, the Feast had been too much, I fancy), whose names according to my interpretation were "Stout", "Stouter" and "Stoutest", and their sad lack of apparel showed off their abundant forms with much *éclat*. Seven pigs were handed in that day and the Factotum danced with joy as he saw more chickens coming; and by careful count one hundred bronze figures sat across the way whilst the speeches of Offering and of Acceptance were delivered, both in the native tongue.

Now our thoughts all centered on getting home. Embarking in a sixteen-oar *fautasi*, and stepping from it aboard the Warship before nightfall as she swung outside the reef, we weighed anchor at midnight

: and entering Apia harbour as light was breaking, were soon ashore; His Excellency's Malanga of Savaii a delightful Memory of the Past.

### **In Luck**

It is not everyone who gets a lift in a Warship. The ordinary traveller may sigh in vain. But the shipwrecked and the stranded are ever the care of the First Service. I was not shipwrecked, yet was I without doubt fairly stranded — my goal still far off and not a ship on the horizon. My case was a pitiful one, therefore the Captain of H.M.S. Veronica kindly hastened to the rescue and offered his ship as my means of transport. Who would refuse such an offer? No stuffy schooner, no copra-filled hold. I took the rosy, not the thorny path, and thanked the Captain for his kindly thought.

Then I went off to break the news to my Niue boys! I did not want them to think that I had deserted them : but they refused to entertain so base a thought. It was “Go! O High Chief of Niue, we'll be there someday, and you'll be there to greet us. Only please carry our message to our home.” So I became postman outside of the King's Regulations : and looked forward to an interesting time when I should go my rounds delivering the missives.

### **Samoaan Impressions**

I left Samoa with full measure of regret after such months of enjoyable residence amongst its people. The impressions I gained are many; some that a passing stranger may set down, others which only long residence would sanction mentioning after having stood that test. But I realized in full that the natives are a proud people, proud of their Race, proud of their Past, proud of their sterling Manhood. The fact that the British are a mighty nation makes them content to be under our rule. Were it that New Zealand was an entity itself, and not part of a Greater Whole, I fear that they would resent the overlordship.

They do not take Life seriously, nor, as the Englishman, their pleasures sadly. They are children all, more or less. They can waste the precious hours in talk and laziness as I could not have conceived before. The Jap and the Chinese are ever busy, the Hawaiian and the Maori hardly less so, but the Samoan is a Past Master at the art of Doing Nothing : despite which, Time never seems to drag with him.

With the Samoans as a whole, both Religion and Civilization impressed me as not being very deep-rooted. This is evident in many a custom and many a practice, which — if such were realities — they would long ere this have obliterated from their code.

### **Pago Pago**

Weighing anchor at midnight we made for “American Samoa” : in chief the Island of Tutuila, only seventy square miles in extent but possessing the Naval Station of Pago Pago. His Excellency and his ever genial Aide de Camp accompanying us thus far on an official visit to his American brother

Governor, there was much booming of guns and ceremonial visits on the midday following, once we reached the wonderfully beautiful harbour, which nigh cuts the island in two. Leaving Apia we had run into a nasty sea and some of us were not sorry to get into a quiet haven.

Little wonder that the Americans much wanted such a halting place along their trade route. It is clearly an old volcanic crater, with its south side broken away and admitting the sea. The inside of the crater very rugged and steep : Matafao the highest peak — or edge — over two thousand feet above, sharp pointed and narrow. But all round there is nothing bare, every yard wooded, with here and there a Palm silhouetted against the skyline. A beauty spot indeed.

Approaching from the sea, the lava beds are first seen as they poured out from that now empty volcano's lips ages ago, and made for the water. They do not look inviting. The sea met the flow and fought it, cutting great tunnels through it which thus form Blow Holes. The harbour itself is like a foot. You enter down a short leg, then turn abruptly : and the Naval Station with its up-to-date appointments and great Wireless Plant is at the instep. The Native village with its Twin towered church — a pleasant ramble it was to go there — is at the toe. The Governor's house is perched up on the summit of the instep, so that it commands two views : but ships as they lie at the enormously deep anchorage — necessitating buoys to ease the anchor chains — cannot get a glimpse of the sea. No gales can ruffle Pago Pago's waters.

And it rained in that volcanic crater, rained relentlessly, rained in torrents : the great edge facing south-east, level as if planed, caught every rain cloud passing and poured its contents upon Pago Pago : correctly it was named "The Rain Maker".

Happily, like everywhere that is American in these seas, the Naval Station is up-to-date as to walks and roads; cement everywhere, cosy homes, all neat and clean and trim, the folk most hospitable from the Governor down. Dinners and dances, teas and card parties, with shows of an evening, made the short stay of four days a very pleasant one for all on board the Warship, despite the rain.

## The Palolo

Here is one of the few spots on the Pacific where a great delicacy, according to the native palate, is secured : the Palolo, a marine worm some five inches long, green of colour, looking akin to a piece of seaweed, and — so it is said — tasting similarly : which alone is found on coral reefs. Its peculiarity is its clock like regularity of appearance. Only once a year it comes, and therefore is there very much excitement. The date, the very hour, is well known. The night of the last quarter of the October moon. Yet hath this worm a fad. If that last quarter falls early in October, it says it is not ready to be eaten, that it is rushing things too much, so defers its annual visit to the last quarter of the November moon. This seems a very extraordinary proceeding, but the natives in these South Seas look upon such things as a matter of course. <sup>176</sup>

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<sup>176</sup> [Palolo worm \(\*Palola viridis\*\)](#). See also *The Palolo* in Part XIII, *Roamings in the Great South Sea*.

## The Last Leg

And now we made the last leg — at least it was so for me who had been so long upon the way — and steamed out of that perfect harbour into the great ocean, direct for Niue three hundred and more miles away. It was a rough passage, the roughest I had met so far this wandering. We were driving into a strong headwind which whipped up the waves to every angle. The narrow ship with its sharp nose, its top hamper rising high with its howitzer above the bridge, and its Wireless towering loftily, swept in and forced its way. We rolled and we dived, stood on end, and at times shivered as the screw <sup>177</sup> came clear : but on deck and below everyone was cheerful : the duties went on with all that splendid discipline of the British Navy; the Captain ever mindful of his passenger, the Wardroom offering a taste of real Club life — for those two nights and days. We were forced to go at less than half speed, and saw no other vessel on the way.

## Niue

It was Sunday noon when I was called to the Bridge to get my first glimpse of my Island Home. Full twenty miles ahead it lay, a perfectly straight line upon the horizon. I saw it from end to end at one glance, for it is but seventeen miles long. Not a hill upon it, for it rises sheer out of the sea, a coral Isle, no beaches : two tiers of land, the first some ninety feet above the water, the topmost some two hundred. Then as we drew nearer, here and there could be seen a white man's residence amongst the rich foliage : then straight ahead a group of buildings, some bright red roofed, and a flagpole with the Flag out flying. This was Alofi, in the centre of a so-called bay — to the eye a misnomer — yet affording a real shelter. To the right, about a mile away, could be seen a cutting in the trees, and looking out to sea, two houses, red roofed too, most picturesque. All around rich green.

We put our glasses on them. One was a School House, the other the Master's residence. So that was where this Roamer would abide, and truly it looked entrancing, like a glimpse of Fairy Land. We had left the rain behind : 'twas a lovely day, the sun pouring down upon the land — under the shelter of this new land we now ran out of the Trade Wind, and the sea was calm as a mill pond.

## The Landing

We kept steadily on, the Captain scorning the usual schooner anchorage half a mile out to sea, and ran to within two hundred yards ere he gave the order, and down the anchor plunged. Now we saw the Niueans crowded at the little landing stage of concrete, and standing all along the front of the little village high up above us.

It was a great day for those people : "Sail Ho!" had been ringing over the island for hours already. Out shot a boat from the passage in the reef which here hugs the very shore, a passage made by man in the Long Ago, and increased in width by the aid of dynamite under the capable hands of H.M.S. Mildura. The Doctor and the Resident came aboard, and after greetings and the necessary papers were exchanged, we made for shore, some in one boat, some in other : I with the Captain in his little dingy,

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<sup>177</sup> The propeller.

rowed by a stout sailorman with chest and arms all tattooed as Man of War's men love. It is but a narrow passageway, a long boat can but just turn round in it for width, but the sea was still — all the much talked of impossibility of landing a myth for that one day at least, yet without doubt it could easily be impossible.

Now we reached the steps, a welcoming hand of a native was held out to make my landing sure, and I stood at last upon the Isle of Niué.

*Note.*

*The experience of the next 2 years  
appears under a separate MSS :*

*The  
"Chronicles of Savage Island".*<sup>178</sup>

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<sup>178</sup> This note was handwritten by WWB under the typewritten text. See Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*.

## THE LONELY ISLES : THE KERMADECS

### Britain and France

It was April.<sup>179</sup> Having loaded up with copra and bananas we left the coral isle of Niue, headed South West and made for the Land of the Maoris 1300 miles away. The going was easy, even for the poorest sailor aboard that fishing steamer of 600 tons, “The Roma” (once in the Long Ago, H.M. Gunboat Torch), though in the gently heaving swell she rolled true to her proud record as a champion roller of the South Seas. Three full days had passed, and now there came a gentle breeze, breaking up the even, undulating surface at long last, and causing the old boat to add Jazz time to her sideways flings. It was then that I first saw The Kermadecs — forty miles away upon the horizon. Suddenly the cry arose “Land ahead on the port bow”. It was a broken line; a peak, then an hiatus, a line of high land, then a commanding summit. We were gazing upon the northern-most of the group which lies in a stretch of 160 miles and which had taken some years in the finding as a whole. Not at first was this one — Sunday Isle<sup>180</sup> — discovered. Macaulay 60 miles south had been seen and noted with Curtis Island by Lieutenant Watts in a transport ship, The Lady Penrhyn, in 1788.<sup>181</sup> Then in 1793 there sailed through these south Seas that adventurous French Admiral, D’Entrecasteaux,<sup>182</sup> who has left his marks upon the map and his name among the Western Isles. It was he who gave the name of the Captain<sup>183</sup> of his consort ship to the group, and it has stuck. It was his sailing master whose eyes first descried the new land, and down in the chart room it was written Raoul Island, but those that came after, for some unknown reason, would not have it so and gave it the name of the day that the quick sighted sailing master cried out “Land ahead” and came so near to being numbered among the geographical Immortals. Now the Frenchmen made further search : they passed the isles that Watts had notched for Britain’s glory, and 100 miles further south they came upon a mighty rock, covering 12 acres, rising menacingly out of the deep, defying the tumult of waters that ever dash themselves against its rugged base, and called it L’Espérance after Kermadec’s ship.

These are The Kermadecs and could they speak, they have strange tales to tell. They are out of the beaten tracks that line the ocean, the nearest (that to Tonga) is 100 miles away. Mariners keep away from them, for they are none of them inviting. As a habitation for man, one only is the least bit feasible : that Sunday Island of 7000 acres which we were gazing at, and in the early afternoon were steaming close to. They are volcanic and there are signs that their activity as fire craters is far from wholly dead. I fancy that it was for old times’ sake that our Captain left the track and gave us the chance of seeing them. He had been on a Government Survey Ship that had worked there years ago, and had been capsized with his boat’s crew at the one and only landing on a so-called beach. He would impress upon us the forbidding nature of the land, which seems to spring, its whole coastline over, clear out of the sea, yet crowned with heaviest verdure.

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<sup>179</sup> 1924.

<sup>180</sup> [Raoul Island](#) (Sunday Island) is the largest and northernmost of the main Kermadec Islands. The Kermadecs came under control of the Civil Aviation Administration of the New Zealand Government in 1939, when Sunday Island was renamed Raoul Island.

<sup>181</sup> Lieutenant John Watts, RN, was the first European to visit the [Macauley](#) and [Curtis Islands](#) — which he named after patrons George Mackenzie Macaulay and [William Curtis](#) — on the [Lady Penrhyn](#) in the late 1788. The Lady Penryn had carried 101 female convicts from Portsmouth to New South Wales and was proceeding to Macao.

<sup>182</sup> [Antoine Raymond Joseph de Bruni d’Entrecasteaux \(1739–1793\)](#)

<sup>183</sup> [Jean-Michel Huon de Kermadec \(1748–1792\)](#) died of tuberculosis on 6 May 1793 at Balade in New Caledonia.



## Sunday Island

And yet there have been men who dared it, one man in special. The first white man to live on Sunday was Baker who took up residence nigh ninety years ago. He was followed by Johnson who put in some years on the lonely spot. Wandering off to Samoa, he there met Bell to whom the man's account of the place appealed, and Bell went to have a look at the island. The sequel was his arrival there with his wife and six children in December 1878 to stay. Two years later he imported some Niueans to assist in clearing the forest to make room for grass. This done Bell visited New Zealand and brought back with him both cattle, sheep and pigs. His efforts to raise cereals and vegetables meant a ceaseless war with rats with which Sunday was and is overrun. But Bell was well content, he sent the natives away and settled down to provide for a family which in time increased to ten. In '87 a rude awakening came. Bell received a communication from the New Zealand Government that the island had been leased to three settlers in blocks of one thousand acres each as pastoral areas. He and his large family were portioned off with fifty acres. The settlers came, they did not last long. Again Bell ruled alone. Now he wanted both compensation and a legal title, and went to Auckland to fight for his rights. There were years of contention. He was told to keep away from Sunday. In the end he and his and all his belongings withdrew and the island saw him no more, nor any other in his place.<sup>184</sup>

There are lakes on the island, but they are the craters of extinct volcanoes, and hard to get at. One could see where clearing had been made, but ere long it will be entirely obliterated, for verdure grows rapidly in those parts. Sunday Island is left to the sea birds and the winds : and wise sailors keep away, for Sunday to L'Espérance is a stretch of sea best left alone by man.

With wise and humane forethought however, New Zealand has established two Food Depots for wrecked mariners, in the group. These are visited at stated intervals to see that all is ship shape, and if perchance some castaways be found. It was these same hoards that German raiders inhumanely despoiled when they were lurking round the South Seas for lonely and unprotected prey. Not content with taking the food, they made havoc of all the rest. What harm could have been wrought to them had they left something for fellow seamen in dire distress?

It was here that pirates who, a few years back, sailing off from Auckland with a goodly prize went a-hiding for a space, till the first hue and cry was over. Was there not food there, and who would think they would seek such dangerous waters? They were met with, but by a New Zealand Warship that knew nothing of their crime and who gave them cordial greeting and supplies. That pirate skipper took leave of the Kermadecs ere the man of war was over the horizon, for the group was no longer safe for him, and hied him across the Tasman Sea to Australia where his end duly came.

## Strange Tales

I was fortunate enough to have as one of my companions one of that same Bell family who had photographs with him to prove all his statements anent this Group, though some were strange enough for hesitation on my part.

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<sup>184</sup> Regarding the Bell family's residence on Raoul Island from 1878 to 1914, see [Crusoes of Sunday Island](#) by Elsie Katherine Morton (1957); Elsie Morton is Thomas Bell's daughter and was nine years old when they landed on the island.

The two islands next to Sunday going south, Curtis and Macaulay, are widely different. The former is a mass of spouting funnels not high, but covering the whole acreage, small cones of sulphur dotting the landscape. On it nothing alive appears. But Macaulay is a land of goats. These were let loose both on Sunday and Macaulay from whaling ships. On the latter they are so dense in number that it is no sport to kill. You must needs drive them away from obstructing your path, with a handy stick. When the dry season comes and the herbage is all gone, the goats have learned to live on the seaweed which is cast up in great abundance the whole coast round.

Strange things occur among the Kermadecs which none wot <sup>185</sup> of, for wreckage is there which tells of tragedies from which none has escaped to tell the tale. Was it these isles that the Maoris in their huge canoes saw, when in the days of our Norman Conqueror <sup>186</sup> they set out from their mystic land to follow the course of the birds to some favoured isle where they might dwell? Exhausted, well nigh done, how their hearts must have lightened to see the first faint outline. And how fierce the disappointment. This was no land for them! Had the gods deserted them? And must they push on ever westwards, perhaps to perish one and all upon the way. That they halted here seems clear from the stone implements, vessels and other Maori articles found upon the island; that they pushed on we know; 600 more miles were traversed by half dead men and women till at last the highland of their future home loomed up, which when reached they could scarce climb to from their battered crafts. But those heroic bands are not forgotten. Maoris proudly claim descent from one or other of the Canoe Arrivals; he is a bastard who knows not in which halo of heroism his forefather appeared.

But we! with large measure of comfort and without effort on our part, steamed slowly by and on; as evening fell we saw the last of the Kermadecs; ploughed our way, now through a roughish sea, with a headwind to make things merrier, for full four more days, till we too saw the mighty barrier Nature has thrown up to guard Huaraki Gulf — Great Barrier Island — behind which now we passed, and so to shelter and smooth going, till with break of day we ranged alongside hoary old Rangitoto, a volcano of the Past, hove to in Auckland's harbor, passed Doctor and the Customs, hauled up alongside the wharf appointed, and stepped ashore — this Roamer the richer by far in experience, since he had sailed from that same port three <sup>187</sup> full years before. <sup>188</sup>

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<sup>185</sup> Archaic: *know*.

<sup>186</sup> [William I \(ca. 1028–1087\)](#) launched the [Norman conquest of England](#) in 1066.

<sup>187</sup> WWB has *two full years before*, but we know from official documents that he was appointed teacher of Niue on January 21, 1921, whereupon he departed Auckland en route to Niue via Tonga and Samoa, and that he signed the Return of Attendance for the Hakupu school on March 31, 1924, and departed Niue in April 1924. See *From Victoria to Niue and Teaching on Niue* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

<sup>188</sup> In Tale #27, *Saint Patrick's Day (I)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, he mentions that years after he had left Apia in 1921, he was in a hospital in Auckland "with a very bad knee. Some insect — maybe a cockroach — had had a nice meal off my right knee as I lay asleep in a schooner heading for that port."

## VAN DIEMAN'S ISLE (I)

### **Tasmania. An Appealing Isle.**

Those who would roam the South Seas from America's coastline should not fail to reach this delightful isle. It lies in the southernmost gateway from the Pacific to the Indian waters — alike to Tierra del Fuego, the gateway to the Atlantic. Australia guards the rest of the entrance well nigh up to the Equator line. It is far south : hence there is absence of the torrid heat, and many other inconveniences bound up with the far flung islands within the Tropic belt. It is a complete and invigorating change to the heat worn traveller, and to an English wanderer it appeals at once as a little piece of the Homeland transplanted to the other side of the world, well and timely met. Its people are very English; its town and country villages, its park lands and farms, its orchards and meadows, its woods and streams instill a feeling both of Home and Restfulness. It possesses no huge centres of Humanity, there is no Black Country with factories belching forth smoke and withering up the whole country side, no mixing of all the nations of the earth, no appearance — at least on the outside — of strife within its boundaries. It is England at her best. It cannot fail to appeal and create in the visitor a longing for a further stay, or for a return in which to search out and enjoy the bounteous gifts Nature has poured out upon it with so lavish a hand.

The first settlers clearly carried fond memories with them overseas; you can trace whence they came by the names they bestowed upon their new homes. I wandered through little hamlets bearing such familiar names as Brighton and Epsom, Melton-Mowbray and Cambridge, Somerset and Guildford, Derby and Ramsgate, with Epping Forest true to name — haunt of Bushrangers in the dark days of the Isle, even as Highwaymen made the Home forest renowned. Nor are Richmond and Bushby Parks without their devotees.

Within its heart shaped compass of 100 by 120 miles it has two Towns, Hobart in the South with 50,000 inhabitants, Launceston in the North with 27,000. The rest of the 200,000 Tasmanians are scattered over the land. It has many streams, but three stand out preeminent, the Derwent, the Tamar and the Gordon. It is a mountainous island, you can never escape from them in range or singly; the king of them all, Ben Lomond in the north east, with its 5160 feet, though others run it close. It is a land of Plenty; some over enthusiastic writers have called it "The Garden of the Pacific". If that be extravagant praise, there is no doubt as to its wonderful wealth in vegetable produce and orchard. Tasmanian potatoes and apples are known, at least, the Pacific over.

### **Its Past**

The land but awaited the coming of the white man. That coming had its bright and its dark pages. We would do well, in order to the better understanding of the Present to look — if not at the length it really demands — yet somewhat carefully into its essential facts.

In the 17<sup>th</sup> Century the predominant power both in naval power and commerce were the Dutch. The richest city on the globe, and the centre of the world's trade, was not London, but Amsterdam. With the Spaniards and Portuguese, Holland waged relentless war upon the high seas and their colonial possessions. Sir Walter Raleigh — himself a sailor — presented to his Sovereign, James I, in the year

1603, a statement “touching trade and commerce with the Hollanders” which gives remarkable evidence of the strength of the Dutch people. “They trade by force into the East and West Indies and in Africa, where they employ 180 ships and 8700 mariners. We send into Eastern Europe yearly but 100 ships, the Dutch 3,000. Having not one timber growing in their own country, they build yearly 1000 ships. They have 20,000 vessels and all employed.”

This vigorous nation started out in 1595 to oust Spain and Portugal from the rich East Indies. They began with Java, the most productive island of the whole Eastern Archipelago, founded the City of Batavia and installed a Governor General. The story of the Dutch East Indies is an Epic of Daring — but we have Tasmania alone to deal with. Among the many illustrious Governors who went out from the Homeland, the one who showed the greatest energy in searching for new lands and new markets was Anthony Van Diemen <sup>189</sup> (1636–1645), and sailing under his command was one Abel Janszoon Tasman. <sup>190</sup> The latter had long shown himself to be both an able commander and a capable and daring seaman. It was natural that he should be selected for the important voyage now in contemplation. It was not undertaken for the glory of Discovery, neither for Adventure’s sake nor Science. It was a business proposition : to find and open up for trade the Great South Land — that Terra Incognita — and a quicker route to the Spanish possessions in South America with a view to attack and plunder. New Holland, as West Australia was then called, was never supposed to be that same mysterious Land. There was in Batavia at that time another well known sailor by name Visscher, <sup>191</sup> who by reason of many voyages, and his careful chart-making, was the greatest Pilot of the East. Van Diemen consulted him and joined him with Tasman in the venture. Two ships were selected, the Heemskerck of 200 tons with a crew of 60, and the Zeehaen of still lighter draught with a crew of 50. Along with the Commander and the Pilot, there went a most important personage, the Supercargo or Merchant.

<sup>192</sup>

The instructions issued to Tasman are in print today. They make interesting reading. The eye to business is to be clearly seen. The ships were to be laden with articles of barter. Gold and silver were to be specifically sought for, but “Keep them ignorant of the value of the same; appear as if you were not greedy for them : and if gold and silver is offered in any barter, you must feign that you do not value these metals, showing them copper, zinc and lead, as if those minerals were of more value with us.” The expedition left Java in August 1642 and sailed southwest instead of east, making first clear across the Indian Ocean to Mauritius off the Coast of Africa. This really was making, not losing time, for they had the South East Trades with them and would have dropped south 1000 miles, leaving but a short distance to reach the region of the South West Winds, their one hope of success to sail Peruwards. Mauritius too, was a better place than Batavia at which to victual the ships. Sailing from thence in October they met the westerly winds in 32°S, and keeping south they met with indications of land being nigh in 43°S. Despite gales and fogs they kept going till 49°S was reached, when danger of striking land became a live issue. Visscher proposed working up to 40°S which was done, and they were shortly south of Nuyts Land, the furthest land south so far known — our present day Great Australian Bight. Heavy gales drove them south again to 42°S when on the 24<sup>th</sup> of November they sighted new land to which Tasman promptly gave the name of the Governor General who had sent them. He never knew that it was an island he had reached and added to the map — to him it was but another portion of New Holland. His anxiety was to find a way to the south of it, if haply he might strike the Lost Continent, and also that passageway to the riches of Chile and Peru. Therefore he still kept South. If only he had gone north again he would likely have found Bass Strait, a quicker passage

<sup>189</sup> [Anthony van Diemen \(1593–1645\)](#)

<sup>190</sup> [Abel Janszoon Tasman \(1603–1659\)](#)

<sup>191</sup> Francois Jacobsz Visscher

<sup>192</sup> [Isaack Gilsemans \(ca. 1606–1646\)](#)

into the Pacific, and have solved a question long debated as to Tasmania's being a part of the Continent of Australia. His landfall is marked today by two mountains bearing the names of his ships — these bestowed by Flinders <sup>193</sup> long years after — and not far from Macquarie Harbor of convict infamy. Making South West Cape he sailed along the south coast, and made for a good sized bay which opened out, but a fierce north west gale sprang up which drove him out to sea, and he bestowed the name of Storm Bay which holds to the present time. Rounding Tasman's Peninsula — on which in later day Port Arthur of convict times arose — he came to anchor off another Peninsula (Forestier's) in a bay which he called after the Prince of the United Provinces at Home — Frederick Henry — but which, owing to a strange error of later cartographers, is dubbed on maps as Blackman's Bay, giving the Prince's name to a spot up Storm Bay which Tasman never was nigh. Tasman now made for shore, but the surf was too high for a landing. The ship's carpenter however swam through the surf, carrying the Dutch flag on a pole, which he planted on shore and got safely back. Thus strangely did the Dutch take formal possession of Tasmania. The ships tried to go north to follow the contour of the land but the wind was against them. Tasman however saw and named Maria Island — after the Governor's wife — and Schouten Island — after his friend upon the Dutch Council at Batavia — then stood away from "a high round Mountain" — thought to be St. Patrick's Head — to discover New Zealand and Tonga ere he reached Batavia again by way of the north of New Guinea, none the richer in spoils but having settled the essential point that a way to the coveted riches of Chile and Peru was possible to the south.

More than a century passed before other white men saw Van Diemen's Land. It was a Frenchman next (Marion du Fresne, <sup>194</sup> in 1772) who dropped anchor a little north of Tasman's landing. On North Bay the aborigines first appear to us. It was an ill day for them. They resisted the Frenchmen's coming, with spears and stones. The French used muskets, killing and wounding. A few weeks later, du Fresne himself was slain by the Maoris of New Zealand.

Next upon the scene came the British. Cook's ship, the *Resolution*, was separated in a storm from its consort, the *Adventure*, Captain Furneaux <sup>195</sup> in Command. Cook held his course for Australia, Furneaux, in want of water, made for Tasman's Van Diemen's Land. He struck it low down, his anchorage is known as Adventure Bay at the mouth of Storm Bay. Thence he worked back North East to a group of islands called by his name, and made a junction with his chief off the coast of New Zealand. That was in 1773, and in 1777 Cook himself cast anchor in Adventure Bay.

Next another Frenchman appears in the person of Admiral D'Entrecasteaux whose name is far scattered over the South Seas, and who was buried in them. He entered and charted the Channel that bears his name, leading into Storm Bay; his Christian name he gave to Bruni Island; his commander Huon de Kermadec — who also died in the South Seas — is commemorated by island, river and port, whilst Esperance Bay, with its three islands, Faith, Hope and Charity, bears the name of his consort ship. Tasmania was still thought to be a part of the mainland. Flinders and Bass <sup>196</sup> settled that point when in 1798 these two daring navigators circumnavigated the island in their tiny little sloop of 25 tons, the *Norfolk*, built of Norfolk Island pine in days of distress upon that island, and arriving at the mainland held up by Sydney's Governor — it being against the rules of that far off convict establishment to possess any such small craft.

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<sup>193</sup> [Matthew Flinders \(1774–1814\)](#)

<sup>194</sup> [Marc-Joseph Marion du Fresne \(1724–1772\)](#)

<sup>195</sup> [Tobias Furneaux \(1735–1781\)](#)

<sup>196</sup> [George Bass \(1771–1803\)](#)



## Britain Takes Possession

With the opening of the new century, matters began to take on concrete shape. The French forced our hand. We had headed them off on the mainland. Their ships were cruising around to the south. Governor King at Sydney grew anxious and determined to take action first, and report Home afterwards. The chief point of danger lay in the south of Van Diemen's Land, though the north held possibilities; the west and east were too rugged and inaccessible. Van Diemen's Land was considered by King as lying strictly within the limits of the territory of New South Wales — as the whole eastern side of the Continent was then called — and Holland was by this time in position to raise a protest. Lieutenant Bowen<sup>197</sup> was selected as Commandant of the new settlement, with instructions to fix his site at Risdon Cove on the Derwent River — both named in 1794 by Captain Hayes<sup>198</sup> of the British East India Company, who had been sent out to investigate and report on the possibilities of infraction of the rights of his company which then held, strangely enough, a strangle hold on the trade and commerce of New South Wales. A corporal and seven privates were his military force. His convict labourers consisted of 21 males and 3 females. In all there were 49 in the Company. The Birthday of Tasmania as a British Colony is September 7<sup>th</sup>, 1803, when, passing the present site of Hobart, all unconscious of its value, the ships Albion and Lady Nelson dropped anchor at Risdon Cove. Six months were sufficient to show that a mistake had been made, and when Lieutenant Governor Collins superseded Lieutenant Brown he promptly removed the settlement five miles to the south on the west side of the river, to a creek's mouth named by him — after his friend, the Under Secretary for the Colonies — Sullivan's Cove; and along with the people went the official title of Risdon Settlement — Hobart — under whose aegis as Secretary of State for the Colonies both King and he were working. At Risdon today there are to be seen the stone steps at the Landing Place laid by convict labourers under Bowen's orders, and a monument commemorates when — at least to Tasmanians — is an historic event.

On November 11<sup>th</sup>, 1804, a settlement at the North was effected under Lieutenant Governor Paterson, who made landing at the mouth of the Tamar, where George Town, within Port Dalrymple, now stands. This wide estuary had been first made known by Bass and Flinders who reporting to the then Governor at Sydney — Hunter — had given it the name of the Chief Hydrographer to the Admiralty. Here again, the first choice was the wrong one. The Governor not only heard of, but himself saw the splendid site 40 miles up the river where the North and the South Esk flow together to form the Tamar, and Launceston now stands. Yet after finding out the impossibility of George Town, Paterson crossed the river and selected a narrow strip of land to which he gave the name of York Town. He saw his mistake, and it was abandoned in 1806. A five mile bush track leads the curiously minded to the site from Beaconsfield, today a thriving mining town. Of ruins there are none : but a few mounds under the gum trees tell of those who played their part in what was to be the capital of Northern Tasmania. Van Diemen's Isle had now indeed become a British Colony.

## The Blacks

But what of the natives? That the land was inhabited we have seen. The story is interesting, though tragic in the end. Various estimates have been made of their numbers, but the most probable is that,

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<sup>197</sup> [George Ferguson Bowen \(1821–1899\)](#)

<sup>198</sup> [John Hayes \(1768–1831\)](#)



not exceeding 2000. They were evidently, from what has been since learned, at the very bottom of the scale of civilization; they had advanced but little since the early Stone Age. There were four main tribes, each occupying a definite district in which they hunted, with their primitive weapons, the emu, the wallaby, the kangaroo and the opossum, whilst on its coast they sought the rich supplies of shell and crayfish. They moved over their territory in “mobs” — as many as 200 at a time were seen together. They were at war one with another at times, but when the fairly friendly feeling towards the colonists turned to hatred — owing in chief to the inhuman robbing of them of their children to become servants — they laid aside their differences and made common cause against the intruder. From 1820, things grew steadily worse till 1830, when Governor Arthur took action in his strange military operation known as the “Black Line”. He put 3000 men into the field to comb the island from north to south, converging at last upon Tasman’s Peninsula. The thing was impossible with the mountains and ravines ever breaking the line. It cost £30,000 and resulted in the capture of one male aboriginal and a boy of tender years. Later it was found that their numbers — owing to the war waged upon them by individual whites — had been reduced to but 150. What a Governor could not do by force, George Augustus Robinson, a Methodist brick layer, accomplished by persuasion. A reserve was selected for them, and after a change or two, Flinders Island was finally made their Home. By 1832 all the blacks had been gathered in, 140 the total : by 1847 there were but 44 : by 1854 Truganini, the last Tasmanian aboriginal, had passed away.

### Convictism

But if this was a dark page, there was as dark a one running concurrently. If black folk were suffering persecution so were our own white men, women, girls still in their teens, and boys. Tasmania was a Land of Terror not only to the hunted blacks, but to those confined in her penitentiaries at Port Macquarie at the West, Port Arthur at the South, Rocky Hills at the East — and alike to her peaceful citizens who were at the mercy of the savage escapees who ranged over the island as bushrangers, their hands against all.

Norfolk Island as a penal settlement had been officially closed in 1804, and the whole of its inhabitants ordered transferred to Van Diemen’s Land. These were, in the main, transportees who had been allowed land upon Norfolk and had thus helped to supply Sydney with needed food stuff. Van Diemen’s Land required farmers who had had experience of colonial conditions. The Norfolk Islanders were very reluctant as to going but the orders from Home were made imperative and two main districts were given over to them — one in the North at Norfolk Plains, since 1833 called Longford, hard by Governor Paterson’s Launceston, the other in the south well up the Derwent River at New Norfolk, a really lovely spot. In the south there were other scattered lands allotted — at Sorell and Sandy Bay.

New South Wales in 1821 needed some spot where its worst criminal characters could be gathered together and severely disciplined. Norfolk was closed. A spot was therefore found upon Tasmania’s wild west coast at Macquarie Harbor, inaccessible from the land side by mountains and bush, and scarcely less so by sea, with a bar at the entrance, aptly called Hell’s Gate. Within the bay is an island 20 miles up from its mouth whereon the convict establishment was raised. What went on from 1821 to 1833 upon that Isle of the Damned is a memory that will never die. When Colonel Arthur in 1824 became Lieutenant Governor he raised a new prison on Tasman’s Peninsula in 1830 and closed that of Macquarie Harbour. The new site was more readily accessible whilst the danger of escapes was lessened, as the only means of escape was across 100 yards stretch of land leading from Tasman’s to Forestier’s Peninsula, which was guarded by sentries and a chain of trained, ferocious dogs. Port

Arthur too has passed out whilst the ruins of the latter are numerous, Macquarie has been well nigh levelled to the ground.

It was not till 1853 that Tasmania was freed from convictism, and with it went Bushranging and the old Dutch name. Whilst the new name had for some years been freely used by the inhabitants, it was not till that year — when with the cessation of transportation the Home authorities granted more liberal self governing powers — that in the statute conferring these, the name Tasmania was officially used and has since remained. The Island could breathe freely again and from that year went forward to ever increasing prosperity.

With so interesting a history, I would fain see it myself.

## VAN DIEMEN'S ISLE (II)

### Launceston On the Tamar

Arriving at Melbourne, I crossed (in the well appointed S.S. Nairana) the 200 miles of Bass Straits — which ordinarily boisterous, was both going and returning as a mill pond for smoothness, and, working our way carefully up the sinuous Tamar, landed at the picturesque city of Launceston. Both these names have close connection with Governor King of the long ago, under whom the first Lieutenant Governor, Paterson, ruled, for King was born in Cornwall's chief town through which the river Tamar flows. Names had to be chosen by these pioneers; they wisely sought to associate places with those in Authority through whom the opening up of new lands was being effected. There is history in names, for those who seek. But surely the original Tamar cannot be like its namesake. The turbine Nairana is no flat bottomed boat — she is of 5000 tons — yet berthed at a wharf 40 miles up from the sea. That was the beginning of surprises. The next was the neatness, the cleanliness and the keen spirit in Launceston itself. The inhabitants know how to make use of their river for the head of it where the two forks — the North and the South Esk — join, was covered close with launches and small sailing crafts. The city is no rambling affair. There are parks tastefully laid out with well-kept lawns, and flower beds with lovely showing. I saw tennis, croquet and bowling in full swing, whilst notice of golf links' propinquity soon caught my eye, as it did in every other centre of importance. There is abundance of electric trams, whilst the further use of motor cars only added to my admiration of a city that I gladly lingered in. To have a real Cataract within ten minutes stroll from the centre of the city is something to boast of. It is not a Niagara but it is well above the average. The South Esk in its last mile to join the Tamar rushes headlong between high cliffs on a steep decline well lined with rocks. The City has made the most of it. A tarred path high up, has been cut along the northern side of the stream, bordered on the cliff side with tree ferns and shrubbery; a fairy suspension bridge leads you at length across the tumbling waters, so as to return by a zigzag path on the south side; and all this real enjoyment will mulct you but one penny.

### Through the Heart of Tasmania

But Launceston had to be left. Engaging a car and chauffeur who proved to be a real companion, I sallied forth to roam the Island, the centre and the south my first objective. We bowled over smooth convict built roads, over bridges too, made by the same forced labor, which call forth the admiration of present day constructors — that at Perth in special. Some have ornamented buttresses, that at Ross over the Macquarie River has fine carvings which are said to have won the freedom of the stonemason. We passed through Epping Forest on the same road that had been the scene of so many 'hold ups' in the Past, then through an open country where many sheep grazed, passed villages each with its spired or towered Church, made ascents which must have tested horses in the old coaching days, crossed and re-crossed ambling streams, saw grain fields a-plenty and trim kept orchards too, big mansions here and there whose owners or their forebears had made good money and would live in comfort — with the mountains never very far off, clothed to their summits with timber. Here 60 miles out, was a signboard proclaiming "Half Way Hotel", a changing post in the days of old. We were heading for Hobart, still 60 miles away, with 60 further miles beyond, before reaching one of my main objectives, Port Arthur's ruins. Now York Plains opened out an immensity of view, flat right up to the mountain ranges in the hazy distance, a great sheep grazing country; then Oatlands,

once a more flourishing town than the village of today, as evidenced by its numerous stone built homes, and the sombre looking jail — a convict centre here. Here nomenclature gets somewhat mixed, for dropping over the range into a lovely valley we lost touch with the Homeland and had Lake Tiberias on one side, the river Jordan on the other, whilst ahead lay the village of Bagdad. Some scriptural enthusiast may have been responsible for the former ones, but Bagdad puzzles unless visions appeared to the first arrivals similar to those granted to the immortal recounter of Eastern Fairy Tales. Its wealth lies in its fruit than which no part of Tasmania produces finer. A few miles more and we had reached the Derwent which we crossed by a causeway over a mile in length (with a drawbridge for vessels), swung round the base of Mount Wellington for a dozen miles, and drew up in Hobart, the Capital, 12 miles up from Storm Bay and the Ocean.

## Hobart

The harbour at once attracts, a noble sheet of placid water having such depth that at the wharfs one reads in large lettering “60 feet at Low Tide”. Back of the City which, with its suburbs, stretches away in all directions over the lower mountain spurs, lies the famous Mt. Wellington, the Mecca of all good Tasmanians. It is absolutely essential if you would be ‘in’ with the people of the land that you should climb to its summit even though it means an ascent of over 4000 feet, the last 2000 a good test of limbs and wind. To the Pinnacle is but three miles from Hobart as the crow flies, but it is ten miles by road and track. I was there, of course, covering the first eight miles by car, and being landed at an hotel 2000 feet up the hillside, looking from below as if impossible to be reached, peeping out as it does from densest bush and timber. Though the day was gloriously warm, there was snow to be gathered at the Pinnacle from which, under the clear blue sky, a magnificent view was obtained of practically all southern Tasmania whilst Ben Lomond, 90 miles to the north east lifted its proud head sufficiently to be known among the rest.

I found Hobart as spruce as Launceston. It has fine streets and massive buildings, open parks, and a Botanical Garden on a slope towards the harbor waters that is a delight to roam in. Close handy to that inviting spot is Government House, architecturally a gem, fit residence for the Representative of the King. The Library Building, the Art Gallery and the handsome Clubs speak of culture and society. I have met many Tasmanians in my wanderings. I no longer wonder at their love and enthusiasm for their Southern Home.

## New Norfolk

A comfortable little river steamer took me up the Derwent to have a peep at New Norfolk which lies 21 miles above Hobart. We called at historic Risdon, now faced by the huge works of the Electrolytic Zinc Company, and at many another landing stage to discharge or receive passengers, likewise milk cans and other dairy produce, passed Cadbury’s commanding Cocoa Factory with its model homes, twisted round sharp corners, hugged the shore occasionally, got in between steep cliffs, and emerged at last to tie up at the other historic spot. Above, no steamer can go, for the Derwent now becomes a series of rapids, but there are many reaches of still water where anglers find bravest sport. Here we were in a land of orchards and hop gardens, and the village itself was so Home-like that I hoped to see thatched cottages and smocked folk, but the Emancipated from the Isle of Despair had evidently broken thus far from tradition. Yet its hotel was in measure the Village Inn, low ceilinged, rambling,

with hunting scenes upon the walls. A few miles out there are the Salmon Ponds, the Mother Hatchery of the South Seas. Here were placed the first salmon ova ever successfully carried south of the Equator, and many another fish not indigenous to Tasmanian waters to be distributed throughout the State's streams and lakes. Yet still further on lies Tasmania's National Park — a wise provision and excellently chosen. 'Falls' become almost monotonous to the traveller and each one is stoutly proclaimed by the inhabitants of the place to be The Wonder. I have grown very cautious of that bold statement, having really giant Falls in remembrance, yet Russell Falls have their own beauty, with such rich fernery about them as must needs appeal. There are weird Caves too, but I had lately been exploring the Jenolan Caves in the Blue Mountains back of Sydney, and had had my fill, so turned and was carried back to Hobart.

## Port Arthur

The way to Port Arthur is the long way round : the short has passed with the convicts themselves. Nowadays one has to go first north, crossing the Derwent by ferry, and Pitt Water by long causeway, to Sorell, then turn east for many a mile, then south so as to cross by East Bay Neck to the first peninsula — Forestier's — then by Eagle Hawk Neck to the second — Tasman's — which still leaves a dozen miles before the ruined settlement is reached. It is certainly the best of going all the way, but the hills are steep and the forests thick and people few, after turning south.

The old way was mostly by water, and the land portion by the most weird of all tram lines. Storm Bay, the direct water route between Hobart and Port Arthur, was not inviting for small boats or sailing craft in those early days, but a smoother way was found. From the Capital the river was crossed to the head of Ralphs Bay where lies but a half mile of land cutting off the peninsula of South Arm from the mainland. Here a wooden tram line ran, on the trucks of which the rowboat was placed and, drawn by convicts as horses, reached the quiet waters of so-called Frederick Henry Bay, this leading into the, as placid, Norfolk Bay at the head of which lay Taranna where another tram line ran to Port Arthur. This line went straight at its task, following the natural levels of the ground, a hill was nothing to it, though a fearful toil to the human beasts of Traction. The present road is nigh 8 miles long, the tram line cut it down to 5. There is a straight shoot of a mile and a half leading to the convicts' centre; we took it with many curves — the convicts took it at 60 miles an hour, themselves on the trucks, with officials, passengers and baggage. If aught went wrong there was an almighty smash, but death was never uninviting to those 'without hope'. Remnants of that car line can still be seen.

That old time route from Hobart was probably some 30 miles, my route was overland and 60. The first half of the way was through agricultural and pastoral lands, and stock was much in evidence, then Dunalley where you cross the first neck. Here guards and dogs were placed as a second row of defence against escapees beyond. Now a canal has been cut to join the waters of Norfolk Bay with the Tasman Sea. A few miles to the East from Dunalley is Tasman's Anchorage and the spot where he caused his nation's flag to be raised in December 1642. Both peninsulas are heavily timbered and very hilly, but at last by a swift drop from Forestier's Heights we arrived at Eagle Hawk Neck, the scene from 1830 to 1877 of many desperate, but yet some successful attempts to escape from Port Arthur twelve miles away by road.

## Eagle Hawk Neck <sup>199</sup>

The Neck is a hummocky, sandy isthmus, a quarter mile in length, and 100 yards across at high water. A brick guard-room was situated in the middle of the Neck and a Post set of 1 Lieutenant, 1 Sergeant, 2 Corporals and 26 Privates. Two Sentries by day and four by night were on duty, and close to the guard-room was a line of 14 savage bull and mastiff dogs. Each dog could reach to within six inches of the other, right or left. Two hundred yards beyond towards Tasman Peninsula there was another line of small sharp tongued watch dogs, who, giving the alarm of anyone approaching, would bring out the whole guard. All these dogs were on the ration list of the commissariat. At night a row of lamps was lit, lighting up the whole Neck. On the water side, east and west of the Neck — on both sides — were stations at an equal distance apart, with two constables at each whilst a patrol moved along the lines both day and night. To escape through such a network called for both daring and cunning. The stories are to be had of some who did, and — but for their life in the bush — make telling reading.

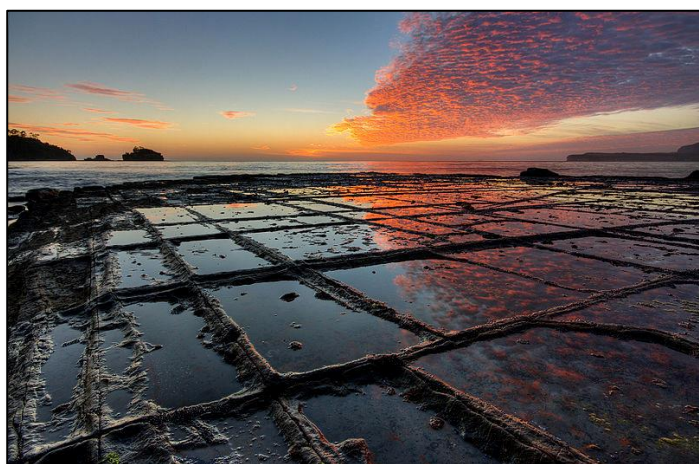
Being in the hands of one who knew, I had to be switched off to see some remarkable works of Nature not far off. There is Tasman's Arch which from its immensity I doubt not but that it can be seen even as far out as Tasman was likely to be at sea, with its caves in which the hunted escapee has lain till danger passed : there is an acre of flat rock called Tessellated Pavement <sup>200</sup> with a topmost layer of squares, and oblongs, lozenges and triangles making it hard to believe that man's hand and chisel had no part therein, and a Blow Hole where you must walk warily and at a given moment step full lively. Then to the road again where we touched Taranna — today a busy spot with saw mills and scows awaiting — and so at last, with a final speeding downhill, to the old Penal Settlement, at the head of a lovely Bay. Here was Port Arthur, my Mecca.

## The Convict Settlement

The eye at once catches and rests upon the ruins of the Church which is the first object passed; just beyond are a row of well built and still inhabited houses — Quality Row — where the Doctor, the

<sup>199</sup> Regarding this section and the next, see also Tale #73, *Eagle Hawk Neck*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>200</sup> [Tessellated pavement](#) at Eagle Hawk Neck:





Chaplain and other high officials dwelt; then came the various buildings of the Penitentiary itself, in their ruins still massive, towering, refusing to be hidden; and at the far end the Commandant's house close to the soldiers' quarters; below it the landing stage and the bay. There are fine trees all about, some lovely avenues of fine old oak and elm, ferns grow thick where heavily shackled prisoners once trampled; Nature does her utmost to hide man's handiwork, covering the very House of God with a copious mantle of ivy. That Church was planned by one convict, and built by others, its stone quarried but a short distance off. It was spacious enough to hold 2000 persons, cruciform in shape, with pinnacled tower with spire surmounting and gables. It is roofless now, but once it rang with an unaccompanied convict choir, for there was for some time no organ, nor did the architect seemingly arrange for any chancel. It is said that he won his freedom by his work, but the building was never set solemnly apart for its purpose owing to man's blood being shed upon its scaffolding. Convicts had short tempers, long memories and bitter hatreds even towards one another. The guards could not be in every spot, though it must have struck visitors as strange to have military guard with loaded arms stationed at service time so as to command the entire building. The special guide who took me round knew personally the closing years of the regime, and there was not much he omitted. Occasionally he was weak on dates but his facts were facts.

The Prison Chapel and the Model Prison were, to me, the most interesting : their arrangement showed such infinite pains to make things barbarous. No one could see another at Chapel, the Preacher alone was visible. The Word of God could surely not have come with healing balm to those poor wretches; they may well have loathed the hour. The Model Prison had a central court from which rows of cells led off like spokes in a wheel. It was impossible for any prisoner to see another. Each corridor led off into a yard of its own, and into this tiny yard, one prisoner at a time was admitted for daily exercise. Nor could he here see any of his fellows, and the outer wall of the huge wheel-like structure was toweringly high. Close by were the dark cells. The huge door of one still stood; this passed, I stepped into a space of gloom some 7 feet by 4. The door of this hole was gone, but even with the one door closed and my guide outside I seemed actually to 'feel' the darkness. A minute sufficed me, yet both men and women had been sealed up there for days and weeks.

Well out in the bay there is an Islet where two thousand dead lie, convicts in chief who won liberty at last, but one notes others who served as guards, or as officials, their wives and children too, some soldiers of the various Regiments stationed there — the 21<sup>st</sup>, the 51<sup>st</sup> and the 63<sup>rd</sup> — besides a few sailors. It is called The Isle of the Dead, and is a mass of head-stones and shrubbery, hard to move about in. Across from the Isle, a promontory juts out from the western side of the harbor. Upon that site once rose Point Puer, the boy convicts' establishment. Long ere I had seen it I was told that when the record of those hapless children reached the old Land, the Queen herself was so horrified that she insisted upon orders being given to raze the buildings to the ground. There is of course the other side of the story, reports of would-be reformers, and zealous soul hunters. The Catechism and flogging went hand in hand. When boys of tender years commit suicide, there must needs have been something terribly wrong.

As to the numbers at Port Arthur during its 47 years existence I found no way of reaching the official figures save that 75,000 criminals were landed in Tasmania altogether, but that there were thousands packed together here at every stage may be gathered from a report for 1844 I came across. These figures read : Convicts 7,105 : Free officers 835 : Military 317 : Total 8,257.

In Hobart there is a remarkable museum owned by one of the storekeepers, a photographer of repute the South Seas over — Beattie <sup>201</sup> by name. Just how such a collection of relics of the pioneers was

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<sup>201</sup> [John Watt Beattie \(1859–1930\)](#)

got together is beyond me, for whilst much could have been secured by a keen hunter of such things, those connected with the convicts were ‘taboo’ by official order. With the break up of the System, everything was to be destroyed, yet here are tomes of official records, entered up with meticulous care, besides a very Chamber of Horrors of all the Implements of Torture. To read and look upon such things is a revelation to the Britisher of today. They seem to belong to the Dark Ages — yet a little over 50 years ago, the System was still going strong. The details of that Chamber I will not dwell upon, but the records from the office of the Comptroller General of Convicts may be shortly quoted. Here are a few excerpts of what was meted out to a boy of 12 : Six days solitary : 12 stripes : 20 stripes : 5 days solitary : 20 stripes : 2 months labour in chains : 10 days solitary : 14 days solitary : 25 stripes — and bread and water his constant portion. The women’s records show special appliances. “Black cap and short sleeved jacket for 14 days”. “Punishment dress” and the *bête noir* of “The Washtub”. Of course it also is spread all over with the Dark Cell and light diet. The causes of offence are, at times, for such dire offences as “Wearing her shoes down at the heel” : “Combing her hair in the dormitory” : “Going to Protestant Prayers being a Roman Catholic” : and “Having two petticoats”. As to the men the reading grew monotonous of “100 lashes” and “Leg Irons” and the dragging about of the fearsome looking “Ball and Chains” which in that Chamber of Horrors I could barely lift.

And now I stood where these things happened. I had seen enough. I wanted to breathe less tainted air. I sped me back to Hobart, and sought fresh field of Roaming.

## VAN DIEMEN'S ISLE (III)

### Circling the Isle

Tasmania has over 700 miles of railway, the greater part owned by the Government but some side lines are of private enterprise. All the present essential parts of the island are served : clear down the centre, across the north, with branch lines (the Fingal and the Emu Bay) to the east and west.

There is great difference between these two last named coasts. The East is mild and cultivated, the West is wild both as to climate and scenery. Along its whole coast the waters of the Indian and Antarctic Oceans beat relentlessly. It is not agricultural as the East, but instead it has produced to date forty million pounds worth of minerals — gold, silver, tin, copper, iron, sulphur and that metal more precious than gold, osmiridium, used for certain mathematical instruments and the tips of fountain pens — besides countless millions of feet of lumber. You cannot reach it from the south; that way is impenetrable.

### The South

But the Huon District in the furthest south first calls for a special word. To reach it you have two courses : the waterway or a good plain road. By the latter you can get to wherever the boat reaches and much that it cannot. You pass through miles of orchards, whilst another side of activity are the many sawmills. You have typical Tasmanian scenery about you all the time, the mountains, the deep gullies, the bush with its tropic fernery, and glimpses of the sea ever and anon to give a change. Practically all the way you have Bruny Island paralleling you, with D'Entrecasteaux Channel in between, with ever varying width, dotted with small islands and reefs. North and South Bruny are joined by a narrow isthmus which forms part of Adventure Bay where Captain Cook anchored in '77. The Bay has a seven mile beach of purest sand, the land rising at the horns of the bay to sheer precipices of rock reaching to 900 feet. There are farms and orchards, no hotels as yet — though boarding houses give sign of hospitality — but Bruny is one of Hobart's summer resorts and the inevitable will happen.

Franklin is the chief town of the District, on the south bank of the beautiful Huon River. It is not generally known that the famous Arctic Explorer, Sir John Franklin,<sup>202</sup> was Governor of Tasmania from 1837 to 1843. He followed with his sailor's heart, the cold and callous Arthur,<sup>203</sup> and won the love of all. A life size statue of the navigator stands in the very centre of the heart of Hobart, as does his memory, as fragrant as ever, today. He first saw Tasmania as a middy, being commissioned, with Flinders as his captain, in the investigation to circumnavigate Australia.

Shipwright's Point, to the south still, was the scene, once, of much Huon shipbuilding, but the age of steam killed the business. The place now is the scene annually of the great Regatta of the State when as many as 5000 folk foregather to take active part in or to view the races. Even such minor Tasmanian

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<sup>202</sup> [Sir John Franklin \(1786–1847\)](#)

<sup>203</sup> [Sir George Arthur \(1784–1854\)](#) was Lieutenant Governor of Van Dieman's Land from 1823 to 1837.

Regatta as I happened to see, under the most favorable conditions of wind and weather, was keen to seconds and showed the love of the Islanders for water sports.

Now ahead lay Dover, an angler's Mecca — Hastings beyond, and last of all Ramsgate <sup>204</sup> at the jumping off place. Dover lies in Esperance Bay, Hastings in South Port and Ramsgate in Recherche. Between the two last named is a cruel coast, the scene of many wrecks, but the breeding ground on its islands of various kinds of seabirds, who gather in their thousands, and whose eggs are mercilessly pilfered by the folk on the nearby mainland. Here furthest south is reached, there is naught but sea between you and the Antarctic.

## The East

Heading from Hobart, east by north, without railway to help you, one runs through a countryside glorious both in scenery and productiveness, with rivers to cross by handsome bridges, and the coastline close on your right hand to add to one's enjoyment. There is Buckland with its village Church hard by the roadside, with its pre-Reformation days' stained glass presented by the late Marquis of Salisbury <sup>205</sup> who once worked in his shirt sleeves in Australia and, though later, full of the cares of State, ever had a tender spot for the lands of the Kangaroo. There is Spring Bay where the largest orchard in the whole island is located, and out in the distance can be seen Tasman's Maria Island with its rugged outline and lofty hills. There is Rocky Hills with the residence of the convict settlement's Commandant still in good order, set in a charming garden. Nearby, still housed, is the tread-mill : and out to sea lies Schouten Island, the last spot named by Tasman ere he sailed for Maori Land.

Then Swansea, first settled in 1821, another Mecca of Tasmanians for the winter months, 87 miles from Hobart and the same to Launceston. It lies in Fleurieu Bay <sup>206</sup> and is a real seaside resort with a 9 mile beach, whereon cars speed furiously at low tide time. Handy too is the Swan River where, for 4 months in the year, black swan and wild duck may be shot, whilst black bream await the angler. By a beautiful Pass (St. Peter's), which is four miles of delight, working its way by sharp curves and steep declivities, all bordered with fernery, along the apex of a saddle mountain with at times an all too close proximity to a precipice, you drop to spin along for St. Mary's where you touch the Fingal Railway which serves the chief coal mines in the State. There is gold too, in the district — the Golden Gate mine at Mathinna has paid fortunes in dividends.

To reach Scamander — some Italian enthusiast surely first settled here <sup>207</sup> — the famous St. Mary's Pass has to be negotiated. Fire had largely destroyed its beauty but it still remains a spot to be remembered. The summit is 1000 feet above the sea, far glimpses of which are caught as one winds up and down. A dozen miles further on and St. Helen's is reached, the end of the East Coast run. Here another Falls — the Columbia — invite attention to those who must needs see everything en tour. Further north the coastline takes its western turn where Eddystone Lighthouse gives the warning to all mariners to note the Point.

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<sup>204</sup> Now [Cockle Creek](#).

<sup>205</sup> [Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil \(1830–1903\)](#)

<sup>206</sup> Now [Great Oyster Bay](#).

<sup>207</sup> Or perhaps Greek — in Greek mythology, [Scamander](#) was a river god.

## The West

The West Coast, as yet, is not made smooth going for wanderers. A railway transports you from the northern coast town, Burnie, to one small portion thereof, that of Macquarie Harbor, but once there you have to use your foot or boat or horse to get about. The rest is virgin ground uninhabited by man. You have scarce left Burnie before you begin to climb and at Guildford, but 40 miles by rail away, you are in the real mining district of Tasmania. At Waratah, 10 miles off to the west, lies what is said to be the richest tin mine in the world, Mount Bischoff, discovered in 1872. It has paid two and one-half million pounds in dividends. Nearby are silver mines and areas where osmiridium is found. You are now up 2000 feet and more, and begin dropping down through wildest scenery till the Pieman River is crossed and there is open country. You hear of more mines at Roseberry but push on to Zeehan — a real frontier mining town, one long main street with many hotels, and small streets, with shacks. Here more mines, some almost in the town, and five short railways radiating, to serve the neighboring mining centres.

The Port of all this produce is 30 miles further on at Strahan, at the head of the west arm of Macquarie Harbor. This sheet of water is more like a lake than an arm of the sea. Into it pour the waters of the Gordon River — which ranks third of Tasmania's streams — so great in volume that at times the harbor is brackish. The river is so broad and deep that for miles, up to the incoming waters of the Franklin, the current is barely perceptible. All the way the banks are densely forested and without a guide it is not wise to attempt to penetrate into the interior.

The Harbor has its chief attraction for most travellers — other than on business bent — in its Past. Here lies Settlement Island, and despite the wild scrub and vines now over running the place, those acquainted with Marcus Clark's "For the Term of His Natural Life" have but little difficulty in picking out the location of the cells, the various buildings and the shipways. Here too is the Isle of the Condemned, who waited, oft with pleasure, their end with the hangman's rope, and another spot which cannot be mistaken, the tall, solitary rock with a so-called cave, in front of which the lone, recalcitrant convict was chained to a ring. The memory will not die of such gross inhumanity. It was but twelve years in the doing, but nigh a century has not dimmed, much less effaced the remembrance. The traveller leaves Macquarie Harbor with a sense of relief that such things are not possible now under the British Flag. Botany Bay and Norfolk Island, Macquarie and Port Arthur were Britain's mistaken idea of the handling and the reformation of her condemned. That phase of a still difficult question has passed, but the localities themselves are well worth a personal visit for the better grasp of the folly of the method. Australia and Tasmania have risen clear above that dark blot imposed upon them and against which they so long protested. They offer so much of other interest that those outsiders who wander over them rise too, above all thought of slur, and leave their hospitable shores full of admiration for both land and people. It was certainly so in this Wanderer's case.

Back once again at Launceston, I took steamer and turned me to the North.

## THE LAND OF THE KANGAROO : WITHOUT

### A Finger Post To History

The coastline of Australia is redolent with incident and history. To follow round that huge continent is to see names that may convey nothing at first, but a little delving into the Past will bring forth a mass of both interesting and instructive matter. We of the present day are far too prone to say that we have not the time to spare to look back, and yet the Present can only really be understood and properly handled by a knowledge of the Past. It is possible that many hesitate to undertake the looking back for fear of the heaviness of the task and the volumes that call for inspection. To these, a succinct account is always welcome, and those who have the will be they known or unknown, should find real pleasure in the handling of the matter for their busier fellows.

Australia took long in the finding, and even then the errors of the earlier geographers, who noted in their maps what came to their ears, would be amusing did we not realize the difficulties under which they labored. The maps of Robert Thorne <sup>208</sup> (1527), of Plancius <sup>209</sup> (1594), of Hondius <sup>210</sup> (1595), to mention but a few are weird in the extreme : and for long (after Australia was definitely known to exist) it was firmly held that it consisted of two parts, a mighty strait running clear down what is known to us today as the centre of the vast continent. Prior to that contention, the name was given to land supposed to completely encircle the South Pole. The quest was persistent and we now know that some navigators did actually behold its coastline, yet knew not of their find. Portuguese, Spaniard and Dutch had seen and passed on. It was left to the British to definitely locate and circumnavigate. It was, for long, any man's land to take possession of. It is today part of the British Empire by a series of extraordinary happenings. Not willingly but of necessity the continent grew under our hands from a tiny settlement on the East coast, till control of the South, then North, then West had to be assumed : finally to be welded in our day into one whole, The Commonwealth of Australia.

### The First Glimpse

Leaving out of account vague rumours and travellers' tales that cannot be supported by any evidence, it was in 1606 that following close upon one another — though approaching from wholly different directions — Dutchman and Spaniard definitely saw the land. The Dutch Captain Jansz <sup>211</sup> in the Little Dove (Duyfken Point) had been sent out from Java to examine the south coast of New Guinea. Sailing straight ahead he ran into Cape York Peninsula which he took to block him going further east, and felt sure that it was part of New Guinea itself. Had he pushed up but a little north he would have found the Strait which would have settled the point, but already he had had enough. His provisions had run out; many of his crew had been killed by the natives where he landed. He turned home (Cape Turn Again or Keerweer). He had seen, had touched, but knew not.

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<sup>208</sup> [Robert Thorne \(d. 1527\)](#)

<sup>209</sup> [Petrus Plancius \(1552–1622\)](#)

<sup>210</sup> [Jodocus Hondius \(Joost de Hondt\) \(1563–1612\)](#)

<sup>211</sup> [Willem Janszoon \(c. 1570–1630\)](#)



Scarcely had he turned, then from the East there came sailing a Spaniard named Torres.<sup>212</sup> He had come from far off Peru and had started as second in command to Quiros.<sup>213</sup> The latter had been sent out by King Philip of Spain to find the Continent and make settlement thereon. He had been with Mendana<sup>214</sup> who had years before (1567) discovered the Solomon Islands and who in 1595 had tried again to find them, but had failed. Instead he discovered the Santa Cruz Group a little to the south, and upon one of them he died. Quiros was certain that Australis — the South Land — was close to hand and in 1606 was back again from Peru, and sailing south of Santa Cruz struck the New Hebrides. He was confident that he had found his quest and grandiloquently called the landfall he had made “Austrialia del Espiritu Santo”. He did not stop to find out if it was mainland or an island. His crew were mutinous and without a word to Torres and his third consort, slipped at night out of the harbor of the isle and made back to Peru. Unabashed he made public a narrative of the voyage, and stoutly affirmed that he had made the great discovery, though he had not been within 500 miles of it. A courtier, he paid the compliment of saying he had selected the name of Austrialia (inserting an *i* into the old name) from its being His Majesty’s title, for Philip was a Hapsburg Sovereign and as such a member of the House of Austria though King of Spain. The compliment today is but a curiosity of the Past.

Torres was not going to turn back with nothing done, for he soon saw that what Quiros took to be a Continent was but an island, so sailed on West, reached New Guinea’s southern coast, and threaded his way through the treacherous waters (Torres Straits) that lay between that island and Australia. He took the mainland to be a series of scattered islands. He too was long gazing at the lost continent he had come to find, but did not know it. He passed on and worked his way north to the Philippines where he wrote of his travels. The North of Australia had been seen by Dutch and Spaniard. It was the turn of the West coast next.

### A Dutchman Lands

The Portuguese and the Dutch in their sailings to the Spice Islands had, after rounding the Cape of Good Hope, sailed north as far as Madagascar and then struck across the Indian Ocean. The length of this voyage was not satisfactory to the Dutch. There were calms, deterioration, scurvy, in that nine months’ journey. At times it covered a year — one way alone. Now came a Dutch Commander Brouwer,<sup>215</sup> who after leaving the Cape did not steer north but sailed due east for 3000 miles and then turned north for Java. He found favorable winds all the way and made the journey in record time. His route became the recognized one. Ignorant of the fact, he was heading straight for Australia and it could not be long now before some merchantman struck it. Fate fell upon one, Captain Dirk Hartog<sup>216</sup> (Dirk Hartog Island) whom strong winds kept sailing east till he saw land and stepped ashore. He raised a post and nailed a plate thereon, recording that (in 1616) his ship, the Eendragt, had arrived there and had thence turned north. Eighty years later, that plate was found by another Dutch Captain. The Post had fallen. Vlaming,<sup>217</sup> the Captain, raised another post and plate and sent the original one to Amsterdam. Vlaming’s plate was removed by a French Commander over 100 years later and taken

<sup>212</sup> [Luis Váez de Torres \(c. 1565 – fl. 1607\)](#)

<sup>213</sup> [Pedro Fernandes de Queirós \(1565–1614\)](#)

<sup>214</sup> [Álvaro de Mendaña y Neira \(1542–1595\)](#)

<sup>215</sup> [Hendrik Brouwer \(1581–1643\)](#)

<sup>216</sup> [Dirk Hartog \(baptized 1580 – 1621\)](#)

<sup>217</sup> [Willem Hesselsz de Vlamingh \(1640 – 1698 or later\)](#)

off to Paris. It was this same Vlaming who first saw and named Swan River, greatly admiring the black swans abounding on that broad stream.

There was a landmark now and sailing instructions read to sail east from the Cape for 4000 miles till “The Land of the Eendragt” was sighted. That was a comedown from Australis the Continent, but men were at sea as to the real conditions. Soon other portions of the west were discovered. Ships were blown out of the regular course. De Wit <sup>218</sup> (De Wit’s Land), sailing for Home from Batavia was driven ashore high up on that same coast and got far off only by throwing overboard much of his precious pepper and spices. Another merchantman, the Leeuwin (Cape Leeuwin), sighted the coast far to the South. That was in 1623. Four years later it was the South’s turn. The Golden Seepaart, carrying to Java a high official, Pieter Nuyts <sup>219</sup> (Nuyts’ Archipelago), got far too south but had its reward, even though it had half the Continent to sail around before its port was reached. But prior to both these latter, the name of Houtman <sup>220</sup> appeared upon the growing map (Houtman’s Abrolhos), who in 1595 led the first Dutch Squadron into the East Indies for Amsterdam merchants and had to face Portuguese opposition, even to fighting, but had triumphed. He is one of Holland’s heroes. In 1619 he took the Southern route from Home and made land north of the present site of Perth. “Abrolhos” is Portuguese for “open eyes” and here was a dangerous shoal that would ever need vigilant watch to detect and avoid. This strange mixture of Dutch and Portuguese remains to this day upon the map, nor, though she has cast out other of foreign tongue, would Australia have this otherwise. North, West and South were now no longer Terra Incognita : the East still lay unknown.

It was England’s turn now, but our first experience was disaster. In 1622 a reef to the north of Dirk Hartog’s Island brought about the wreck of the English ship, the Trial. Some of the crew were saved and made their way to Java; nigh one hundred perished. We hear no more of the English till Captain Cook entered the Pacific in 1770.

### Tasman Seeks the Continent

Now Abel Tasman appears upon the scene (Tasman Sea). He was to the Dutch as Cook was to the English. Yet he had not the golden chances that were his if it had not been that the government of the Dutch Indies was then in the hands of Anthony Van Dieman (Van Dieman’s Gulf). Here were two men built for co-operation : Van Dieman keen to find out about the undiscovered lands of the Southern Ocean, Tasman an intrepid sailor. Of Tasman’s voyage in 1642 we need not dwell at any length, wonderful as his discoveries were, for they do not affect our subject, Australia, save that after making his landfall from the coast of Africa on that favored island now bearing his name, and making across to New Zealand, he sailed over a tempestuous stretch of waters (the Tasman Sea), which he claimed to be simply a Strait between New Zealand and the rest of the Continent to which it was attached! He reached Batavia not through Torres Strait but by the North Coast of New Guinea. Two years later he set sail to make his way by the south of New Guinea, and if there was a strait, to sail through it, work down south to Tasmania, and thence home by the west coast. If he had done this, Australia would have been fully known, and his name on every tongue. But he failed. This was in 1644 and what he failed to do had to wait till 1803, when an English Naval Officer succeeded, whose name is scarcely known among us. Such is the irony of Fate.

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<sup>218</sup> Gerrit Frederikszoon de Witt

<sup>219</sup> [Pieter Nuyts \(1598–1655\)](#)

<sup>220</sup> [Frederick de Houtman \(1571–1627\)](#)

Just as his Dutch predecessor Jansz had been baulked by the Cape York Peninsula, so was Tasman. He did not know of Torres who had made his way from the East to West some forty years before. Torres was a Spaniard and had not touched to report at Java, nor were his writings known. Tasman was baulked, so turned himself and made a careful voyage around the whole north coast from the great gulf which he named after a former Governor General of the Indies (Gulf of Carpenteria), Pieter Carpenter, to De Wit's Land. His own superior officer's name he gave to a smaller gulf he came to, then reached his base to explore no more. His good friend died the next year, he himself lived on for another twenty, but the Dutch East India Company was not keen upon discoveries : what it wanted was large profits. They were willing however to give a name to the Land of Eendragt. Tasman had given Zealand to his own new land, Holland was now placed upon the maps to cover all that was known. As to settling New Holland or making any attempt at sovereignty, such thought was madness. When the British stepped forth and raised their flag, at first in portions, later on over the whole, the Dutch were in no position to dispute nor thought the Continent worth the while.

### **Dampier Tries His Hand**

Ere King James II <sup>221</sup> fled from country and from throne, a disreputable company of his subjects made a further acquaintance with Australia. The Cygnet had been working the pirate game in Chinese waters until the region was too hot to hold them. They thought it best to sail for some quieter region, and selected New Holland as the most suitable. One of the Company was a wild fellow named Dampier <sup>222</sup> (Dampier Archipelago), who could use a pen as well as a cutlass. They seized the opportunity of cleaning the ship's keel, generally fixing things up, and getting water. Buccaneer Archipelago speaks clearly of this bunch of pirates. Dampier was a draughtsman in addition to his other accomplishments and made a map of the coast, but in capsizing of a boat he lost his papers. Nothing daunted by their murderous record, the ship now headed for England, and publishing the record of his visit to the embryo Continent, Dampier was taken up by many leading men and made a hero of. The Admiralty even were roused and gave him the ship Roebuck to make further discoveries. Had he but chosen to sail via the Horn, his might have been the high honor of putting Australia's East Coast upon the map, but the cold weather of that boisterous Cape deterred him, and he chose the old route which brought him where much was already known. He first made land at a spot (Shark's Bay) where the crew got a taste of shark's flesh and took care to waste none. He covered the coast for 1000 miles but found nothing that appealed : natives and supplies thoroughly disgusted him and his. After some months, he turned homewards, but was wrecked on the way, and got back to kill all hope of settlement on so seemingly sterile a land.

### **Cook's Instructions**

Full seventy years now passed before Australia once more appears as interesting the greater world. Then James Cook steps forth into the limelight, and from that first voyage of his into the Pacific, the Continent has definitely taken a place amid the fortunes of white men. Captain Cook had his orders from the Admiralty to sail to Tahiti for the observance of a Transit of Venus, then to proceed West to make discoveries. The Terra Incognita was his further goal. If he failed to locate it he was to

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<sup>221</sup> [James II \(1633–1701\)](#)

<sup>222</sup> [William Dampier \(Baptised 1651 –1715\)](#)

thoroughly explore the coastline of New Zealand before returning “any way he chose”. But for that latter chance he too might have failed. He went to Tahiti, then sailed south : finding no land, he made for New Zealand, did full work there, and then proposed to visit New Holland. We have seen how well by now the West Coast was known. Cook would fain have a look at the East Coast which none so far had seen. That the two coasts, together with what was known of the north and south should be the long sought for Australis did not yet seem a possibility, but New Holland was worthwhile looking at. A settlement as to its exact configuration would be a good thing and might lead to something else.

### The Long Sought East Coast

It was in the month of April when Lieutenant Hicks, who was on watch, sighted the coast. They had sailed too low, and had passed the East coast and approached the South. Cook as usual gave the name of his landfall to the man who first beheld it but unfortunately in this case he laid down a position in his chart which was incorrect. He placed his Point Hicks where there is nothing but water, but from his careful description there is no doubt that the ‘Endeavour’ was in sight of Cape Everard. Hicks, Lieutenant, R.N., has therefore perforce to be eliminated from geographic immortality.<sup>223</sup>

Determined to lay bare the secrets of the East Coast first, Cook turned North and passing Cape Howe sailed steadily for nine days before he made a landing at Botany Bay. It was not given that name at first. The crew were taken up, not with the flowers, but with the curious inhabitants of the deep. Stingray Harbor was its baptismal name, but Cook took his friend’s — Joseph Banks, the naturalist of the expedition — enthusiasm over his finds as the better appellation, and so wrote it in his Journal. Cook’s Landing is now commemorated by a monument, even as is his death in far distant Hawaii. They stayed but a week then went still north, passing an opening to which Cook gave the name Port Jackson, after an Admiralty Official of the day.<sup>224</sup> It is but a few miles from Botany Bay : and within that wondrous harbor lies Sydney today, a city of one million souls. Cook was too busy over the coastline to enter through The Heads and look upon one of the three great harbors of the world. Up, up he sailed till at length he reached the Torres Straits and sailing through “Endeavour Strait” landed at “Possession Island” whence he took possession of the whole East Coast by the name of “New South Wales”. Thus was Australia split formally in twain — the Western half New Holland, the Eastern half New Wales, and between the two there was held to be a great waterway. Australis had not yet come into its own. Cook had happily settled one point upon his way; the Tasman Sea was no strait; New Zealand was no part of this Western Mainland. This was enough at that time, and Cook sailed Home to astonish a world with his tale of wonders and to show that the Southern Land, be it was it might — a Continent or not — was a place worth inhabiting, the Dutch and Dampier notwithstanding.

Once again Cook came out, and reaching New Zealand proposed to tackle the south coast from Point Hicks. Had he done so, his surely would have been the fame of settling the question of Australia, but it slipped him : for the Captain of his consort ship becoming detached by storms from himself, had been blown thitherwards and reported strongly, on his return, that there was no possible route that way. So Fate denied Cook a crowning triumph and reserved it once again for another who deserves a better fate than has been served out to him.

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<sup>223</sup> [Zachary Hickes \(c.1739 –1771\)](#). Cape Everard was renamed [Point Hicks](#) on April 20, 1970, the 200<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the sighting.

<sup>224</sup> [George Jackson Duckett \(1725–1822\)](#)

## Flinders and Bass

Thirty years had now to pass before further work was done upon the coast. During that period, the first settlement had been made, and that a penal colony. Governor Phillip<sup>225</sup> had come and gone, and Hunter,<sup>226</sup> another naval officer, held the post. Onboard the ship that carried him to Sydney was a midshipman, Matthew Flinders (Flinders Bay) and the ship's surgeon, George Bass (Bass Strait). They came from the same country, became bosom friends, and each was filled with an enthusiasm for exploration, especially by sea. Bass had with him aboard, a tiny boat which he appropriately enough called Tom Thumb. With this the two friends set out from Sydney Harbor soon after their arrival and began their self appointed task. They dared not go far in the open sea but crept in and out along the coastline to the south. Later on they had a larger Tom Thumb built for them in Sydney and made still more adventurous journeys along the coast.

The Governor now took notice of these daring men and encouraged them to even greater efforts. Flinders had duties aboard which prevented him from accompanying his friend the Doctor on two notable trips. On the first, he discovered coal along the shore (Coal Cliff), a promise to the early settlers of a mighty industry to come : on the second, in a whaleboat with six blue jackets, Bass rounded the Continent at Cape Howe, passed Cape Everard, entered the Strait that bears his name and reached "Western Port" where he met a southwesterly swell which convinced him that Tasmania was not part of the mainland, but an island. Here he turned. It was not till two years later that he and Flinders set out, this time in a ship, "The Norfolk", and proved the Strait to be the dividing line of Australia and Tasmania, clinching the matter by circumnavigating the later.

Bass and Flinders both returned to England in 1800; the former left the Navy and ceased to work as an explorer. Not so Flinders. Banks (Cape Banks) who had been with Cook and now — knighted — was high up in the regard of the Authorities, secured him the command of The Investigator (Investigator Island) and he was told to do just what suited him as to settling for good and all the configuration of New Holland and New South Wales. He sailed by way of Africa and arrived at the south west point of the land which Captain Vancouver (who had some ten years previously come upon the scene), in one of his world journeys, had named "King George's Sound" after his Sovereign. Flinders now went systematically along the whole south coast and in so doing disposed finally of the legend that New Holland and New South Wales were separate entities. There was no sheet of water dividing them. They were one. He was the first to go East through his friend's (Bass) Strait and so reached Sydney. But one had gone before him clear through the Strait westward. The Lady Nelson under Lieutenant Grant<sup>227</sup> had been despatched from Home a year before Flinders with instructions to help in exploration. He followed Cook's course across the Pacific and passing Western Port kept on going. He passed an opening (Port Phillip Bay) at the head of which Melbourne now lies, and reported thereon upon his making Sydney. Lieutenant Murray<sup>228</sup> now took command and first sending his mate in a small boat to see if entry could be safely made, himself followed into that great harbor, worthily carrying from that day forward the name of the first Governor of the land.

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<sup>225</sup> [Arthur Phillip \(1738–1814\)](#)

<sup>226</sup> [John Hunter \(1737–1821\)](#)

<sup>227</sup> [James Grant \(1772–1833\)](#)

<sup>228</sup> [John Murray \(ca 1775 – ca 1807\)](#)



## The Real Discoverer

Finders now completed the work, for in 1803 he circumnavigated the entire Continent in the Investigator and mapped it, showing that it was one vast island, the long sought for Australia, the Great South Land. But even as he worked, others not of his race were busy too. Flinders knew that a French scientific expedition was setting out for Australia ere he left England. The ship, the *Géographe* (Geographe Bay), was met with by Flinders in the south (Encounter Bay) and though suspicious at first, the Englishman soon saw that there was no thought of land grabbing, at least in those scientific heads (Cape Naturaliste). Yet Captain Baudin <sup>229</sup> upon his return to France gave out his narrative and a map covered with French names, and capped the whole by dubbing a huge portion of the Southern Coastline “Napoleon’s Land”. It may have been enthusiasm for the land that sent them, it may have been admiration for their mighty Chief, but anyway the English Authorities took fright and piece by piece made certain of aught that looked likely as places of settlement, till finally in 1829 (scarce forty years since Sydney was founded) Captain Fremantle <sup>230</sup> in the *Challenger* raised the flag in what is now Western Australia and laid claim to all New Holland in the name of the King of Great Britain. Cook had already done this for New South Wales.

Thus did Australia pass, at last, from a wild and unknown mass of conjectures to a certainty : and in this great work Flinders played, as is to be seen, no small or insignificant part. Yet whilst the names of Cook, of Tasman, of Vancouver are upon a million lips, how few there are who have even heard of Flinders. To him however fell the honor sought eagerly by all the former. His word and gallant deed presented a new continent to the world, even as Columbus centuries before. His further history does not concern Australia, fascinating though it is in his strange experiences of brave journeyings, shipwrecks, long and unjust captivity, and as he lay dying in his Homeland, the appearance of his *Book of Travel*. “The Life of Flinders” <sup>231</sup> is a book well worth the reading. It was right that he who had found the lost Continent should have the naming. He declared, on reporting his discovery, for the name Australia. He pointed out that New Holland took no account of the Eastern side, and New South Wales took no account of the Western. They should be fused under one name. Australia was the ancient name for the Great South Land. Let it be continued. There was some opposition for awhile at Home, but when request came from New South Wales that the name should be used for the whole, Australia was accepted by the Authorities and will remain for aye.

There are many other names around the coastline that belong to history, but they are of more modern date and more fitly accompany the record of the discoveries and the developments Within the Land. Enough to have touched upon those of the Long Ago, and to have noted names and know the deeds of daring and of enterprise that stand for.

Should not we who know the facts, not only try to spread them, but endeavour to win our fellows to give Honor, fully, freely, where that Honor is most justly due, as in the case of the intrepid Flinders, a name today scarce known amongst us.

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<sup>229</sup> [Nicolas-Thomas Baudin \(1754–1803\)](#)

<sup>230</sup> [Charles Howe Fremantle \(1800 1869\)](#)

<sup>231</sup> [The Life of Matthew Flinders, by Ernest Scott \(1914\)](#)



## THE LAND OF THE KANGAROO : WITHIN

### The Pathfinders

The Pathfinders of Australia were men well worthy of remembrance, alike with their fellows, the gallant coast finders in the days of Long Ago. Their Story is however also too little known. Yet were they the pioneers not only of the Continent they opened up but of the world encircling Empire of today. It is not only those who made clear the unknown interior, but those also who made the earliest individual settlements who are entitled to full honor. To both, the task was not easy; indeed the oft-times tragic tale has given color to a most erroneous view of the Continent as a whole. Today, to many, Australia conveys the idea of a great desert with a fringe of cultivation and civilization round its coast. It is, to these, mostly a waste land, and the possibility of its ever becoming a teeming mass of population is a phantasy of the brain. But a closer study will show how mistaken such notions are. Doubtless it has its Barren Lands, so too have other Continents, and awesome deserts too. True too it is that an immense area can never be inhabited by man, but the Continent as a whole is not therefore to be denied its wonderful and world helpful possibilities. Let us glance then as to how Australia was forced to give up its secrets and to become a home for millions, by the daring of men.

### The Founding of Sydney

When Captain Phillip, R.N., with his “First Fleet” of eleven ships, carrying 1007 souls, landed in 1788 in Botany Bay he did not take long to perceive that it was no place for a settlement. Cook’s report of the spaciousness of the Bay was indeed correct but the land around was uninviting. There are fine stretches of sand beaches but there are no deep approaches to the shore. So he bethought him of that other spot a little to the north and went prospecting to Port Jackson. Here he found a lordly harbor, not so wide, as long and deep. Its two hundred miles of shoreline is ever broken by long arms which run far into the land. Here were hills sheltering from winds, fair land ever for pasturage and tillage, and at the head there poured in a river, the Parramatta (scene in time to come of many a world’s sculling championship) with its still waters, breadth and noble curves. He had a plenitude of sites to choose from, and selected one deep down from the ocean which has never had cause for being considered aught but the best, and where Sydney stands today. He was that Lord Sydney,<sup>232</sup> Secretary of State, for the Home department, who had taken the leading part in founding this new penal settlement.

Here then was Phillip with his company, seven hundred convicts, and three hundred (including wives and children) free folk to guard them, camped down upon the edge of a Continent of nigh three million square miles — not then even known to be a Continent — and hemmed in at the back as well as both North and South by ranges of mountains. It soon became essential that what lay behind those yonder ridges should be made known. Phillip had begun a little settlement in the West up the Parramatta at what he called Rose Hill — but today takes as a whole its old time aboriginal name. Here farming was encouraged as also on the Hawkesbury River which lay a few miles to the North. But these were of little avail towards the feeding of his charges. There were always “short commons” in those days,

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<sup>232</sup> [Thomas Townshend, 1st Viscount Sydney \(1733–1800\)](#)

and at times close to starvation. The Colony depended in the main on supplies sent out from far off England, and these were not always to hand on time. The livestock that had been landed found but poor pasture and increased but slowly; the seed corn was attacked by ants and mice. There must needs be found better pasturage and better soil for grain. Men's hearts failed them, but never was it so with the first Governor. He encouraged all, even placing convicts, who showed industry, on land, with the promise that if they behaved well, free grants should be made them. It was not however for Phillip to know what lay beyond those hemming mountains. His health broke down and he returned to England in 1792. His successor did not arrive till two years had passed, and the Colony was meanwhile ruled by officers in charge of the Corps raised at Home specially for the Settlement. It was during this interregnum that several attempts were made at conquering the heights. The difficulty lay, not in their great altitude, but in their chaotic formation. Indeed there is no formation : valleys lead nowhere, precipices are met with where slopes should be expected. To the eye it looked no great matter to scale those few thousand feet but to those who attempted there seemed no possible way through.

Though so seemingly impenetrable, they were easy to name. They were ever to the eye wrapped in an atmosphere of blue, soft in their haziness, fascinating, and inviting of approach. Behind those Blue Mountains men were determined to find out what lay : and a party of Scotch Highlanders led the way. They returned defeated. Then Hacking <sup>233</sup> made an attempt but was beaten back. Bass, the Surgeon, who explored so ably on the seacoast tried his hand and took rope ladders and grappling irons to assist. He too tasted defeat. Then Cayley, <sup>234</sup> of abnormal strength himself, accompanied by a band of the strongest of the colony tried, but returned a beaten man. Then came the victors. In 1813, twenty-five years after the founding of Sydney, three men, Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth <sup>235</sup> set out to do or die. They cut piecemeal the scrub, they clambered and toiled for 15 days; then working round a high peak long their objective, they saw the great Bathurst Plains lying before and below them. Here was country indeed, here was pasture land, and tillage ground not for a thousand but for a million souls. They had triumphed. It was comparatively easy to follow.

### Discovering the Interior

From that date till 1896 the work of revealing the interior of Australia went steadily forward. Bit by bit the Continent was mastered. Some names in those eighty years stand out preeminent. Of these we would deal.

Surveyor Evans <sup>236</sup> now descended those mountains and discovering two rivers feeding those delectable plains named then after the full name of the then governor — the Lachlan and the Macquarie. <sup>237</sup> After him went settlement, and Bathurst, the first inland town of the Continent, came into being.

Now Oxley <sup>238</sup> came to the front : a naval officer who had turned Surveyor, young and keen. He sought to find out whither those two rivers ran. He followed the Lachlan for hundreds of miles only to find out that after running through a splendid tract of land, it finally disappeared. To him this was

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<sup>233</sup> [Henry Hacking \(ca. 1750 – 1831\)](#)

<sup>234</sup> [George Caley \(1770–1829\)](#)

<sup>235</sup> [Gregory Blaxland \(1778–1853\)](#). [William Lawson \(1774–1850\)](#). [William Charles Wentworth \(1790–1872\)](#).

<sup>236</sup> [George William Evans \(1780–1852\)](#)

<sup>237</sup> [Lachlan Macquarie \(1762–1824\)](#)

<sup>238</sup> [John Joseph William Molesworth Oxley \(1785–1828\)](#)

astonishing, but to us today, we know of many another country where rivers do the same. He then turned to the Macquarie. It promised gloriously, and leaving it to another year, returned to Sydney.

Again he set out, only to find a similar result : the river was, and then was not. He did not know that he was wandering in one of the great river systems of the world, known to us today as the Murray River, and that these waters all found their way eventually to the sea in the southwest at Encounter Bay. He now turned towards the coast but kept North, skirted the Liverpool Range, and found upon his way more rich plains and a dozen rivers each of which flowed inland. He reached the coast at Port Macquarie and so home.

Again he set out, this time in search of a new settlement along the coast for incorrigible convicts. He skirted the shore in the Mermaid and finally dropped anchor in Moreton Bay. There to his surprise he met two white men who had been wrecked — with others who had perished — and had been living among the aborigines. From them he learned of a noble stream which ran into the Bay. It proved to be the largest river on the East coast. Upon it now lies Brisbane twenty miles up from the Bay itself, yet ocean liners find no difficulty in tying up at the City's wharves. He returned, well satisfied.

Cunningham,<sup>239</sup> a botanist, keen to learn what lay hidden, pushed his way north from Sydney, crossed the Liverpool Range, found more rivers all flowing inland and the magnificent Darling Downs, and came out at the Brisbane.

### The Attack on the South

Now was the turn of the South. Two men, Hume and Hovell,<sup>240</sup> set out from the former's residence on Lake George, back from the east coast at Jervis Bay, and crossing the beginnings of many a stream running west, came out where Melbourne now lies. They did not know that one they crossed was the absorber of not only all the rest but also of those which both Evans and Oxley — far to the north — had seen and followed. They too reported fertile land in abundance.

In 1828 Sturt<sup>241</sup> took up the task. He had come out with his regiment and was seized with the fever of exploration. Where were all those rivers that had been seen and crossed making for? The theory was advanced that there might be a great inland Sea., and Sturt needs must find it. Over the Blue Mountains he went with his band, struck the Macquarie, used a boat, packed with them, as long as the depth of the water allowed, then took to their pack horses. Over a month they made painful way across barren, scorched up lands, keeping west and south, till they suddenly came upon a river, deep down between its banks. Sturt named it after the Governor, Darling,<sup>242</sup> who had sent him on his quest. He had struck it in a dry season, but those high banks bespoke a mighty stream in the wet. He could go no further at that time, so homeward went.

The next year he took a different line of attack. He would follow Hume and Hovell's track in the South. He struck one of their streams. Putting together a boat he had brought in sections with him, he and six of his party determined to take their chances and so set out to see whither they would wend. Their way covered 1750 miles. For a week they had all the excitement they needed, then their stream

<sup>239</sup> [Allan Cunningham \(1791–1839\)](#)

<sup>240</sup> [Hamilton Hume \(1797–1873\)](#). [William Hilton Hovell \(1786–1875\)](#).

<sup>241</sup> [Charles Napier Sturt \(1795–1869\)](#)

<sup>242</sup> [Ralph Darling \(1772–1858\)](#)

suddenly emptied itself into a broad and noble river. Keeping to it for a further nine days they beheld another river pouring in from the north. It was his own river, the Darling, which he had stood looking down upon three hundred miles above. Now the broad stream swept them on, till emptying itself into a great lake, the blue waters of the sea were seen ahead. Sturt had found the Murray. It was hard lines on Hume who had given his own name to one of its early feeders, and one who certainly deserved the lasting fame in preference to a Secretary of the Colonies at Home.<sup>243</sup>

The Surveyor General at Sydney was filled with envy at the success of this soldier. Mitchell<sup>244</sup> was not content till he too had done something. At first he went over Sturt's earlier trail slightly suspicious. He found all as Sturt had said. Later he too struck the Murray, ascended it, crossed to the south and made for the coast. He was now in what is known today as western Victoria and thought him and his the first white folk to behold the glorious land. But it was not so, for reaching the heights above Portland Harbor in the extreme south west corner of the Province of today, he saw buildings on the shore and a brig laying at anchor in the bay. These were the Henty brothers<sup>245</sup>: and not far off on that same coast, others, with Batman<sup>246</sup> as the chief, had sought a home and found it in Port Phillip on that site where Melbourne now stands. But of these, anon.

### Pathfinders Many

The East was now fairly well covered, and a portion of the South, but what of the West, of the Centre, of the vast stretch of the South, and the North, bitten deep in by its Gulf?

The commanding figure in New Zealand's history is Sir George Grey, but few outside of that Dominion know of the man. He was a great Pro Consul of the Empire, doing noble work as Leader not only in New Zealand but in South Africa and Australia. It was in the latter that he first won his laurels. A highly trained English Officer, he was sent out to Western Australia, and in the year of the accession of Queen Victoria explored from Shark's Bay to Perth so capably that the Governorship of South Australia was, later on, his reward. Eyre<sup>247</sup> now tackled the south coastline, but first made a brave attempt to reach the true centre of the land. He started from Adelaide, the chief town of South Australia, carrying with him a silken Union Jack worked by the young women of that city. He went up by Lake Torrens through the great basin which drains into the lake named after him, then reached an area of sand and swamp. From Mount Hopeless he looked North. It was his Pisgah,<sup>248</sup> for he was without water and adequate supplies. He turned back: but not to Adelaide. Striking the coast he determined to make along King George's Sound — a vast journey. Only a man of determined grit and iron will could have done it. He refused to take any with him save three aborigines. One man, like Ruth<sup>249</sup> of old, refused to leave him. For two months they struggled on, oft nigh perishing from thirst. Then Baxter<sup>250</sup> fell to the spears of two of the natives distraught with the strain. They decamped

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<sup>243</sup> [George Murray \(1772–1846\)](#)

<sup>244</sup> [Thomas Livingstone Mitchell \(1792–1855\)](#)

<sup>245</sup> [Edward Henty \(1810–1878\)](#). [Francis Henty \(1815–1889\)](#).

<sup>246</sup> [John Batman \(1801–1839\)](#)

<sup>247</sup> [Edward John Eyre \(1815–1901\)](#)

<sup>248</sup> In [Deuteronomy](#), God commanded Moses to climb up and view the Promised Land from Mount Nebo: "Then Moses climbed Mount Nebo from the plains of Moab to the top of [Pisgah](#), across from Jericho..."

<sup>249</sup> [Ruth](#) is the main character in the [Book of Ruth](#). She famously vowed to follow her Israelite mother-in-law, Naomi, from Moab to Bethlehem, saying, "Where you go I will go, and where you stay I will stay..."

<sup>250</sup> [John Baxter \(died 1841\)](#)

and Eyre and his lone follower <sup>251</sup> — with full five hundred miles yet to go — kept on for yet another two months, when he saw a French barque close in shore. From the Captain <sup>252</sup> he secured supplies. He had killed his packhorses long before, making pemmican of their flesh. Refreshed, he took to his trail again, and finally reached his goal. He had been tramping for an entire year.

Now Sturt once more got busy. He had been moved to Adelaide and Eyre's effort to reach the centre roused him to make the attempt. He did not follow the former's route up north, but for nigh two hundred miles kept to his old friend The Darling, then struck north. He escaped the swamps but not the sand nor the lack of water. Another barrier to advance, in addition, he found in a vast stony plain that today bears his name. From the very first as an explorer, he had taken note of the flight of birds. Whither they flew in their migrations was the course to follow north or south. He had followed but could do no more. He too turned and made painful way back, four hundred miles and more due south, to Adelaide. His health was now hopelessly undermined. He set out no more.

But one of his party, with youth and enthusiasm to his credit resolved to take up his chief's work. When the South Australian Government offered a prize of £2000 to the man who from Adelaide first crossed the Continent from South to North, Stuart <sup>253</sup> set out. Keeping to Eyre's route in the main, he reached the very centre of the Continent in 1860, where he built a cairn of stones and raised the Flag. There was no inland sea after all : neither was there desert, but instead a wide stretch of grass country. Pushing north he got beyond his resources and was forced back. The next year he started out again, got still further on his way, could make no headway with the dense scrub, and once again was forced back. Again he started, and this time (1862) got through, coming out near Port Darwin at the North, and returning reported a wonderful country, once the sand, the swamps, the stony waste and the scrub were passed.

Now come other tragedies. The East had got busy and would know still more of the North and the West. Leichhardt, <sup>254</sup> a Prussian Scientist, came out in the hope to join some exploring expedition. Instead, he went off on his own and worked across from the east coast to the Gulf of Carpentaria. He repeated this, and again brought back valuable data : the land was good. Then he proposed a much more difficult task. He would cross the continent from East to West. This was before it had been crossed from South to North. He and his party certainly got as far west as the Barcoo which runs into Lake Eyre, for their mark was found much later on a tree, but exactly where death overtook them no man knoweth to this day.

That same year another explorer, Kennedy, <sup>255</sup> venturing into the gulf country came to an untimely end. So loath were men to give up the Prussian Scientist that many sought long, and so extensively that ere they gave up the quest as hopeless, the eastern half of the Continent was completely bared to man.

Death stalked behind yet another expedition, this time setting out from Melbourne. Whilst Stuart was pushing North and reaching the centre from Adelaide, Burke and Wills <sup>256</sup> would do much the same for the Victorian Government. They were commissioned at great outlay to find out the nature of the central part of the Continent right up to the great Gulf in the North. They reached their objective a year or more before Stuart. It was mismanagement that caused the tragedy. Burke would not travel

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<sup>251</sup> [Wylie \(born c. 1825\)](#)

<sup>252</sup> Captain Rossiter, of [Rossiter Bay](#).

<sup>253</sup> [John McDouall Stuart \(1815–1866\)](#)

<sup>254</sup> [Ludwig Leichhardt \(1813 – c.1848\)](#)

<sup>255</sup> [Edmund Besley Court Kennedy \(1818–1848\)](#)

<sup>256</sup> [Robert O'Hara Burke \(1820 or 1821 –1861\)](#). [William John Wills \(1834–1861\)](#).



slowly along with the abundant supplies. With Wills and two others, Gray and King,<sup>257</sup> he pushed on. Again even the one pack horse was too slow for the two leaders, so leaving Gray and King the two went forward. They reached almost to the sea, tasted the saltish water at the mouth of the Flinders River, but had not the strength to cover the short distance that remained. They must save that to get back to their supplies. As the reunited four made their slow way to the main caravan coming slowly up, Gray played out and died. Somehow the plans for meeting miscarried. King sought refuge amongst a tribe of aboriginals and was later rescued. Burke and Wills kept on south till thirst o'erpowered them. Then came the end.

The North itself had been well traversed and by none more persistently than A. C. Gregory.<sup>258</sup> From Rockhampton on the east coast of Queen's Channel and the Timor Sea : then, not content, he dropped south into Western Australia. He was tramping and opening up the unknown for full ten years.

The West holds in high esteem Warburton, Giles and Forrest, and Carnegie,<sup>259</sup> the last in time. Warburton opened up De Wit Land : Giles ranged round the South and centre of the West, making a circuit of five thousand miles : Forrest dealt in large measure with the south West, traversing land soon to be world famous for its gold : Carnegie crossed the lines of all three as he worked his way across stream and arid spot, good land and desert.

A gallant band the lot, from Blaxland to Carnegie. A Continent laid bare in eighty years.

## Settlers

Of the settlements, when governments brought these about, there is no romance, though naturally the first comers had a trying time. But where men individually pioneered, their record of daring and enterprise should be known. The Henty's of Portland Bay and Batman of Port Phillip were such, and cannot be ignored. Thomas Henty was a Sussex farmer blessed with seven sturdy sons. Attracted by notices of the settlement to be made by the Home Authorities on Swan River (Western Australia of today), he sold all his possessions and emigrated. But the reality fell far short of his expectations, and father, mother and three sons departed for Tasmania. Three still tried their fortunes around the Swan River, whilst a fourth, Edward, set out on a cruise along the southern coast to see what he might find. At Portland Bay he was well satisfied, and going across Bass Strait for his father, the old man approved the scheme. The three brothers still in the west joined Edward and started out in sheep farming and stock raising, adding whaling as a bye play. Those of the family who had migrated to Tasmania remained on the island. The mainland portion built their homes and settled down long before the authorities of New South Wales knew of their existence. For this they eventually had "to pay the piper" for the government greatly curtailed their land acquirement, giving them grudgingly a round but meagre sum by way of compensation.

Batman had a more strenuous experience as a pioneer. He and a companion, Gellibrand,<sup>260</sup> were residents of Launceston in the north of Tasmania, and determined to secure a cattle range on the mainland. Forming a syndicate, the two crossed Bass Strait and entered the great bay of Port Phillip.

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<sup>257</sup> [John King \(1838–1872\)](#)

<sup>258</sup> [Augustus Charles Gregory \(1819–1905\)](#)

<sup>259</sup> [Peter Egerton-Warburton \(1813–1889\)](#). [William Ernest Powell Giles \(1835–1897\)](#). [John Forrest \(1847–1918\)](#). [David Wynford Carnegie \(1871–1900\)](#).

<sup>260</sup> [Joseph Tice Gellibrand \(1786–1837\)](#)



They were amazed at the magnificence of the country and making their way up the river Yarra, which flows into the bay, Batman selected a site for his settlement. He chose the spot whereon Melbourne now stands. Meeting a party of aborigines he proceeded, like Penn of old, to make a treaty with them, and drew up a formal parchment, to which he declared he had secured their chiefs' marks, for a tract of 600,000 acres in exchange for some knives and blankets. Returning to Tasmania, the two reported their success. Others were but waiting. One, Fawkner, <sup>261</sup> also had formed a syndicate and their representatives were hurried across, and despite Batman's Treaty, squatted on the same river and site. Before either party had time to bring their sheep and cattle across, one Aitken <sup>262</sup> beat the lot, and he too camped on Batman's land grab. News reaching Sydney, the whole lot were warned off as trespassers on Crown property, but proclamations were of no avail. Batman's Treaty was treated as a 'scrap of paper' despite the protests which he made for years. There was but one thing for New South Wales and the Home Authorities to do, and that was to turn the whole district south of the Murray River into a Government Settlement. The site of the future great city Melbourne (named after the then Prime Minister <sup>263</sup>) was declared a Government Reserve; the squatters were driven out, and only after much haggling was Batman and his syndicate allowed a grant of 9,500 acres near Geelong — a safe distance off — as a recompense for his pioneering work. That was in 1838. A year later he died. This then of those who would fain own land.

## Early Governors

Nor must we forget to pay honor to the Governors in those early days. Upon them lay heavy responsibilities, and to their leadership much of what was accomplished was due. They had their trials, too, not only in the waywardness of men, but in carrying on. Such sterling types as Phillip, Hunter and King, <sup>264</sup> Macquarie, Brisbane <sup>265</sup> and Darling, each in his way are worthy of remembrance. When territorial division came, financial difficulties seemingly increased. Hindmarch, <sup>266</sup> Governor of South Australia, had but one shilling and sixpence in the Government Safe, and Gawler, <sup>267</sup> who succeeded him, in his desperate need, had to take upon himself to issue bills. He had a starving multitude to deal with. Work must be found and the laborers fed. Gawler plunged into the public works and tooted up the tidy sum of £300,000 in bills, which were, to his horror, dishonored in London. George Grey, who succeeded him, forced the Home Government at last to meet them, but by that time they had passed £400,000.

Bowen, the first Governor of Queensland, was even worse off as a start. Here are his own words, "As to money where with to carry on the Government, I started with just seven pence halfpenny in the Treasury. A thief — supposing, I fancy, that I should have been furnished with some funds — broke into the Treasury a few nights after my arrival and carried off the 7½d." But Bowen made a success of things. Of such right good stuff were the pioneers of Australia made.

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<sup>261</sup> [John Pascoe Fawkner \(1792–1869\)](#)

<sup>262</sup> [John Aitken \(c. 1792–1858\)](#)

<sup>263</sup> [William Lamb, 2nd Viscount Melbourne \(1779–1848\)](#)

<sup>264</sup> [Philip Gidley King \(1758–1808\)](#)

<sup>265</sup> [Thomas Makdougall Brisbane \(1773–1860\)](#)

<sup>266</sup> [John Hindmarsh \(baptised 1785 –1860\)](#)

<sup>267</sup> [George Gawler \(1795–1869\)](#)

Here then is some slight record attempted, of gallant men and gallant deeds : Explorers, Settlers, Leaders. They have passed, but their works, without doubt, do follow them; and it is for us, and for all to come, to have them in remembrance.

## THE LAND OF THE KANGAROO : A PHASE OF THE PAST

### Transportation

The successful revolt of the American Colonies brought amongst its many difficulties to the Old Country, the question of what was to be done with her convicts. For long years these had been shipped across the Atlantic, and that without expense to the Home Government, for contractors were ready to take any number at Twenty Pounds a head, and landing them, dispose of them at a good profit, to the planters, practically as slaves. But now that this course of getting rid of the convicts was closed, it was for some years an ever present worry to the Authorities. Their numbers steadily increased, the jails were full to overflowing, hulks were improvised as receptacles for the condemned. Transportation for seven, for fourteen years as for life was still meted out by the Judges without thought of congestion. Theirs it was to administer the Law : if the Law was inhuman, as we of today consider it to have been in the majority of causes calling for transportation, it was for Parliament to alter, not for them to go behind the Law laid down. Something had to be done. A trial was made in West Africa, but that was quickly found to be practically a sentence of death, and the inhuman thing could not be done.

In 1779, Banks,<sup>268</sup> who had been Botanist in Cook's voyage in the "Endeavour" — now Sir Joseph Banks, Baronet, G.C.B., President of the Royal Society, and other high offices — and who was well in with the Government of the day, bethought him of that far off country which had so vastly pleased him, as a solution of what many minds were sore perplexed at, and made the suggestion. But other as seemingly grave matters were pressing hard upon Pitt<sup>269</sup> and his Cabinet, and the unfortunate convicts were still shelved. Four years had still to pass before action was taken. This time it was done owing to another of Cook's ships' company, a Corsican, Maria Matra, who wrote to Lord Sydney, Secretary of the Home Department, calling his attention to the same part of the world. This time the matter was taken up seriously and the Cabinet determined upon action.

In the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament in January 1787, it was announced that a plan had been prepared to send criminals under sentence of transportation to New South Wales : and following quickly upon the announcement, the "First Fleet" set sail from the Isle of Wight in the following May. It took till January 1788 to reach the selected site. Captain Phillip of the Navy was in command, and appointed the first Governor. With him went the Sirius (two years later to be wrecked at Norfolk island), the Supply, three Store ships and six Transports, the latter carrying the first contingent of the condemned, 717 in number, 520 men and 197 women. Making his landfall at Botany Bay, Phillip quickly saw that a better site must be chosen and selected Port Jackson, close adjoining, for his colony. At first all lived of necessity under canvas. The convicts were not penned but made to work. There was land to be cleared and public buildings to be erected. But to get many to work was Phillip's difficulty. They had not been brought up to such manual labour. They had taken life easily, hence their fall. They were not only constitutionally lazy but incompetent. Yet with such poor means the Governor got things going. He was not a hard or harsh taskmaster. Neither under him nor any of the succeeding Governors was there on the mainland of the Continent that appalling brutality displayed upon the unfortunates that occurred on the islands of Tasmania and Norfolk.

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<sup>268</sup> [Joseph Banks \(1743–1820\)](#)

<sup>269</sup> [William Pitt \(1708–1778\)](#)

But what was fearsome in Phillip's day was a thing over which he had no control. The horrors of the hired transports afford gruesome reading. At £20 a head delivered at Sydney, it was with these ship contractors a case of more the better. They took chances on their human cargoes. Though their losses in life are appalling as the records show, they made big money. At last the abuse cried to heaven. England was roused and in 1802 a Transport Board was formed, and convicts sent out twice a year, with Naval Officers in command. But there had been fourteen years of needless torture for the condemned. Once on land the records of Sydney and those other penal sites in Australia to be mentioned, are not harrowing; they have their lively and their sometimes harsh phases, but they can be written throughout as stern but humane. For long there was but a log built prison in Sydney. Jail was only for the local offender. In a sense all were free. When criminals appeared to be indifferent to discipline and reckless in behaviour, they were shipped out of the settlement to those islands which soon were dreaded as worse than death. But with those establishments we are not now dealing.

### **Governor Phillip**

Phillip had little fear of his felons escaping. Where could they go, anyway. By land hemmed in by mountains, to flee to them was to starve : by sea for many years there were no boats in the harbour capable of facing the Tasman Sea. When later, some did attempt, but few landed safe on other shores. Fiji saw some, far off Tonga too, the nearer group of the New Hebrides and the Solomons were havens to a few, and being desperate men, lived desperate lives among the natives. Their record was drink and murder throughout. Phillip's was a motley crowd, a weird mixture of humanity. They came from all classes. Australia got the worse end of the deal in England's criminals; the better were kept at Home. He appealed constantly that not the riff raff and the incapable, wholly, might be sent, but a contingent of the lesser villains and the capable. And as time went on, convicts came out of a less gross type. Such men were not bad and unfit to associate with their fellows who suffered drastic treatment for such venial faults as the damaging of property, carrying on a business without securing a license, or contempt of court.

Amongst the crowd gathered within Sydney's confines there were many who were not "Lifers". Probably even the majority had but to serve their time, seven or fourteen years, and they were free to return Home. Few had to put in the fullness of the years as convicts, though all had to remain in the Colony till their time expired. Long ere that, they could be working for themselves. By good conduct or worthy deed they could be freed, and with land freely given to them could settle down and made a competency. These were known as Emancipists.

### **A Motley Crowd**

It did not take many years before out of the thousands dumped down in Port Jackson there were capable men, free to carry on their former professions — men who for some trivial offence, or the machinations of their envious fellows, had been forced to cry halt to their training — doctors, teachers, clerics, lawyers, bankers and merchants. Here was the beginning of a settled Community, and the promise of a well found colony. Here were trained hands to meet growing needs. When a man's term expired, even if he had had to fully serve it, and he chose to remain, he took up land and he was known as a Expiree. Many, both men and women, became wealthy with such golden opportunities of land and business to their hand.

Settlers, free men, from the very first had drifted in, and these had acquired goodly tracts of land requiring more labor than they had “hands” to give it. It was to assist these, and to thus help open up the country, that the Assignment System was evolved. A convict was assigned to work for a settler. This man was his master. He paid the individual no wage but nevertheless gave a nominal return in things that the rations of a convict did not allow for. Rules were laid down as to the rights of master and servant, but many doubtless abused them. The lash was used without doubt, though the master ran the risk of losing his servant. But there were so many convicts that it was the policy to get rid of as many as possible under the system, and there was a readiness to overlook all but the grossest cases of ill treatment. Such convicts were known as Assignees.

### A Greedy Corps

The Government had at first sent out a body of Marines to guard the prisoners and protect the colony, but the officers soon objected to such service, and in place of these the New South Wales Corps was raised at Home for special service. It was no credit to the Colony. From start to finish it gave trouble to the various governors. The officers as a whole seemed possessed with a mania to make their fortunes and at the same time pass their days in ease. For money and for rum they fleeced convicts and settlers alike. With such officers, the ranks were no whit behind. Protests rained in at Home and the Corps was put an end to in 1810, when British Regulars took its place. It was Governor Macquarie (who came out with his Highlanders) who disbanded the greedy Corps. He did so by absorbing some, retiring others whence they came, and allowing a hundred to become settlers. It was he who raised the question of the social status of the Emancipist which Time alone had gradually settled. Despite all his traditions of race and high place, he had the big heart to reach out and give his hand to his once fallen fellow. When a man had purged his fault, he should be taken back by his fellows. So said this Governor and acted it out. But not so others; even his officers refused and long and bitter was the controversy, nor did he nor any of that generation see it through. Things had to settle themselves. It could not be commandeered. A colonial spirit had to evolve, which alone could appraise the situation correctly. It is over now, but there were lively times in Sydney for many a year in the circles of Society.

### Grades in Transportees

It was a topsy turvy place in some respects. Convicts were allowed to marry, and many an old time lover came out with the express purpose of marrying her convict; getting him assigned to her as a servant thus freeing from all authority but her own. Then did husbands have to walk warily, for if they chose, the wives could hand their men back for punishment and servitude till they reached a more contented and obedient mind. Those who have chanced to read Marcus Clark’s “For the Term of His Natural Life” will recall Sarah Purfoy and her husband Rex, with her Sydney shop, and ranch and wealth, the latter the proceeds of robbery at Home, brought out and cheerfully invested. Such was not fancy, but a reality in those early days.

Besides the Emancipist, the Expiree and the Assigned, there were the Specials or Gentlemen Convicts. These covered political offences which were seemingly considered more weighty in those times than mortal ones, for their lot was hard, even in Sydney. They could not be freed in any sense till their full time had run. It was evidently feared that they would get busy among the settlers and

upset the growing colony. But if Home was anxious to get rid of these, Australia did not want them at any price. Such political agitators were constitutionally bent on fomenting trouble wherever they were, and the Governors had enough already on their hands without politics being included. When two thousand of the Irish Patriots were sent out in 1798, there was certain to be trouble. They hated England and all her works, their very breath of life was conspiracy against the established order of things. It ended in open mutiny, in 1803. None before had thought of rebelling. But these rose and suffered. It had to be, for the free were still outnumbered by the sentenced. Death was meted out relentlessly. That was the harshest time in Sydney. The life of the young colony was at stake.

The Gentlemen Convicts of the intermediate years were of different mould. The Scottish Martyrs were but few, but their coming far from being a hindrance was of real importance in unlooked for ways. It helped, not lightly, to bring about the abolition of the whole system for the Continent. Their crime was but a desire for certain parliamentary reforms. Of the unfortunate quartet who fell under the displeasure of the Powers, one <sup>270</sup> was a Unitarian Minister who served his full time and died on his way home; one <sup>271</sup> was a lawyer whom bonds could not hold for he managed to get away in an American vessel that called at Sydney, escaping to Europe where he died in Paris; another <sup>272</sup> served out his time and remained content; another <sup>273</sup> did the former but lived not only to see his home again, but to make his voice heard on the conditions of the Colony. <sup>274</sup> He did not mince matters, nor did others who as time went on returned. A veritable war of words went on from 1837 to 1840. Then the House of Commons set up a Committee of Inquiry, and such revelations were made by men — not convicts — incapable of twisting facts, men who knew not only of Sydney's modest tyrannies but of Tasmania's and Norfolk Island's horrors, that some action was forced upon the Authorities. An Order in Council stopped convict transportation to the Mainland, but would permit it, under better conditions, to still exist upon the Islands.

### A Fine Drawn Difference

This half-hearted action was not in itself sincere. There was something behind it, as soon appeared. Whilst convicts for Life were not to be transported, nor the ordinary "Termers", those condemned at Home were still to be got rid of overseas by a subtle difference of nomenclature. Thus came about the Pentonvillers. These took their title from a prison of that name (still used) wherein a new scheme was tried. Transportees were sent there to undergo a course of moral as well as practical training, for eighteen months or more as the case might be. Whilst the discipline was strict, it was humane, useful trades were taught and uplifting influences brought to bear upon the individual. Such as seemed improved to the satisfaction of the Prison Commissioners were then given Conditional Pardons, which meant that on landing in the penal settlement they were free to go where they pleased therein, so long as they did not return home till the expiration of their original term of sentence. Such a party was far better off than Assignees for the latter were under discipline, whilst he or she was free. These were the folk Lord Grey proposed now to send out to Australia, and did so despite all protests, from 1844 till 1849. There was however this excuse for his action. The Colony of Port Phillip, where these Pentonvillers were landed, was not at one on the question, and the Home Authorities knew it. Laborers were badly needed. The wealthy cared not from what source that help came. It was the poorer man

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<sup>270</sup> [Thomas Fyshe Palmer \(1747–1802\)](#)

<sup>271</sup> [Thomas Muir \(1765–1799\)](#)

<sup>272</sup> [William Skirving \(ca 1745–1796\)](#)

<sup>273</sup> [Maurice Margarot \(1745–1815\)](#)

<sup>274</sup> There was a fifth [Scottish Martyr](#) — [Joseph Gerrald \(1763–1796\)](#).



who was willing to deny himself in order to keep the tainted thing away. By '49 it was clearly seen not be a success : many had feigned reform in order to get out, then lived their old lives again, nay worse, for they were free from oversight in that vast country. But before it came to an end, what is now the Province of Victoria received nigh two thousand of such folk. Sydney had held out and escaped the plague.

It must here be noted that back in 1824 another penal colony had been formed at Moreton Bay at the mouth of the river — five hundred miles north of Sydney — whereon Brisbane lies. This was not so much for newcomers as for the worser element of those already sent. It lasted for fifteen years and during that period settlers were not allowed within fifty miles of it. There was no Assignment here, for they were of a class not to be subdued. But though it closed, the North was not thus to escape.

Strange as it may sound in the case of such a man as W. E. Gladstone, it was nevertheless owing to his order whilst Secretary of State for the Colonies that a new penal settlement, despite the Order in Council of 1840, was founded three hundred and fifty miles further north of Brisbane in 1844. Those transported were however not to be called Convicts, but “Exiles”, and if they had not wives to follow, or vice versa, there was to be a culling of the Poorhouses of England for that purpose. Thus strangely do men salve their consciences. But though it started, it came almost immediately to an end, for Gladstone’s Party went out of power, and Lord Grey would have naught of Port Curtis. He was set on the south portion of the Continent. The Pentonvillers not being a success, he now determined upon another scheme, the issuing of Tickets of Leave whereby a convicted person was not, as in the former system, allowed to go where he pleased once he was landed, but had to report to the police at regular intervals. He refused to listen to warnings at Home and sent out two shiploads following within a few months of one another. These were to be discharged at Melbourne. But Melbourne had had enough. The whole population rose against the attempt. They would not allow the discharge. The only thing to be done was to sail round to Sydney. Here again feeling ran so high that it was seen by the Governor that trouble would surely ensue, so the ships, each in turn, were sent forth again, this time to Moreton Bay far to the north, once (as we have seen) a penal colony but now a scattered one of settlers. Here, out of sight and out of mind they would be practically free men. And here we leave them. This was the end so far as Eastern Australia was concerned. Lord Grey at last learned his lesson. No more were sent. That too was in 1849 : an eventful year.

### **The Last of Convictism**

But the evil was not absolutely dead : and this last phase was due, not to Howe, but to settlers themselves. The scene passes to the West, to the Swan River Settlement struggling for existence. The shortage of labor was acute. Long did the pioneers strive; but at last, in public meeting assembled, they decided to ask that the Western Settlement should be made a Penal one. That too was in 1849. The only stipulation the colony made was that an equal number of free immigrants should come out. These terms the Home Government agreed to and faithfully carried out for sixteen years. Ten thousand convicts were landed in those years. But this did not go on with the approval of the rest of Australia’s folk. Long and loudly they protested. The shame of the thing done for whatever reason disgraced the whole land. The protests won out. Western Australia agreed. The Home Government fell in with views so unanimous, and so forcibly expressed, and convictism ceased upon the whole Continent in 1867.

“TRANSPORTATION”

“Born at Sydney 1788 — Died at Perth 1867”

“Aged 89 years.”

“Unhonored throughout Life — at Death regretted by none.”

Which recalls an Epitaph read by the writer long years ago in a Churchyard in North Staffordshire, England:—

“Beneath this stone John Burnet lies.

“There’s no man weeps nor no man cries.

“Where he’s gone or how he fares

“There’s no man knows, nor no man cares.

“ ’tis TRUE.”

## THE ISLE OF PALMS : LORD HOWE ISLAND

### A Lonely Isle

Four hundred miles and over, straight east from Sydney Heads (Australia) out in the South Pacific there rise twin mountain tops, one lopped off at the summit, a valley lying between. Such is the first view the voyager gets of Lord Howe Island. There is much that is fascinating awaiting him as he draws nearer and finally lands upon that favoured isle. The first thought is its loneliness. Look at the map and there can be no disagreement on that point. Nothing to the southward till the Antarctic Continent : eastward four hundred miles to the North Cape of New Zealand : tiny Norfolk six hundred miles away, the first spot northward : little wonder that not only the white pioneers of the South Pacific but the canoes of the dark skinned races which roamed over those vast waters failed to see it as century after century rolled by.

When Captain Phillip set sail for Australia in 1787 from England to found a penal settlement in New South Wales, his instructions were to occupy with the same intent an island that Captain Cook had discovered and reported on, and named Norfolk of his fancy. Phillip lost no time in carrying out his orders, for landing in Botany Bay in January 1788, he despatched Lieutenant Ball <sup>275</sup> in H.M.S. Supply the very next month, to found the second settlement. It was on his way thither that by good fortune Ball saw what had been missed by others, and from that day in the summer of the Southern Hemisphere, Lord Howe Island has been part of the British Empire. <sup>276</sup>

It is of volcanic origin and crescent shaped, about seven miles in length and from half a mile to nigh two miles in width. Far from flat, it rises and falls its whole length over, but its commanding heights stand out preeminent. It was the Lieutenant's right to name. Mount Gower he listed as one, which towers 2,800 feet sheer out of the ocean; his own Christian name he bestowed upon the other, Mount Lidgbird, 2,500 feet, and practically unscaleable, save to experts at the game. The former has a summit comparatively flat covering several hundred acres, the latter's summit is a razor back. Though both are so steep, they are covered with the richest foliage. Below on the southern side of the isle there is a reef, the most southerly in the world, fringing the shore at either end but forming within, a lagoon brimful of wonders to the naturalist. Here a rift in the coral allows entry for boats and is the usual landing place, but when the wind is strong and the surf raging, then one has to go to the other side of the island where a beach of golden sand gives charming and comparatively easy approach. It was at the latter that I landed.

Besides the isle itself there is other land in sight : one group of islets called the Admiralties, not half a mile away, rugged, very difficult of approach save in calmest weather, of many curious shapes, a great cavern penetrating the largest of the Admiralties clear through from side to side. Here is the breeding ground of myriads of sea birds, the Wide-awake, the lordly Gannet, the beautiful Bos'un bird with its flaring tail feathers, Blue-bills, Noddies and Mutton-birds.

And then far off, some eighteen miles to the southward, there rises out of the sea what one takes at first for Neptune's Cathedral, for there is the Nave and the Spire clear cut to the eye. This is Ball's Pyramid which rises 1,800 feet into the sky. None has ever scaled it, but few have managed to land

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<sup>275</sup> [Henry Lidgbird Ball \(1756–1818\)](#)

<sup>276</sup> Ball named the island after Admiral of the Fleet [Richard Howe \(1726–1799\)](#).

upon its rocky base. Only birds know what its Nave-like roof holds. Someday an aeroplane may hover over and tell us what the Islanders and others fain would know.

As we approached Lord Howe we saw high up on the rugged mountainsides small specks of gleaming white. These are the wild goats of the Island, brought by man and got clear of all possible control. But the islanders have no need of them; there is abundance without need of going a-gunning. It is quickly evident to the newcomer that life on Lord Howe means a rich and bountiful table. Fish in plenty, meat in abundance, milk and cream to spare, poultry of many kinds, with vegetables and fruit for every taste.

### The Kentia Palm

But what distinguishes this island from all others is that here and here alone the wide world over, grows naturally the beautiful Kentia Palm. In the world we meet with them where'er we go; in pots we see them adorning hallways and tables : graceful things, they delight the eye in ballrooms and on platforms. Lord Howe is their native home and on Lord Howe they are to be seen in all their fullness of growth. To the world they are known as small and dainty; in their true home they tower forty feet high. Here they seed; outside, even if they reach that strength, the seed is valueless. Here is the nursery of the Kentia Palm and from here go the seeds all over the world. It is the *raison d'être* of those living on the island. It is the one business of the six score folk who dwell and work thereon. They have to be climbed for do those seeds, hanging high up on a long stem, half a dozen slender strings together. From these the seeds are stripped into sacks, each holding about two bushels. Then to the water's edge where sheds are raised wherein the packing is done. The quotation given me was forty dollars a bushel in London where the best price is given. Sydney is a large centre of distribution also, but lately a large area has been set aside as a nursery where the palms are started and when well developed, the dainty Thatch Palm — to give its correct botanical title — is shipped to the nearby continent. To walk in the groves is a delight. Above one's head they wave gracefully in the wild, the undergrowth is palms again, of every size. They are so close together that the light is largely cut off, but up they shoot to reach the all needful sunlight. The soil is sandy loam, not deep I fancy, but constant showers help rapid growth.

But though Nature tends and cares, another side of Nature works havoc and hugely menaces the industry. Some few years back, the little steamer that plies to and from Australia ran upon the rocks that encircle the island, and the rats, ever keen of life, thought discretion required prompt desertion. They landed : and from that unfortunate day have wrought destruction all around. At first they started on the abundant birdlife. These birds of the main island had had no enemy before. They had no fear of man. Fantails and Silver-Eyes, Magpies and Kingfishers, and a dozen others were everywhere, the insect life their food, the hills and vales redolent with song. Today they are almost extinct. Not content with the toothless birds themselves, those savage rodents also attacked the nests. Egg diet was a find indeed, nor was any nest outside their furtive reach. Fortunately those Admiralties have escaped. The Strait between means safety for the seabirds : and sharks, both "School" and "Tiger", lie ever ready to snap up aught that comes their way. And thus, the birdlife and the eggs a minor quantity, those rats sought other provender and found it in the Palm seeds. They have turned into pure vegetarians. They do not trouble to climb the stems, but so closely hang the Kentia together, that the rodents run from tree top to tree top, finding all the food they require within easy reach.

The islanders in their desperate need have tried many means to rid them of the pest; shooting is slow work with such a horde; poison is dangerous with cattle everywhere. Of late they have tried owls,

importing them from Queensland, not large, a reddish brown, good hunters of vermin. We brought a dozen more along with us. The few birds remaining must protect themselves from those sharp eyes and fearsome talons; the rats are the main thing. The rodent has not tamely succumbed. He is still full of fight. He has attacked his enemies' nests and robbed parents of their coming brood. Till the rats are largely reduced, the full-fledged bird must be brought and loosed. The islanders are hopeful, and all lovers of the Kentia Palm must needs wish them well. Those seeds develop quickly; there are two crops a year, but it means a livelihood gone unless the scourge is mastered.

There is menace besides from the insect life. The birds gone, Nature has become lopsided. The injurious insects are unchecked in their ravages. The beautiful and well-tended gardens of the little isle are attacked. Therein one sees roses and balsam, arum lilies and long hedges of oleander. Here is fine field for pestiferous insect. The isle is also an orchard. Here grows peaches and pomegranates, lemons and oranges in profusion. Never have I tasted more luscious mandarin oranges than on Lord Howe. Where'er one turned there were trees laden with the golden fruit. They could be had for the picking. But here again insect life has its innings unchecked. Besides which those audacious rats have found out the value of bananas and acquired a taste for the pulp; like man, refusing the skin. The groves are no freer than the nests from that steamer's furry host.

Turn we now to more pleasant subject. The Kentia is not the only palm on Lord Howe, though it naturally lords itself over the rest in the eyes of man. There is the Mountain Palm, both big and little which cover, together with ferns and lichens, the face of those towering hills : and closer to the level area are the Curly Palms. The seeds of these are in clusters, a slight distance below the great waving leaves. There is real grass too, fine meadows whereon cattle graze. There seems not to be such a thing on Lord Howe as lean horse or kine.<sup>277</sup> They are full rounded, neither rib nor bone a-showing. Happy creatures these, yet know not their good luck.

## Settlement

It was not at once upon discovery that this palm business began. The first settler, one Andrews, reached the isle in 1838.<sup>278</sup> I wandered over the old homestead; it lies back from the sea, sheltered from the winds by palm groves and lofty trees, the chief of these the banyan. These grow to immense size, throwing down their roots from the extended branches till they cover an amazing space of ground. Andrews knew that whalers called for water, and bethought him to make a sufficiency by supplying them with meat and vegetables. From the appearance of the place, its neat old home and out-buildings, he evidently succeeded. That he and his were the first inhabitants seems certain. There has been naught discovered that speaks of natives. True there have been human bones occasionally dug up close to shore, but these were in all likelihood the remains of some whaler whose companions preferred to bury him ashore, than to cast him into the deep.

The present residents have charming homes : no mere shacks, but bungalows with wide verandahs, each in its own paddock with grassland all around. They lie scattered, delightful roadways through

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<sup>277</sup> Kine: an archaic plural for cow.

<sup>278</sup> From *Pinetrees Lord Howe Island 1842–1992: A brief history of the Andrews-Nichols-Kirby families* (2006): The first habitation of Lord Howe was in 1833 or '34 when 3 New Zealand men — Ashdown, Bishop and Chapman with their Maori wives and 2 boys lived at Old Settlement... The 48' cutter Rover's Bride was a trading vessel of 49 tons, built in 1838... On 2nd July 1842 she left Sydney with Margaret and Thomas Andrews... They anchored in the roadstead off Neds Beach a few days later.

the palm forest leading from one the other. They have however three common meeting grounds. A Bowling Green which they claim to be the equal of any in their homeland, and certainly it is a pleasure to look upon and test thereon one's ability at the ancient game : a Tennis Court, not grass but hard, ready for all seasons : and a Church. They have neither doctor, nurse nor hospital. They do not have illness on Lord Howe; they go forward till old age claims them, then they are lain away amid the ferns and palms. Of course there is a school, and I was shown a no less imposing structure than a Government House, but there is no Governor, nor ever has been. The whole business is a community affair, tended and fathered from Sydney : for Lord Howe is electorally in New South Wales. It is a close corporation, outsiders stand no show. To get within the charmed circle calls for a ten years' residence as an outsider, but, even so, ever welcome, for hospitality is a feature of those open-hearted, open-handed folk.

So important was the Kentia Palm seed industry considered, that a Royal Commission was appointed in 1912 to look into the matter and a Board of Control appointed. This looks after the Company, which means the Islanders. Lads born on the island acquire so many shares on attaining their majority, and girls are dowered upon their marriage. It is to the interest of all to work, and work they do with a will. A school provides local training, so that there is no need to get away to the continent. Young and old, everyone appears busy during the working hours of the days. Sledges are much in use; they are preferable to carts, gliding over the smooth sandy soil in rain or sunshine. Carts are for heavier goods than the sacks of seeds. Some have attained to the splendor of a trap. But this must be for Sundays, not such day as most good Christians keep, for Lord Howe is a stronghold of the Seventh Day Adventists. But they do not force the point with the stranger that is in their midst. He comes and goes as he wills. They are glad to receive you on their shores; they seem loath to part with you.

But the world outside calls; one may not linger over long when one is the only drone. The steamer calls, strong arms carry you to the waiting whale boat, and strong arms ply you over the dancing waves to the ship in the offing. Up goes the gangway, the whistle blows, and Lord Howe Island with its Kentia Palms becomes but a memory of the past.



## THE ISLAND OF DESPAIR (I) : NORFOLK

### A Beauty Spot

Not now. But once it was, nor can any newcomer escape wholly from the remembrance of those tragic days just a century ago; thirty years of inhuman work wrought upon man by his fellows, from 1825 to 1855. Now all is peace. That better day broke when the Pitcairn Islanders arrived, who beholding the lovely land after their largely forbidding one in so far as sustenance was concerned, forthwith named it Paradise, nor have had cause to change the name. To “Pitcairners” as those born on Pitcairn are designated (and there are still today a full dozen or more who have right to name) and to “Norfolkers” as their descendants are called, they can think of naught better in this life, nor desire otherwise, than to live out their allocated span on this fair islet in the Southern Sea.

For Nature has not spared herself upon it, she has been prodigal of gift, nor has ever native race added their wild, uncouth presence to her perfect handiwork.<sup>279</sup> It was virgin ground for man when Captain Cook, on 9<sup>th</sup> October 1774, and his crews, first set eyes upon it.<sup>280</sup> Like Lord Howe six hundred miles to the southward, it had failed of discovery through all the long centuries. To the British it has and always will belong till stronger arm shall seize it. It is but five miles long and three miles in width, an area of 8,500 acres, but there are no barren spots therein, the deep red soil of decomposed volcanic rock reaching down two hundred feet and more, carrying either forest, fruit or field. That soil is porous, which means that wells are no difficulty the whole island over. Alone in a sense it is. Sydney to the West is nine hundred miles away, Lord Howe is five hundred, naught but New Zealand four hundred miles off between it and the Antarctic, New Caledonia to the North rises six hundred miles away, and the Kermadecs to the East are distant a full eight hundred. And yet, though so cut off, it throbs night and day continuously with the heartbeats of the world. For here is to be found one of the Cable Stations of the All Red Route. At Anson Bay three great cables come ashore : from far off Bamfield on Canadian soil, from Brisbane in Australia, from Auckland in New Zealand. Who could feel alone, cut off, with such connections, conscious that a continuous stream of the sayings and doings of the world is passing through the isle. To know and be known is easy upon Norfolk, be the distance ever so great. At the Cable Station the news of the daily world is yours, an hour will put you in touch with your own flesh and blood be they where they may.

It has some small dependencies, most not worthy of a name, but two stand out preeminent upon the south coast; first Nepean, of coral sandstone, a few acres in extent, seemingly an original part of the reef nearby and but a quarter mile from shore; Phillip (of Basalt) nigh three miles in the offing. The latter rises nine hundred feet above the sea, and is one and one-half miles long, with a width of three-quarters of a mile. Its colors are many and vivid, made up as it is with brilliantly colored blue, red, yellow, and brown volcanic rock, but its surface is bare of foliage. Man placed goats, pigs and rabbits thereon and these have long since cleared the land. It is the home, in their nesting season, of countless seabirds, gannet, bos’n birds, and wide-awakes; their eggs pilfered by the islanders, their screeching pandemonium.

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<sup>279</sup> According to Wikipedia, [Norfolk Island](#) was first settled by East Polynesian seafarers either from the Kermadec Islands north of New Zealand or from the North Island of New Zealand. They arrived in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and survived for several generations before disappearing.

<sup>280</sup> Cook named the island after [Mary Howard, Duchess of Norfolk \(c. 1712 - 1773\)](#).

## Its Coastline

The coastline of Norfolk is forbidding, only a few breaks in the cliff which runs from two hundred to four hundred feet in height, and these breaks affording but poorest approach. Herein lies the chief difficulty of the Islanders. To get on and off the island is always more or less a risk. It is impossible at times to either land or receive cargo. It has been and may yet again be so that the steamer with passengers and mail has to pass on to the New Hebrides, to hope for a more favorable opportunity upon return. There are no harbors. The wind decides where the ship must lie at anchor, a safe and oft long distance, even two miles, from the shore. Whale boats, locally built, with Norfolkers at the oars and stern, must carry passengers to the landings. There is no possible spot on the north coast. When Kingston in the South cannot serve, then Cascade on the East must be used; when neither are available through stress of weather, they have of late made use of Headstone on the West, but here there are only steps leading down the cliff, with but a bridle path thereto; general cargo is hopeless at present, and must wait for a crane to haul goods up the cliff face from the landing. A tiny jetty has been made at both the former places, but real protection thereby is a stretch of the imagination, save in the calmest weather.

## Its People

Kingston is the metropolis, a wreck of its original high estate, ruins everywhere : but it still has Government House and the Post Office, the Doctor and the various officers of administration. Stores — these, half a dozen in number, are scattered about the island. For visitors there is no hotel; accommodation has to be found in various farm houses who welcome paying guests. But these are not a dozen in number, and at summer seasons, new arrivals, unless they have taken time by the forelock, <sup>281</sup> have to take their chance at finding a bed and seat at table.

The population is seven hundred, of which four hundred are descendants of the Pitcairners. There are no natives, and English, slow and deliberate, is the common language, though a weird mixture of Tahitian and our tongue is heard from some. It is far from pretty to the ear, and profusely ungrammatical.

## A Bird's Eye View

The island is a mass of rolling hills and vales. Where clearing has not been made, and rich green pasture appear with cattle browsing, or the maize and sweet potato growing, there is forest with the stately Norfolk Pine preeminent. Cook's use for it as masts was not found feasible, but for shingles and palings it is excellent. It makes fine studs and rafters and comes in handily for both boat planking and scantling. It was of Norfolk Island pine that the sloop "The Norfolk", in which Bass and Flinders made their adventurous trip in 1798, was built at Kingston. In it they settled the status of Van Diemen's Land as an Island and not, as was supposed, a part of the Southern Continent.

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<sup>281</sup> Take time by the forelock: act quickly and decisively; not let slip an opportunity.

For a bird's eye view I climbed Mount Pitt, the only true hill on the island. It is but 1040 feet high but quite sufficient for the purpose. All around, the sea; how clearly then does one realize the solitariness of this pinnacle of land rising out of the deep. Below, the scattered farm houses, each in their own picturesque setting of open field and coppice. Parts still of pure forest, white oak and maple, with pines of Noah's Ark predominant. The banyan also finds a home here and the health-giving eucalyptus. The forty miles of red roads laid out by the Royal Engineers, and made mostly by forced convict labour, winding in and out among the vales or climbing hills. The horses, never shod, need to be sturdy beasts, for their work seems largely on the collar. Giant ferns and palms grow thick in the untamed valleys, down which rivulets trickle, making their way to the sea. There is no room for rivers. And everywhere one sees and comes across boulders of all sizes. They lie scattered on the hillsides, in the vales and by the roadside. They are the cores of the mighty rocks upheaved by volcanic action, the rest of the huge mass has decomposed and become rich soil. These have defied Time, and most of them look good for Eternity. You pass up and down through the wild tobacco plant, oft rising to ten feet and more, with sturdy stem and branches. It is everywhere, the whole land over, a weed which in convict days was attempted to be cut down, thus to deny even this poor privilege of an apology for the real article to the tobacco hungering Prisoners of the Crown. Here too is seen the coffee plant, much of it running wild, but some still under cultivation, spoken of as every whit, when cared for, as good as Javan. It was a real industry once, but energy has slackened. Lemon and orange trees stud the land, their golden fruit in season. Of other fruits, Norfolk sees full prodigal limes, peaches, mummy apple, figs, and grapes, guava and pomegranate tree, pineapple and banana groves, passion fruit and strawberries.

And bird life everywhere. The parrot with its flaming red and richest purple; the guava bird with neck and skull of deep cream; the brilliant kingfisher; bronze-winged doves; a wee robin, red breasted of course, but with snow white skull cap; the starling ever ready of theft; silver eyes; and wrens most trustful; fantails dancing round one's feet and inviting friendship; quail and pheasant; with snipe and mutton birds as periodical visitors to give variety to epicures.

And best of finds to those who have endured on other South Sea Isles, few flies, mosquitos rarer, no snakes or reptiles or poisonous insect, and malaria unknown. True, there are other weeds at that, many of them introduced by well-meaning folk ignorant of the danger. There is the water hyacinth brought for its beauty by garden lovers, placed in a rivulet and run wild from that day; the locally called Cascade onion is deadly poison to cattle; the acacia; the red salvia, which is known as wild mint; the poison berry; the lantana, also introduced for garden beautification, this one from New Caledonia, as bad and gross a weed as any; an innocent clover too, brought in along with horse feed in the Long Ago, which runs rampant in the paddocks, fair feed at one season, but later developing a prickly surface which works havoc with throats and lays out many a chicken; and the curse of present day Australia, the prickly pear. Luckily its continental companions, the Scotch thistle and the rabbit, have not accompanied it, save the latter on Phillip Island, safe always and now well-nigh extinct of inanition.<sup>282</sup> The latter two's introduction into Australia has been traced to their source; the prickly pear's beginner is not so well known and as a specimen of mistaken energy may be profitable to contemplate as I did upon that mountain top.

Nearly a century ago, the first holder of a big Station on the Gwydir in New South Wales brought a pear plant from Scone, his birthplace in fair Scotland, where he had noted the plant on a visit Home. It took his fancy either as an improvement to the scenery or a useful and cheap fence for paddocks. The first plant brought to Keera Station, despite every care, curled up and died. But such pioneers as he were used to setbacks. Another plant was sent for and this time it thrived exceedingly and spread.

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<sup>282</sup> Inanition: the exhausted condition that results from lack of food and water.

The Station owner now began to suspect danger and ordered the pear to be dug up and destroyed. Those who dug the weed up threw all into the Gwydir River. That set up the pear for life. It spread along the river flats and laid hold of the district far wide. It swarmed over pastoral lands, good country and poor alike, it climbed mountains and defied man to uproot it. Over seven million acres of New South Wales alone have been subjugated, and it is still spreading at the rate of a million acres a year throughout the land. The guilty party upon Norfolk is unknown and happily, for some unexplainable reason, it is infinitely less aggressive, but it is a source of danger for all that.

Wild flowers are few, but this is made up by the residents whose gardens are filled with the flowers of their Homeland, the rose preeminent.

Such is Norfolk Island, and despite the weeds (ominous for its future welfare unless the Islanders bestir themselves far more earnestly than at present), with never biting cold, nor tropic blistering heat, can it be wondered at that those who dwell thereon are well content. Their wants are few, and constitutionally they lack ambition, for which their Tahitian blood accounts for much. Their forefathers of that ilk passed their days in feasts and dancing. Norfolkers take delight in picnics, socials, dances and “the pictures”. Rawson Hill, an old time convict storehouse at Longridge, on the road from Kingston to The Cable Station, is the scene of all indoor revelry. The name is that of one whom they would keep in lasting memory, Admiral Sir Harry Rawson,<sup>283</sup> Governor of New South Wales, who took throughout his term of office, a deep and lively interest in their affairs. There are football teams and cricket clubs, a Rifle Club and annual athletic sports, tennis grounds and croquet lawns and a ten hole golf links. Community labour lately laid out the Recreation Park at Kingston. Willows and wattle trees were obtained from the distant Commonwealth nurseries at Canberra, the future capital of Australia, now slowly rising; the stately Norfolk Pines completing the arboreal fence. Each tree has its individual owner, who is responsible for its growth and welfare, a nameplate ensuring his lasting remembrance. They are simple folk, these gentle spoken islanders, and have much time on their hands for details.

### Internal Affairs

Their road work, too, is a call on every man. From the ages of twenty-one to fifty-five, every male islander, be he Norfolker or settler or even visitor of six months’ standing, has to give fifteen days labour in repairing the roads and cutting brush. He must work or he must pay for substitute. The Executive Council settles what has to be done, and a Notice Board on the old convict Barracks wall tells off each man to his job, he bringing his own tools.

Prohibition rules, though as elsewhere, one cannot fail to see that there is leakage somewhere. Strictly speaking, liquor is not permitted to enter the island save for medicinal purposes, which means a permit from the doctor. But men’s ailments are strangely many and varied under such circumstances. Before a doctor came on the scene, the Chaplain was the all important party; he must have been a hard one to circumvent by thirsty souls.

The revenue is but slight, the outlay considerable, met by the taxpayers of Australia. Small though the island is, and inhabitants but few, yet there has to be Administrator and Secretary, Registrar, Auditor and Postmaster, Medical Officer, School Teachers, and the well nigh sinecure of Constable. The latter is today a fine specimen of Australian manhood, booted and spurred, who looks very far

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<sup>283</sup> [Harry Holdsworth Rawson \(1843 –1910\)](#)

from being overworked and well worthy of the higher title, Chief of Police, but alas! it cannot be, for he is The Force. The Customs, too, call for gold buttons and a salary. There is Forest Ranger and an official who bears the curious title of Tidewaiter and who comes into play when ships call. The Administrator is now also Chief Magistrate, and there is Court Room with Jury Box and Prisoner's dock, but from the yearly returns he seems to get dead rusty in his law : if there are two dozen Blue Papers in a year the whole island sits up, takes due notice, and asks why this wickedness abroad. For Religion has a mighty hold. From Adams' day in far off Pitcairn, with his Bible and his Prayer Book, it has become engrained. All seems done "in prayer", as the old folks quaintly tell you. Does death come to any, such visitation silences the whole community for days. It is a community affair. Some make the coffin, others dig the grave, all possible attend the funeral. The Norfolkers are but one family, and others who have settled among them fall to the same feeling. Yet the divisions of Christendom are here as elsewhere. There are ardent Anglicans and Methodists, Seventh Day Adventists and a peculiar sect called Evangelist. The Roman finds no place here. The man who professes nothing has to walk right warily.

The cost of living is in keeping with all else. Very little money circulates. It comes chiefly from the visitors of whom the five weekly steamer from Sydney brings a dozen to twenty at each call. They come for rest or from curiosity and liven things up considerably during their stay. Accommodation is provided, lodging and sound board, at thirty shillings a week. You may be so extravagant as to stay where forty shillings is charged. That means that for under one hundred pounds you can be well housed and fed for a full year. Do you desire to rent a home, you can have a charming one, a farm house built of Norfolk pine, from four to six rooms, with cooking range in kitchen, of ample size the whole place, a lovely garden and acreage full of fruit thrown in, for fifteen shillings a week. Furnished and use of linen is a few shillings more. They run as low as twelve and sixpence a week. Little wonder that the island attracts the moderately endowed who form the major portion of the 'outlander' permanents. The wonder is that the island has not been swamped.

They speak of it upon the Southern Continent as a Health Resort, and given better shipping facilities, it doubtless would be a Mecca for the invalid. Its vital statistics are so eloquent of health that neither Cottage Hospital nor trained nurse is found thereon. For serious operation there is nothing ready. It is Sydney for these, or chance of local recovery. Looking up a chance Annual Report, I read of Births 21, Deaths 6, and a Medical Officer's Report of but three lines. Happy official he who had but to write : (a) The health of the people is remarkably good. (b) One lady had an attack of mumps. (c) Colds were fewer than in previous years. A full year's work thus summarized. He may well be the envy of his hard worked profession.

The climate is all that is to be desired. In the month of September it may reach its lowest temperature, 47 degrees, and in January it may touch 89 degrees. The winds blow steadily and the rainfall may reach 47 inches or a little more. Droughts have been known, and sometimes the outside edge of a cyclone strikes the isle. There was one of the latter as lately as February 1923 which did much damage to both homes and the aged stately pine. The community's Playhouse got it hard, the iron roof and many a sturdy rafter went hurtling far. But such visitations are rare.

### Place Names

The place names have their tale. It was Lieutenant King who brought the first contingent of convicts. King's Town was the site he chose, and Kingston it will be for aye. The apology for bay and harbour he named after that magnificent and safe one he had sailed from — Sydney. The large island in the

offing he named after his superior officer — Phillip. He who had piloted that convict ship of his H.M.S. Supply, and had discovered Lord Howe upon the way, his name here, too, in another so-called bay, but Ball Bay like the rest of them offers no real protection from the sea. The great navigators and fighting heroes of that day are commemorated in Point Vincent,<sup>284</sup> Point Howe and Anson Bay.<sup>285</sup> Its discoverer finds his memorial in a rock off the northern coast; Cook's and Crown seal rock, the former of which whale boats with full sail on can easily sail through. Within the isle but one name was bestowed, a name that in those far off days dominated the Empire that then was, even as the rising mound dominates the little isle itself, Mount Pitt, than which there seemed to be naught more fitting.

Then it was all virgin ground, now every acre has its owner. But the changes have been various since 1788; perhaps no part of the Empire has had quite so unique an experience. They call for separate treatment, and will have it, but here they are :

1788 to 1814	First Convict Settlement
1814 to 1825	Island uninhabited
1825 to 1855	Second Convict Settlement
1856	Coming of the Pitcairners

And the administration is as variable :

1788 to 1844	Under control of New South Wales
1844 to 1856	Under control of Tasmania
1856 to 1914	Crown colony under the Governor of New South Wales
1914	Under control of the Commonwealth of Australia

The real history of Norfolk Island has yet to be written; from reform to solitude; from solitude to despair; from despair to Paradise; then the long rule of an unsophisticated people; today a Tourist Resort, and this Writer one of them.

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<sup>284</sup> Possibly [John Jervis, Earl of St Vincent \(1735–1823\)](#)

<sup>285</sup> Possibly [George Anson \(1697–1762\)](#)



## THE ISLAND OF DESPAIR (II) : THE CONVICT

### The First Settlement

It is a long cry back to 1788 when Lieutenant King in H.M.S. Supply brought the first batch of the condemned from Sydney, and landed upon Norfolk Island. The whole party were but twenty-one in number, of which fifteen were convicts, both men and women. Captain Phillip in distant Sydney had an eye to the future of his own large family in thus starting a settlement; this beyond the explicit instructions he had been given at Home to occupy the isle as well as the mainland for fear of its being occupied by the subjects of any other European Power. How close to losing it we were, is to be seen in the fact that whilst Phillip's ships were riding at anchor in Botany Bay after their long sail from Home, the French navigator Laperouse sailed in. He innocently told of his having cast anchor off the strange isle a few weeks previously but had been unable to land owing to the heavy surf. Phillip was quick to perceive that the land round the Parramatta could never support such a crowd as were on his hands. Captain Cook who first saw Norfolk (1774) had reported on the great possibilities of the island, with its rich soil and wild verdure, and naturally Phillip was keen to get things underway and thus supplement the meagre food supplies at Port Jackson. These convicts therefore were not to be mere jailbirds kept behind iron bars; they were to be farmers with largest possible measure of freedom, even as was proposed to be done in New South Wales where by worthy conduct a convict was to be freed, and land given him where he could settle down and work out his Term, known throughout the period of convictism as Emancipists and right well did this little band fall to.

In the man set over them they found one, humane but firm, a leader and an inspirer to effort. No easy task lay ahead, for the island was as Cook stated, a thicket, and clearing was no easy task with its precipitous hillsides and deep narrow vales. But the soil was there, and the climate too. And King was an enthusiast on fruits and flowers. There is still a portion of his Cascade Reserve called The Small Garden, where are to be seen the ruins of the homes of the freed convicts he set there to watch and tend his experiments with orchard and garden. There is yet other in the centre known as Roger's Farm, and other behind Ball Bay. These were real botanical areas set aside by men keen in the pursuit of what the island could produce and what exotic trees and shrubs could be acclimatized. The result of their painstaking intelligence is to be seen today, and all possible credit is surely due them. Rough roads were made to the clearings. The lowest acreage allotted to the convicts was ten, some ran to thirty. Soon the farmer began to see results. Farm and garden each yielded up its toll. There was enough and to spare for the pioneers. Then Phillip sent further batches, and bore off on the ship's return of the super-abundance, to eke out the shortness at his base. Animals too were landed on the isle, and finding abundant pasture increased amazingly. Pigs too were many, the maize their food; salted down, they were a godsend to Sydney's crowd.

Ere six years had passed there were over one thousand men and women upon Norfolk, whose clearings and stone houses studded the land. There were setbacks. Caterpillars appeared and threatened the harvests; blight attacked the fruit trees; a drought occurred and men had to dig deep for water to save their cattle and themselves. A fierce hurricane swept the little isle and left its mark, the bird life was not always a blessing. And there was the sea, ever greedy for its toll. The landing at Kingston was ever dangerous. No pier then as later. Boats upset and many a convict ne'er set his foot on the shore he had been forced to come so far to reach. The good ship "Sirius", which had been the flagship of the gallant Phillip from Home, ended its career on Kingston's rock-bound bay in 1790. It had aboard nigh three hundred convict settlers; the surf this time however missed its quota.

The good work done by King won rightly his promotion, and after a spell at Home whilst Major Ross<sup>286</sup> ruled the island, he was appointed the first Lieutenant Governor of Norfolk. The lines on which he had worked had been a great success. His, like his Superior's, was the policy of Reform. Among so many, there must needs be a few black sheep develop on the isle. Some rebelled, there was one attempt at open mutiny, but King was the master when he wished to be. Those years as they glided busily by were as memorable in the history of Norfolk for Content and Hope as the later stage of convictism was to be for Tragedy and Despair. The Governor, the Chaplain, the Surgeon and the Staff were located in Kingston, but the great penal barracks were non-existent; the island itself with its rock-bound coast was the jail yard, its inmates busy on the bountiful soil within.

King's useful term of service ended in 1800 when Major Foveaux<sup>287</sup> took over the reins, who was succeeded four years later by Captain Piper,<sup>288</sup> when suddenly the end came. Tasmania had become a penal settlement and the authorities wanted farmers used to far-from-Home conditions to open up that island to feed its new population. Their greedy eyes had noted King's wonderful success. They would remove his trained workers *en bloc* to repeat the work in the far south. They bolstered up their order by saying that Norfolk's harborage was impossible, that the island had served its day : Sydney was on its feet and Tasmania was not. That was in 1804. It took ten full years to carry out that order. From the very first it was stoutly opposed, and King, who was now at Sydney as Governor of New South Wales, led the protest. He had been throughout an ardent believer in the great future awaiting the island. He affirmed that not one but six thousand souls could be easily supported upon it. Now all was to be abandoned. At first it was not so much an order as a tempting offer to the emancipated Norfolk. They were not to suffer in any way by the change. But they had learned to love their island home. Suggestion fell flat. Then at last came the compulsory order and the ships to carry them off, from Governor to infant. Everything movable went, only livestock that had gone wild escaped. There was no intention however to relinquish Britain's rights on the island; its future was in abeyance.

### An Interregnum

For full ten years Norfolk was silent save for screech of seabirds, as it had been for untold centuries ere Cook set foot upon it. But the forest grew again, the weeds got a fresh start, and untold tons of fruit fell and went to rot. Occasionally a whaling ship would call for water and to hunt the wild pigs and goats for fresh meat as a change in diet. Today there are to be seen relics of those Reforming days. Here is a chimney of stone, covered with clinging ivy, standing alone in the paddock of some Norfolk today. It was a convict's home. Here is a ruin of another cosy home; you can walk in and trace the rooms now open to the sky. They built stolidly in those days; the reef supplied them, even as it was to supply a later stage with rock for a far deadlier purpose.

The first convict phase was ended. King especially deserves our praise. Nature was not defiled by man's presence as later 'twas to be.

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<sup>286</sup> [Robert Ross \(ca 1740–1794\)](#)

<sup>287</sup> [Joseph Foveaux \(1767–1846\)](#)

<sup>288</sup> [John Piper \(1773–1851\)](#)

## Dark Days

Now come we to dark times, to Despair so deep and loud that it re-echoed o'er sea and land till the old Home itself heard it at long last, and hearing had to heed and put an end thereto. It saved some, but what of those who had endured and at length passed miserably, yet counting death a joy, so to escape their agony. They were of the scum of the earth of their day, 'tis true; they had to be broken or they would break, this also is true, but inhumanity should have had no place. The fiendish delight of inflicting torture which filled the hearts of so many in authority from the highest grades to the lowest is a blot that not even Time can righteously eliminate. Their name goes down the ages of infamy, and justly so. The Commandants during that reign of terror are amongst those to be read by all on a tablet within the government offices at Kingston. The list gives those at the head of affairs from 1825 to 1855 in the following order : Captains Turton, Donaldson, Wright, Hunt, Wakefield, Lieutenant Colonel Morisset, Majors Anderson and Ryan.<sup>289</sup> The latter half were responsible for the worst phases of that dark period.

To stand amid the ruins and walk the quads where the leg-ironed convicts dragged out their wretched lives is to create a longing that Justice may yet have avenged itself upon those cruel hands. Those crumbled cells, those lofty loop-holed walls, those barracks where the lesser criminals were herded seem to cry out to you. They heard the groans and saw the agonies of men for thirty years; if only they could speak we should know the truths and facts which Parliamentary Papers can never give, nor Commissions get at. You can read books thereon, you can hear tales spun far away, but to wander alone amid the ruins is to know. Perhaps it were best to pull those ruins down, to leave not one Stone of remembrance, and yet they have their use. They are a silent witness to the abuse of Power, a warning to him who looks thereon of what man, free or captive — without balance — is capable of, and bring home to him the fact, as nothing as well else can, that out of such appalling misery came victory at last. Transportation and its elder sister Slavery, each in turn have been banished forever from the Empire. Men saw at last the wickedness of each, and seeing, acted.

The isle had rested from man's handiwork since 1814, when in 1825 it was decided to use it once again for its former purpose. But with a difference. The original convicts were as we have seen, practically free. Now the scum of the other penal settlements in New South Wales and Tasmania were to be herded upon Norfolk : Class 3 "Incorrigibles", with whom ordinary treatment had failed. The discipline was to be severe, and it had need to be. For a time there was no brutality. There was much to be done. It was under the supervision of a detachment of the Royal Engineers that the many buildings rose. There is still to be seen their office. It is still inhabited, and over its portal is cut deep in stone "Office of the Royal Engineers". Now rose close to the sea the three great stockades with walls twelve and, in portions, sixteen feet in height, the jails proper, within which were the cells, all radiating from a centre as spokes from a hub. Back from the sea, close under the rising ground, the Barracks were erected, three storied buildings enclosed with like high and massive walls, round towers at the corners and the gates, loop-holed for rifle fire in emergency. Two of these, between them capable of holding a thousand convicts. Soldiers' quarters within those walls.

Close to, yet other high-walled square held store houses, Church and offices. In line with these, each in its own little plot, the quarters of the officials were erected, ten of them, where the surgeon, the chaplain and others in high command were housed. This bore and bears today the name of "Quality Row". The common herd were kept at respectful distance from the Quality; they passed it only for

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<sup>289</sup> [Richard Turton](#). [Vance Young Donaldson \(born 1791\)](#). [Thomas Edward Wright](#). [Robert Hunt](#). [Joseph Wakefield](#). [James Thomas Morisset \(1780–1852\)](#). [Joseph Anderson \(1790–1877\)](#). [Thomas Ryan \(1790-1846\)](#).

road work beyond, or in their last journey when ready to be cast into a nameless grave. Today that Row still has some habitable houses. The Doctor and the Chaplain still find their homes there, but most are roofless or in even worse ruin. They came in very handily when the Pitcairners arrived.

Government House was erected on a knoll nearer the sea, overlooking the whole settlement. It still has many a barred window, as did all the homes in those days, and round the double court at the rear were the quarters for the military guard, with walls loop-holed for gun fire. Close to the jail yards and the sea was the main hospital, and in front of it the jetty was built. It has had fierce buffeting since that day, but the Royal Engineers knew their business and the labour of the convicts was not in vain. Close to was the treadmill, its site one of the whale companies' boat sheds today. The gallows too faced the pier, a gruesome welcome and a warning to every new arrival. Lumber yards and workshops, lime kilns and salt works, flour mills and granaries also rose. The windmill proper has disappeared, its solid base alone remaining, its upper works made a bonfire of by young Pitcairners to see at least one healthy blaze in their lives. The mill worked by water power is a ruin, but the reservoir behind, and the little stream, still do their part, ready as ever, but man's need of them has passed.

Those granaries on the summit of a hill behind the Barracks, and well worth the climb to see (by reason of a glorious view of the ruined township below, with the reef beyond and pink clad Phillip Island), have defied Time and negligence. There are nine of them, pits lined with rock and cement twenty feet deep, eleven feet in diameter, dug deep in a small level space upon the top; their bottle-shaped necks four feet across lead up to the surface where a concrete dome rises gently above ground. Easy of ingress or egress, these necks remind one of manholes in a city's sewer. All this work, the whole flat over, was of limestone rock, and the coppings, the arches, and all entrances were faced with well-worked stone. You can see much of it today.

### **A Famous Son of Norfolk**

High up on a knoll back of the ruins of the hospital and overlooking the jail stockades is a house, still inhabited, where a great Australian<sup>290</sup> was born. His infant and childhood days spent where men were as slaves, his life was spent in the unceasing struggle for the full liberty of his fellow free citizens in the fast developing Southern Continent. Dr. Wentworth<sup>291</sup> was one of the colonial assistant surgeons out from Home to tend convict and free. His post for some years was on Norfolk Island where he added to his duties that of Superintendent of convicts. Here his famous son, William Charles Wentworth, was born. His father, recalled to Sydney, the son (after forming one of the famous party who first mastered the Blue Mountains) went Home for his education, and after a course at Cambridge University was called to the Bar, with a view to practising that profession in Sydney. But reform consumed him. Before he left England he struck hard. Upon his return he quickly took a lead in public affairs and for over thirty years was a great power in the land. He was the first Australian politician of distinction. He fought for Representative Government, for Trial by Jury, and for the Freedom of the Press. He conducted his own newspaper through which he taught the people and wielded an immense influence. A University man himself, he was the initiator of the movement for the founding of Sydney University, from which those at Melbourne, Adelaide, Tasmania, Brisbane and Perth have

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<sup>290</sup> [William Charles Wentworth \(1790–1872\)](#)

<sup>291</sup> [D'Arcy Wentworth \(1762–1827\)](#)

sprung. His home <sup>292</sup> across the Bay at Sydney with its lovely gardens is an heirloom for the people, a Mecca to which all good Australians sometime or other wend their way to pay their mead of tribute.

### The Three Stations

Kingston was not the only hive of work. The number of convicts called for other housings and two spots were chosen, Longridge on the top of the ridge running east, an easy distance from the main base, and Cascade, well across the island to the north. In both places much of what was at Kingston was repeated, the ruins of which, in lesser measure, remain. There is today a pretty cottage still inhabited, hard by the ruins of Longridge, wherein one of the nobility of the British Isles long dwelt. It was pointed out to me as the residence of the Earl of Limerick, <sup>293</sup> grandfather of the present Earl, <sup>294</sup> who was of those Irish Patriots transported to New South Wales for rebellion in the closing years of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century and who, largely free of movement as ‘a gentleman convict’ in that far off penal settlement, was (because of his social status) allowed to select his dwelling place, and joined those on Norfolk Island, a far more picturesque spot than Sydney. His Countess followed him into exile and her body lies in the little cemetery hard by Kingston. Their heir <sup>295</sup> was left at Home under guardians, but others of the family were born here.

Now more roads were made opening up the whole land and none have bettered the choice in any instance. The main road leading up to Longridge and far beyond was the only one attempted on Macadam’s <sup>296</sup> lines with the result that it is the best of all today, the rest after heavy rain leaving much to be desired. For in truth it must be said that one faces miry <sup>297</sup> mud in winter and choking dust in summer. It was from Longridge onward that convict labour set out what is the Great Show of the isle, an avenue of Norfolk Pines, near one and a half miles long, the trees set thirty feet apart on either side of the road, every one today a noble specimen, their average height one hundred and thirty feet. They were planted by forced labour close on a century ago; they look set for Eternity, their symmetry perfect, the long avenue a perpetual delight to roam along.

Whilst all this building was going on, and even beautification thought of, agriculture was pursued with grim determination. There were many mouths to feed, and the whole matter was placed under the care of a specially assigned officer, the Superintendent of Agriculture, to whom the present day Norfolk owes much.

### The Darkest Days

This then was Norfolk Island from 1825 to 1855 : and at the height of things, there were nigh three times its present population. At Kingston there were nine hundred convicts, at Longridge three hundred and fifty, at Cascade six hundred, besides the officials and detachments of soldiers required to control and guard. It took more than one of the Commandants to see all this work through, rigid

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<sup>292</sup> [Vaucluse House](#), Vaucluse, Sydney.

<sup>293</sup> William Henry Tennison Pery, 2nd Earl of Limerick (1812–1866)

<sup>294</sup> William Henry Edmund de Vere Sheaffe Pery, 4th Earl of Limerick (1863–1929)

<sup>295</sup> [William Hale John Charles Pery, 3rd Earl of Limerick \(1840–1896\)](#)

<sup>296</sup> [Macadam](#) is a type of road construction pioneered by Scottish engineer [John Loudon McAdam](#).

<sup>297</sup> Mire: an area of wet, soggy, muddy ground.



discipline the rule, the convicts working in gangs, oft leg-ironed, the lash for the disobedient, the dungeon for the refractory and the mutinous. The work finished, there came a weak hand at the helm. Then pandemonium reigned. Things were not going well on Norfolk. The men were out of hand. The Authorities on the Southern Continent saw that something had to be done. It certainly needed a strong hand, but not a band of brutes as now ensued. Discipline was restored, none can find fault with that, but repression was fortified with premeditated cruelty. The ingenuity displayed in discovering new forms of torture for even trivial offences gives one the impression that fiends, not human beings ruled. There is plenty of evidence for those who would seek to know. One does not have to go to Fiction. There is the Report of a Select Committee on Transportation (1838) printed by order of the House of Commons : the Report of the House of Lords (1847) : the Report from R. P. Stewart specially sent in 1846 to report on Norfolk Island : and the weighty evidence in the correspondence relating to the dismissal of Rev. T. Rogers <sup>298</sup> from his Chaplaincy at the Island. This latter was for private circulation only. It were well had he made it public. I would fain see a book, but well nigh unattainable, “Tales of the Isle of Death” by Price Warung <sup>299</sup> : and I have heard much on the Island of another book with the title “Twenty Straws” <sup>300</sup> written by one who was amongst the victims, but which was suppressed. What tends to confirm one’s belief in the iniquity of things here perpetrated is the fact that all official records were ordered to be burned before final evacuation. We really know but the fringe of things, yet such is enough to disgust.

Lest some should think this denunciation of the Past to be far fetched, and that things were not so fiendish after all, let us take but one instance referred to in the witness of the Chaplain. Leaving out such tortures as “the spread-eagle” and “the stretcher”, to which the well-known treadmill was but play time, consider what “the bit and bridle” meant. It was a miniature of that used for the horse. In place of the steel bit was a piece of wood of the same length, but near two inches broad. In the centre there was a small hole. The wood was made fast by leather straps and buckled to the side lines of the head harness. To breathe through this small aperture was an effort at every in and out take, the compression of the lungs an agony, the sound resembling a feeble whistle, the man struggling for breath, half strangled. Just before it would be too late, the victim was released.

Such deeds would not “down”. At last, let us give credit where credit is due; the reports of inhuman treatment reached sympathetic ears, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Tasmania <sup>301</sup> led the van in a determined attack. His was firsthand information for there had been priests from his diocese stationed on the island. A book from the pen of one of them appeared later, but, like “Twenty Straws”, is not nowadays to be easily lighted upon. The island had been transferred in 1844 from New South Wales to Tasmania, and the Authorities there were responsible. Such an outcry was raised that something had to be done. Bad as things were at Port Arthur in Tasmania, they were infinitely worse on Norfolk. Convicts had murdered one another by consent that the murderer might follow his glad victim, and win his reprieve by death. Those ordered thither begged hard to be hanged rather than be sent. There was but one thing to be done, to wipe Norfolk Island as a penal settlement off the map. In 1855 it was abandoned, but by that time there were but three hundred convicts left. Of this small company a corporal’s guard of ten were left to watch over the many buildings, the stores, the cattle and the farms,

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<sup>298</sup> [Thomas George Rogers \(1806-1903\)](#). *Correspondence Relating to the Dismissal of the Rev. T. Rogers, from his Chaplaincy at Norfolk Island* was published in Launceston in April 1849.

<sup>299</sup> *Tales of the Isle of Death (Norfolk Island)* by Price Warung (George Robertson and Co., Melbourne, 1898, 272 pp.) is available online [here](#).

<sup>300</sup> [Twenty Straws](#) by Eliza Winstanley (John Dicks, London, 1864, 176 pp.). [The book is about](#) “women convicts in Sydney, Norfolk Island and the South Seas of the 1830s”. However, the author, [Eliza O’Flaherty \(1818–1882\), née Winstanley](#), was a celebrated actress and writer, and not a convict herself. *Twenty Straws* was also a [play](#) performed at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, a district in the East End of London, England.

<sup>301</sup> [Robert William Willson \(1794–1866\)](#)



till again some definite conclusion as to these should be come to. It is pleasing to be told that so well did these acquit themselves that when, their service ended, they reached Tasmania, they were freed, all but one who doubting the possible good fortune that might await them, decamped on landing, was recaptured and had to serve out his full term, with additional for his break for liberty.

Norfolk once more lay dormant, the blight had passed. The lovely isle awaited its next phase which was The Coming of the Pitcairners.

## THE ISLAND OF DESPAIR (III) : THE COMING OF THE PITCAIRNERS <sup>302</sup>

It was in 1856 that the Pitcairners landed upon Norfolk Island. It is necessary to glance back some years to understand the title and the reason of their coming. Those Pitcairners were and are the descendants of certain men who took part in the famous mutiny of *The Bounty*. The mutiny itself I have already slightly touched upon, somewhat imperfectly, in dealing with “White Autocrats” of the South Seas, and to those who read more fully as has been my privilege since reaching cultured parts once more, there is nothing better than Judge McFarland’s book <sup>303</sup> thereon; a book, however, difficult to lay one’s hands on, which summarized the many previous ones by Lieutenant Bligh himself, Sir John Barrow, Lady Belcher, Mr. Brodie and the Rev. T. B. Murray. But there are certain matters leading up to, and affecting, Norfolk Island which must needs be dealt with. Those of the twenty-five involved in the mutiny, some of them innocently, who, after returning to Tahiti, elected to seek safety upon Pitcairn’s Island were nine in number. Their names : Christian, Adams, Young, McCoy, Quintal, Mills, Williams, Martin and Brown. They took with them four Tahitian men. Their names : Talolo, Niau, Manari and Timua : also from one of the Austral group of islands south of Tahiti, where they had made effort of settlement prior to their return to Tahiti, three Tubuaians; their names : Oohu, Titahiti and a young Chief Taroa Meiva. Tahitian women accompanied them to the number of twelve. Their names : Mauatua, Mataoha, Wahinetua, Te Walua, Opuille, Fahutu, Te Lahu, Tohimata, Tohaiti, Malewa, Tohalomate and Te’o with her infant, later called Sarah. The *Bounty* therefore bore off to Pitcairn twenty-nine souls. <sup>304</sup>

Of the white men, though Young was the only Naval officer, being one of the midshipmen, it was Christian who was the acknowledged leader and who, till his death (or disappearance), commanded the respect and ready obedience of all. His post on the *Bounty* had been Master’s mate, the Master being the second in command. He had a tall, commanding figure and was of unusual strength. He was born in Cumberland and was an adept in all many exercises. He affirmed from first to last that he alone was responsible for the Mutiny and that none should be condemned for it but he. His brother, who was a professor at Cambridge University and a legal writer of eminence, stood up to the last for Fletcher Christian’s action, pointing out tyranny and constant abuse of power of Bligh. Adams, whose name on the books was Alexander Smith, but who for some unknown reason chose to change his name in 1814, twenty-three years after his fatal step, was the son of a Thames lighterman and had taught himself to read and write before entering the Navy. On the *Bounty* he was one of the seamen. Young, as a midshipman, was far above the rest in education and ranked amongst the band after the above two forceful characters. He was a devoted admirer of Christian from the *Bounty*’s first setting out, and threw in his lot with the mutineer. McCoy, Quintal, Martin and Williams were seamen, Mills was gunner’s mate, and Brown, the gardener, who was to tend the breadfruit trees to be carried from Tahiti to the West Indies.

### Pitcairn As a Refuge

Christian knew of the book being onboard wherein was described the “Swallow’s” (Captain Carteret) voyage in the South Seas a few years previously, and noted Pitcairn’s isolation. He steered for it, but

<sup>302</sup> See also *Pitcairn Island II* and *Pitcairn Island III* in Part XIII, *Roamings in the Great South Sea*.

<sup>303</sup> [Mutiny in the "Bounty!" and Story of the Pitcairn Islanders](#) by Alfred McFarland (J.J. Moore, Sydney, 1884, 240 pp.)

<sup>304</sup> If Titahiti and Taroa Meiva are the same person, then there were 28 souls. The spelling of the Tahitian and Tubuaian names differs considerably among sources.

failed to find it for several days owing to its longitude being wrongly noted in the book. They well nigh gave up, when at last that twin pinnacle of rock, verdure covered, appeared on the horizon. After stripping the *Bounty*, they first burned, then sunk the ship, and with it the guns.

Christian divided the island into nine portions and the native men had to work under their orders. The fatal quarrels began by Williams seizing a native's wife upon the death of his own by her falling off the cliff. Williams and Martin, Mills and Brown were killed by the natives, leaving no issue. Christian was the next victim, killed, so Adams said, while working in his plantation, yet always hesitated when pressed for details. It was said by the first generation that growing desperate upon fully realizing what his act had cost him and others, he cast himself off the rocks. Others said that he fell in a struggle with Adams, who sought to restrain him from giving himself up to a vessel seen on the horizon, which veered off and was seen no more. Again it is stoutly affirmed that he got away from the island unbeknown to his fellows (though possibly not Adams) and was seen both in the south of England and in Cumberland. But he left children; his eldest, a son, the first babe born on Pitcairn, he named "Thursday October" to keep in remembrance both day and month.

Now the women who had been widowed turned upon the native men and slew them, all but one whom Young shot. These newly made widows in their turn sought to leave an island running with blood. They tried to get away in the *Bounty's* best boat, but it was in too poor a condition. Death, not violent, released three of them, however, ere long. McCoy, who had been employed in a distillery at Home, made a concoction from the *Ti* plant, and with it both he and Quintal went wild, McCoy in his delirium throwing himself over the cliff. Quintal became morose and so dangerous to the few left that Young or Adams shot him. In 1800 Young died of asthma, which left Adams alone, with eight women and nineteen children. These bore the following names — Christian, Adams, Young, McCoy, Quintal.

### Isolation Ends

In 1823 the ship *Cyprus* of London called in for water and two of its seamen were allowed to remain by their Captain. Their names : Buffett and Evans. The former was fairly well educated, and the islanders, with Adams at their head, being keen to have their children taught beyond Adams' ability now that Young had died, begged him to become Teacher, and besought the Captain to grant leave. These two then were received into the little community. Buffett married a Young, Evans an Adams. The former was Schoolmaster till 1828, when another came upon the scene in the person of Nobbs. Buffett had somewhat eased the situation ecclesiastically, for both Adams and Young in their days of reform had made sad muddle of the Prayer Book. Desiring to follow the Book's orders to the very letter, they held that as Ash Wednesday and Good Friday were Fasting Days, it followed that every Wednesday and Friday were the same for it says that they too are to be Days of Abstinence. The fine difference between Fasting and Abstinence was quite beyond them. Buffett was intelligent enough to show Adams his error. He remitted the Wednesdays but held on to the Fridays till his death. It was a real hardship but the people bore it uncomplainingly. Nobbs was of still superior education and became not only Schoolmaster, Buffett willingly retiring, but physician and surgeon, and added a lay Chaplaincy to his many duties. He married a Christian and was also taken into the community. As he played an important part in the life of that community both on Pitcairn and on Norfolk, the story of his life is worth noting.

**Parson Nobbs** <sup>305</sup>

Born in Ireland, not without some mystery as to his parentage, he was entered as a boy on the books of H.M.S. Roebuck. Transferred to the “Indefatigable”, he visited Cape Horn, New South Wales, Tasmania, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena. Having circumnavigated the globe, he left the navy, still a young man, and was offered a berth on a ship of 18 guns which went from England to assist the patriots in their struggle for liberty on South America’s west coast. Arriving at Valparaiso, he found exciting times. He received a commission as a Sub under Lord Cochrane <sup>306</sup> in the Chilean service. A Lieutenancy followed for gallantry in cutting out a Spanish ship from under the batteries of Callao. In a severe fight with another Spanish brig, in which he lost forty-eight out of sixty-four men, he and the rest were made prisoners. All but four of these prisoners of war were shot, Nobbs and three seamen being fortunately exchanged for four officers, prisoners in the opposing forces. Leaving the Chilean service he reached Naples on his way home. Making for Messina, his ship foundered, but he was amongst the saved in one of its boats.

Reaching England, he sailed as Chief Mate on a voyage to Sierra Leone, where fever claimed all but the Captain, himself and two negroes. Working their passage Home thus crippled, he, now in command, took the same ship back to the fever coast, this time to be attacked himself, and for many weeks hovered nigh death. Having heard much talk of Pitcairn Island from one of those he had served under, he became much attracted to it and resolved during his sickness that if spared, he would make his way thither. Returning to England, he sailed to the Cape hoping to catch some whaler which might call in at the isle during its cruise in Southern waters. Failing this, he made his way to Calcutta, thence across the Pacific to his old haunt of Valparaiso, and thence to Callao, where he chanced to meet one, Bunker, formerly master of a merchantman but who had fallen upon evil times and was endeavouring to fit out an eighteen ton launch to make for other parts. Nobbs agreed to finance the needful repairs with all his remaining savings, provided that he became co-proprietor and that the two should sail for Pitcairn. This being agreed to, the two set out and in six weeks’ time reached the island. But the exposure and want of sleep had told heavily on the older man, and Bunker died on the island a few weeks later.

Nobbs used the launch’s timbers to erect a modest home for himself, and thus commenced a connection with the islanders that lasted until 1884, a period of fifty-five years and a few months. In Adams he found a true friend for the short time before the mutineer died, and was a faithful friend himself to that strange community, till his own end came upon Norfolk Island, where his body lies. Born 1799. Died aged 85. Adams died in 1829, aged beyond his years in appearance, for he was but 65.

The “Pitcairner” therefore must bear the name of one of the above eight names. He or she must be either a Christian, Adams, Young, McCoy, Quintal, Buffett, Evans or Nobbs. When — to anticipate the story — the 194 souls were transferred from Pitcairn to Norfolk in 1856, or sixty-nine years back, <sup>307</sup> every one of them bore one of those names. Not one “mutineer” was amongst the band, but Buffett, Evans and Nobbs, the contemporaries of Adams, lived to take part in the removal. Of that band there still are found upon the island twenty men and women, their average age 75. Most were children, but some had reached early man and womanhood; for those of ninety years today had already had a good measure of life upon Pitcairn and can tell at first hand of much that deeply

<sup>305</sup> [George Hunn Nobbs \(1799–1884\)](#)

<sup>306</sup> [Thomas Cochrane \(1775–1860\)](#) commanded the Chilean Navy from 1818 to 1822, during the [Spanish American wars of independence](#).

<sup>307</sup> Thus WWB wrote this in 1925.

interests. This tiny remnant of the 194 are today “Pitcairners”, their descendants are but “Norfolkers”. It cannot be long now ere the last of the “Pitcairners” is gathered to their fathers.

### The Change to Other Isle

The reason of their coming must now be considered. Let us glance again down the years that preceded.

It was in January 1790 that the *Bounty* dropped anchor off the island of Pitcairn and the band of fugitives from *Justice* landed. They lived in absolute seclusion till 1808, when the American whaling ship, the “*Topaz*” (Captain Folger, <sup>308</sup> the Master), called when in need of water. To his surprise he saw smoke rising from amongst the trees and, later, habitations. A canoe came out and its occupant hailed the vessel in English, offering to land any who desired. The Captain hesitated, but one of the crew, an Englishman, offered to go provided the *Topaz* stood on near, to which he could swim if attacked. He soon returned in a canoe to tell what he had seen and learned, and the Captain promptly landed. He found a community grown now to thirty-five. Adams was keen to learn the news of the outside world, and in return he made presents to the master of both the chronometer and the azimuth compass of the *Bounty*. The former had been used by Cook in two of his voyages, and had been handed to Bligh (once a midshipman under Cook) for use on the *Bounty*. Captain Folger had it forcibly taken from him by the Spanish Governor of Juan Fernandez, <sup>309</sup> but eventually it was recovered and, reaching England, now rests in the United Services Museum in London. <sup>310</sup> The *Topaz*’s discovery was reported to Admiral Hotham, then on the American coast, who transmitted Folger’s letter to the Admiralty, but the war with France occupied the time and attention of all, though the strange news spread over the land through newspapers and periodicals.

It was in 1814 that the next visit was paid, though passing vessels had been seen, and one boat party at least must have landed unperceived, for a clasp knife was found lying on the beach beside some coconut shells broken open. Now there anchored two British frigates, the *Briton* and the *Tagus*, which were in search of an American ship which had been holding up the English whalers in the South Seas. Both Captains (Sir Thomas Staines <sup>311</sup> and Pipon) went ashore and were greatly interested, as their reports Home show, in all they saw. The community had now grown to forty. They called on Adams in his home, where he spoke respectfully to them, hat in hand and smoothing his scanty locks, the old training once asserting itself, and he expressed a willingness to return to the land of his birth and take his chance. But despite the fact that the Captains pledged their word for his perfect safety, the entire community raised such a weeping and wailing that he had to fall in with their wishes. Everything around and in the various homes was ship shape, neat and spotlessly clean. The clothing of all was made from the bark of the paper mulberry tree. Whilst men and women eat apart, the South Sea native custom now slowly dying out, the latter always had a vote on all community matters, alike with the men.

The reports of these Captains reaching England, a great interest was taken in the island, both by individuals and the Church Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel and for Promoting Christian Knowledge, who by Whalers and Trading Ships managed to send books. But the Authorities left their health condition, and needs, if any, to be learned from such passing vessels.

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<sup>308</sup> [Mayhew Folger \(1774–1828\)](#)

<sup>309</sup> [Juan Fernández Islands](#)

<sup>310</sup> It is currently in the collection of the [National Maritime Museum](#), Greenwich, London, England.

<sup>311</sup> [Thomas Staines \(1776–1830\)](#)

Ten years thus passed. In 1825 the Blossom, under Captain Beechey, R.N.,<sup>312</sup> fitted out for a voyage of discovery, stayed at Pitcairn for three weeks and reported on the community as had those before him. Five years now passed. In 1830 H.M.S. Seringapatam reached the island and her Captain (Waldegrave<sup>313</sup>) brought the first direct gift from the British Government to its smallest Colony. Those gifts of agricultural tools and of clothing were very welcome. The numbers had grown to eighty-one.

To none of these visitors had the Islanders expressed any wish to move. They were content. Though they came of stock who had broken the law, they were one and all enthusiastic Britishers, devoted subjects of their Queen, and profoundly conscious of their duty to obey Authority. It was this latter feeling that brought about two strange episodes in their history that must next be touched upon, their removal to Tahiti and “Lord” Hill’s governorship.

### **Tahiti a Failure**

In 1830 certain ignorant but officious inter-meddlers at Home represented to the British Government that there would soon be insufficient room for the then eighty odd inhabitants of Pitcairn. They pressed the matter with such vigour that in February of the following year, H.M.S. Comet arrived off the island and its Captain dropped a bombshell upon the contented community with the news that he had orders to carry the whole lot off to Tahiti. Those busy-bodies had gone very systematically to work. King Pomare and his chiefs had been approached and had promised both land, assistance and protection. The British Government had provided for a six months’ supply of food. Though the king had died, his Queen Consort had re-affirmed his pledge. Following closely upon the warship there came the Lucy Ann from Sydney to receive them and their belongings. This schooner had been called into service from Norfolk Island and doubtless the Pitcairners first heard from the crew news of a spot which in the future was to be their home. The unhappy community, whose numbers now had reached eighty-seven, were faced with a dilemma. They had no wish to go, but it was an order from Home. They could not give offence to the Mother Country, and therefore, without any heart in the matter, consented.

Pitcairn was deserted save for some animals which had run wild. Tahiti was reached in March. Before one month was up they had had enough. The morals of the Tahitians were not to the taste of the reformed Pitcairners. The elders saw their younger ones sore tempted and getting out of hand. The change took heavy toll. They were dying fast. Half of them hired a small schooner and fled ere the month of April was out. The British Consul took pity on the rest, and, chartering an American brig, sent the rest home in September. But thirteen had died and four were dying. That little trip by officious meddlers cost seventeen out of eighty-seven lives. Those who had first fled did not arrive much sooner than their fellows, for the wind was contrary and they were blown to the Western Pacific Isles, where a French brig came to their rescue and carried them back to their Home.

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<sup>312</sup> [Frederick William Beechey \(1796–1856\)](#)

<sup>313</sup> [William Waldegrave \(1788–1859\)](#)



## “Lord” Hill

There was one man upon Tahiti who had watched all these proceedings and saw his opportunity. Joshua Hill <sup>314</sup> was a man of close on seventy years when he followed up the return of the exiles by landing himself, upon Pitcairn. Then things happened. He gave himself out to be a nobleman from Home, sent out by the government to take over the “governorship” of the island, and that the men of war in those parts had been placed under his direction. The simple islanders were over-powered by these high claims, but Nobbs, Buffett and Evans, who knew the outside world, made light of his pretensions. Then “Lord” Hill declared war to the death against the three ‘foreigners’ as he termed them. Despite the warnings by the three of the imposture being practised, the fear that in opposing “Lord” Hill they might be defying the Mother Land forced them to submit, and they obeyed, though most reluctantly, his orders. In one matter, and one only, did the elders have cause for gratitude to the grey-haired ‘noble’. Some of the younger men, through the looseness of life they had seen in Tahiti, determined to seek out McCoy’s secret, and the Ti root was ground once more. This action was stoutly opposed by Nobbs, but he was told to mind his own business. The noble “Lord” upon arrival quickly settled the matter. He smashed their stills and everything connected with the business, and threatened heavy penalties if the craze for strong drink did not at once abate. He formed the whole island into a Temperance Society and coconut milk and water were once again the drinks of all. Nobbs was dismissed as Schoolmaster and Hill took his place.

In the heyday of his power he sought to win the folk from the Church of England to Methodism, but in this they stood firm. But in all else for five years they blindly followed him because he represented Authority. No vessel that could contradict his claims called to relieve the situation so Hill had full swing. He gave out that he had written to the British Consul at Valparaiso to get the Admiral on the Pacific Station to call and remove the three foreigners. If he did, along with it went some other letters. Nobbs wrote that the man had ordered the three foreigners and their families to be turned out of their homes. Their muskets were taken from them by order of “The Governor of the Commonwealth”, and, loaded by him, were kept in his own bedroom for the use of the “magistracy” of the island. Every Sunday he had a loaded musket placed near him in Church to awe the people. He threatened, when protests were humbly raised, to have a Military Governor with a band of soldiers sent out to put them in subjection. In every way possible, he made the place too hot for the three foreigners and they were glad to escape on a passing ship to Tahiti. From thence, Buffett wrote to the Admiral, giving further information. Hill had appointed two “Privy Councillors”, had made laws of his own, built a prison, proposed to send to England for wives for the young men, and because Buffett had decided to take away his wife and children, he had undergone trial, Hill being the Judge, the Jury and the Executioner. He was flogged, beaten over the head, his finger broken, and had been suspended by his good hand in the church. No man dare defy the Governor and when women assembled and cried shame, he read The Riot Act (his own) and said that “the Authorities” would be justified in shooting them. Buffett’s sentence by this imposter as taken from the Island Register, kept ever since Adams’ day, is worth quotation :

Pitcairn Island, 5<sup>th</sup> August 1833.

... It only remains with us to declare the sentence of the law which is, and the Court doth accordingly adjudge, that you receive forthwith 3 dozen lashes with a cat upon the bare back and breech, together with a fine of three barrels of yam or potatoes to be paid within

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<sup>314</sup> [Joshua Hill \(1773–1844?\)](#)

one month : or in default an extra barrel will be required for this reiterated Contempt of Court.

Evans got much the same. Hill enacted a law of High Treason and Evans humbly requested a copy as a guide to his future conduct. Hill ordered him to be dragged to the church; there Hill tried the case, and himself administered the lash.

Those were high times for “Lord” Hill, and the islanders dared not oppose his will for had not the Home Government sent him? But the end was now not far off. The unhappy Nobbs, with Evans, sought distraction by going as Missionaries to the Gambier Islands. Buffett kept close at Tahiti. Their complaints reached the Admiral and were sent Home. In 1837 H.M.S. *Actaeon* called, with Lord Edward Russell<sup>315</sup> in command. Hill had unfortunately given out that he was a near relative to the Duke of Bedford,<sup>316</sup> the Commander’s father. The imposter was unmasked, Russell promptly reported to his Admiral, who sent H.M.S. *Imogene* to Pitcairn, secured the fraud and carried him off to Valparaiso. Neither his past nor his future were ever known. The three “foreigners” returned. Peace ruled once more. Obedience to Authority had cost them dear. In a letter written a while later by the Community, Hill is let down gently. Their patient souls describe him as “a partially deranged imposter”.

### The Need of Change Increases

In 1838 H.M.S. *Fly* (Captain Elliot)<sup>317</sup> looked in. It was then that Pitcairn’s Island was taken formal possession of for Great Britain. Previously none had thought the act necessary, but the Islanders complained to Elliot that lawless whalers had called and had said that they would do as they liked with people and possessions, for the community could show neither Flag nor written authority for their claim as a British dependency. Forthwith the Union Jack was formally hoisted and saluted, and the Island became part of the growing Empire. Their number had now reached one hundred and two, an exact proportion of the sexes : fifty-one of each.

Now first we begin to hear of the health of the people giving way, and rumours as to the need of change, actions too in keeping. In ’41 fevers and influenza were very prevalent, dry weather brought the one, heavy rains and wind the other. Deaths were still rare, but they became too weak to labour in the plantations, and weeds overran the land. It was this year that Captain Jones of H.M.S. *Curaçao* raised the charred hull of the old *Bounty* to find its heart of oak still sound. In ’43 Elizabeth Island, one hundred and twenty miles off, was visited by some of the Islanders, but they brought back a wholly unfavorable report.

In ’45 half of the population, which had now reached one hundred and twenty-two, were down with added troubles of asthma, rheumatism, consumption and skin diseases : and in addition a cyclone had destroyed their boats; a plantation of two hundred cocoanut trees had been swept into the sea; another holding one thousand yams had been washed out; and plantain trees destroyed. That same year saw the recovery of two of the *Bounty*’s guns after a fifty-five years’ burial in the deep. One was found spiked, the other was mounted for use on festal occasions which even the cyclone could not wholly banish from the mind. That unspiked gun, eight years later, was to claim the life of the Island’s Chief

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<sup>315</sup> [Edward Russell \(1805–1887\)](#)

<sup>316</sup> [John Russell, 6th Duke of Bedford \(1766–1839\)](#)

<sup>317</sup> Russell Elliot

Magistrate McCoy, who inadvertently using a ramrod made of a house rafter with a nail at the end, the friction of the latter caused a premature explosion. He would fain send a parting salute to the good ship H.M.S. Virago. The Captain and the Surgeon hastened ashore on hearing the cries of the people. To make sure of no further such tragedy, the Captain spiked that gun also. The Bounty's last voice had spoken. One of the two guns is to be seen today on Norfolk.

In '49 the Record is again of sickness. Two men of war called. The Daphne brought a bull and a cow and rabbits. The Home Government was not contemplating a removal. The Pandora's Captain reported Home that the small area of the Island was calling the attention of the islanders to the need of change. The same year the folk were in correspondence with Consul General Miller <sup>318</sup> of Tahiti, but they stipulated that no move should be arranged to Tahiti itself. In '50 the islanders opened up with Hawaii to the far north, but wanted an unoccupied island where there were no natives to interfere with them. Mr. Brodie, a traveller, and four friends were this year marooned upon the island, their ship being blown out to sea. He spent a full fortnight there before another passing vessel was hailed and their journey was continued. Brodie took letters Home from both Nobbs and Buffett to the Government admitting the need of removal and that the people dreaded the inevitable. If an uninhabited island could be found, they would like the change, all but a few who would never move. Though all did move eventually, we shall see that these latter kept to their resolve by returning, and their descendants are at Pitcairn today. Brodie, on reaching England in '51, started a Pitcairn Island Fund to get necessities for the people, and published his book in which is the first mention of Norfolk as a possible island. He wrote "Should the Home Authorities finally decide upon abandoning Norfolk Island as a penal settlement, which report says there is a chance of, then a more beautiful or suitable location could scarcely be found."

### The Laws of Pitcairn

It is through the visit of Brodie that we learn of The Laws of Pitcairn. The quaintness of some of them merit passing on.

A Public Journal shall be kept by the Magistrate and shall from time to time be read out so that none shall make excuse through ignorance.

If a dog kill a goat, the owner of the dog must pay the damage, but should suspicion rest on no particular dog, the owners of dogs generally must pay the damage.

If a fowl be trespassing in a garden, the proprietor of the garden is allowed to shoot and keep it, while the owner of the fowl be obliged to return the charge of powder and shot expended in killing the bird.

If any person under the age of ten shall kill a cat, he or she shall receive corporal punishment : if anyone between the ages of ten and fifteen shall kill a cat, he or she shall pay a fine of twenty-five dollars : any master of a family killing a cat shall be fined fifty dollars. (There seems to have been no danger of slaughter by the mistress.)

Carving upon trees is forbidden. (Alas! poor school boys.)

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<sup>318</sup> [William Miller \(1795–1861\)](#). See Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, Chapter 10, Note #3.

No females are allowed to go onboard a vessel without permission of the Magistrate. If he does not go onboard the boat himself, he is to appoint four men to look after them. (They surely had sturdy chaperones.) Perhaps they had learned a lesson from two maidens, who alone in all the years out of their small community, had been won by handsome, rollicking Jack Tars.<sup>319</sup> Away back in '17, Jenny had been wooed and won by a member of an American boat, The Sultan : and in '26, Jane had departed in The Lovely for London. They ne'er returned.

### Nobbs' Luck

The year '52 was an eventful one for Nobbs. Rear Admiral Moresby<sup>320</sup> called in his Flagship. He was a man of deep religious fervor and was most anxious that the islanders should have the full privileges of Holy Church, which they could not do, Nobbs being but a layman. The Admiral offered not only to pay Nobbs' passage Home, with £100 to help him upon arrival, but to carry his daughter to Valparaiso, there to be educated in sewing and domestic duties at his expense. His son Reuben was also to be taken there to be employed as his health would permit, he having accidentally shot himself through the groin whilst hunting wild goats. This generous offer of the old sailor was accepted with unbounded joy by the whole community. That the people should not suffer during his absence, the Admiral left his ship's Chaplain, Mr. Holman,<sup>321</sup> on the island. Nobbs therefore went off, amazed at his good fortune. Poor Lay Chaplain! His Sunday Bests had long felt the effect of constant service since landing in '28. Years before this offer came, he had written "My one remaining black coat has to be reserved for marriages and burials." Even that had gone, and now he was to be a real Parson. He reached Home; was ordained readily by the Bishop of London; made much of; presented to Queen Victoria; preached in many pulpits; much money was raised; a Committee was formed to control the Pitcairn Island Fund of Brodie's; the most pressing wants of the islanders were purchased and £500 reserved.

Nobbs, now a Parson, set out on his return to be picked up with son and daughter at Valparaiso by the good Admiral. And the Bishop of London had added Pitcairn to his Diocesan duties for Colonies without Bishops that were in his charge. He had placed Nobbs on the S.P.G.<sup>322</sup> list of Missionaries and as "Chaplain of Pitcairn's Island" was assigned the princely salary of £50 a year.

### Norfolk a Possible Site

The year '53 saw much of moment to the island, and very hard times too. In January, Nicolas,<sup>323</sup> the British Consul at Tahiti, visited the island in H.M.S. Virago and Chief Magistrate McCoy (to meet his death as the ship left) told him distinctly that the wish of the people was for removal to Norfolk Island. He took action thereon upon his return, as will be seen.

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<sup>319</sup> [Jack Tar](#) was a common English term originally used to refer to seamen of the Merchant or Royal Navy, particularly during the period of the British Empire.

<sup>320</sup> [Fairfax Moresby \(1786–1877\)](#)

<sup>321</sup> William Henry Holman

<sup>322</sup> [Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts](#), founded in 1701.

<sup>323</sup> Busvargus Toup Nicolas (1819–1859), son of [John Toup Nicolas \(1788–1851\)](#).

As the full-fledged Chaplain left England for his flock, a despatch went at the same time from the Secretary of State for the Colonies to Governor Denison <sup>324</sup> of New South Wales referring to that Governor's proposal to evacuate Norfolk Island. "This place has been suggested as fit for the reception of the small body of settlers now existing on Pitcairn's Island" and asks : (a) How soon Norfolk Island would be empty? (b) What buildings and land would be available? (c) What arrangements were possible at his end for transfer, if such was approved?

Captain Prevost <sup>325</sup> of H.M.S. *Virago* had brought gifts. He had with him cages containing songsters to make up for lack of them on the island, and Lord Palmerston had been thinking of them for he had sent out both roses, myrtles and fig trees. With him as Head of the Government, the matter of removal was still uncertain. The kindly Captain had also presented them with all the provisions he could spare. These many gifts heartened the islanders.

The good Admiral also appeared upon the scene, bringing back the Rev. George Hunn Nobbs, his daughter who had greatly profited by her opportunities and the son whose health was waning fast. The new arrivals found things in a very bad way since the *Virago* left. For months past the islanders had been forced to live on berries, pumpkins, cocoanuts and beans. Their pastor records that "hunger had nearly worn them to the bone". To the Admiral they handed a statement (agreed to by all this time) as follows : "As regards the necessity of removing to some other island or place, it is very evident that the time is not far distant when Pitcairn Island will be altogether inadequate to the rapidly increasing population : and the inhabitants do unanimously agree in soliciting the aid of the British Government in transferring them to Norfolk Island or some other appropriate place."

With the Admiral went his Chaplain, and Nobbs now took up his old duties, with added spiritual powers. He and his flock had to wait in patience and on terribly 'short commons' for what might happen.

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<sup>324</sup> [William Thomas Denison \(1804–1871\)](#)

<sup>325</sup> [James Charles Prevost \(1810–1891\)](#)

## THE ISLAND OF DESPAIR (IV)

The decision to accede to their own wishes and move the Pitcairners was sent to them from Tahiti by Mr. Nicolas, the Consul. It may interest to quote the letter.

To the Pitcairn Islanders.

Raiatea, July 5<sup>th</sup>, 1854.

My dear Friends,

In accordance with your wishes conveyed to me through your late lamented Chief Magistrate McCoy, I addressed the Earl of Malmesbury <sup>326</sup> on the subject of your removal, either wholly or in part, to Norfolk Island, provided the Government would consent to cede it to you. Norfolk Island will be available for settlement of the Pitcairn Islanders, or as many as will remove thither, by the end of the year 1854. Her Majesty's Government will also take measures to provide a vessel which shall call off Pitcairn's Island towards the close of that year for the purpose of removing the people to Norfolk Island.

While communicating this intelligence to you, I am at the same time to acquaint you that you must be pleased to understand that Norfolk Island cannot be ceded to the Pitcairn Islanders, but that grants of allotments of land will be made to the different families. And I am desired to further let you know that it is not intended at present to allow any other class to settle or reside or occupy land upon the Island.

But '54 passed and no ship appeared. Officialdom moved slowly in New South Wales from whence the transfer brig would come. Governor Denison wanted to be sure of his ground.

In April '55 Captain Fremantle <sup>327</sup> in H.M.S. Juno arrived, sent by Denison to find out if the islanders were really willing. Some had evidently gone back to their first resolve, for a vote being taken, one hundred and fifty-three were for removing and thirty-four against. These latter wanted to know what protection and help would be given those who preferred to remain. The Captain could promise nothing. They weakened and appeared to fall in with the rest. Reporting back, the Governor now hired the Morayshire at a cost of £4500 to effect the transfer and in it went Lieutenant Gregorie of the Juno to supervise, and help the waverers. Denison wrote that should any refuse, they must do so in the face of a warning that such a step would isolate them more than ever.

### The Removal

In April '56 the Morayshire (Captain Mathers) dropped anchor off Pitcairn and on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May all were embarked, with their possessions and livestock. The parting was a wrench. Here is what Nobbs wrote in his diary : "May 3<sup>rd</sup>. Breakfast eaten with heavy hearts. My family being amongst those appointed to embark first, Mrs. Nobbs and I went previously to the graveyard where lie the remains

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<sup>326</sup> [James Howard Harris, 3rd Earl of Malmesbury \(1807–1889\)](#)

<sup>327</sup> [Charles Howe Fremantle \(1800–1869\)](#)



of our first born,” (the Reuben aforementioned). And as writes another, every family had a like visit to pay as they parted from a home where nearly all of them had been born, where many of them had been married, and where each was leaving amid the peaceful dead, a father, a mother, a brother or sister, child or sweetheart. The community now consisted of forty adult males, forty-seven adult females, fifty-four boys and fifty-three girls, a total of one hundred and ninety-four.

That was no pleasant journey. There was 2200 miles to traverse over what proved a boisterous sea. It took a full month, and despite the fact that all had lived their life in canoes and were half fish in their dexterity in the water, the women and children and most of the men were desperately seasick. There was no surgeon aboard, neither were there attendants for those in need, save a kindly disposed crew. Here Parson Nobbs was in his element, a good sailor, a bit of a doctor, and a cheery soul. At last the new home hove in sight, and with the usual big heartedness of a sailor, Captain Denham<sup>328</sup> of H.M.S. Herald, on hydrographic work in Norfolk waters, had delayed his departure to lend a helping hand and cheer them with the sight of their beloved men of war. Captain Fremantle of H.M.S. Juno also appeared on the scene with like kindly intent.

There had been left upon the island when all had gone in '55 an assistant Commissary Storekeeper, Mr. Stewart,<sup>329</sup> with a few of the better convicts to look after things till the Pitcairners arrived. And did ever colonists in the whole history of the world find such gift awaiting them. The Home Government was not going to do things by halves. Here is the record : 81 Buildings, in perfect condition, including homes, chapel, schoolroom, hospital, workshops and mills : household furniture in each home : 1300 sheep, 430 cattle, 22 horses, 10 swine, innumerable fowls : 45,500 lbs. of biscuit, maize, flour, rice and groceries : 16,000 lbs. of hay : 5000 lbs. of straw : with 6 months' supply of potatoes and peas coming fast from Sydney. Besides all these, there were ploughs, harrows, carts and garden tools. They found the land tilled, roads made, rivulets bridged. None of the pioneer's hardships for this community. It stands alone, in our history, as a monument of the old Mother's love for her far off children.

The Pitcairners landed on the 8<sup>th</sup> of June 1856, a Day of Remembrance for Norfolkers for all time. They were amazed. “Everything astonished us : the size of the houses, the great height of the rooms, the number of cattle, the oxen yoked to the carts.” They had never seen horses before, and the implements and tools were a nine days wonder.<sup>330</sup>

The orders were for each family to be provided with a house and to get a share in all the supplies, the overplus to be kept as the property of all, to be later shared out, or sold outside for the benefit of all. A few days passed, things were set running : then the Herald, the Juno and the Morayshire up anchor and away. The Pitcairners were left alone save for the corporal's guard of assistants, in their new possessions. They had arrived.

“We are very busy. Some of us are having lessons from those left to help us in ploughing, milking, sheep shearing and grinding corn.” They soon learned how to ride those horses. One of their first acts was to plant their much loved Kumera or sweet potato. Nothing was quite so good as that. It is their food today.

Those grim walls and gaols could not fail to impress those simple souls. One writes “Think of us in the Church which had formerly been occupied with the outcasts of society, then imagine us in the graveyard filled with mounds that contained hundreds of their bodies. I went through the prisons, no

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<sup>328</sup> [Henry Mangles Denham \(1800–1887\)](#)

<sup>329</sup> Thomas Samuel Stewart

<sup>330</sup> Nine days wonder: a novelty that loses its appeal after a few days.

sound was there. It was harrowing to be continually stepping on bolts and shackles, and requiring much strength to swing on their hinges the ponderous doors of cells and dungeons. It seemed to me that here, even the very air was forbidden to enter.” To the Chaplain those gruesome sights must have recalled his own working in the chain gang on the batteries of Callao, and his own near call to stand before a firing party, as many a fellow white man had done within Kingston’s walls.

### **The Land Question**

As to the land itself, a fruitful source of discussion to this day, though the matter has been finally settled by special Act of Parliament, we face the following facts. The instructions from Home read to divide all the land already cleared among the different families, with reserves out of it for Church and School purposes, and for landing places. Of the uncleared land, 500 acres were to be reserved, the remainder to be divided up. But the Pitcairners would not have it so. They preferred to cultivate the land in common. They sought complete isolation but thereby they lost their chance of it. They were offered the whole land, each family a legal title to its share. They turned the offer down. It was inevitable that others should step in to make use of what that small community could not possibly handle, though they might have warded off the danger by taking up the whole in legal way.

The Governor at Sydney was not satisfied. He came himself in ’57. As they had refused the offer of the whole land, he ordered each head of family to select an allotment, as in Nicolas’ letter, not to exceed 50 acres, and with it went a set portion of the livestock, seed and tools, which alike as with the land they had preferred to hold in common and not divide on landing. He made it an order also : (a) that the owner of the 50 acres could not sell to anyone who had not received permission from the Governor at Sydney to reside upon Norfolk Island; (b) if the owner left the Island, he could only sell to an inhabitant; (c) if no purchaser was found, the community as a whole could buy it; (d) no “outside” land could be purchased by a stranger who had not first obtained permission from the Governor at Sydney to reside upon the Island.

### **The Homesick**

And now, the first flush of the new conditions over, those nigh two score who had held out against removal, began to look over the sea to the land of their birth. They seemed unable to overcome their regrets at having left. Nothing compensated for what they had left behind. They were homesick. In ’58 the first lot went, sixteen in number, who hired a schooner, and despite the wrench of parting with the rest, sailed back. To anticipate : in ’63 there was another stirring up in the hive, and thirty went. The names of the forty-six were those of four of the families : Christian, Adams, Young and McCoy. They number one hundred and seven today. There are no other original names there. They are Pitcairners indeed, and when the aged Pitcairners on Norfolk shall have passed away, the name will still live as long as Pitcairn’s Island is above the waves.

This action of the homesick ones nettled the Governor of Sydney sorely. The question of the Melanesian Mission getting a footing on the Island had been mooted by Bishop Selwyn, and stoutly opposed by the Governor, who still wanted, if any way possible, despite the foolishness of the new arrivals, to keep Norfolk Island wholly for them. Now he withdrew his protest. Let them come : and himself went again in ’59 to Norfolk and bluntly told them that those who had returned to Pitcairn,

and any others who might be so foolish as to follow, lost all claim to their original allotment of 50 acres. He added that all the land, other than the original allotment to each, was the property of the Crown — they could in no way touch it — and that all buildings, livestock, tools and stores that had not been apportioned as he had ordered in '57 were, for the future, property likewise of the Crown. Doubtless he had legal standing for the latter statement, but it seemed and seems contradictory to the first 'Instructions'.

The Chaplain was up in arms. To his old friend Moresby he wrote : "We are plainly told that nothing whatever beyond our 50 acre allotments belongs to us. Surely it was not with this understanding we left Pitcairn." But was not the fault largely, if not wholly, their own? They had thrown away their chance. Nicolas had written that the whole land could not be ceded to them, yet its use had been offered and refused, and had told them also that, for the present, no others should settle amongst them. They could have blocked the stranger, but refused the act that would do it.

Out of the Crown lands, provision was made for free grants of 25 acres to each Pitcairner on contracting marriage. Later this was reduced to 12½ acres to each party. Later still no grants were made unless a certain amount of improvement had been made. Finally, in the day of the Norfolk pure and simple, no further free grants were allowed. The original grants issued by Sir William Denison, Governor of New South Wales, in 1859, after a survey by Sappers and Miners stationed then at Sydney, show the relative strength of the families : to the Quintals 12 : the Christians 8 : the Buffets 6 : the Adams 5 : the Evans 4 : the Youngs 4 : the Nobbs 4 : the McCoys 2. But today the leading land holding family is that of Nobbs, the Chaplain.

## A Crown Colony

It was the 8<sup>th</sup> of June 1856 that the Pitcairners landed. On the 24<sup>th</sup> June 1856 Norfolk Island was separated from the jurisdiction of Tasmania and made a Crown Colony, with the Governor at Sydney in control. What a difference of scene on that latter date. On little Norfolk, all unconscious of what was transpiring in the Mother Land as to their fate, a band of newcomers feverishly at work, getting used to the new conditions : and in London this, it is readily visualized :

At the Court of Buckingham Palace, the 24<sup>th</sup> June 1856.

Present

The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty

H.R.H. Prince Albert : Duke of Wellington : Lord Panmore : Earl Clarendon : Viscount Palmerston : Sir George Grey : Sir Charles Wood : Mr. Vernon Smith : Mr. Baines.

It is ordered : that Norfolk Island shall be and is hereby separated from the Colony of Van Diemen's Land (now called Tasmania).

It is further ordered : that the said Island shall be a distinct and separate settlement, and that the Governor over the Colony of New South Wales is appointed Governor of the said Island.

Instruction to our Governor for the time being of the Island called Norfolk given at Our Court this 24<sup>th</sup> June 1856 :

Whereas the inhabitants of the said Island are chiefly emigrants from Pitcairn's Island in the Pacific Ocean, who have been established in Norfolk Island under Our Authority, and who have been accustomed in the territory from which they have removed to govern themselves by laws and usages adopted to their own state of society.

You are as far as possible to preserve such laws and usages.

All those wise and noble ones who were gathered at the Palace have passed, but upon little Norfolk there still remain twenty who that same day were busy helping their elders set their new home in order.

The laws allowed by Governor Denison were amendments to the old Pitcairn Code, and what were considered appropriate to the new conditions. The killing of cats was cut out, so too the chaperone business, and other like quaint orders as have been mentioned in the excerpt from that interesting document. I have had access to a copy of those old Laws of Norfolk, now given way to those of later date.

They call for the old time Chief Magistrate and Councillors. The election must be on Boxing Day. The Chaplain must preside and open proceedings with prayer. The Chaplain himself was not available for election. There is to be Trial by Jury of seven Elders who are to be males of twenty-five years and over, and all such males on the Island are to come under the term. As to the selection of the Jury, all Elders' names are to be put in a bag from which seven tickets are to be drawn by the Chief Magistrate in the presence of the public. A fine of 1/- is imposed for refusal to serve. No gaol for anyone : only a fine : the limit to be Ten Pounds. Cases of assault to life or limb must go before the Governor at Sydney. All children must attend school, 6<sup>d</sup> a day fine for absence. To be a valid excuse, the Chaplain must certify. Fine for furious driving to be £1. "For galloping a horse on Samuel McCoy's front lawn to be £1." (I have failed to find the reason for McCoy's special "pull".) The Chaplain to be in charge of all liquor and he alone to issue permits for its use. And these laws are stamped with the Seal of the Crown Colony : a Norfolk Pine in a circle, a regal Crown surmounting.

## The Norfolk

It is now for us to deal with events onwards from 1856. The Chaplain was no longer called upon to act the School Master. To teach the budding Norfolk, the Home Government secured the services of a Somersetshire man, Thomas Rossiter<sup>331</sup> his name, who filled the post for his full term, and that of Government Agent in addition, and then became a settler, taking land in '67 with the consent of the Authorities in lieu of passage Home for him and his. He was enamoured of the lovely isle; his children today are leading members of the community. By judicious management he became more and more of a landed proprietor, so that at the present time, after the Nobbs family, the Rossiters crowd the survey. Along with Thomas Rossiter came two others sent out from Home by a thoughtful Government, one to act as Chief Miller, the other as Chief Mason. They were received into the community and named for their share of acreage. The latter did not care to settle down and lost it; the former, James Dawe by name, remained and lived upon his land grant. Others from the outside, non officials, filtered in; some married into the community, others made friends and squatted on land that was not theirs and took their chance of eviction. Things got sadly tangled, land titles got hopeless mixed, Commissions have sat to unravel things, but knotty questions are still being raised and the end

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<sup>331</sup> [Thomas Rossiter \(1830–1893\)](#)

is not in sight. The various Governors of New South Wales each tried their hand upon Norfolk; now it is the turn of the Commonwealth of Australia.

A strong effort was made by New Zealand to secure that right. In 1869 Lord Glasgow,<sup>332</sup> Governor of that rising Colony, wrote Home basing his claim on the facts that Norfolk was 300 miles nearer New Zealand than Australia; that the Islanders greatly desired it, as do many even to this day; and that it was ecclesiastically a part of the Diocese of Melanesia, which was part of the province of New Zealand as outlined in the Letters Patent issued to Bishop Selwyn the elder, by Queen Victoria. But Downing Street turned the proposition down.

Yet today there is on the stocks at Emily Bay, hard by Government House at Kingston, a ketch of 50 tons being built by the Islanders to trade with Auckland, N.Z. They claim that New Zealand is their natural market, and that they will not there find the produce a glut as seems ever the case with Sydney. There they have tropical Queensland to compete with, a huge State rich in all Norfolk's tiny acreage can produce. It would be interesting to watch that schooner's fortune.

But to the Commonwealth, Norfolk is vitally important because of the Cable at Anson Bay. That artery of life and commerce they must needs protect. Whilst up to the present there is no local defence, the Australian squadron is never very far off. During the Great War there were anxious times, Fanning had been cut, the Emden had done the same for Cocos, but the formidable H.M.S. Australia circled Norfolk, and the Island folk oft saw at night the searchlight of an unknown man-of-war playing round their coast. They knew that their best line of defence, if invaded, was courtesy, that their moiety of manhood could not repel. They had already depleted their ranks of their best. In the Boer War only a corporal's guard had gone forth to lend a hand, but in this last call to arms, seventy-seven had responded, who fought on French soil and won high praise. Once again a Christian and an Adams, a Quintal and a McCoy shouldered musket for the Flag under which their forefathers had served, and thus wiped out the stain upon their name. They came through by good fortune almost scatheless, yet three never returned, a Nobbs amongst them.

## Changes and Trouble

The Chief Magistracy was found not to work well. He was of the Islanders, and one after the other failed to rise to the occasion. In matters of dispute or quarrels aired in court, magistrate, complainant and defendant being all related, Justice usually took wings; and even if sentence was delivered, it was seldom carried out. Things could not go on so, therefore in 1896 a change was made, and an outsider in Colonel Spalding was appointed Chief Magistrate, and the number of Elders elected as Councillors was increased to twelve. Later the Council of Elders was replaced by an Executive Council of seven of which number five were nominated by the Chief Magistrate and two elected as before. The Governor was now represented by a Deputy, but that official still remained at far distant Sydney. A little later a Resident Administrator, combining with that office the duty of Chief Magistrate, took the place of the Deputy, and the Executive Council went back to twelve, half of whom were nominated by the Administrator, the other half elected. This is the form that one finds today. Boxing Day has ceased to be the day of voting by male and female. That great day is now and for the future July 31<sup>st</sup>. All but two of the seventeen Commandants and Administrators who have served Norfolk since 1788

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<sup>332</sup> [David Boyle, 7th Earl of Glasgow \(1833–1915\)](#)



have been officers of the Navy or Army, the others pure civilians, the present Head of the little colony being Colonel Leane,<sup>333</sup> who served both in the Boer and the Great War.

The Norfolkers kept up the claim of their fathers for the possession of the land and the homes thereon. Governor Denison's orders of 1858 were but grudgingly followed. The matter flared up again when more than forty years had passed. In 1900 a petition was sent forward direct to the King, begging him to intercede. The King could not well do so, but turned the matter over to the Home Authorities, who in turn sent it to the Governor at Sydney where those learned in the law sifted the matter to the bottom and found their claims untenable save as to their individual allotments of land. All this took time and it was not till 1906 that Governor Rawson visited the Island to inform the people that the properties they claimed belonged to the Crown, but that as to the residences at Kingston still occupied by many, they would be allowed to occupy these rent free, and their descendants after them, provided they signed a declaration acknowledging the Crown ownership. Then flared up in some, the old mutinous spirit. Some refused to sign, were naturally evicted, and damage followed, two of the old homes being burned. That was the end. Kingston today has but a handful of Norfolkers living in it. The homes are deserted and in ruins. To make absolutely sure, the British Parliament passed a Special Act in 1907 enacting that the properties in question belonged to the Crown. The Norfolk today accepts the position with what grace he may.<sup>334</sup>

## Whaling and Conservatism

It was not long after their arrival upon Norfolk that the matter of whaling came to the front. They were always able in boat handling, and the sight of the schools of whales passing in their track between tropic waters and the southern seas, "humpbacks" as the general rule but a "sperm" whale occasionally, with their oil as a commodity of commerce, fired the Islanders' enthusiasm. Whaling ships were frequent visitors and many a young Norfolk went off for a cruise in these and learned the business. Soon three whaling companies were formed on the Island, each in charge of its Captain and off they went in pursuit when school appeared. The season is a long one, lasting from June to November. The excitement of the chase made up for the labour. It was heavy work for a tired crew to drag home the dead whale oft against wind and tide, miles from home. They had no whaling ship handy. Their methods were very crude, the harpoon and the lance. Later they acquired the harpoon gun and bomb, but when a Paternal Government gave the Companies a steam launch and a Nordenfeldt<sup>335</sup> it did not take them long to decide that the old way was best. The Norfolk is very conservative. Against all proposed innovations it is the usual cry, "It is not the custom of the Island." They fixed the Nordenfeldt upon a height of rock and sought their prey a thousand yards and more away, with bullet. All tried their hand with that gun. Some shot over, others shot short. Never once did those gunners, in the weeks they tried, land bullet in a carcass. Then they gave up, and the Nordenfeldt is stored in one of the sheds of Government House at Kingston and looked upon as a curio. The launch is housed too. There was none who understood its working, and even when a few got the mastery of the thing, repairing was something quite beyond them. It is a risky thing to have a launch break down off that coast. A rowboat they could handle, but a pinnace tossing about crippled was well nigh a sentence of death to its crew. They had not had the means to hire an expert engineer to run the thing. It was a white elephant. They added it to their curios. I use the past tense for whaling

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<sup>333</sup> [Edwin Thomas Leane \(1867–1928\)](#)

<sup>334</sup> Controversy regarding the constitutional status of Norfolk is discussed [here](#).

<sup>335</sup> The [Nordenfeldt gun](#) was a multiple barrel machine gun that had a row of up to twelve barrels.



is practically a dead business today amongst them. The Norfolker never went whaling to acquire wealth in itself. They have no love of money. The necessity of having a little pelf<sup>336</sup> to pay for the necessities of more civilized life to be procured at the local stores opened on the Island was the real incentive. When the price of whale oil fell, the hunt was not worth the labour.

Did they need special money in former days when the price was good, it was to the sea they looked. I had a tale told me by an old Pitcairner that bears directly on this point. A woman of the community was a victim of cancer. Her husband had spent his all in sending her to Sydney for treatment. She returned seemingly cured, but awhile later the growth appeared again. She must go or die. They had no means. The community met to discuss the matter. There was but one thing to do. They must catch a whale. But it was not the season. No whales had been seen for long. They went "into prayer". Then the boats were launched, my narrator, steersman of one. Far out from land they went, when suddenly my old friend saw a spout. "There she blows" went up. That whale was secured, a trader bought the oil, and the stricken woman took the next passing ship to Sydney and the hospital.

There was little method in the business, and much loss through lack of knowledge. Usually the dead whale was towed to Cascade, where men stripped off the blubber on one side, whilst sharks tore it off in chunks on the other. Open cauldrons were used for boiling, thence the oil was ladled into tanks. There was no refining, no grading. It was forwarded, just as it was, in barrels. No use whatever was made of other parts, the carcass left to the sharks, and what they left rotted where it lay and polluted the air for miles around.

As with the motor launch, so with other things. There is but one telephone on the Island, a Government one from Kingston to Cascade Landing, used for shipping purposes alone. They talk of one from Kingston to the Cable Station, but as to themselves possessing such a thing, it is unthinkable. Gossip is carried on by visit or chat by the roadside. News on Norfolk can always wait. If word must needs go, then jump on a horse and away, man, woman or child.

There was once a motor car landed. Its fate was soon sealed. Every horse went mad. Children could no longer ride three astride going to school or returning. The narrow roads spelled catastrophe for carts and buggies. That motor car was added to the curios. I am told that there are two bicycles upon the Island. I have not seen them. I understand that the owners use them in the dark. The horses do not like them and it is not the custom of the Island.

The land is not cultivated in dead earnest. The portion tilled is not a tithe of what it was. Grass and noxious weeds take the place of the old time maize. And one can hardly wonder. The outside market is unavailable with the present shipping facilities. Within, what is needed is easily grown for a population so small. Yet they are enthusiastic enough to have an "Agricultural and Horticultural Society" with its Annual Show of the produce of the Farm, with Fruit, and for the ladies share, flowers, needlework, painting and cooking. They find the money for good prizes but where the subscribers get it from none seem able to explain. Each home seems to have a secret stocking. There are no poor, nor even one in real need. When an Auction sale of household goods is held, then you see the Islanders foregather and spend. The excitement is high, and pounds in verbal language are thrown around as if they were all millionaires, and when settlement day comes they seem ever ready of cash.

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<sup>336</sup> Pelf: money, especially when gained in a dishonest or dishonorable way.

## The Living and the Dead

The question of their close consanguinity has been much discussed. After all it is a matter for themselves to look into, not for outsiders to lay down the laws. They are content with things as they have been and are, and I have neither seen nor heard of degenerates, nor the feeble minded, nor physical deformity. They may be the exception to the rule, but they appear absolutely like other men. What differences there are can be safely put down to their Tahitian blood.

I have been privileged to have a peep into Last Wills and Testaments of those simple minded folk of early days. Their worldly possessions were not great or varied. Horses seem to play no small part in those last wishes. One reads "My horse Bounty, and my chest of drawers to —. My cart I leave to be used in common among my children, and my clothes to be equally divided." Another was a great admirer of the first Bishop of New Zealand for he gave to one of his sons the full list, surname as well, "George Augustus Selwyn", who got a fair share of his various horses, Spot, Bottle, Diamond, Beauty, Young Beauty, Nellie, Red Petrel and Black Petrel. Another sets forth his wishes, "A carriage similar to Bishop Selwyn's old one to be purchased together with a set of harness which are to become the property of my mother." Another also has a tender spot for the old folk. "My horse which my granny gave me to be returned. My studs please to give to — if I should not return." He did not return for he was drowned upon the way. Even in such a peaceful community parents had their troubles, for there is one who would not leave even the proverbial shilling; he cut off son, and daughters two, from all inheritance.

To some, like the Writer, one of the chief attractions of these South Sea Isles is their perfect stillness. They are away from the hurry and bustle of the world. Noise to which we have grown accustomed is markedly absent. No trains, no electric cars, no horns warning of danger, no newsboys shrieking out their wares. The days are as the nights, save for the song of birds. Nature, not man, is paramount. True, one occasionally hears upon Norfolk the touting of a whistle. It is that of one of the Community Sawmills. They do not work regularly, but as needs arise. It is no factory siren, fierce and protracted, but rather a friendly call to come and lend a hand. Every few weeks another and a deeper note rings o'er the Isle. It is that of the Steamer. Then the whole land wakes up from its dreamy, restful condition. There is much to be done in but a limited time : letters received, letters sent, friends to welcome, friends to part with, supplies to handle, and 'open house' to all; then once more the deep throated clarion rings out, the ship departs and Norfolk and visitor drop right readily back into the Island's delightful health-giving repose.

## THE ISLAND OF DESPAIR (V)

### A Square Deal

Think what we may of Missionary work, let us give credit where credit is due. Many are the gibes men cast at the attempt to carry Christianity to native races. As often as not, it is a slighting allusion to first the missionary, then the gunboat. It is easy to cast slur, but think for a moment what that 'first the missionary' means. It stands for pluck of an amazing kind. We may call it fanaticism, we may call it foolhardiness, but it still remains Courage of the highest order. For they went defenceless, those men of peace. It is hardly to be wondered at that those who have never stepped beyond the limits of civilization, who have never seen man's wild life, should fail to realize the full pluck of the thing. They either laugh at, to them, the uselessness of the object, or if enthusiasts of the Cause take the risks as granted. But to those who have roamed into such regions of the world, the pluck is an ever patent fact. These men may have no enthusiasm for missions, they may be of those who consider the whole thing superfluous, but no fair minded man can withhold his small tribute to a trait when he sees it of which every manly man is proud, be the circumstances what they may.

The field has been immense. Those same missionaries have, during the centuries, covered the world; continents and islands have seen them fearlessly going where duty seemed to call them. I would but touch upon one later field, the South Seas, and even then confine myself to but a fraction of that huge area which affects in measure Norfolk Island. It is the record of the men who braved the Melanesian Race. Here pluck was called for of the highest order. No fiercer race can be imagined. Their whole life was one of fight, ruthless slaughter and cannibalism. These Gospel men knew it, went at their task, and the end of that courageous effort is not yet. From outsiders, even the rankest, honor to be paid them is long overdue, and I for one would purge my soul of all littleness in such a matter. Courage is a foremost trait of Character. Let us give it ever a square deal.

The Eastern Pacific Isles are Polynesian, the Western are Melanesian, the former are widely scattered, the latter lie almost in a line. With New Caledonia at the southern start we reach up nigh the Equator ere we end. New Caledonia and the Loyalty Islands run parallel, New Hebrides well above, then, lie northwards the Banks and the Torres Groups. Santa Cruz and the Swallow Group come next, then we reach the Solomons, to the north of which stretches the huge Bismarck Archipelago where we are amongst the Papuans.

### The Pioneer

The first to plunge into this vortex of fighting folk was John Williams in 1821 from far off Tahiti as his base. He struck well south, in New Hebrides. To him his field was wherever there were 'heathen'. He it was who first braved "Savage Island" where Captain Cook had had enough with one spear hurled at him, armed himself with a musket and flanked by his marines. But Williams landed defenceless and stayed till he was ready to depart. In 1839 he met his end, one that he had oft before escaped from marvellously. Erromanga is one of the islands in the New Hebrides. Thereon today is a Church and within a Tablet. This is what is records : "To the Memory of the Missionaries who died on this island, John Williams and James Harris killed November 30, 1839; George and Ellen Gordon killed May 20, 1861; James Gordon killed May 7, 1872." They would not be repulsed, the fate of

others in no degree deterred them. To read the story of others who went to that ominous Dillon's Bay is to be amazed at the grit of those defenceless folk. They knew full well their danger, their anxiety over their gentler companions was intense, their lives oft hung by a thread, but they would not be denied. And all the way down through over a century of work there is the same record. They have been of diverse tenets, Catholics and Protestants, but all animated by the same desire and all Captains Courageous.

Let us follow a little more closely one long sustained effort in those islands, known as The Melanesian Mission and with which Norfolk Island and the names of Selwyn and Patteson <sup>337</sup> are intimately connected.

### **The Melanesian Mission**

It was in 1847 that George Augustus Selwyn, the first Bishop of New Zealand, set out to do or die. He was of splendid physique, the Maoris knew his prowess and hugely admired him. He was every inch a man. He was a sailor too. In the *Undine*, a tiny vessel of some 25 tons, he sailed into oft unknown and uncharted waters. Reaching an island he would put off in a boat and nearing land, plunge into the sea alone. He would permit none of his fellow whites to accompany him. The savages who lived close to the reef or beach, with spears and arrows in their hands saw but one stranger arrive amongst them, the rest were by strictest order at safe distance. He came "with gifts in his hands", tobacco and trinkets that would please them. This was but the beginning, his real mission would follow in due course.

Where such a Bishop led, there did his clergy and laymen gladly follow. There was soon much to do and New Zealand's calls were likewise insistent, therefore the work was divided, and Melanesia became a separate work, with Patteson, an Etonian and Oxonian, as Bishop. It was no longer worked from Auckland, but from Norfolk Island lying due south, some seven hundred miles from the field of action. By the Norfolkers there was stout opposition and long grumbling at this intrusion. They had ever wanted the whole island to themselves, and now in addition to their fellow whites who had filtered in, there was to be a school for the savages where they were to be trained as teachers of their dark skinned fellows. The Rev. George Hunn Nobbs, the Chaplain of the Pitcairners, now settled upon Norfolk, wrote thus to the Admiral Moeresby on the matter : "I trust yourself and our other influential friends will countenance my opposing so very undesirable an addition to our social circle as a hundred or two of heathens, strong with the odour of unmitigated depravity." Governor Denison of New South Wales himself strongly opposed it on the ground that it would interfere with the plan adopted by the Government of settling the Pitcairners in conditions as nearly as possible identical with those they had previously existed under. And Governor Young who succeeded him, though Denison had withdrawn his objection, angered over the return of some Pitcairners to their first home, wrote Home, "I cannot conceive of anything more likely to demoralize the population, and turn it from the highest type of race it now assumes, back to that of mere South Sea savages." But happily for Norfolk the Mission Cause won out, one thousand acres were secured and paid for, and another colony on the historic isle commenced. That was in 1866. Here Chapel, School and Workshops, large Dining hall, houses for Bishop and the Missionaries, and Hostels for the natives was soon erected. The acreage itself was taken in hand by men skilled in agriculture under the leadership of a parson farmer, Rev. E.S. Wayne, who before taking orders had been to an Agricultural College and for two

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<sup>337</sup> [John Coleridge Patteson \(1827–1871\)](#)

years was employed by the New Zealand Stock Department. Soon both land and stock were a revelation and an incentive to the Norfolkers.

Today all but one item is a memory, but there are none who regret its coming. Before the removal in 1919 (to be nearer the work), much had occurred up North and many a courageous life laid low. As with Selwyn the elder, so with Patteson. He too ever led the van. Year after year he and his band sailed in the Mission boat, "The Southern Cross", from Norfolk right up to the Solomons, landing where oft repulsed before and fixing Stations, establishing schools, taking chances with reefs, and Chiefs furious over "blackbirding", the capturing and carrying off to Queensland and elsewhere of their folk. Now here, now there, a lone missionary was left, to be found when revisited as full of grit as ever.

### **Added to the Roll of Honor**

Then the blow fell, Chief and younger friend were added to the Missionaries' long Roll of Honor. It was at Nukapu among the Swallow Islands, part of the Santa Cruz group.<sup>338</sup> Man-stealers were about, the Bishop knew it, he tried in this instance to forestall. The wind was against him. He arrived too late, though he was ignorant of the fact. With Atkin as white clerical companion and three tutored natives he set out for shore. He would land alone. The others were to wait. Nukapu is surrounded by a barrier reef which is difficult to pass through or over even in canoes; a ship's boat has no chance when the tide is low. When they reached the barrier some canoes came out to meet them. The Bishop stepped into the Chief's canoe and was paddled to the shore. Several other canoes stayed with the boat, and their occupants talked volubly with its inmates. Then suddenly at ten yards' distance they disposed their poisoned arrows at the four. Only one, by quick action flinging himself down, escaped the deadly missiles. Atkin was wounded in the shoulder, so was another, a third got five arrows in him. The first and the last died of tetanus a few days later and were buried at sea. Though thus sorely wounded they got away and reached their mission ship. The hours wore on and still no sign of the Bishop. Volunteers were called for, and Atkin despite his wound insisted upon being one of the crew. This time they put the boat clear through the surf upon the reef and rowed up and down near the shore looking for their Chief. At last, on turning they saw at some distance from them, two canoes push out, one had but a single paddler, the other many. The single paddler was seen to anchor his by stone and sinnet rope, then leap into the other, and all made for shore. Rowing up to the canoe thus left, they found the body, wrapped in a mat, with a palm lain above, from feet to breast. The death wound was clearly in the head, the work not of arrow but of club. A witness of the deed who later became a convert told of the cool courage of that sterling missionary. Those excited natives must have made clear to him that five of their number had been foully kidnapped a day or so before. Yet landing he mounted the seven foot bank, went into the large meeting house of the natives and sat him down amid the crowd. It may have been that he would rest, it may have been that Malaria's deadly weakness was upon him, but it is far more likely to have been the courageous act of a man who knew no fear. For all their clamour, he would make attempt to show he was their friend : and confidence in them was the first step. He was struck from behind. He had dared once too often.

This was not the first time that he and his young companions had faced a hostile crowd. In an old magazine I found upon the Island of Norfolk, there is this excerpt from Bishop Patteson's letters

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<sup>338</sup> Regarding the death of Bishop Patteson at Nukapu, and his memorial, Saint Barnabus Church on Norfolk, see [Bishop Patteson: Pioneer and Martyr](#), by Rev H.N. Drummond (Parkstone, England: Ralph & Brown, 1930).

Home : “I landed amidst a great crowd, waded over the broad reef, partially uncovered at low water, went into a house, sat down for some time then returned among a great crowd to the boat and got into it. I had great difficulty in detaching the hands of some men swimming in the water. When the boat was about fifteen yards from the reef on which the crowds were standing, they began (why I know not) to shoot at us, 300 or 400 people on the reef and five or six canoes being around us. I had not shipped the rudder, so I held it up, hoping it might shield off any arrows that came straight, the boat being end on, and the stern, having been backed into the reef, was nearest to them. When I looked round after a minute, I saw Pearce lying between the thwarts, Edwin Nobbs with an arrow in his left cheek, and Fisher Young, pulling the stroke oar, was shot through the left wrist. How any of us escaped I cannot tell : Fisher and Edwin pulled on; Atkin had taken Pearce’s oar; Hunt pulled the fourth. By God’s mercy no one else was hit, but the canoes chased us to the ship. In about twenty minutes we were on board.” That must have been an exciting twenty minutes, with Death paddling furiously behind and themselves defenceless.

The Bishop, like his followers, was buried at sea. There was deep sorrow not alone on Norfolk Island for a brave and kindly man. To his high office there succeeded another Selwyn, Bishop John,<sup>339</sup> who was true son of a noble father. Attack unremitting and relentless was made by him and his from end to end of Melanesia. A famous oar at Cambridge, his boon companion Parson Hill, was another. They had rowed in the same boat as youths, they now faced heavier odds for victory. Selwyn too has passed, not by tragic route but after long suffering, maimed hopelessly in health in the fight midst ague and malaria; others have ruled, are ruling, their helpers like them every one a man. A square deal demands that those who think thereon shall not refuse that Melanesian band due tribute.

## A Memorial

The Martyrs’ Church on Erromanga has its duplicate on Norfolk Island. There stands upon the latter, a gem of a sacred edifice within the mission’s bounds, Saint Barnabus. It is a memorial to Bishop Patteson. Though all else has been pulled down and removed, this item stands. It is a perpetual witness to Courage, of willing self-sacrifice before the enemy that others may survive not for Time alone but for Eternity. He had his belief. Let us honor it whatever we may think ourselves. In such spirit do we enter that House of Prayer. Well may Norfolk Island be proud of it. It is built of well faced limestone, with roof and side pillars supporting of Island Pine. Those dark massive beams and columns in their purely natural state are in themselves, things of beauty, and speak both of strength and durability. The whole inside is beautifully finished. The flooring is of black and white marble tiled. Its windows are of painted glass; at the East end in the Apse, the four Evangelists, executed by the noted Burne-Jones<sup>340</sup> and carried through by Morris.<sup>341</sup> At the West end there is a Rose window and underneath another glass, of St. Philip in act of baptism. The font is of Devonshire marble, an exquisite piece of work. The tiles near the Altar are very rich. The reredos is of Mosaic, the woodwork finely carved. The seating is arranged as in a college chapel. The stalls are made of New Zealand Kauri, their ends each ornamented with designs in mother-of-pearl brought from the Solomons, all save two most choice baptismal shells which were sent as a memorial from the Holy Land. Its brass hanging lamps and many memorial brasses glisten ever with the loving care evidently bestowed upon them. The organ

<sup>339</sup> [John Richardson Selwyn \(1844–1898\)](#)

<sup>340</sup> [Edward Coley Burne-Jones \(1833–1898\)](#) was a British artist and designer. He was closely involved in the rejuvenation of the tradition of stained glass art in Britain. See *The South Coast* and *London in After Thirty Years, Two Months at Home*, in Part X, *Tales of Roaming*.

<sup>341</sup> [William Morris \(1834–1896\)](#)



is full piped, the gift of the noted Church Authoress Charlotte Yonge.<sup>342</sup> Happy are the Norfolkers in such a possession, but its future is in the lap of the gods, for there is the old time Church in the Barracks sufficient for the purpose as in the days before the mission came.

One other item of those times, close connected with the House of Prayer, remains, and must for all time. A little distance from the Church, across a narrow valley, down which a stream runs murmuring to the sea, lies the Cemetery of the Mission, on a sloping hill, its grass beautifully kept, each grave too, God's acre a real joy to look upon. Just under one hundred lie there. Only a few white folk; the rest are natives from the various groups up north, the change from Tropics to the Temperate Zone the reason of most of the mortality. The wife of the second Bishop Selwyn lies there, some wives and children of the various missionaries, and head farmers of Mission lands, their tombstones of various chaste designs. The natives have a neat white pine cross all uniform, or a slab of stone with a cross embossed. The names much interested me : mostly a compound of English and their own tongue, but some kept strictly to their own. The Bible seems to have been thoroughly overhauled for the former, and practically the whole Apostolic Band are there, others sought the Early Fathers of the Church, and others more illustrious names. One obliterated her past completely, for her cross reads simply "Patteson Woman". Here are some out of the many for the reader to struggle with — Utini Sorisori : Gogoragwia : Moses Nalupuagu : Shadrach Ure : Zakeus Weneti : Silas Selo : Mark Tagaronamoli : Basil Biro : Columbia Murevu : John Keble Barasau : Nat Fido : and Muriel Matalaimauri.

### Removal to the Solomons

Today the Melanesian Mission centres in the Solomons. Norfolk became too far away. Of all the many islands of the northern-most group none had responded better to the efforts of the Mission than a small island known as Florida, lying snugly between two of considerable size, Malaita and Guadalcanal. It is a choice spot, reckoned by all as the loveliest in all the Solomons. Whist called by one name, it is really many, separated by narrow channels. Its meadowlands are a most agreeable change to the everlasting dense tropical foliage of all the rest of the group. But these are not grazing grounds despite their looks; a rough grass grows there often higher than the waist. The many passages of deep water, threading their way through the land, the banks clothed with vivid green, with mangroves of brilliant coloring, hills towering on either side with here and there sheer precipices to the sea, make a picture that many go far to see. This then has been the spot chosen as the new home. To it have been transferred all the buildings on Norfolk Island. The removal began in 1919, therefore the place is not fully developed. What chiefly strikes the imagination of the Solomon Islanders in the white man's village, so far as it has grown, is the Clock Tower whence roll out the hours in sonorous tone. Pilgrimages are made to see and hear. Ere long another Memorial Church will stand completed. This on Florida is to be the lasting memory of the Bishops Selwyn. No kauri nor Norfolk pine, but all to be of native woods, and native arts and crafts are to make beautiful the interior. To it also will many a roamer wend his way.

Thus three Churches in that long strip of the Western Isles will stand as witness to Endeavour and high Courage : on Erromanga, on Norfolk and on Florida. Nukapu has its own memorial. It is a lofty cross erected immediately in front of the meeting house where the Missionary paid supremest forfeit. Upon its face is his name and this short remark : "Whose life was here taken by men, for whose sake he would willingly have given it. Sept. 20, 1871."

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<sup>342</sup> [Charlotte Mary Yonge \(1823–1901\)](#). Yonge and Patteson are cousins.

The Mission quarters withdrawn, there was no further use for the farm. All but 200 acres were returned at a valuation to the Commonwealth Government. These have been resurveyed and are about to be thrown open to settlement, preferably to outsiders. But not for sale. No money could purchase land outright on Norfolk Island. It is to be a Crown lease for twenty-eight years with option of renewal. You may not hold more than a block of 50 acres, you cannot take less than 10. You cannot be an absentee, and must agree to cultivate to about one fifth, the rest for pasture. The rental per acre to be three shilling a year. Norfolk never did seek wealth.

That reversal of the Mission's property means much to the Island. It is its best land. And the credit of that fact is due to the oft belittled Missionary. They have gone, but their memory abides. A multitude which no man can number of like calling and mould have passed throughout the centuries. Shall not their memory likewise abide amongst their fellow men.

It is the custom at Home in many ancient Foundations to read out on set occasions the List of Benefactors, and the duty of grateful Remembrance is insisted upon in words of olden phrase but of telling force. These same missionaries have, all down the ages, been most truly public benefactors. They have — apart altogether from their own main objective — opened up lands, pioneered where settlement has followed, taught mercy and just dealing, the while exhibiting a Courage which is really above the poor praise of men. Can open minded men withhold their mead?

## ISLAND OF DESPAIR (VI) : RAMBLES AND TALKS

### God's Acre

To walk is left to visitors; one rarely meets a resident on foot. On horseback or “Jinker” is the way with them. Nor are the majority of visitors averse to follow suit. For my part, lone pedestrianism is the better way; there is complete independence, and one can linger and loiter as the spirit moves, without thought of beast of burden or one's fellow man.

God's Acre — five to be accurate — lies some few hundred yards beyond “Quality Row” in Kingston, a pretty spot sloping towards the sea, which bounds it fairly close on two sides. It might be better cared for, the long grass together with a creeper possessing no slight stalk making it difficult to walk about in quest of those who lie there. Not many, seeing that white folk from the close of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century have dwelt on Norfolk, but they are a long lived community today and the rest were but residents for the nonce, drawn thither by duties of various kinds. Convicts' graves are of course nameless and the big mound within the palings at the far end shows where hundreds were cast in. Yet some have escaped obliquity. One headstone records “John Atkinson — Prisoner of the Crown and Constable at Government House... drowned... while fishing for the Commandant” and “Major Ross of the 50<sup>th</sup> Regiment would thus mark his deep sorrow over the event”. Here is another, relating to a freed convict, “Stephen Smith of Dublin, Freed Overseer, who was barbarously murdered by a body of prisoners whilst in the execution of his duty at the Settlement Cook House”. Kingston was no safe place in those days, with every convict “seeing red” and eager for revenge. There are headstones to warders and guards but not to the common rabble.

Death by drowning seems to have been frequent. Here we read of “Captain the Honorable John Charles Best of Her Majesty's Queen's Own regiment who met his death (in 1840) by the upsetting of his boat while attempting to cross the bar of the harbour”. There was another aristocrat dwelling upon Norfolk at that time for “Here lieth Susanna, wife to the Honorable W. H. Pery” (in 1841), who was a son of that Earl of Limerick exiled for his part in the Irish Rebellion in 1798. The Countess of Limerick, his mother, lies buried here, but no man knoweth her grave. There was no record kept of place of internment, nor is there plan of ground today. There is a standing reward by the family for the discovery, but it is hopeless; most of the headstones are entirely obliterated by action of the weather in that open spot. Deaths at sea right handy to the isle seem to account for some. Frank Warren, “who was brutally murdered by a Greek miscreant on board the Am[erican] Ship ‘Hope’... 1861”. Here too lies “Antone John, late of Ship ‘California’ By his shipmates... 1878” and close by “Thomas E. Biddlecombe, Master R.N. late of H.M.S. ‘Falcon’... 1867 aged 28 years”. A Prussian lies nearby, probably off some whaler. And Byron Adams amongst the Norfolkers met death at sea in tragic fashion “accidently killed by a whale”, a life, by his engraven age, cut short.

Members of the Roman Faith are evidenced by the attempt at Latin quotation. The friends of Martin Burns got hopelessly tangled. They would fain cut “Requiescat in pace”; they have left it thus “Requisit cant in pace”, which at best is plural. Above the name they nearly landed right “Gloria in Excelsis Deo”. Pat Dencen's friends did better; they got the latter right, “Excelsis Deo” and wisely put the former in plain English. Many a soldier ne'er saw his home again. They lie there from many regiments. I came across the 11<sup>th</sup>, the 50<sup>th</sup>, the 58<sup>th</sup>, the 96<sup>th</sup>, the 99<sup>th</sup> and the Royal Engineers. Of a private in the 4<sup>th</sup> King's Own Regiment, aged 22, one reads “who was accidently shot by a brother soldier on the night of the 17<sup>th</sup> January 1834 while in pursuit of mutineers engaged with others in a disgraceful attempt against the Peace of the New Settlement, on the morning of the 14<sup>th</sup> of the same

month". And close by lies Private John Smith whose end is mysteriously worded "Who became the victim of a disease by a cutting accident". Gun accidents were here as elsewhere; Private Neale of the King's Own "met with an untimely end by the accidental discharge of a gun while shooting in the woods".

One naturally looks for the Pitcairners. They lived long. This grave surely is in close touch with the long Past : "Here lieth Dinah... eldest daughter of John Adams of The Bounty". Close to, we read of Charles Christian (son of the leader of the mutiny), "Choir master both at Pitcairn and Norfolk" to the end, when he touched 77 : and hard by, the much travelled Nobbs "for 55 years the faithful Pastor of the Pitcairn and Norfolk Island community" — and who watched so jealously over his flock that he became somewhat of a nuisance to the Authorities. He saw fourscore and five years, yet his good wife beat him in life's race for she reached fourscore and eleven. And John Buffett outlived both. He had joined the Pitcairners earlier than Nobbs but saw thirteen years longer life. His headstone reads "John Buffett, native of Bristol, England... aged 93 years". To Evans, the third of "Lord" Hill's "foreigners" who also moved to Norfolk, there is no headstone. He lived to a tottering old age almost equalling his companion from the "Cyprus". His granddaughter, a woman of mature years whom I met, as she tended the graves of the dead, pointed out the grave where the nonagenarian lies. Yet there lies but a few yards away another, Thomas Wright, born in far Yorkshire who leads all the sleepers in that quiet spot for he saw a clear century through, and fell asleep aged 105.

Outside there is another mound. It holds the memory of the tragedy of "Bloody Bridge", a pretty spot not a quarter mile away towards Ball Bay. It was not fitting that those who had dyed their hands in another's blood should lie within the hallowed ground. That one warder's death was fearfully avenged. Seventeen paid the forfeit. They dug their own grave. On its bank they were shot. Their bones lie there, a reminder to all who note the spot and stand for a moment musing, of those days when Norfolk was in very truth "The Island of Despair", and men wept when their fellows were led out to die, not out of pity but for the bitter disappointment that such release from "Hell" was not for them. Such is God's Acre, and we pass on.<sup>343</sup>

## Headstone

There is but four miles between Kingston and Headstone, and all the way is pleasant. Uphill and along the noble Avenue of Pines, thence past many a cosy looking homestead, till one strikes a bridle path which leads to deep gully and babbling stream to be crossed by stepping stones, then up again, and facing the cliff edge — beneath which the surf boils and dashes itself — there stands a tombstone, but one without a grave attached. There is a legend concerning this. I give it as 'twas told to me by aged Norfolk. It may indeed have had accretions as the many years since the late 40's have rolled by, and the story passed from mouth to mouth, but the main facts are likely to be true.

Two convicts, the name of one Barney Duffy, escaped from custody and for two years and more found safe hiding place in the hollow of a giant pine, which I have both seen and entered for it is but a step from Headstone. They lived on what they could forage, not however without the connivance of sympathetic fellowmen, and even of two of the military guard. For some reason, now unknown, these latter laid information : the convict pair were captured and as a warning to others, were ordered to be shot. Long and deep they cursed their betrayers, and prophesied that a tragic end would swiftly

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<sup>343</sup> Photos of the headstones mentioned above can be found at the Australian Cemeteries Index [here](#). Some have been used to correct WWB's transcriptions.

come to them. The Headstone tells the tale : “In memory of Henry Warnam aged 26 years, and Peter Heffernan aged 22 years. Privates of H.M. 99<sup>th</sup> Regiment of Foot, who were accidentally drowned when fishing at Rope Rock. October 1<sup>st</sup> 1850. Their bodies not having been found, this stone is erected to mark the spot by their affectionate comrades.”

And here one sits and bethinks of other tragic endings in those days of despair, for the fate of those soldiers of the Queen was the fate premeditated by many a convict. Guards had to watch keenly when their gang, free of limb or leg-ironed, worked nigh the cliff : for in their despair of any alleviation of their lot, time and again as the records run, men hurled themselves over the edge to certain death, to become food for the sharks that ever hang around the isle.

Men will venture greatly for liberty, they become so obsessed with the craving that though all is dark, ahead they will make the break and chance what may befall. Surely such an one was he who broke away at Kingston and swam the three miles to Phillip Island in the offing. What prospect that barren isle held out for him none know, but it was Liberty. He was quickly followed by boat and guards. The hunted convict made for the further side, the human bloodhounds followed, and pressed him to an issue, capture or death. In his despair he chose the latter, and as they closed in, plunged headlong down the cliff into the sea. In Death lay Liberty for him.

### Circling the Isle

There is another pleasant stroll of some seven miles from Kingston. Passing the cemetery, there comes Bloody Bridge of tragic memory, where convicts settled their account with one at least of their savage tormentors. The stream below pours into a little bay a seething mass of foam under the prevailing wind; thence up a hill which tests one's calves, to the left in shady vale, a one-time experimental garden, now all run wild. Reaching the summit, the top of the Island is arrived at, with pretty glimpses of the sea through the trees, and homesteads scattered about, each with neat trimmed hedge, foursquare, around the home, and Kentia palm generally seen, waving gracefully behind the bushy fence. Here are “cattle upon a thousand hills”, and giant pines laid low by wind or axe lie scattered. Now we come to the very centre of the Island where is seen the School attended by 130 children, a fee no longer charged for them, taught by Australian trained master and mistresses. A Manual Training building is attached. Thither wend the children, mostly on horseback, often three astride.

The stores are hereabouts, but scattered, unpretentious looking, without glaring window display. The leading one is run by a New Zealander who married into an Island family, getting thus a footing, an alert man, hard to pose with a demand. Close by is a signboard announcing Saddler and Harness maker, a real necessity where all own horses and use their jinkers so incessantly. Further on one comes across a notice that here you will find “The Quality Butcher”, but of meat there is no sign, wherein he sets an example to the ghastly display of raw flesh seen in most cities. He too is a live man for he combines with this trade, that of Plumber, Tinsmith and Contractor. I have heard speak of a Dentist, but he is tucked away somewhere, and happily I had no need of him. There is a Blacksmith too, but as yet I have not tracked him.

The Island's photographer also dwells near, close against the second Methodist Chapel, built for lazy souls who felt Kingston was too far off for Sundays. This man was born in the Kermadecs, as lonely a spot in the South Seas as one can well meet with. Norfolk is alive spot compared with that group of islets. Nature is his hobby, taxidermy his profession, and photography a natural development. Tourists are grateful for his presence, his pictures save reams of writing. Now we turn into Ferny Road, alike

with all the rest, deep ditched on either side for drainage, where orange and lemon trees abound along the roadside, their fruit to be picked by whomever wills, for a full six months each year. Thence by winding and steep decline to the half ruined township and rest.

### A “Pitcainer” Guide

With all so ready to be friendly and have a chat, information is readily obtained. A white haired Pitcainer offered me a lift, I could not well refuse, and as we drove he talked. He told of much that was of a local interest, but one story of his whaling days is worth passing on. He was but sixteen years of age when a day came and whales too, which called for action. Two boats put out, one captained by a Nobbs, the other by a Young. He was in the latter. Besides Captain and himself there were three others at the oars. Full two miles out Young fastened to a cow. After plunging, it rose beneath the boat and overturned it. Away went whale and line. They managed to right the boat, and full almost to the gunwale they lashed the oars across and made use of the paddles always carried. Again the cow appeared and evidently looking for its calf made for the boat. The crew plunged into the sea. The whale reaching the half sunk boat lay long with its head resting on the side. Again departing, Young reached the boat and got his harpoon in case cow appeared once more. It did, and the Captain plunged his weapon in a vital spot. This time it sounded, then rose and rushing at the boat smashed it to splinters. There was nothing left but swimming. One of the crew was an Englishman not of the community and who could not swim. Two got his arms around their necks. The Captain and the narrator set out by themselves. He was soon showing signs of distress, but what was even worse was the consciousness of sharks rubbing against his legs. With the simplicity of the true Pitcainer he hied “to prayer” and related how a kindly Heavenly Father closed the mouths of those sharks “as He had the lions’ mouths for Daniel”. I did not venture the remark that there seemingly are times and seasons when sharks are not keen on human flesh. The men were sore spent when Nobbs’ boat, which had gone off on its own and was close to land, fancying they heard calls from seaward, turned and made in that direction none too soon. All landed safely.

He took me to see the old Bounty gun — a well-nigh sacred relic to those folk. It rests within one of the Barracks, upon a solidly built gun stand without wheels. It is rusted now beyond hope of recovery. It had a second bathing to that long one of five and fifty years in Bounty Bay at Pitcairn. Brought with them, they kept it alongside the big fireplace in their Meeting House where affairs of State were discussed of winter nights. A visitor reporting on it to the Naval Authorities upon his return to Sydney, word was sent that upon the next visit of a man-of-war, its Commander would pick it up. But this was very far from the wishes of those Islanders. When the ship hove in sight, the relic was born off to the lagoon hard by, and dropped once more into the deep. When enquiry was made, none seemed to know what had befallen it. The warship gone, the gun was brought ashore again, this time to be disturbed no more. Its fellow must be upon Pitcairn unless Authority has claimed it; its price being “above rubies”.

Another relic is close handy to the gun, kept in the Council Chamber and now irreverently used as a wastepaper basket. It is the Bounty’s kettle. Soup for a crew or cocoa unlimited could be stewed in that large cauldron. It was used for a far deadlier purpose when McCoy turned it into a still wherein to decoct his longed for spirit from the Ti root, which sent him to suicide, and his booze companion Quintal to fall before the musket of one of the two white survivors of the mutineer band. One handle hangs disconsolate, attached with a cord. A few years back, a visitor took a great fancy to the article, and realizing that he could not possibly carry the whole thing off without detection, determined to bear home with him at least a portion. Unperceived he tore away one of the handles with portion of



the sides adjacent. The vandal got a good start, but a cable took the police aboard at Sydney, and he was forced to disgorge. The Pitcairners can stand much, but that act touched them to the quick. The misused handle hangs as a warning to the tourist to respect what others highly prize, and to first ask as to curios. There is not much left now. The Island has been combed fine by yearly round of visitors.

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### A Searcher's Disappointments

The searcher after facts of the Past in such an island as Norfolk meets with both disappointments and rewards. What one might well expect to have been carefully preserved is gone, yet finds occur in oft unexpected quarters. The running down of possibilities takes time, and many a blind alley is met with on the way. Here are instances of the latter, the one showing wanton ignorance of the true value of things, the other of wanton vandalism.

Looking back into the Past, it is natural to suppose that amongst the Pitcairn men there might have been some disposed (as was much more the custom in the eighteenth century than in the present age) to keep a diary. Amongst those few there were clearly but two who had sufficient education to do so, Buffett and Nobbs, both later additions to the mutineers' band. Searching around I learned that these same two had done so, and that upon evacuating Pitcairn's Island for Norfolk they had brought their diaries along with them and steadily added as the years went by. But my hopes of looking into such interesting volumes were rudely destroyed when I followed up the clues and learned their fate. This is the story as told to me, and I have no reason to doubt its main accuracy.

The Chaplain Nobbs had a daughter of most masterful disposition. She married Buffett's son. Long years she looked after her old father-in-law, tending him with care after his wife had passed away. When his end came, she took possession of all his papers and without a thought of their true value as footnotes to South Sea history, and despite earnest appeals for their preservation, stood upon her assumed rights and burned the lot. Here was blind alley Number One. This same good dame after serving her father-in-law and losing her husband, returned to the home nest and masterfully assumed control of the same, her old father Chaplain included. Whilst her brothers were restive under such treatment, the old man leaned increasingly upon this particular daughter. Upon his death she laid hands upon his diaries and bore them off to her Buffett Homestead despite the protestations of her brothers, the legal executors. Nothing could win them from her hands, nor could she make up her mind to destroy them. At her death they passed to her daughter who just as jealously guarded them.

There came some three years back a well found gasoline launch into Kingston, manned by two brothers on their way from Sydney to Fiji, a long trip for such a vessel and a dangerous one to boot. These brothers bore the name of Morrisby, which was near enough to Moresby to be of value to at least one of them. To the Norfolkers the latter name carries to this day remembrances of great and many kindnesses shown by the Admiral of that name to Pitcairn folk, and in special to the Nobbs family. It is a talisman and ever will be. One of these men evidently had, by his talk to those who met him, some literary pretensions and had bethought him of the same possibility as the present Writer. He followed up the trail and saw the diaries. Might he peruse them, there would be much of the Moresby doings surely recorded therein. There was, and the books were placed in his hands with strictest injunction for their early return. Anon came a note from the launch of how interesting they

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<sup>344</sup> The Bounty cannon and kettle can be seen at the [Norfolk Island Museum](#).

were, and a request to purchase, if a sum was named. Reply was sent that they were above price and were eagerly awaited. They are awaited yet, for enclosing some bank notes in an envelope to the owner, the launch put out to sea bearing off these heirlooms of the Norfolkers and headed for Fiji. Would that conscience may yet move those brothers to restore what was never theirs, and what are grieved over as a community loss. As the story reads, it was a gross outrage. Here then was blind alley Number Two.<sup>345</sup>

These avenues closed, there yet remained two other sources of information : the Journal kept upon Pitcairn to which Brodie makes reference in his book<sup>346</sup> — the earliest written upon that island — and any Government Records anent Norfolk since its first occupation. As to the former, it was certain that the Pitcairners when they cleared for Norfolk in '56 would not leave such a record behind them as waste paper, but it was likely that the same Authorities who had sought to capture from them the Bounty's gun might have walked off with the Journal. I found one thing for certain, that it is not nor has been for long years upon Norfolk. A book was shown me, carefully preserved in the Government Office safe, which had magisterial connection with Pitcairn, an imposing Account Book with hard calf skin cover, but its earliest date was '53 instead of '00, it had "Codex Pitcairniensis" in elaborate style upon its front, the penmanship of some well educated hand, and many of its pages torn out. That it had been used in the later years on Pitcairn is clear, and there are some of the Laws of that Island written down in a scrawly hand, but it was not the book sought. I leaned to the opinion that the Journal lay in the Mitchell Library in Sydney, a wonderful collection of Australian and islands adjacent, made by a wealthy Sydneyite of that name and who bequeathed his collection to the Commonwealth on condition that it was properly housed. The Government were not niggardly, for a splendid building stands upon Macquarie Street, and the Domain (with its delightful gardens) fit home for such treasures as it today contains; but enquiries made brought me word direct that the Pitcairn Journal was unknown. In the volume I handled, I failed to find those strange laws previously noted : but there seems to have been an addition made to those affecting women, for this later edict had gone forth, "It is unlawful for any woman of the Island to walk about arm in arm with a stranger" : and another affects the number of coconuts that may be gathered, whilst a thrashing awaited any boy or girl who dared to transgress that number. Those pages torn out may bear silent witness to a complaint that grew louder and louder upon Norfolk as the years rolled on, and eventuated in an outside Magistrate being appointed, for Justice was made to bow before consanguinity, and when the ancient laws stood in the way it was said that they were cancelled. A still safer course was to obliterate all record of them. Those torn out pages give cause for grave suspicion.

Along with the Journal, I sought for the Bounty's Bible and Prayer Book, which wrought such changes in Adams and caused him to labour ceaselessly to bring up his charges, both Tahitian women and the children, in the Fear of God and the Faith of Holy Mother Church. They too have disappeared, neither are they in Sydney's Treasure House. I was told that the Bible could be shown me, but what I saw bore on the face of it, that it was not the true article. Certainly the inscription is "John Adams" but there is a "Junior" attached thereto and the date is 1828. It is no ship's Bible, but one among the many books sent out from England when news of the strange community reached the Homeland.<sup>347</sup> In the Church Vestry, where it is preserved, there is however a Register which holds memories. When

<sup>345</sup> The Mitchell Library's online catalogue entry for "Series 01: Reverend George Hunn Nobbs papers, 15 May 1853-24 April 1861" can be found [here](#); it refers to: *Box 1/Item 1: 'Register and memorandum', 15 May 1853-31 December 1857, being a diary kept during time at Pitcairn Island, 15 May 1853-3 May 1856, on board the ship Morayshire, 3 May 1856-8 June 1856, and at Norfolk Island, 8 June 1856-31 December 1857 (Issue microfilm MAV/FM4/7365, frames 1-177). Box 1/Item 2: Pitcairn Island diary, consisting of loose pages, 1 January 1858-24 April 1861, including entries for Norfolk Island. These diaries cover the period 1853-1861, whereas Nobbs lived until 1884.*

<sup>346</sup> [Pitcairn's Island and the Islanders in 1850](#), by Walter Brodie (Whittaker & Company, 1851).

<sup>347</sup> See also *The Bounty's Bible* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.

Nobbs went to England to be ordained, he brought back with him, as in duty bound, a formal book wherein to record all Births, Baptisms, Marriages and Burials. In his bold clear hand such entries are set forth, but is of real value because of his summary, touching events from the very first. Straining the word Marriage, he gives how the early band paired off with their Tahitian women folk, then sets forth the exact history of the vendetta that carried off all but two. Here were marriages and burials to his hand to make a good beginning for his Register. These entered, he started in upon more normal times.<sup>348</sup>

### A Searcher's Rewards

Disappointed in so many directions I met with success in Official Records. The Commonwealth coming into being, appointed a Library Committee to gather together and print every Despatch sent Home by the various Governors from Captain Phillip onward, and every answer received. They make a formidable series do these "Historical Records of Australia", but are a mine of absolutely reliable information. These volumes seem to have been sent to all those holding office as Governors or Administrators, and are handsomely installed in all Government Houses where such high officials reside. The doors of the Norfolk Administrator's home were cordially thrown open to me and at last I found a quarry, and set to work to satisfy myself as to the correctness of what I had gathered and transcribed, and if perchance I might light on further details or incidents of interest affecting this Island.

Here are to be read the "Instructions" given at the Court of St. James, 25<sup>th</sup> April 1787, to Captain Arthur Phillip R.N., regarding Norfolk : "Norfolk Island being represented as a spot which hereafter may become useful, you are, as soon as circumstances will admit of it, to send a small establishment thither to secure the same to us and prevent it being occupied by the subjects of any other European power" : and the Despatch telling of the sending of the first few convicts, "Their number shall be increased when a small detachment of marines can be spared." He reports that it was five days before a place could be found at which it was possible to land the provisions, "so completely do the rocks surround the Island", and that "it is as one entire wood without a single acre of clear land, the trees so bound together with a kind of supplejack that the penetration into the interior is very difficult." He gives instructions to the Commandant with a view to the possible attempt of the convicts to escape, "You will be furnished with a four oared boat, and you are not on any consideration to build or permit the building of any vessel or boat that is decked or is not decked whose length of keel exceeds 20 feet, and if by any accident any vessel or boat that exceeds such figure should be driven on the Island you are immediately to cause such vessel or boat to be rendered unserviceable. You are not to permit any intercourse or trade with any ships or vessels that may stop at the Island whether English or not, unless such ships or vessels are in distress in which case you are to afford them such assistance as may be in your power." He tells of the danger of the landing and of a midshipman of the Supply with five men being drowned whilst the ship was unloading. He speaks of no quadrupeds having been seen except rats which overrun the Island "but which cats and terrier dogs intended to be sent, will I hope, soon destroy." Two canoes were found upon the rocks by the first arrivals, driven, he thinks, probably from New Zealand, but a fresh coconut and a small piece of carved woodwork not long in the water suggest to him that some Island inhabited lies at no great distance. He had an eye on every incident, however trifling, as a possible clue to something greater. A plant that produces pepper is found on the Island. Several roots and some of the pepper are sent to Sir Joseph Banks, the Botanist, "who I

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<sup>348</sup> Susequent to WWB's visit, the Pitcairn Island Register was [published](#) in 1929.

have requested to inform your Lordship if it proves to be, as supposed, the same as the East India pepper used in England.” So glowing were the accounts sent Home regarding the Island both by the Governor at Sydney and the Commandant of the place itself that a Despatch comes from the Secretary of State for the Home Department which may well make the Sydney of today smile broadly. “Were it not for the great labour and expense incurred already at Port Jackson, I should have been inclined to have recommended Norfolk Island’s being the principal Settlement. This appears now to be unpractical.” Australia a dependency! of Norfolk Island with a thousand miles of sea between them.

To Lord Sydney he writes early in 1790, “When the Supply returned from Norfolk Island I was informed that the convicts had laid a plan for confining the officers and free people on the Island, which was to be carried into execution the first Saturday after the Supply or any Store ship arrived. It was usual for the Commandant to go every Saturday to a farm at a short distance from the Settlement. There he was to be seized and they were then to send in his name for the Surgeon and several others who as they came out were to be seized, and the Marines going out on Saturdays into the woods to get cabbage trees were to be met on their return and confined with the rest, as well as those who came on shore from the ship, after which a couple of convicts were to go off in a small boat belonging to the Island and inform those on board that their ship’s boat had been staved in landing. This intelligence they supposed would bring more people and boats on shore. These were to be secured with the others, and the convicts were then to go and take possession of the ship with which they intended to go to Tahiti and there form a settlement. A convict woman discovered the scheme to a free man with whom she was living, in hopes of persuading him to leave the Island with her. The Commandant finding there were only three convicts not engaged in this affair returned them all to their different duties after taking such steps as he judged would prevent their attempting to carry their scheme into execution.” In this connection two guns were landed from the Supply and a small redoubt erected which, with the additional force of marines landed, would prevent the convicts from making further attempt at escape. Those same guns now stand beside the old Bounty gun outside the Government Offices at Kingston.

To escape from Norfolk was now considered so improbable that in a later Despatch occurs the following : “Your Lordship will permit me to add that if it is the intention by sending convicts to this country, to prevent their return to England, that intention will best be answered by their being sent to Norfolk Island. Such convicts would be perfectly safe there, but from this Settlement (Sydney) ships will easily find means when in want of men, of carrying away.” But the improbable happened and the unrest was continuous amongst a section.

Commandant King reports to his Superior Officer at Sydney, “There are now and have been for some months past, in confinement for capital offences, five convicts, most notorious offenders, every one of whom is as great a villain as ever graced a gibbet, exclusive of the two which set fire to the Sirius (after its being wrecked). Could I have found any fresh water on Phillip Island I should have been able to have kept those villains in good order by sending them to that Island. I expect I shall find myself necessitated to send them to Nepean Island, first taking care to send as much water as will last them two months, and after that when the weather will admit, once a week.” If this was not done then, it seems to have been done in those darker days forty years later, for it is the tradition that the Pitcairners upon arrival found skeletons of men upon that cut off spot, yet almost within hail of the main gaols.

In October 1792 King reports that five convicts went into the woods where they joined another named James Clarke, who had been out a fortnight. They plundered the grounds of settlers and others and were daring enough to make an attack on the stock in the farmyard, having just previously plundered his own garden. Four were taken in one night and the next day given one hundred lashes each, part of a sentence of three hundred. Another was caught who said he thieved in hopes that he would be

hung and thus end his exile. He was but eighteen years of age. Four months later Clarke was shot and killed by a man whose grounds he was robbing at the moment of firing. “This unhappy wretch has been a terror to every settler. Every patch of potatoes or cabbages were plundered by him.” The Island as can be seen was a lively, and as we know, a busy spot in those days. It had its difficulties of other sorts as well.

In a return of Colonial Shipping, a notice appears, “The Norfolk, a sloop of 16 tons built at Norfolk Island 1798.” And this in spite of the stringent orders above noted. But it had to be done for no ship had called for long from the mainland and the little settlement was in distress; they could not carry on their husbandry for lack of instruments and “the people are nearly naked, the convicts which arrived in the last ship being put ashore wholly in rags.” So the Norfolk sped on her way and having delivered her message was not returned, but handed over to Dr. Bass and his friend Lieutenant Flinders to make their memorable journey, the circumnavigation of Tasmania. Three years later a brig of 56 tons named the Harbinger was purchased to run between Sydney and the Island and was renamed the Norfolk. Its end came a little later at Tahiti whither it had been sent for supplies for the needy crowd on the mainland.

All this time there had been no Chaplain on the Island. One had been appointed at Home, but had begged off. It seemed a wholly uninviting post. With the opening of the new century, action was taken at Sydney, and one who had fallen under the ban was selected, the Rev. Henry Fulton,<sup>349</sup> who had been transported for the part he had taken in the Irish rebellion, who was granted a conditional emancipation and sent as minister to the Island. Despite the presence of women and children in that period, no attempt seems to have been made as to schooling.

Once again the longing for freedom wrought mischief. Major Foveaux, in charge, reports in 1801, “The insurgents sent to this Island nearly carried out one of their wild plans. Their pikes found are completely handled and were ready for use.” Strong measures were evidently taken, for the Governor writes to the Duke of Portland, “I trust that the particular situation that Officer found himself in will be deemed an excusable reason for the steps he judged it necessary to adopt.” The Major’s further report dealing with those steps is lost. And now comes the Despatch ordering evacuation and the long job of getting all away, followed by a silence of fifteen years in the Despatches anent the Island, for not a soul dwelt thereon. The scene moves to Tasmania and at Hobart I may pick up the trail of the convicts.

In 1825 came the order for return and we read the state the Island had got into, when the new Commandant reports to Sydney, “The wild livestock are in great abundance, particularly pigs which are beyond all calculation. Goats are also numerous. The buildings are in a state of utter ruin, but from the walls remaining a temporary gaol and government store will be formed.” With Class 3 “Incorrigibles” — as now the prisoners of the Crown were called — we might well expect trouble and the records show it.

In ’26 the brig Wellington sailed from Sydney with 65 male convicts and a paltry guard of 12 marines under a sergeant. A few days en route for the Island they rose, seized the ship and steered for the Bay of Islands in New Zealand. Unfortunately for them a whaler lay in the Bay — the “Sisters” — whose captain, learning of his fellow captain’s plight, opened fire upon the pirates. A number leaped overboard and escaped to the shore, but they were seized and held by the Maoris. The whole lot were returned to Sydney and the ringleaders suffered death.

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<sup>349</sup> [Henry Fulton \(1761–1840\)](#)

Commandant King's view of Phillip Island as a good place for the refractory was the view shared in by half a hundred of the wilder spirits in the year '27. They attempted to surprise the garrison in the early morning, one soldier losing his life but seven convicts went with him. The rest rushed for the Landing and embarked in the boats belonging to the Establishment. They steered for Phillip Island where they landed. But they had left one boat behind for it was leaky and out of repair. The Commandant had the leaky thing put into shape and went in it the following day with a handful of soldiers to the rock three miles off. Here he seized the boats and then had the convicts at his mercy. Of the leaders, two were executed and one spared, though already he had a sentence of death against him from the old land. This man, Patrick Clynch, seems to have a while later again broken away and to have escaped to the woods for he attacked the Commandant with a club as he was walking home, quite defenceless, from a farm in the interior of the island. His revenge failed. A few days later he attacked the Superintendent of Overseers. Learning that a further rising was imminent with Clynch as the leader, a sudden descent was made by the soldiers on the Prisoners' Camp where Clynch was thought possibly to be; the chief villain made a break to the bush, but ere he got there was shot dead.

During this period no woman was allowed a landing upon the Island. This extended to the Commandant himself. The place was to be an ante chamber to actual death, as appears from these same Despatches. Later this rule was somewhat relaxed and a school was opened for such children as were brought or born upon the Island to those who looked after the Settlement in various capacities. But their presence did not mollify the temper of the place.

In '35 once again the convicts made a break for liberty. A rush was made on the guard as they received from the gaol yard the gang set to outside work for that day. Some thirty others who had pleaded illness and were awaiting the Surgeon's inspection overpowered the soldiery, but the latter being reinforced from the Barracks dispersed the mutineers, killing many. In the meantime those confined at Longridge, back of Kingston, had broken out and armed with any tools they could snatch up, rushed down the hillsides to help their confederates. They were too late, they did but join in the rush for cover. Of these, there were thirteen sentenced to death and duly executed "in the presence of the other convicts of the Settlement." There were other breaks, but enough.

At last came the order for final evacuation, clear and explicit as all these Despatches are; Norfolk's dark days were over. It is remarkable to note the care with which every detail all the long years through is handled in London, and the wonderfully clear grasp of a position thousands of miles away by those who had no personal experience of the life or the country itself. Those twenty volumes of correspondence represent an enormous amount of careful thought. There is no request for further particulars, all is clear on both sides. They are the work of men well trained and highly skilled in their various important posts. But they strike a sombre note throughout : they are dealing not with free men and women but with criminals. Severity rules, and nowhere more insisted upon that Norfolk, till the pressure rightly stamped it upon the minds of all cognizant of the doings those days in the far distant Pacific Ocean as, a Living Death — The Island of Despair.



## THE ISLES OF JOINT CONTROL (I) : THE NEW HEBRIDES

### The Condominium

Condominium is the word and runs glibly off the tongue, but the carrying out of that strange partnership is not so easily pronounced upon. It had advocates, seemingly but very few, and its numerous loud-voiced opponents. The former say that it spells success, the latter a rank failure. I speak of those who look upon it from the outside. In Australia the papers are never very long without some slighting reference thereto, always urging entire possession by the British. The Protestant Missionaries keep up the agitation ably seconded by those who seemingly imagine gravest menace in another colony of Frenchmen so handy to their doors. New Zealand's late prime minister<sup>350</sup> dubbed it a failure and persistently urged at the very least a partition between the two Powers; the old Thunderer<sup>351</sup> at Home writes of it as most unsatisfactory. As to what those think who are the spot, who live daily under it, and are making their livelihood on the various isles, I went to learn. It would best be learned by going about the Group, mixing freely with both French and British, the missionaries, the planters and the traders. The natives themselves are unfortunately inarticulate to the outsider, but they cannot be ignored in any final settlement, if such has to be, for they are the true owners of the soil and "self determination" is now an accepted fact as a political doctrine.

The Condominium was long years in the forming. All the paraphernalia for carrying it out is now upon the spot, the Joint Courts of Law, the Customs, the Constabulary, the Post Office, the Treasury, the Health Officers and Public Works Department. So far as my memory recalls, it is an experiment in politics save for the Anglo-Egyptian rule of the Sudan, and a passing phase of joint hands in Samoa and Morocco. There have been many instances of peoples of the same race and language amalgamating under one government, but here two nations of about equal strength, yet of different blood, have come together in a friendly way and set up a joint regime. Thus was settled in 1906 the vexed question covering so many years as to who should be considered to have the right to embrace the New Hebrides within its Empire. A Republic and a Monarchy agree to partnership thereof. This left out the voice of the natives, but even that was better than an open rupture which it was fast drifting to.

### Discovery

It was a Spaniard who first discovered the group in 1606. Spain made no claim to them. They lay forgotten till a Frenchman — Bougainville — sailed between Santo and Malekula and called them the Great Cyclades, but he went straight on nor did he raise his country's flag. That was in 1768. The Englishman — Cook — sailed slowly through them in 1774 and renamed the group as now known, yet raised no flag. Under the New Zealand Charter of 1840, it was considered, through its latitude, as being part of that new colony, but it did not stand the strain. Men were too busy further south. Admiral Despointes, by a piece of sharp practice in 1853, hoisted the French flag on New Caledonia, first seen by Cook, and laid claim to its "dependencies". But did he mean those far off or the natural ones

<sup>350</sup> [William Ferguson Massey \(1856–1925\)](#)

<sup>351</sup> Peter Fraser and Edward Sterling were two noted journalists, and gained for [The Times](#) the nickname 'The Thunderer', from "We thundered out the other day an article on social and political reform."

of the Loyalty Isles close to hand. By the seventies hardly any French had settled in the New Hebrides, but there was a good sprinkling of English traders as well as missionaries. Roman Catholic missionaries had tried to get a footing, but had given up. Malaria beat them. Long years later they returned, this time to spread themselves far and wide. By force of circumstances most of the trade to and from the Group passed though Noumea in New Caledonia, and this was long pointed to as showing that it was a natural adjunct to its large neighbour in the South West. Then came into being the New Hebrides Company — a French concern — under whose auspices French settlers began to pour in, and soon they outnumbered the British, as they do by nearly three to one today. Little wonder that with such a history, things got somewhat mixed. The Condominium is a serious attempt to straighten matters out. It is but young yet, revised in 1914 with the object of making it more workable, but only ratified and brought into use in 1922. The Great War has given it but little chance. It has hardly as yet had a square deal and men who write it down a failure may find themselves to have been over hasty in their judgment. It is an interesting experiment, well worth roaming far to see.

## The Group

The New Hebrides is a Group of some thirty inhabited islands, with various smaller ones, stretching over 400 miles of sea, due north and south, and possessing a land area of three million acres. They run in size from coral islets of a few hundred acres to islands fifty and seventy miles long by forty-five miles in breadth. They do not hide themselves away like atolls, but stand out boldly. They are mountainous, volcanic and heavily wooded. They charm the eye. Little wonder that the authors of the many books written on the Group are unanimous in their praise. That bibliography is both varied and extensive. Admirals and Captains, Missionaries and Travellers, Students and Biographers, all have been busy with the New Hebrides. The French have done their share. Just as some of these islands stand out preeminent, so do the names of some of our fellowmen. Of the latter, the forceful Missionaries, Paton and Geddie, Inglis and Gunn,<sup>352</sup> stand out above all the rest. It was they who bore the brunt of the battle with savagery and who paved the way for the peaceful entry of today.

Of the Islands from north to south, Santo comes first. Such is its shortened name; its grandiloquent one, bestowed upon it by Quiros in the long Past, is La Austrialia del Espiritu Santo (the South Land of the Holy Ghost). He thought that he had struck the Lost Continent, and died in that belief. Where he made his landing he gave the name St. Phillip and St. James Bay. It is a fine sheet of water, with his Jordan River running into it, but the non-sentimental planters of today call it Big Bay and let it go at that. They have done worse than that, for but a few miles south on the inner coast where steamers make a point of calling and both Government Agent, Mission Station and one of the finest coconut plantations in the Group is to be found, they dub Hog Harbor. It is a shame to give so coarse a name to so inviting a spot. Nature is at its best there and man refuses to rise to the occasion. Yet there is cause, for pigs play an all important part in the life of the New Hebrideans. It reaches to the human race, for women are bartered for pigs. The gentler sex have a cruelly hard time throughout the Group. They seem to have become inured to it. It is on record that even those who have come under the influence of the missionaries resent their being given in marriage without their value being paid in hogs. The more modern way does not exhibit their true value.

After Santo in interest we come southward to Ambrym with its ever smouldering and oft times wild volcano. Its last great eruption was in 1913, when five craters, including the summit of the Island,

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<sup>352</sup> [John Gibson Paton \(1824–1907\)](#). [John Geddie \(1815–1872\)](#). [John Inglis \(1808–1891\)](#). William T. Gunn (1853–1935).

opened out in full blast. It swept away Mission and Hospital, plantations, points of land and many natives. This is an Island twenty-four miles by seventeen, and both white folk and natives thrive on it today, despite an ever present danger, with little room to move when a crisis comes.

A little further south there rises out of the sea a perfect cone, like a sugar loaf, named Lopevi, five thousand feet high, ready for real business at any moment. It is largely left alone. Scientists tell us that nowhere the whole world over is the Earth's crust thinner than in the New Hebrides.

Then southward again and we reach Efate or Sandwich Island, whereon is Vila, the Port of Entry, the commercial centre of the Group, the site of the British and French Residencies, and all the outward necessities of the Condominium. From earliest days Vila has been known. It had its rough time when the Group was No Man's Land and Law and Justice could not reach it. Those were the "blackbirding" days when lives were cheap, both white and native. But now Vila is altogether proper, and into its harbour come the regular monthly mail steamers from Sydney, of both nations, a French Ocean Liner at stated interval from Marseilles and planters' ketches from various isles. It has hotels, the Paton Memorial Hospital, a French one likewise, Churches, Barracks for the Constabulary, and Athletic Ground whereon I have seen "Soccer" played finely by bootless natives.

Next of note is Erromanga still to the south. "The Martyrs' Isle", no small patch, some thirty-five miles by twenty-five, where such daring soul as John Williams, the pioneer of pioneers for the Christian Cause, came to his death, and others besides as the years rolled on. Nowadays, as if to show its peaceful attitude, there is a large sheep station on Erromanga and many a tourist makes safe but astonished pilgrimage to the Martyrs' Memorial Church.

And last of special note, still southward, lies Tanna with its ever active volcano, whose crater forms the top of a low mountain. It is easily accessible, lying but a mile from Sulphur Bay. A short climb brings one to the top, from whence, with care, a look can be taken inside, the while watching that the rocks hurled forth and upward do not land upon one's head. Port Resolution was highly thought of by Captain Cook for an anchorage. It might have out-rivalled Vila, but it is ruined now. An earthquake raised the whole bed of the sea within the Port.

The group has its disadvantages for white folk. It is within the Hurricane Belt and malaria is rife. But forewarned is to be forearmed. To wary ones hurricanes give warning, and quinine is in every home.

## The Natives

The natives, who number some 55,000, are not the host that they once were. The white man's advent has, as usual, worked to their depletion. The horrors of the labor traffic, and the bloodthirsty crowd who sailed these seas for sandalwood and whales made havoc amid these largely defenceless folk. Yet they fought back and many a man was marked for destruction when opportunity served. In parts they are untamed still. Those who live around the coasts of the various islands may be considered quiet, but those who dwell in the hills, especially on Malekula, are by no means to be depended on. Upon arrival I read a notice upon an official board regarding the effects and the estate of one — Clapcutt — who was killed and partly eaten upon Santo but a year ago.

The natives vary greatly from island to island. Whilst the majority come under the designation of Melanesians, there are true Polynesians among them. Straight hair and woolly, rich brown and well nigh black skin, tall athletic figures and many well nigh pigmies, and albinos not unknown. Their language also is not one. Those who dwell on one side of an island speak wholly differently from

those on the other. Every village seems a community in itself; they go not beyond their confines save to seek new blood by barter in women. The long stretches of water which lie between most islands forbid much intercourse, for the New Hebridean is not cunning in the art of canoe making. His is but a poor craft, his paddle likewise, compared with all others I have seen. He has his roughly-made outrigger, but his timber is small. None so far have a thwart above a foot broad, hardly a child could sit or kneel within. In his appearance and his customs, his intellect and his desires, he is reckoned as the lowest grade of all South Sea natives.

## Vila

Vila, the Port of Entry, might easily improve itself. Under the Convention, arrangement is made for municipalities, with councils empowered to generally look after the welfare of their charge. As far as Vila is concerned, it has never got beyond the naming of a Mayor, which official exists today, but without power to do aught save marry couples. The thought of taxes put a stop to further action. But the result is deplorable. There appears, to a visitor, to be no attempt to keep the place clean. The so-called roads are littered with rubbish. Old bottles, tins and rags, weedy grass and ancient bones are met with everywhere. The foreshore seems a favorite dumping ground. Vila gives one the appearance of being utterly uncared for. What is the duty of all becomes the duty of none. Yet the site is charming. Indifference has ruined it. There seems to have been at no time any idea of laying out a town. Everybody built shop or home just where it suited them. It is a mere jumble of buildings clustering along the narrow beachfront and none are built for beauty, the Post Office alone excepted.

Once up the hill things are better however, but there lie the homes of the officials who were expected to need room to breathe. The sanitation of the place leaves much to be desired. The water supply is precarious; it is a question of tanks and rains, yet there are streams at no great distance which could give a never failing supply. Possibly some fearsome visitation will have to occur before action is taken, and meanwhile a very lovely spot is marred to the eye of the traveller.

Within the confines of the ample harbour lie two islands, well lifted up and covered with verdure. That furthest one is Vila, the home of the natives with its Chief and its Church, to which canoes are to be seen ever coming and going. The nearer one is Iririki, purchased by the Presbyterian Mission in the Long Ago for a site for their Hospital, and a goodly portion later leased to the British Government for the site of the British Residency. The latter is an unpretentious building, built at first evidently with a view to defence, for its innermost rooms today are of solid concrete, to be later added to by wide wooden verandah and sleeping rooms. From its lofty perch a glorious view can be obtained, whilst from its flagstaff floats out from sunrise to sunset the Flag, the first thing to greet you as your steamer turns into the harbor.

Looking across to Vila itself, the eye catches the high towers of the Wireless Station, the Flags bravely flying before the offices of the British and French residents, the Joint Court Building in length preeminent, the Roman Cathedral and Presbyterian Church. The Anglican does not intrude here. From the first it was agreed that Melanesia should be divided between the two latter. All the New Hebrides, save three of the Northern isles, are worked by the Presbyterians. Those three islands — Aoba, Pentecost and Maewo — the Banks, the Torres, the Santa Cruz and the Solomons are the field of the Anglicans.

## Commemoration Days

I happened to fall in with two semi-religious functions, the one French, the other English. At both there was free and good attendance of both nationals. The French commemorated All Souls Day, November 2<sup>nd</sup>, the British, Armistice Day, November 11<sup>th</sup>.

Up above the site of the Cathedral is the site of the former one burned to the ground, leaving only its concrete floor. In the middle there is a monument raised to the memory of the French soldiers who fell in the Great War — Vila's quota amongst them. There is a surpassing view of sea and mountain from that site. Our party from the hotel climbed up to find a guard of dark-skinned constabulary, many officials in white, ribbons on breast, much saluting back and forth, a body of black cassocked, white helmeted priests in the background. Neither chant nor song, but much animated address, then each in turn stepped forward to lay floral tribute at the base of the monument. The bugle sounded, soldiers and civilians scattered, and the dead in far off France had once more had due homage paid them on this speck in the far Pacific.

Under the shade of a mighty banyan tree within the grounds of the British Administration, once again we all gathered to join in the great circle of Thanksgiving and Silence that would follow the Sun on the Day of Remembrance the whole Empire over. It was a simple but impressive affair, and all felt the uplift of it. There were hymns led by an artist at a tiny harmonium, prayer by the medical missionary, an address plain, politic and pointed by the British Resident; then as the Government yacht in the harbour below boomed out the hour, a silence fell on all, and thoughts and hearts went far in that short space of time. The Last Post, the Marseillaise, the National Anthem, and to our homes we wended.

Men and women in these and other far off isles may be "out" of the world, but they are very far from being not "of" the world. Indeed their very loneliness leads to an intense desire to be in closest possible touch with all the great movements of the continents and to follow with an abiding interest all that concerns our fellows. In this connection Vila is fortunate in possessing the boon of wireless. It is not a high power station, but sufficient for present needs. World news is posted daily in French, and translators are very friendly.

## The Plantations

To take such limited strolls from Vila as are possible as yet, is to see at once the richness of the Island of Efate. Only the fringe of it has so far been touched. Well inland there is reported to be a great space of level land which neither white man nor native has so far touched, for at present it is impenetrable through densest forest and vine. If what has been done elsewhere is done there, the returns should quadruple the present output of the island. It is pleasant to walk through the plantations beneath the shade of the coconut trees, not planted promiscuously as with the native, but in long lines, each tree so many feet apart, the undergrowth kept trim by cattle whose appearance bears evidence of the good food found. One comes upon great areas of cotton, the "Caledonia" variety, just now the pods bursting and hands busy gathering, to be borne off on slow-moving bullock carts to the gin, and baled ready for shipment to France. The coffee bushes are laden with their ripe, red berries, and the cocoa trees are being despoiled of their variegated colored fruit. It is a busy scene where e'er one strolls. These four are the main products of all the islands, but they do not exhaust the list. It is a question of Labour, and that is the paramount question throughout the New Hebrides today. It is a fact that the natives



have ever refused to hire themselves out to work on their own island, but are willing to do so on any other. This alone has always meant much coming and going, and added to the difficulties of the planter. He has to go outside, which means either a recruiting vessel of his own or the hiring of one with himself or his agent thereon. The professional Recruiter has gone for good; the license fee required today has put him out of business. Labor today is indentured for terms of one up to three years. It is all under the strictest surveillance; kidnapping is a thing of the Past. But there are inequalities in the business, which are a heavy handicap to the British in their search for help. It is well to know them. They will help to understand the political situation.

The two nations work under different "Regulations" which interpret for each the broad lines of the "Convention". The British cannot indenture women; the French can. The British cannot indenture labor from outside the Group; the French can. If a British planter wants good work and peace among his laborers, he must needs have the men's wives along. He can only hire women for domestic service, and this for one up to three months at a time. It is impossible for him to have an army of women servants about his dwelling doing nothing. He hires then the men and tells the wives to come along, but the Regulations insist that he not only provides these women with shelter and food, but medical attendance, if need be, as well. The French, on the other hand, hire and work the women just as they do the men. The latter nation, however, far from satisfied from what they can get out of the New Hebridean, has turned to their Chinese possessions and imported Tonkinese, not by the hundred but by the thousand. These Tonkinese are French citizens as much as is the man straight from Paris. They can be and are indentured, and are both good and tireless workers. Should the British bring in Chinese, they do it at their own risk. The Authorities may close their eyes to it, but they cannot indenture the Chinaman. Once ashore he is a perfectly free agent. He can work for the man or leave him at the wharf. It is not likely therefore that the Britisher will look that way for help. There are certainly more New Hebrideans now for him, were it not for the matter of the women.

One result is to be deplored. Planters may elect under which Government they will live; indeed every adult after a six months' residence, whatsoever nation he belongs to, has to do so. Many a Britisher has been forced against his will and all his breeding to elect to live as a Frenchman upon the New Hebrides, thus enabling him to secure the all-important labor without the severe restrictions of the King's Regulations. The pure and simple British Community, already small enough, is thus further depleted. The French, together with their Tonkinese French and their British French, practically today possess the Group. This may have important political results at a later date. Today comes regularly the French Ocean Freighter, carrying the products of the Group to Marseilles; there comes no English Ocean freighter bound for Liverpool. As soon as freight warrants it, there is assurance that a second French Ocean Freighter will be placed upon the route. The British planter has no option. He helps load the ship and adds his fraction to the manifest, four-fifths of which is French.

### **Where Battle Raged**

The Koné, a taut little steamer of 80 tons, sails out of Noumea, New Caledonia, three times a year to trade in the southern isles of the New Hebrides. It is manned by Loyalty Island boys, fine seamen, no shirkers of heavy toil, lovers of song with musical abilities above the common, not overdressed but what they have is brilliantly hued. The Captain is a joy to meet. No taciturn veteran of the sea, but a lively Frenchman. What he lacks in height, he makes up in girth. Fiery, of course, but with a heart of gold. To hear him give his orders from the bridge is to imagine that he has murder in his eye, but lo! on the instant he breaks forth into song and dances in naked feet a pirouette upon the deck. He is courtesy itself, the whole vessel is yours, and his table is that of a connoisseur. No tinned food here;



he carries livestock; and his cellar is past words. His supercargo rivals him, a real live wire for business, educated in Paris, at home in London, and speaks English most pleasing to the ear. What more could one want, and I was the only passenger.

It was the Koné that was to pick me up on Tanna, whither I went from Vila on Efate, in an auxiliary schooner, the Motau. There was Erromanga first to be seen, the isle of Missionary tragedy, but how much of it and others, depended wholly on the weather. In the southern Group of the four islands, Futuna and Aniwa to be added to the above, there is not a single harbor. Dillon's Bay offers a modicum of shelter, but all the rest of the way is open water, and you may or you may not be able to make your haven. I was forewarned that it was a rough trip to a rough coast. I found it so, but there were many compensations. Time and again we saw our port but could not make it. There was produce in plenty awaiting us ashore and the trade room aboard each boat bulging with goods for barter or sale. Sadly we passed by. But I saw what I went to see, and the rest was an experience, and an object lesson of the life aboard a trading vessel in the South Seas. Each vessel carried a motor launch, its use invaluable both as a saver of time and strength, and a surmounter of difficulties.

### Erromanga

Erromanga lies some eighty miles due south of Vila, and at the break of day I went on deck to find us at anchor in Dillon's Bay, a wide stretch of water with the sea smooth, and the head of the bay, with Williams River flowing in, not three hundred yards away. There was nothing stirring, but on one side of the mouth of the stream there could be seen through the trees and palms the Mission Settlement, the door of the Martyrs' Memorial Church wide open as if inviting entry. The beach on either side looked black and pebbly, and white water broke steadily close handy, leaving but a narrow passage for boats to pass through ere making a landing. Loading up our boat and hitching it on by a long rope to the motor launch we made an early start. We took the entrance with a rush and were soon ashore. Leaving the officials to their work, I wandered off, scaring women and children to right and left who sought cover behind bushes or risings in the ground. Such was their good manners I suppose. It was certainly kinder than to follow as a mob. I found the Mission House deserted and largely falling to pieces. Then I recalled how the first white folk made the fatal mistake of building their homes low down by the coast, and fell a prey to fever and ague. It was only after bitter and fatal experience that they built high up and back. The Mission House today lies full two miles inland, on a height of land where the full breeze of the Trade wind reaches it, and the Anopheles mosquito is unknown. The grass thatched roofs of the natives' homes could be seen clustered together at no great distance, but I was not curious for closer acquaintance, so passed on to the Church. A wide loose stone pig wall, broken down in places, surrounds it, a bar serves as gateway, and to one side within the Churchyard a tripod of rough poles supports the bell. Coming from Norfolk Island, where I had seen the Patteson Memorial Church, that perfect gem in stone, its exterior covered with creeper, its interior kept with the most meticulous care, its polished brasses, its mosaic floor, its stained windows, its seats inlaid with mother of pearl, I was frankly astounded at what I saw. It was like visiting a grave perfectly tended year by year with loving hands who could never forget, and then passing to that saddest of sights, an uncared for one, the memory of its occupant forgotten amid other cares. The wooden building badly needs a coat of paint or whitewash. The windows are broken or completely gone, rough boards nailed across instead, the seats left any old way, the little vestry evidently used as a sort of dispensary, the rostrum taken up by blackboard and easel. I looked for the Tablet bearing the names of those who had willingly given up their lives for the Cause for which the building was raised. I had to move away material from the wall at the back of the stage for the preacher, before I found and could read it. Surely the rich and powerful organization in Australia which runs the Presbyterian

Mission in the New Hebrides cannot know the state of things in their Martyrs' Church. It should be their very first care to keep it up, a privilege indeed, and no duty. The Missionary is away on furlough. I hope he returns with paint and glass to remove a disgrace.

Across the stream, amid heavy foliage, lie the graves of some of those killed by the savages. It matters not whether these have mighty monuments of stone above them. Nature has taken them to herself, and hides them carefully from the vulgar gaze. On the beach at the back of which they lie was where John Williams and his young companion Harris fell before the blows of the Erromangans. He landed on but a narrow space; when he saw danger he had not room to move. His bones lie not here. They are said to rest beneath the native Church in Apia, Samoa, but it is hard to say if the bones offered to those who came after them were really those sought for. I would not be one of those who would say that nemesis has followed the lovely island from that evil day, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the race of Erromangans has been steadily dying out. There were thousands then; there are but 450 left and those few are without energy. They may be Christians, but they are a sorry crowd. Other islands forge ahead but Erromanga stands still save for the white man's energy, who finds ample reward for his labor. Sheep thrive on Erromanga, the hills are largely clear of the usual heavy timber and grass seems abundant. Good rains had lately fallen and the great open lands high up looked fresh and green. Hidden in the bush in the deep ravine is much sandalwood, which is cut up in small lengths and brought to the coast for export. Europe, Asia, both China and India are eager purchasers. The ruffians of an earlier age took rich store of all that was handy. Nowadays it has to be sought for inland. Trunk, branches and roots all are taken, but it propagates itself. Round the matured tree grow many a sapling. There seems little fear of its dying out. Only the trained eye can spot it, its bark and shape are akin to all its neighbors in the bush. We were to pick up sheep, wool and wood later on, so moved south to Tanna.

## Tanna

Our first call was at Lenakel, an old time trading and Mission Station on an open coast. Fortunately we could drop anchor and get at once to business. The Tannese were and are a vigorous race; they number thousands and are steadily on the increase. They are not beautiful to look upon. They are indeed a savage-looking race despite their Christianity, and some hill tribes in measure hold out. Here one saw another of the sites where the battle between savage and missionary was fought out. For the latter it was fierce and desperate, made the more so by the trader. Into his quarrel I do not propose to enter, but one would have thought that his blood would have compelled him to have stood at least aside whilst the fight was on. A fine and extensive coconut plantation with open grazing land on which cattle and horses fed, with a handsome Church and Hospital nestling amid the trees, with a native village hard by, is the result of that fight. The Missioner won, but verily through tears and blood. His freehold was but a fraction at first, grudgingly given and sold to him over and over again by force majeure. Into his battleground there swept a notorious character, notorious as Bully Hayes<sup>353</sup> in the Eastern Pacific, Ross Lewin,<sup>354</sup> who fought and slew for the love of it. Those were the days of the American Civil War, when cotton went a-soaring, and Lewin scented a fortune. At the musket point he seized and cleared a huge acreage covering the site now so carefully tended and much that has gone wild again. Here he sowed his cotton : and the demand slackening, turned to direct trading.

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<sup>353</sup> [William Henry "Bully" Hayes \(1827 or 1829 – 1877\)](#)

<sup>354</sup> Possibly Henry Ross-Lewin.

His hand was against every man, and every native against his. At last they got him. Then peace reigned : and Lenakel is a spot where boats are sure of abundant cargo.

The Tannese are rich; there are thousands of pounds in good English money in their hands : the traders have every evidence of it. The women are not content with cotton fabric; they demand silks and satins. There is English gold laid from time to time upon the counter. The men are workers and are ready for the recruiter. Seven in one day came aboard the steamer and signed on for three years in Noumea. One came alone; he was a heathen from the hills. I took good stock of him. He was clothed in a loin cloth of tightest and smallest dimensions. Each recruit is entitled to certain things upon signing : clothing, together with a platter and a spoon. What that heathen chiefly longed for was evidently a singlet. The supercargo gave him his choice. There were white ones, there were those of many stripes, but his eyes rested upon the one of the purest pink. It was on him in a trice and he sat for days on deck thus arrayed, fit and ready for aught that fortune might have in store for him. I made good friends in Lenakel and received hospitality not to be forgotten. Again the Missionary was absent, and the hospital closed down.

From thence we circled Tanna, seeing it from all sides. It has many dominating hills, with open highlands here and there. Its coastline is rugged in the extreme. We had our successes and our disappointments. Where we shipped cargo, we did trade. Here and there we had traders' white wives aboard to select goods : the supercargo proved a fine salesman, his patience with the slow-thinking native was wonderful. Liquor is prohibited to the native. It was interesting to watch the brown fellow who wanted it approach the subject. He was wary, very diffident, and almost whispered his request. He got his NO clear and distinct. May all traders be as my young friend.

### Pidgin English

English was not always spoken; that amazing Pidgin English was frequently in use. I have heard much of it these past years, but can never attain to it. It seems to largely hang upon two words, "belong" and "fellow" : but it is too easy to get them the wrong way and tie oneself up in knots for me to venture it. There are some who have heard of it, but have never seen a sample. I therefore venture to append a well-known piece of English in the "black fellow jargon". Here are the Ten Commandments, viz. :

Title. Ten fellow talk belong Big Master.

1. Man have 'm God one fellow : no have 'm 'nother fellow God.
2. Man like God first time, everything behind.
3. Man so swear.
4. Man keep Sunday very good, day belong Big Master.
5. Man keep good fellow along father, mother belong him.
6. Man no kill 'nother fellow man.
7. Man no steal Mary belong 'nother fellow man.
8. Man no steal.
9. Man no lie 'nother fellow man.

10. Man see good fellow something belong 'nother fellow man, he no want him all the time.

Now we reached White Sands, which lies close under Tanna's ever active volcano from which a pillar of cloud steadily rose. It looks and is but a short tramp from the shore and is the easiest of approach of all the volcanoes of the world. I had hoped to have made the ascent and looked down into the boiling cauldron, which by night lightens the sky, but had to be denied for our stay was all too short. We had to do our best with an angry sea and get away out of danger in quickest order. Yet we had visitors and did good business. Here was a Mission Station and a Missionary at his post who had fought on since the new century began and was ready for many a further round. It is as bright a spot as any on Tanna, though the volcano may obliterate it in an hour.

### Port Resolution

But a short trip away we turned in and dropped anchor in the most historic spot on Tanna — Port Resolution, where Cook refreshed ships and crews in 1774 and where the battle raged fiercest between the savage and the Missioner. Cook found deep water, so did the missionary. We found anchorage just within its mouth, to go further is impossible, an earthquake having since the sixties raised the whole bed of the port. Afar off at the head we could see the hot spring close to where the first Mission house stood, the fumes rising high, where the savages were wont to cook their victims. To the right, obstructed by a hill, lay the volcano whose smoke rose steadily, to the left a shelving beach where lay store and copra shed with many a ton awaiting. All was peace, but one could not be unmindful of what that port had seen. Here landed Turner<sup>355</sup> and Nisbet<sup>356</sup> to start the fight on Tanna in 1842. The savage won the first round. After seven months of fiercest persecution and ever present danger, their condition and that of their wives became so dreadful that they attempted to escape out of the port by night. They made the mouth, but outside the sea was furious and drove the poor craft back to land. They felt the end was nigh, but the morning showed them a trading vessel in port, which rescued them in the nick of time.

Paton and Mathieson<sup>357</sup> were the next to attack. They landed in the port in '58. Each had their wives with them. Mathieson stationed himself at the other side of the island. Paton lost his wife to fever and fought on alone. Neither of these men were to be easily deterred. It took four years to beat them, but in '62 the second round went to the savages. Again a trading vessel stood on to where Mathieson and Paton stood at bay and rescued them when things looked darkest. But Mathieson and his wife had had too much for nature to endure. Within three months they died. Paton lived on; after a rest to tackle for nigh twenty years and finally win the neighbouring island of Aniwa.

The final round on Tanna went to Watt and his wife,<sup>358</sup> since whose day the savage has acknowledged himself beaten and accepts civilization with such grace as he is capable of.

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<sup>355</sup> George Turner. See his [Nineteen Years in Polynesia \(John Snow, 1861\)](#).

<sup>356</sup> Henry Nisbet

<sup>357</sup> J.W. Mathieson

<sup>358</sup> William and Agnes Craig Paterson Watt. See [Twenty-five Years' Mission Life on Tanna, New Hebrides](#), by A.C.P. Watt (J. and R. Parlane, 1896).

## Aniwa

It was to the island of Aniwa that we made our way. The one island can be seen from the other, not twenty miles away. Aniwa is a picturesque little island, lying low and compact. It is a coral island and very similar in many ways to Niue in the Eastern Pacific. They both are like an inverted platter, not a hill thereon. They have good roads, well laid out villages, and open spaces for playing grounds. Here again the Missionary was absent. There was copra here in abundance; the folks are workers. It is but seven miles by two.

'Twas the hurricane season and captains keep an extra eye upon the weather. It did not look too promising or we might have made across to the outlying island of Futuna. This is an exact opposite to Aniwa for it rises sheer out of the sea in tiers, so that it has to be scaled by native ladders from sea to shelf and then tier to tier. Here Copeland <sup>359</sup> and his wife waged war and after a two decade fight won out. Gunn too had a hand therein. It was hoped to make Futuna a sanatorium for the Missionaries, but its isolation defeated the project.

There was no call upon the little Koné to make for the last and southernmost of the islands, Aneityum, for the Motau would call there and gather up such cargo as might turn up. There was not a white person upon the island, for here again the Missionary had gone. Let it be understood, however, that in all such cases the natives are not left wholly to themselves. There are natives catechists in charge, but of what capacity a stranger can express no opinion.

When Williams fell on Erromanga the fight was not at first carried there, but to Tanna, and after that defeat, at Aneityum. It was to be an upward battle, from the southernmost island to Santo in the north. Aneityum put up a fight, but nothing compared to the rest. The natives on the whole seemed to show an interest in the message of the white men from the very first. Geddie and his wife landed in '48. Inglis and his wife joined forces in '52. By 1860 the battle was won. Unlike Tanna have the natives appallingly decreased. Once Aneityum numbered 10,000 and more, today there are but a few hundred.

## Homeward Turned

So the Koné headed back to Tanna and we made for a trading post at its northernmost point. Here was rough going with a vengeance, but the Loyalty boys and the Tannese between them conquered the surf, though it was exciting work and men worked well-nigh to their necks in the water. Our bulging store room was showing signs of weakening and these same Tannese helped on the good cause. They left laden with good things, and I saw enough sugar sent ashore to supply a candy factory. Singlets were again in great demand, and boxes, with a tinkling bell in the lock, fit receptacle for much clothing, went like hotcakes. It takes a supercargo of many summers to know the natives' mind. A store room is not a junk shop; it is a carefully planned campaign in which nothing is forgotten and nothing superfluous is allowed.

Now the sky again threatened and though we had Traitor's Head to make for on Erromanga, the thing was hopeless. We could get there, but there would be no possibility of landing. Here Cook had landed under summer skies, but we could not, so made the best of it and headed for Dillon's Bay once more, there to pick up sheep and tons of sandalwood. It was none too calm a sea to work in, but the little

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<sup>359</sup> Joseph Copeland

launch did bravely and hauled the loaded boat through surf and wave till our holds were a joy to look into.

Then with a heavy swell and a strong following wind we headed north for Vila. It was a twelve hour run, the latter part under a full moon : let those who know, put all those things together and they will know that it was pleasure undefiled. At last we swung round the leading lights to guide us through the reefs lying beneath the calm surface of the water; dropped anchor; the captain danced his pirouette and all turned in to sleep till dawn, when landing would be made.



## THE ISLES OF JOINT CONTROL (II)

### Quiros' Landfall

Santo is the spot, the largest island in the Group, and in many ways the most interesting. It is also the most productive, especially at its southern end where is considerable settlement of French folk.

Accepting the kindly invitation of the British District Officer, I put in several weeks at that ill-sounding bay, Hog Harbor, where in addition to my host, there is an Australian Planter, cultured and the best of company, whilst a Missionary and his wife complete the list of whites. The two former are seemingly confirmed bachelors, but know how to run their homes as if they had taken a full course of Domestic Science, whilst their 'table' leaves nothing to be desired. Intent against the all too often drift to seediness, their supply of literature is both extensive and well chosen, whilst a fine tennis court for outdoor exercise and a billiard table for the evenings keeps them from ennui and inertia. My host has his bungalow with a lovely little cove on one side — *Itheas* the name — with a sandy beach, an ideal bathing place and a coral bottom which beneath the rays of the sun takes on a hue of purest Cambridge blue and where turtles disport themselves in their slow fashion and sharks are happily unknown. On the further side is *Lonnoc Bay* with its reef, over which the water breaks perpetually, but within all is calm. These names, which are all local, point to a curious divergence from the usual Polynesian custom which requires a vowel ending to every word. The Santo folk as will be seen are not averse even to diphthong.

Moro Point under my host's hands is a beauty spot by reason of his real genius for rock gardening, and being a lover of Nature it is not surprising to find the Point a bird sanctuary. They know a friend when they find one and make their nests where they will, even using his bedroom sill. At his table in an arbor apart from the house, open on all sides to the breeze and with charming vista of garden and sea, cats and dogs foregather, chickens and pea fowl too, a share of his food is theirs. His ability in the kitchen is that of an artist. I know for I have tasted. His cooks sit at his feet to learn. In that garden is an orchid collection which is the result of years of search. It is commonly reported that when on the trail of murderers, he is as keenly intent on plant collection, and even in the presence of danger he is more careful in examining some new discovery than in watching the movements of the man with the gun. For Santo and the neighbouring isle of Malekula are wild and savage still. Life is held cheap, and no man travels without his snider rifle.<sup>360</sup>

Those bush men are not pleasant fellows to look upon, neither are their women who trail along behind them. The hair arrangement is the reverse of ours, the men affecting long locks which are wonderful affairs of plait tied behind and sticking out straight, stiffened by tendrils of vine, the women pass beyond both bobbing and shingling, shaving the head past even a prison crop. Clothing is insisted upon for all those under the influence of the Missionaries, but otherwise approaching the men from behind, they seemed to be clothed solely in a piece of string, but to this in front is attached what much resembles the Highlander's *Sporran*<sup>361</sup> together with a touch of a whitish brush. The women are as Eve, save for a strand of pandanus leaf a half inch wide, which is attached fore and aft by a belt of thinnest vine. Some of both sexes at times affect a sort of tail consisting of a bunch of leaves or fern, which seems to be for an easier sitting down on rocky spots. This lack of clothing of the women is

<sup>360</sup> The British .577 [Snider-Enfield](#) was a breech loading rifle.

<sup>361</sup> The [sporran](#), a traditional part of male Scottish Highland dress, is a pouch that performs the same function as pockets on the pocketless kilt.

peculiar to the northern islands of the Group, for the heathen women of the southern isles are over-skirted, wrapping yards upon yards of grass fibre round their loins till it has the appearance of an immense crinoline, out of which bobs an otherwise nude figure. Boys and girls on Santo, till of marriageable age, wear nothing.

## Cannibals

The New Hebrideans are far from being of one race; the difference is amazing in islands even within sight of one another. The Santos differ from all the rest both in their height, their customs and their language. They are also the nearest to the pure savage, though run close by their neighbours, the Malekulans. And the cannibal still lives. To see him is to know him at once as such; he has a bestial look about him. Not that he is ashamed of his delight in human flesh, but the food seems to develop a stamp of countenance peculiar to itself.

Poor Clapcutt was the latest victim and though the ringleaders suffered the death penalty in Vila, I saw there in the chain gang others who had taken part in the slaughter and the feast, and was not impressed by them. The man was an inoffensive Trader and fell a victim on the southern end of Santo to the superstition of the natives. A self-styled prophet gave out that he had power to raise the dead. Shortly after, one of his wives died. It was pointed out to him that here was a chance to prove his claim. Not being successful, he announced that he was thwarted in his power by the presence of the white race amongst them. Clapcutt was the nearest victim. Being rank cowards, having done the deed they dared not follow it up or else Santo would have been swept clean. When the Government boat came up to the scene and my host went up into the hills after the culprits, they made no resistance, for the prophet had declared that no British or French ship could hold him or his helpers. When safe aboard and manacled, they were genuinely surprised, but he still declared to the bunch that neither rope nor bullet could kill them. He and two others swung nevertheless, and one of the witnesses of the murder, then in Vila, having made perfectly sure by surreptitiously looking on at the hanging, made all possible haste back to Santo with the intelligence, and promptly seized the Prophet's remaining wives. When an earthquake of special virulence rocked Santo a few days later, men said that it was the Prophet's returning, and today they still doubt his complete extinguishment. Far better it would have been to have brought the condemned back and hung them on the scene of their crime and in the presence of the natives.

There is an ever present danger though the white folk make light of it. It comes largely from a weakness of action in the past. Gunboats have come to punish and have retired discomfited. They have landed and been repulsed. On land it was all in favour of the natives, the thickness of the bush, the narrow trail, the distance to the hill village from the sea. Captains have said that it takes too long and is too costly to turn out a man o' war's man, to throw his life away in a brush with savages. But the savage smiles and walks as a conqueror. Other Captains have approached a place and instead of bombarding it, have fired blank rounds out to sea "to scare the natives". The effect is just the reverse.

The other way is the only one for the settlers' safety. A party was landed a while ago on Santo, amongst them being one officer and one marine, brilliant rifle shots. Up into the hills the party went. Their guide coming out on the side of a ravine pointed out the huts of the sought for, but declared it impossible to get across the valley without being surprised. Clear in vision, men were seen seated in

front of their grass huts, and two were the much wanted ones. The 'Bisley'<sup>362</sup> men were quite willing to try to reach them. The officer thought it was 700 yards, the marine put it at 600. The former got his man clean, the latter bowled his over. There was no need for further action. The fame of that shooting still rings o'er Santo and the opinion is fixed never to get within sight of white man with a rifle, though it be a mile away.

Chief Thingaroo lives but ten miles up in the hills from Hog Harbor. He is an outlaw, but neither white man nor native has brought in his head. Years ago white men went after him, and my friend the planter, who accompanied the party as an extra, was the one to suffer. He was long in hospital in Sydney and wants no more man hunting for mere excitement of the chase. Thingaroo has not long behaved himself and is left alone, but he is a danger for all that. His is a fastness impregnable and white folk unknown. Trails cross his domain and he is not unwilling for any to cross, but his secret trail they must beware of. I spoke to a Missionary who had crossed from Big Bay to the Harbour. He was trying for the shortest route. Thingaroo suddenly appeared. It was a trying moment, for the Missionary had actually stumbled on the forbidden trail. He was told that being what he was, he would be spared, but must keep to the longer trails for the future. Another fault and naught would save him.

As to murders amongst the Santo natives, that is common, and the Government is really powerless to prevent. It is not murder, according to their notions. We look upon it as a crime; they do not. To remove your enemy, the affair is carried through systematically. You do not do it yourself. A Chief orders a man in another Chief's village to be shot. He selects his native to do it. If he refuses, he is compelled to pay his Chief so many pigs. If the Chief, on the other hand, selects a neighbour to the doomed man, he sends word secretly, together with the bullet to do the deed and promises so many pigs and protection. The man is shot; the slayer reaches his new Chief's stronghold, is given pigs and wives and settles down. Later on he is sure to be shot himself in similar fashion, and so there is an endless vendetta on Santo. Often as not, they kill on the trail where the bush is thick; the body is left to be eaten by dogs unless the District Officer or a Missionary hears of it and goes out, as they always do, to give it burial.

Here is where a leakage occurs. It is punishable for white men to sell or give bullets to any native in the Group. I believe it true to say that the British loyally obey the order. If others were as law abiding, much of the murdering would cease, for the arrow, the spear and the club mean closer contact with the victim and those savages are by no means today — as once they were — open fighters. They shoot from behind. Luckily they are but poor shots; they wound more often than they slay, but they kill a-plenty. The cause seems most often not over women, but pigs.

## Of Hogs

Hog Harbour is so called because of its old time large pig market, which in measure is continued to this day. There has never been a market on all Santo where more pigs and costly "tuskers" were to be seen. Natives came from far for the great gatherings and the bargaining went on for days. Pigs are common, but tuskers rare. For a fine specimen, useless as food, being both old and thin, as many as eighty ordinary pigs are today given. The ordinary boar alone is eaten; the sows are free to roam and breed. Neither of these is large; indeed, two hungry natives can easily dispose of the whole of a

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<sup>362</sup> [Bisley](#) is a large village in Surrey, England, which is noted for its rifle shooting ranges.

carcass at a sitting. But the Tusker is a thing apart. They are in large measure sacred. They may be sold, but always with the understanding that when dead, the tusks must be returned to the original owner. On the Sing Sing grounds, where ceremonial dances are observed, there are long boards to which are attached in row upon row hundreds of tusks, some with the jaws attached. These tusks are often complete circles, others are to be seen of two circles, the jaw bone having been pierced by nature to make this further circle complete. These boards are the memorial of a rearer's greatness. At every such gathering on the holy ground, tuskers are brought to be lightly tapped on the head by the Sorcerer, with a special club. The boar is then considered to be ceremonially dead. His life may last long, but his tusks are claimed for return when life has gone; his carcass does not matter. The poor creatures are not allowed freedom; they are to be seen tied by a cord to a post of the house of their owner. Women are of far less value than pigs : and tuskers stand supreme.

### Big Bay

Big Bay, or as Quiros named it, St. Phillip and St. James Bay, is as if it were but round the corner from Hog Harbor, but the way is not easy going as a rule. You may get there, or you may not; the wind settles the matter and 'tis a windy spot. A spacious one, too, with a shoreline of sixty miles. On either side are mountain ranges and towering at the head, though far back, is Santo Peak, 5500 feet high, a gloomy mass rarely trodden by natives and still less by white men. With an entrance sixteen miles across, with immense depth and the poorest anchorage, with the prevailing wind blowing straight in, Big Bay is not a bay inviting stay. The Protestants and Romanists have Mission Stations scattered about, but make but little headway. There is abundance of vegetation for it is a rainy place, the high hills that hem it in catching and breaking every passing cloud. When Hog Harbor was in glorious sunshine, I oft saw torrents of rain pouring down over the bay beyond.

A White Trader lives at the head nigh Jordan River — where Quiros, full of his lost continent, founded his New Jerusalem, but soon disrupted it — a rough diamond he may be, but a man for all that, and one who knows the native like a book. A prolonged stay gives a man a right to speak. Such men are interesting to meet despite their oft times unprepossessing exterior. One hears tales of many weird characters and at times has the good fortune to come across them.

### Some “Old Timers”

One of the oldest now in the Group hails from London and has lost none of his cockney manners nor freedom of speech. His appearance is quaint; the old figure will make his way down to the beach towards the approaching craft, clad in battered hat, a much worn shirt and pyjamas with a vivid pink V of huge dimension let in where the seating has given way. The visitor using the formal greeting due from one stranger to another, he will thank you for the “Mr.” and at once cordially invite you to his dwelling for a tot of rum. This is his apex of hospitality.

There died but a few moons ago another of his kind, but this one highly connected in the Old Land and who had served both under Admirals and Governors. He lived long and was active to the last. When nigh four score years, he still refused to use the gangway offered him by a calling craft. “I’m a sailor; throw me over the rope,” and thus he reached the deck. He had his weaknesses. He aimed to defeat old age even in appearance. “Not a grey hair, Sir, as you see,” as he stroked his beard, but he

was a steady purchaser from French Noumea of the best of dyes. One who often carried him whilst seeking laborers for his vineyard tells of yet other weakness. He simply had to have one bottle of rum per diem. That Captain's spirit chest suffered severely every trip. At break of day, it would be "Captain, would it be possible to spare just a thimble full of rum? I feel as if I really need it to set me right for the day." So went the usual bottle and with it all bother of hiring labour, which usually ended in a further crop of those he called his charming copper-colored nieces, who traded on his open-handedness, and after bleeding him to their heart's content, decamped. He was a whole-souled Britisher to the last. His end was peaceful, unlike most of those of his early days in the Group, who paid the penalty they had long meted out to the natives. That was the day of the poisoned arrow. In true savage fashion that same poison was secured. Upon a death in the community, the body was allowed to decompose for a period, when the arrows were plunged into the rotting flesh and tetanus germs assured. Unless drastic remedies be at once applied, such arrows are sure killers. Their use has not yet wholly passed. A native who has been struck does not hesitate to use the knife, the hot iron or stone, and will mutilate himself horribly so only he may save his life.

The white man used the rifle and rarely failed when he went hunting. Two old fellows, long time traders and great chums, had left their bay to go recruiting labour. Upon return, Jack's woman was found to have been slain. The murderer was soon known and Bill and Jack went gunning. They cornered their game in a rocky spot, Jack had but one good and complete arm. Resting his Winchester on the stump, he pulled — and missed. Bill drew a bead and planted a bullet where a second was not needed. The affair reached Vila and a man o' war came up to investigate. When the Captain reached the spot, the two old men at once pulled off. To his preliminary enquiries, each insisted that he was the one to do the deed. Jack : "Captain, I killed him." Bill : "Don't you be a liar, Jack, you know I killed him." Jack : "Captain, Bill could never tell the truth, I killed the brute." Bill insisted, "You missed him, you liar, I got him." Jack : "Well, even if you did kill him, I told you to do it." So would they hang together. But it was no hanging matter. The Captain declared that as both seemed determined to be treated as the culprit, they should be tried together on the spot. It was the unanimous decision of that Naval Court that they were both fully justified in their action. "There, Bill," said old Jack, "didn't I tell you that it would be no Fiji for us?" Fiji meaning that a trial would take place there before strangers and men unfamiliar with local circumstances.

But these sort of men did not die in their beds; they hardly expected to. There was one who had long escaped. There came a day when, in his ketch, he was rounding a high point of land near his own bay, when from above there descended a shower of arrows. Making his mast a shield and putting the main sail between himself and danger, he sailed on. But an arrow pierced the sail and drove into his leg. He died of tetanus. Another bit the dust in even more tragic fashion. They rose upon him in his cutter with axes, first breaking his legs, they broke his arms, then had him at their mercy, and even the tenderest mercies of the savage are cruel.

These white men oft went gunning far afield. They knew not fear, though every step in the bush meant likely ambush. They took their time, for those they sought had no new and far country to escape to. One sailed into his neighbour's bay and told of how a boat of his had been cut off and his 'boys' slain. Said his friend, "I'm busy here today, Joe, but I'll go with you in the morning." So Joe stayed overnight and further, for good fellowship, was pleasant after long solitariness. Then taking a crew and grub, these two went after the gang and netted a dozen copper-colored victims, one for each of Joe's good boys. When numbers were hopelessly against them, then at Malekula there were always hunters to be counted on. The natives of that isle still love slaughter. A Chief would be visited and promised so many pigs for so many victims. The Trader took no chances of other than those he wanted being brought in. He did not dispense the reward till he had seen the dead.

Those wild days have happily passed, but danger to white folk on the northern islands is still far from gone. It is not safe to penetrate any great distance from the coast into either Santo or Malekula. Those savages are as determined as ever to be left alone. They are not, however, without their redeeming points. They scorn to lie and their conception of honesty seems to rise above that of their Christianized fellows. The truth seems to be that the latter have learned of hellfire ahead for sinners, and having, in fancy at least, incurred the danger, are ready by any handy means to escape it. Their old time codes of honor are gone and the white man is to be despoiled whenever possible.

### **The Wise Planter**

I found Christmas to be a movable Feast amongst Planters. It is looked forward to amongst the native laborers with deepest interest, as their employer donates material for a Feast, as well as three days Holiday. Friends drop in for a social time and a share in the good things going, and it would mean a sad curtailment of pleasure if on one and the same day all Santo observed the Day. Therefore good Planters arrange amongst themselves when their turn shall be, with the result that Christmas oft runs well on towards Easter. For days ahead there is much excitement. Big earth ovens are prepared wherein upon hot stones and wrapped in leaves, the carcasses of steers are roasted; for in the large plantations the ground beneath the neatly planted rows of coconuts is kept clear by scores of cattle and even hundreds of goats. The days are spent in games or disporting in the sea; then comes the eating, with high carnival of dance and song until well-nigh break of day. I found sleep somewhat difficult under such circumstances; whilst all appetite fled as I beheld the undoing of ovens and the division of the greasy contents. But it is thus that the wise Planter keeps his laborers content, nor has any trouble in securing yearly fresh supplies of all the essential help : the niggardly one gets paid back in his own coin by half-hearted service and difficulty in renewing his contracts.

Malaria is rife throughout the Group; its ravages are relentless to natives as well as whites. Those are fortunate indeed who even in a stay of a few months escape an attack. Whenever I roamed there were some folk down, and deaths all too oft occurring. The utter prostration is painful to see. An attack may last weeks, coming and going intermittently. Black water fever seems the most dreaded type. Dysentery and elephantiasis, ulcers and lung troubles are all too prevalent. The entire Group cannot be said to be a safe place, from health's point of view, to dwell in, yet there are half a thousand white folk who deliberately elect to live there. I was right glad to escape with a whole skin.

There are compensations. To those who delight in real warmth, the open air life, the freedom from conventionalism, a slight measure of roughing it, the Group cannot but be attractive.

### **Motor Launching**

Both Missionaries and Planters seem also to be all provided with motor launches, some of considerable power, with which delightful runs over summer seas can be indulged in at one's pleasure. My host, of course, has his Government launch, and my stay at length nearing its end, we made our way southward along the coast to Turtle Bay, where two extensive plantations are located. Wisely their owners dwell on islands just off the mainland and away from the mangrove swamps where the anopheles mosquito thrive. The welcome at every home is very hearty. You are expected to stay for any length of time you may desire, the longer the better. There is a fine type of open-



hearted hospitality offered you. Turtle Bay is not only a home of that edible creation, but has extensive beds of the oyster, and it being the season, we fed sumptuously of the bivalve. There being none of the gentler sex around, we lived and moved and had our being in true *al fresco* fashion, which beneath a blazing sun is a thing to be desired.

From thence we made our way still south to the Second Channel between Santo and Malekula, where are many small islands nearly all taken up and worked, Malo being the chief. Here we met French everywhere, though the British have a live community of their own. Copra, cotton and coffee are the chief products. We had picked up on the way down a fine young white man, who was suffering from sunstroke. We laid him out as comfortably as one could in the launch and carried him aboard my French Steamer, then waiting for cargo in the Channel. He lingered to Vila, but died a couple of days later. The Doctor at the Channel Hospital died of fever as we pulled up anchor.

It was interesting to pass through the Bougainville Channel, on the southern side of Malo, which was the way that great French navigator passed as he sought to settle if Quiros' theory that he found in Santo the Lost Continent was imagination or truth. Then out we steamed into "The Graveyard", so-called because of its record of disaster to sailing vessels, who, caught in a hurricane, had and still have but the slightest chance to escape to the open sea where there is room, hemmed in as it is by the islands, big and small, with dangerous passage between. On Epi we called in at another plantation and spent an entire day discharging and receiving cargo. The owners live in New Caledonia and all the produce goes to France. Here we shipped yet another wreck who was being hurried off to hospital.

As dawn broke we rounded Devil's Point, and shortly after dropped anchor in Vila Harbour. Here, gathering together my belongings, I returned aboard, and headed for New Caledonia, a thirty hours' run to the southwestward.

### A Note of History

Before leaving the group of the New Hebrides, I came to my own conclusions both as to the Condominium and the question of complete sovereignty. The better to help others not personally acquainted with these islands, it is well to trace the history of their connection with both England and France from the beginning. Herewith is a brief summary giving the essentials.

For a short time under the New Zealand Charter of 1840, the Group was considered an integral part of a British Colony. Such was due to an error in their latitude by those at Home who were responsible for the starting of New Zealand on its Dominion Course; and when discovered, instead of being left as it might well have been, since their supervision was a nominal one, it was carefully corrected and the Group became No Man's Land.

In 1853 New Caledonia was formally taken possession of by the French and those of that nation began to filter in to the New Hebrides, attracted by its possibilities for trade. Britishers, too, both from Australia and New Zealand doing likewise. Their ownership was a moot point.

In 1878 Australia, moved chiefly by the Missionary element, began to grow uneasy about their future. Though the British outnumbered the French in those days by two to one, the opinion grew that New Caledonia was to be a base for operations of a peaceful but commercially powerful penetration. This to the Missionaries would mean a breaking of their practical monopoly of power; and a wedge by which the Papacy would increase its stock of priests. France naturally became aware of all the fuss and bestirred herself on her part. On our part, with her numerically strong position, the fact that her

missionaries had freely given of their lives, and their supporters both in Australia, Canada and the British Isles many thousands of pounds, and the natives' growing acquaintance with English, the British Government at Home might well have forced the question to an issue, and further trouble been averted. The French could scarcely have insisted upon any supposed rights. We lost our chance, and came to an "Understanding" that neither Government had any intention to change the condition of the entire independence of the Group.

In '83 large tracts of land were being purchased on the Island of Efate by the French and a Company<sup>363</sup> was formed in Noumea (New Caledonia) to open up and freely colonize the New Hebrides. This course had been in large measure followed in Fiji and had resulted in forcing Britain, all unwillingly, to take formal possession. The French were evidently after the same end and again Australia took alarm. This time it was not the Missionary element alone, but the politicians, for five of the Colonies petitioned the Colonial Office at Home to take action and put a stop to such evident intention of possession. Both France and England replied that the "Understanding" of '78 was still both good and binding.

Again in '86 Australia grew restive, for the French, under the plea of the necessity to protect their own nationals, actually established military posts on the islands of the Group. The result was the bringing into being of the Joint Naval Commission in '87, whose duty it was to wander round and administer justice to all alike. The French military posts were accordingly withdrawn.

But there was no civil law in the Group and with two nationals, each under their own code, it was not likely that there could be. To meet the need, the Colonists themselves in '95 set up an Arbitration Court, which they called "The Special Jurisdiction of the Union of Colonists". Both nationals were willing to have a try at it, but those in Authority flatly refused.

In 1906 came the Condominium, drawn up and signed by those at Home without consulting either Australia or New Zealand. The thing was known to be in the air and the Dominions had urged that they be heard. They were given but the finished document wherein they at once perceived great difficulties — which has since been fully proven — but were told that it was a case of take it or leave it, and grudgingly agreed.

### **The Stumbling Block**

That the British have been and are willing to give the Condominium a fair trial and that the French have not been, nor ever will be, is evident to those on the spot. One clear evidence is seen in the Land Court, which, organized in 1906, has not yet (19 years later) had a single case before it. The French have blocked the way. The certain legal preliminaries that have to be gone through, to enable action, have all been followed by the British. The French have done nothing, nor do they intend to. With them, so far as a stranger can gather, they are quietly but firmly determined that the Group shall be theirs. They are all very charming, very courteous, but there is no local doubt as to what is behind it all. As they cannot demand the isles, they are going to possess them by way of blocking others' efforts and by a carefully thought-out plan of peaceful penetration. They outnumber us vastly today, and every year the ratio will be greater. They have got the main trade too. For all Australia's protests, she deliberately has built up a high tariff wall which prevents the produce of the Group entering that continent. Politically she does not want the New Hebrides. She has enough on her hands in the

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<sup>363</sup> The Caledonian Company of the New Hebrides.

Solomon Islands and New Guinea, the latter of which is so essential to her all round, that it is considered politically as part and parcel of Australia. It is the Missionary element that is behind all the clamour regarding the French, and being exceedingly powerful both in New Zealand and Australia, politicians have to bow before their demands and make protest, even though in their hearts they care not for the Group.

One cannot wonder at the ceaseless agitation of the Churches. We must remember their dread and real hatred of Romanism, which they are persuaded would overrun the isles — to outsiders a rank delusion — and the splendid and heroic work of their early missionaries. It seems sheer treachery to allow those noble efforts to be supplanted by a detested religious system. Would not Geddie and Inglis, Paton and Mathieson, with their forerunners of '42, Turner and Nisbet, turn in their graves if priests lead their flocks. But as a matter of fact, the Roman priests have never had a great force in the Group. Those now at work are good earnest souls, content with small things. The native mind does not find an appeal to it in Romanism. Despite what one would fancy to be the special attraction of that Church in its images, its ritual and outward show, the natives prefer the plainest of worship, the hymns, and the place and part they themselves can take in the service. To be a deacon in the Church and offer prayer before the crowd appeals infinitely more to them than to be a mere cipher, with the priest doing everything. If the Group were French today, Romanish would have to fight its own battles. The Republic has neither State Church nor any open profession of Religion; its Government rather frowns upon than helps in any way the progress of the Churches.

### The Natives

As to the natives themselves, I believe that they are pro-British. They have become so accustomed to British ways and people that they would undoubtedly vote for Britain's protectorate, rather than that of France. But the oft pressed suggestion that the French ill-treat the natives and the laborers they obtain from the island is untrue. Every Britisher I have spoken to laughs at it. Whilst the French do not take the same interest in the native, looking upon him rather as an encumbrance to progress and development of the Group, they are too wise to maltreat their hire. Natives are not only free to serve, but have every opportunity of laying any real grievance before the Authorities. Tonkinese now largely take the place of natives under Frenchmen, but there are still many serving, and it is propaganda to talk wildly of the French oppression.

As to the British settlers, they have in the main become absolutely indifferent to the fate of the Islands. They see the Condominium to be but having "a name to live". They consider it a farce and thoroughly unworkable. There are few, if any, British Planters who would not sell out if given the chance. They came for business; they have made good; they are not anxious to spend their lives there. But the French settler is wholly different. He has made it his country and his home.

It is quite possible that if the French were in full possession, the natives would suffer in one important way. It will not be long before the French will have such thousands of their own compatriots as laborers that they will drop the hiring of natives entirely. There is no doubt that it is essential for the well-being of natives races that they be in every way encouraged to become workers. Naturally they are indifferent to any sustained labor. Their food is so easily procured that their days are largely free for lazing. Those Polynesian races which have become real workers are on the increase; the drones are dying out. The Maoris of New Zealand are a standing witness to the value of work. They were dying out, but those in control of the country urged upon them the grave necessity and encouraged them in all possible ways. With their fine intelligence, they grasped the fact, and their increase is

steadily mounting. The New Hebrideans are fast dying out; their only salvation is work, but whether France would be interested enough to see to the matter is doubtful, in a spot so far away, so little known, and the numbers at the best so comparatively small.

Some critics, both outside and within, do not hesitate to dub the present state of government as “The Pandemonium”. I think such term to be over-harsh and not true to fact. The Condominium is certainly not workable, but is functioning in measure and is orderly. There is no confusion. Vila moves placidly along; the various officials do what comes to hand quietly and as thoroughly as circumstances permit, but there is no sign of muddle, nor is every man his own guide in all things. There is lack of definiteness in many desirable ways, but Justice has no bandages over her eyes and whilst Justice is strong there cannot be pandemonium.

### A Solution

It seems to me as a Roamer through the Group, having no end to serve, that the best solution would be a Mandate under the League of Nations and that Mandate given to France. Such line of action would let down our *amour propre* very easily and serve French ends in every way. The fact that the Mandate calls for a regular report to outside Authority would ensure that no injustice either to the protestant Churches or to the natives could pass unnoticed. Their interests would be safeguarded. To even mention such a solution would, of course, raise a howl of indignation both from Australia and New Zealand, but that howl would not be genuine, save for certain pressure behind the public men. I have no doubt that everything would soon settle down and run smoothly, and that the rich future, which all who know the New Hebrides feel confident of by reason of its amazing fertility, would be hastened, rather than hindered, by a prompt ending of a political impossibility, the delusion of a practical and freely workable Joint Control.<sup>364</sup>

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<sup>364</sup> The Anglo-French [New Hebrides](#) Condominium lasted until 1980, when the Republic of [Vanuatu](#) was founded.

## A FRENCH POSSESSION : NEW CALEDONIA

### Britain's Discovery

It must needs be owned to that it was not by open and square dealing that this Island (next to New Zealand, the largest in the South Seas proper) came into the hands of the French. The facts are patent. It was ours by right of discovery. Bougainville missed it, though passing close; but Cook, after rounding off the New Hebrides, sailed westward towards the Great Barrier Reef and on his way fell in with New Caledonia. He landed at the northern end; stayed there for several days; marked on a tree near the coast the name of his ship and the date; distributed gifts and medals to such natives as he met (one of his medals being discovered in the sand of the seashore not long since); and then tried still for the west by hugging the north, but was blocked by such a line of dangerous reefs that he sailed south, falling in with a most delightful and salubrious spot, the Isle of Pines; then worked round his new found land to the north again, and so departed, to return no more. He it was who bestowed those names, finding his nomenclature in the characteristics that faced him. That was in 1774. Nearly twenty years later, D'Entrecasteaux, the Frenchman, came along and examined the coastline in detail, getting inside the Barrier Reef which entirely encircles it, stretching 200 miles beyond to the north, thus making it the second largest coral reef in the world. Men and Missionaries of both nations slowly filtered in of their own volition. Then without the slightest forewarning, in 1843, a French cruising man o' war hoisted their flag. This coming to the ears of the Authorities in Great Britain, such strong protest was raised that the Act was disavowed. Our own naval officers in the South Seas, and that far-seeing Pro Consul of New Zealand, Sir George Grey, strongly urged the taking of possession, but to increase our responsibilities in the Pacific was very much against the policy of the Home Government.

Then occurred an event which gave a handle for the French to take action. In 1850 more than a dozen members of a French Survey Ship, landing on the coast, were attacked, seized and eaten.<sup>365</sup> We were doing nothing, only saying that others must keep their hands off. But this slaughter stirred both parties up. The French were quicker on the spot and hoisted their flag once more at Balade — where Cook has landed — this time to find Great Britain too busy with greater affairs in Europe to be ready for contention over so small a place on the other side of the world. At once they started in to consolidate their position, and things had gone too far, when European peace came, for England to take action.

The natives at that time were estimated at 70,000 and gave much trouble. They did not tamely submit to the white man. It took till '59 to get them in subjection, since when, save for occasional outbreaks — the worst and most ferocious in '78 and the latest in 1917 — from those who have not come under the influence of civilization, New Caledonia has become a white man's country.

### Convicts

But a heavy blot was to besmirch the first page of its new history. It became even as little Norfolk, not far away, an Island of Despair. We had closed that chapter in '56. The French opened theirs in '64, and ere it closed 40,000 convicts had been landed. They went at the business systematically. The first batch was but 250, but the soldiers to guard them and the officials totalled 2000. Extensive prison

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<sup>365</sup> See [Cannibal Island](#), by H.E.L. Priday (Auckland: A. H. and A. W. Reed, 1944).

buildings were begun in the harbor of Noumea at the southwest end of the Island. For women prisoners it was on the mainland; for the rest, Ile Nou, a spacious island right opposite the town, was made ready. By '70 there were 2000 prisoners, and the Communists of that eventful year at Home added 4000 more. The apex was reached in '84 when there were no less than 17,300 convicts planted down on that fair spot in the South Seas. One hundred miles up the coast on the west side, another settlement was made, partly to relieve the congestion at Noumea, but chiefly to give the Good Conduct men a chance of making something for themselves and at the same time helping out the necessary food supplies. This was at Bourail. There, men who had served their prison term but were transported for life, as well as those who had earned some remission of their sentence, were given allotments of land, allowed to marry or have their wives and children come out to them, and supplied with all things necessary for a start. Bourail lies in a delightful valley. I made a point of seeing it.

Those in durance vile had little or no chance of escape. To see those solid walls upon Ile Nou is to realize that to the full. But the Expirees were another matter. Time and again, here one, here several, would manage to escape from New Caledonia and head for Australia. Some, greatly daring, would brave the 800 miles to Brisbane or even head for Sydney, 1000 miles away in open boats. Most got away by connivance with calling ships' Captains. The most notable prisoner ever upon the Island was Henri Rochefort,<sup>366</sup> the writer, the politician and the communist. He escaped, but this was effected by a more than kindly-hearted Captain's help. Friends at Home sent a ship for the special purpose — but that is a long story. One and all made for the nearby continent. Australia kicked, and kicked vigorously. She had thrown off the incubus of Transportation, and hated to have the system so near her. She still more hated and objected to receiving the escapees. Some were rounded up on landing and sent back, but many succeeded in evading arrest and became a menace to the continent. They were the riff-raff of France, save for occasional political exiles, and landing in Australia, fell back into their former nefarious habits. The Colonial Office and the Foreign at last were roused to take action. There were "Conversations", all of a quite friendly nature, and France consented to withdraw this objectionable feature from its propinquity to the Southern Continent, with its consequent ill-feeling. Transportation ceased in 1895, but that does not mean to say that there are no convicts on New Caledonia today. You see them on every hand. They are free, but not free to return. They must live out their lives on the island. They are old, and most of them past work. Some are successes, others are failures. And on Ile Nou, there are some two hundred still confined — but for reason. They are the demented, to whom punishment has dethroned Reason. Some are dangerous and are in separate cells. Ile Nou is not a pleasant place to visit and it haunts me still.

### The Interior

The rest of the land is delightful. There is plenty of room to move about, for it is 250 miles in length and has an average breadth of 35 miles. No part of it is impenetrable by reason of tangled mass of vegetation, though its mountains are by no means easily mastered. Many of them rise 3000 feet, some over 5000 feet and look forbidding enough even under the sunshine. There seem to be two parallel ranges, but these are very much broken. There are many pretty streams meandering through fertile valleys, but the mountainsides themselves are very arid looking, though not wholly devoid of shrubbery and trees. Indeed there is said by experts to be over 150 varieties of timber on the island, amongst them the valuable kauri. But the tree chiefly seen — at least by other than the exploiter — is a eucalyptus known locally as the Niaouli. It is in its millions around Noumea and the adjacent

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<sup>366</sup> [Victor Henri de Rochefort-Luçay \(1831–1913\)](#)



countryside. Not a graceful tree to look at, indeed a scraggy one in appearance, but a marketable one in its leaves from which an essence is extracted and sold the world over, which is claimed to be superior to the oil we all know. So common is this valuable tree that I believe the natives call their home The Isle of the Niaouli and themselves the Niaoulians. It is not an easy word to mouth, and we may be grateful to Cook — and to the French also — for not altering his appellation.

Those natives have not the full freedom of their neighbors, the New Hebrideans. The French have divided the land into three domains — for the State, for the Transportees, and for the natives. The latter have to keep to their reserves, and such as I have seen are seemingly favored spots. On the hillsides the natives have cut terraces, rows upon rows of them, which they irrigate from the mountain streams, and where they raise their vegetables, whilst around the thatched homes of wattle nestling down in the valley are bananas and maize, taro and yam vines, mango trees and pineapples.

### Minerals and Produce

The chief importance of New Caledonia today lies in its vast mineral resources. These have as yet been but scratched. There are infinite possibilities only requiring research and capital. Even to the ignorant such as I, the hills look ‘mineral’. The bare patches oft have all the colors of the rainbow on their washed-out surface. Here is purest white; there is iron rust; and a professional geologist and metallurgist whom I met — who was out for a large Syndicate in Australia — showed samples till my untrained brain reeled beneath the strain. The mere names bewilder : nickel, chrome, cobalt, iron and manganese, mercury, lead and copper, antimony, cinnabar and silver, coal of many qualities and gold. My friend was after a two hundred mile square concession, and saw gold prospects beyond all his expectations. Being a scientist, no mere grubstaker, I bowed before his superior knowledge, and shall never be surprised to hear of New Caledonia’s attracting the attention of the world. Men are at work anyway upon the nickel. There are three furnaces going at it day and night with their huge chimneys belching forth fire and smoke. And big cargo steamers lie off ready to carry away the matter to Europe, to be refined.

Besides the mineral wealth, there is cotton and coffee grown. Folk say, not residents nor planters alone, that nowhere on earth is grown such coffee. I am not prepared to dispute that statement. I could wish always to have it served me. Yet other commodity for the table is preserved meat, with its accompanying export of hides. There are several extensive meat canning factories. I was there at the off season of that business, and a prolonged drought had wrought havoc with the cattle, but I saw beeves everywhere, and at Bourail (in special) fit for show at Islington <sup>367</sup> for size, girth and roundness.

A couple of years ago, one of the factories, under Australian control, evolved a scheme for the dead season. In a bygone day some enterprising Frenchman had introduced deer to the country. As rabbits to Australia, so are deer to New Caledonia. They have become a pest. Every traveller is begged to take a rifle and help get rid of the nuisance. There is no difficulty about a license. The Government actually issues cartridges free to the settlers. Visitors find little difficulty in getting a “bag” from their automobile as they skim along the road. My days after big game are over; I can no longer find the heart to kill, so I gave no help to the country in this matter. This Australian manager saw his opportunity and decided to “can” venison. He offered one shilling a carcass and promised to travel

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<sup>367</sup> The [Royal Agricultural Hall](#) was built in 1862 in [Islington](#), a district in Greater London, England.

along the roads to certain specified centres, there to pick up the game. All was going well; the cannery was each season very busy; the product exceedingly tasty and the selling good, when the leader of the enterprise was unfortunately killed in an auto accident by falling off his lorry hard by a small stone culvert, and the whole scheme stopped dead.<sup>368</sup>

His place of business I have seen and gone over. It is deserted now, and looks utterly forlorn. This unfortunately is in general keeping with the look of things so far as white men are concerned in New Caledonia. It looks to have run to seed, to have had its day, and to have none with the energy to waken and brighten things up. It is not hard to find the cause. When transportation ceased, the bottom of things fell out. With the many thousands of convicts, there were required a small army of regular soldiers and hundreds of officials. These, with their families, made things hum, not only in Noumea, the capital, but everywhere along the coast where men could abide. Immense stores were brought from France; mercantile houses were intensely busy; life in its social form was very much in evidence; New Caledonia was alive. The building up of it as a commercial and purely business centre is a long and laborious effort. There is a better time coming, but meanwhile a visitor is not impressed. There could scarcely be more cordial or courteous greeting given you anywhere in the South Seas; the handshaking that goes on gets distinctly wearisome — it is left or right, the whole thing or just a finger or two — the folk are out to make your stay a pleasant one, but the atmosphere of the island is depressing. On all sides you see a need of brushing up, an utter lack of spruceness and a seeming readiness to let things slide. If only Americans possessed the isle! When one has seen Hawaii and their portion of Samoa as they have been transformed under the genius and energy of that wide-awake nation, it is easy to visualize the gem they would make of New Caledonia. There is abundant material.

## The Capital

Noumea, the capital, has seen good times. There is evidence on every hand. Hidden away amid rich foliage on the hillside are fine dwellings, once the homes of the officials; the streets are broad, though abominably paved; there are parks, and the bandstand, where, for years, the celebrated Convict Band — brought over from Ile Nou every afternoon — discoursed music for the loungers. There are statues, too, but the stone so worn by the climate that I could not discover by whom raised. There are no guide books, nor any Tourist Association; one has to find out things for oneself. But there is an extra pleasure in the hunt itself. There is the Hotel de Ville,<sup>369</sup> where officials still reign over the sleepy town; there is a very finely situated Roman Cathedral<sup>370</sup> of large proportions and twin towers, a Museum<sup>371</sup> with collections made in the long ago, a hospital,<sup>372</sup> which I mistook for barracks, bare and needing whitewash. On some streets shade from a torrid sun can be obtained from trees planted, but unfortunately oft short of finality. The Flamboyant with its umbrella-shaped top and gorgeous flowering is a fine showing in at least one park. The shops, though well stocked within, have a most dowdy outside, a frontier town on a continent could boast far better an appearance. I was inside many, but found only one up to date; it seemed quite out of place, but a distinct relief from the stuffiness of the rest. The waterside boasts a stone wharf 600 feet long, built by convict labor and is a thoroughly well-constructed piece of work.

<sup>368</sup> See also *Deer Hunting* in the chapter on *South Sea Curios*, in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.

<sup>369</sup> Now the Musée de la Ville de Nouméa.

<sup>370</sup> [Cathédrale Saint-Joseph de Nouméa](#)

<sup>371</sup> [Musée de Nouvelle-Calédonie](#)

<sup>372</sup> [Centre Hospitalier Territorial de Nouvelle-Calédonie Gaston Bourret](#)

Though the population is nigh 9000, you would never expect it from the streets. By sunset they are absolutely deserted. To take a stroll after dinner is to fancy one is roaming in a city of the dead. But then things start early. Before 5 a.m. I was in the market held in one of the parks. A line of small trestle stalls with occasional booths were being besieged by thrifty housewives. There were most appetizing looking vegetables fresh from the countryside; there were fruits of all kinds; butchers offered steaks — no carcasses allowed — fish in tanks on barrows, all alive : you select your finny one as it swims about; the fishmonger dives his hand in, and you bear off the victim all wriggling on a string or stick. Things hummed for a couple of hours, then the gendarmes took control seeing that all decamped forthwith; the trestles were gathered and stacked; and by 9 a.m. you would never suppose that a market had held the place that morning. If you purpose shopping at noon, you will get a shock. All the shutters are up, the doors bolted and barred; Noumea is taking a rest. At 11:30 it is time to cry a halt, and not till 2 p.m. can you do any business. But why hurry? Tomorrow is as good as today. The Steamer is not in, nor coming yet; letters and orders can wait. It is too hot; get in under the shade and have a nap. Such is the custom of the place — and elsewhere in the South Seas, too — and a very wise one. It is one of the relics of the Golden Age of Noumea.

If that age is to return, both the Home Government and the whole community will have to change. The root difficulty today seems to be that the Home Government will not help and the Community hates taxation. The politics of the place are very lively. Noumea can wake up for such. I was there in the throes of an election, and the French are very voluble and excitable as all the world knows. I could not follow the debate in hotel lobby, in shops, or upon the streets, though both sides would win me and tried hard to show that they were the “it”, the other side, the very devil, but it stirred all New Caledonia up for a while, and that was all to the good.

I went touring Noumea, the capital, strictly on my own, and saw many interesting things. I found the Museum closed for a month. I could not wait so long to see its contents. From a most kindly party — high in power and influence — I got a special permit of which I read that I was a most ‘noble’ stranger and that everything was to be at my command. If that Museum was closed for a Spring cleaning, it certainly needed it, but I fear that it was not so; it is altogether more likely that the Curator was off on a vacation. I longed for a duster and feather broom. It is a shame to have such valuable and charming items in so deplorable a state of dust. The collection of old time native weapons is particularly fine, the mineral exhibit exhaustive; shells are both extensive and excellent, but much that might have been preserved has perished through neglect. The butterflies and moths are mostly pins; the bodies and wings have disappeared. The cloths and many a delicate piece of woodwork are going fast. Whoever is responsible for the upkeep of the Museum needs waking up. It may be lack of money; it may perchance be a divided authority, but that Museum holds treasures well worth preserving which a longer reign of dust and indifference will destroy.

I climbed a hill at the far end of the town <sup>373</sup> — from the summit of which a commanding view of the whole harbor and approaches is obtained — to see the Redoubt which French Army Engineers had built at the time of the Fashoda incident <sup>374</sup> in far off Sudan. They evidently feared trouble from the Australian Squadron and rushed up four mighty breech-loaders to be ready for business. Those big guns are no longer in their proper place, but lie apart from their swivels and emplacement. When the Great War came, they were taken down, lest the German raiding Squadron should claim that Noumea was fortified, and so blow her to little bits. The view from the top was well worth the hot climb, with its vista of big islets and small ones, its summer sea, and the barrier reef breaking in the offing.

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<sup>373</sup> Ouen Toro, where the breech-loaders have been replaced by World War II cannons.

<sup>374</sup> The [Fashoda Incident](#) of 1898 was the climax of imperial territorial disputes between Britain and France in Eastern Africa.

## The Dreaded Isle

With special permit from His Excellency, the Governor, I crossed over to Ile Nou. There are no prisoners now in the main gaol, that huge compound with its rows of cells, its dungeons horrible, its dark cells still more ghastly, where not only light but all sound is carefully cut off, and to be shut in even for a space is to fancy that you have unconsciously slipped out of life, but with the terror of death still upon you. There is the guillotine looking as ready for business as ever, and methods of punishment that look simple things, but are appalling in their effect on the nervous system. I went where the result is to be seen. A friendly young guard took me round. I was besieged. Here a shaky individual would plead for baccy, here another offered of his handiwork, some showed talent, others none. I went into the sick wards, even approached the cells where, solitary, the craziest of the crazy are confined. And all these are 'in' for the term of their natural life. They have not a ghost of a chance for any more liberty. Here was I, free to roam the whole world over, and these poor humans could never pass those forbidding walls. Was it to be wondered at that I went home penniless; that I regretted that I had brought no more; and that my well-filled baccy pouch was empty, made to go as far as it could by pinches to the hungering. Would that it could have been as the widow's cruse of oil.<sup>375</sup> I have some mementoes of that visit to Ile Nou which I shall always treasure.

## To Bourail by Motor

They boast a line of railway upon the island, a narrow gauge — just a single line — that runs from Noumea to Paita some twenty miles to the north, and the little engines shriek and puff with their importance, as if they were the monsters of a Transcontinental.<sup>376</sup> I looked at the cars in the Station shed hard by my hotel. They were not inviting. I preferred an auto. I took it and had a run that I would go far, very far, to repeat. The distance was one hundred miles north to Bourail — and back — the car was of French make, a Renault; the chauffeur was a Master and spoke broken English charmingly; we had it all to ourselves and the road was perfect. I have been on many roads, even on those unforgettable ones round Honolulu, but this road is their peer. It was built by convict labor, laid out by French engineers; time was no object; work hours cost nothing : after all the years it has been down, it is magnificent. If other things are let slide in New Caledonia, this Highway is not. All the way, the whole hundred miles, men are to be met with at work thereon, touching up the weak spots, putting fresh top dressing on. It is like the old Roman roads of Home, going straight unless compelled otherwise. It is a memory of sheer delight.

We started early, he and I, and bowled along at a clipping rate to Paita, a small settlement of no special interest, then another twenty miles brought us to our first river, which we crossed on a ferry. It was time for breakfast and we took it at the ferry hostel, served by a white-haired veteran who spoke perfect English and whom I took to be at least a retired Colonel bred in France. But no! he was born upon the Island of a mother who was English and who had left her mark upon him. I learned much from him of the early days, the natives, the convicts and the missionaries. He was courtesy itself. Then on to the great Highway again, up hills, down valleys, flying past settlements with names impossible to remember, though Tontouta and La Foa got a hold on me, each with their Gendarmerie, Hotel de Ville and Church; crossed rivers, now by bridges, all iron work and painted red; all the way

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<sup>375</sup> Widow's cruse: an inexhaustible supply; from the widow's cruse of oil that miraculously supplies Elijah during a famine (I Kings 17:8–16).

<sup>376</sup> See [Les rails calédoniens, 1892–1953](#), by Jean Rolland (Nouméa: Jean Rolland, 2002).

a park land with the Niaouli tree predominant, with cattle browsing, and many horses. The only blot on the landscape was the lantana bush, which, like the deer, was introduced by some unsuspecting mind. Alike as I had seen and personally experienced of it upon Norfolk Island, so here it has in parts overrun the countryside. It is beyond the power of man to stay its growth, its lovely little flowers producing seeds which are borne in their millions by the breeze, to start new patches.

Now really climbing and making double S's so fast that I doubt if we had for all that portion of the way a hundred yards of straight run, we came upon a view that made me exclaim in my very best French, "Halt!" I could not pass that at a rush even in a Renault. Below in the valley was a native Reserve with its huts and its gardens, beyond that, the sea, like a lake, and far out, drawn for straightness as if with a ruler, was a long line of white lying full twenty miles across one's vision, the surf, breaking on the Barrier Reef. And at two spots lay two tiny specks, so far off were they, wrecks, one a steamer, the other a giant sailing vessel, the former long aground, the latter but of yesterday. I put the binoculars upon them and could see all the masts still standing on the sailer. Someday a mighty cyclone will come and lift them off to drop them in deep water, but today they add picturesqueness to that scene. I was told later that even residents find themselves halting where I held up my chauffeur, so I was not enthusing over a 'commonplace'. Then up again we went till at last we saw below us Bourail's Valley. Down into it we went, with more and still more acute cork-screwing. The edge was never very far off; it would go hard with a careless driver, but my man had known that Highway from his babyhood. Now we were on the floor of the valley, speeding past the old time convict farms, tended today by their descendants, still the same splendid road bed, smooth as if we were gliding over ice.

Then with a toot we entered Bourail, a typical French village, but boasting only of one longish street, and drew up at the Hotel Pallu de la Barrière<sup>377</sup> — some illustrious warrior of the past, I believe — my Pension for a while. To a fastidious person I could not recommend that hostel. But to a Roamer, it was good enough. Mine host served at table himself. He was sockless, with slippers down at the heel, coatless, with shirt sleeves rolled up. But he was attentive to his guests and meant exceeding well. You cannot expect May Fair at the East End.

We used it as a base, my man and I. We took a run down the riverside that connects Bourail with the sea, and saw strange works of nature in the form of Giant's Causeways.<sup>378</sup> We saw such relics of the convicts' days as still remain — the Commandant's charming abode, now looked after by a solitary old soldier, the 'Keep' for unruly ones, then made our way to the olden times great Boarding School for boys,<sup>379</sup> on the environs of Bourail, the school, as it came out, of my chauffeur, desecrated by being turned into a canned meat factory, and by the death of that Australian manager again deserted, with no one knows what future now awaiting it. It is beautifully situated in the valley with a fine approach through grazing fields and orchards. Those priests who first built it were not sparing in their plans. It forms a great quadrangle, the main school with dormitories above, facing the entrance gates — this now full of machinery of the canners — around the other sides of the square are the Hospital, the Curé's house, the Church, the Manual Training building, and Outside Playhouse roofed from Sun and Shower, Glass Rooms for special students, and the Masters' homes. Here all the elite of New Caledonia for years sent their sons, 150 of them at a time in those golden days, and my man spoke lovingly of the good time had, and led me to the playing fields and the great Mango trees and the

<sup>377</sup> Contre-amiral Léopold Pallu de la Barrière (1829–1891) was [Governor of New Caledonia](#) from September 1882 to July 1884.

<sup>378</sup> The [Giant's Causeway](#) is an area of about 40,000 interlocking basalt columns, the result of an ancient volcanic eruption, located on the northeast coast of Northern Ireland.

<sup>379</sup> L'école de Néméara.



orchards, where he and his had sported and had fed. When convictism ended and the officials went, the school had to close down. And now a canned meat Factory! and probably next a Ruin!

The third day we turned home. I begrudged again every mile of that convict road. Yet Bourail apologized for it, regretted that late heavy rain had sadly marred it. I could not see it that way; it seemed to me impossible. The hundred miles back was all too quickly covered. We ran over no one, not even a scared chicken; we collided with nothing though cows have absolutely no sense and calves crave for suicide, and best of all we had no one to say whether or not we exceeded the speed limit. We had a glorious run, and what pleased my man even more than the many francs I paid him was my combined French and English outburst as we parted at my door, « Vous êtes un chauffeur truly magnifique. » I feared he might — with French effusiveness — embrace me. He is very stout. I headed him off by a sudden inspiration, hiring him then and there for the next day to visit Our Lady of Lourdes and the Convent of the Conception, and thither we went accordingly.

### Saint Louis

The former is connected with the native village of Saint Louis. It lies on a plain a few miles out of Noumea. Roman priests in the very first days evidently proposed to form a Christian settlement where natives should be withdrawn from all evil association with white folk, and they themselves live in Community with business to hand of an earthly character for self-support. They chose rum for a business and went at it with great thoroughness. They chose the site because of the flat country for sugarcane and the irrigation of the rice fields, the latter to be food for both natives and themselves; they had a beautiful stream running down from the mountains at the back with flat land well covered with trees on one side of its banks for the site of the village for those natives who were willing to come under their influence. On the other side of the stream, on the much higher bank, they erected their dwellings, their Church and their Factory.

Diverting the river some miles back as it comes down the mountainside, they led a portion of it into a canal which they constructed. This leads to the Factory and turns a huge water wheel with which all the machinery is connected. To roam over that building is to be forced to admire the industry, the ingenuity and the capability of those priests both of the years past and of the present day. They have added a Printing Press and publish a paper regularly. There is native type, as well as French, and natives set up both with equal facility. Today they have their own electric light. From the first they have had a school and have trained natives as Teachers, sending them out to the back parts of the land. They have constructed a system of irrigation for their large rice fields, and what with their own cattle, gardens and orchards, seem to be completely self-supporting. The native village itself is very neat, the houses well built and all the inhabitants seen were as happy featured as sandboys.<sup>380</sup>

Some short distance up the charming stream, a Grotto, well raised from the river, though but a few yards from it, has been bored out by torrential rains of ages ago. In a niche of the same there was placed an image of the Blessed Virgin and thither the pious have ever been wont to wander to tell their beads and have a quiet think on things divine. To this spot a few years back a paralytic native of the village nearby painfully wended his way as his custom long had been, and praying, lo! he felt his limbs live once again. He dropped his crutches and walked to the village a perfect man again. Those

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<sup>380</sup> *As happy as a sandboy* means to be very happy and content. *Sandboy* was the name of those who delivered sand to public houses, theatres and homes in the 18th and 19th centuries, for use as a crude floor covering. Most *sandboys* were adults; *boy* refers to low-status male workers.



crutches hang in the Grotto's roof today. Thus has the grotto taken the name of that famous European one — and even the hardened sceptic must allow that a strange thing there occurred.

The Church of this community is a large one for its situation, within a comparatively small population, but I was told by a very kindly lay brother, who escorted me round, that many come for worship from the surrounding country. It surely must be for those outsiders — not for those well trained villagers — that as you enter the building, you are met with the startling appeal, "Please do not spit in this Holy Place." Even the most case hardened American would surely stop at that.

That native village of Saint Louis is an interesting spot to see, and those priests and brothers are to be admired. But though the Romanists are, as is evident, here and in many other instances upon the island, doing good work, they are not the popular religious system. For some reason, maybe that the Protestants were the pioneers, which as a fact they were, or that their form of worship and requirements of their followers appeals more intimately to the heathen mind, the latter have far more adherents. But mere acceptance of an outward form is not real religion. To just what depth Christianity reaches in the native's mind is what many of us would like to know. I have seen the various Churches at work in many parts of the South Seas, as well as elsewhere; I have watched the lives of those who are accepted followers; whether more than that civilization which accompanies Christianity has really reached them is, with me, a matter of doubt. White folk, however, cannot throw stones. We have no right to expect more from those brought out from savagery than from ourselves. Till white folk are truer to their Christian profession, we had best suspend judgement on our dark-skinned brethren.

The Convent of the Conception is not far from St. Louis, and is for girls, not natives, however, but rather for the children of white residents, not only upon New Caledonia but many of the adjacent islands. From the New Hebrides and the Loyalties they come, and many a woman today owes much to those gentle sisters who trained them. The Sister whom I met at the Convent door spoke the purest English; she turned out to be an English woman born in Fiji, had spent thirty years at this Convent and purposed to die in it. But what I sought was not the Convent or its School, but to have a look at the Curé's Museum, and it was well worthwhile. It has taken him a lifetime to collect. He is a Curator of quality. Noumea's Government Museum is neglected, the Curé's shows a most loving care. His speciality seems to be what the sea holds in shells and coral, but there are terrible looking weapons gathered by him as he passed his earlier years roaming over New Caledonia, with sheafs of arrows labelled Poison. He has idols, too, and hideous dancing masks, and a useful bibliography of his Island home. He is an old man now. He gave me courteous greeting, "I am too old and weary to take you round, but enter Monsieur and enjoy." So he left me to myself and I enjoyed my stay, for everything was labelled with its story. The Curé thanked, my « Chauffeur Magnifique » drove me home, and we parted, to meet no more.

### **The Expense Account**

Prices struck me as ridiculous. I happened along when the franc was hovering around 90 to the £. Those possessed of English money had an easy time financially. Our cash went far; we got enormous value for our money. Small French coinage as change seemed scarce. I did not haggle over it; when a franc is less than threepence, the centimes become infinitesimal. For themselves they still use, as they did in war times, postage stamps stuck on circular pieces of cardboard, enclosed in a metal disc the size of an English penny, and stamped at the back with the name of the only Bank on the Island, that of Indo-Chine. What I got, I have kept as curios.

## Heat, Natives and Records

New Caledonia is outside of the hurricane belt, but it is not free from cyclones. It is only just within the tropics and therefore cooler than the New Hebrides. It can be as hot occasionally. One wants no worse than 98 degrees at any time. Luckily the mean is but 72. It is also wholly free from malaria. One can dwell in safety there.

As to the natives, their features are markedly Papuan. They are a strong, virile race and if they were not so indolent, they might be expected to increase in numbers. Their place as workers is taken by a motley crowd of Tonkinese, Javanese and Japanese.

The Records show that there were, at one and the same time, 17,000 convicts on the Island. They have passed, but their place has been taken by their free fellows to that same number. It is not a bad beginning of a better day; it shows the benefit of a settled Government as against such conditions as today exist on the neighbouring Group of the New Hebrides. In the latter there are but five hundred white folk, nor will they increase till there is one Power alone in the saddle and security of tenure assured.

I was privileged to see and learn somewhat of the South and West coasts. Those who would see the East and the North have to rely upon a small schooner, which plies thither monthly. It dodges in and out of the Barrier Reef and plays hide and seek with the numerous lesser reefs within. Such steaming has perforce to be done in daylight when either the surf can be seen or the difference in the color of the water tells of safety or of danger. At the southern end where traffic regularly passes, there are lighthouses, but elsewhere trade would not warrant the expense. That on the reef ten miles out from Noumea, where the pilot is taken on or dropped, was given to the Island — an Imperial gift — by Napoleon III.<sup>381</sup>

It was the great Barrier Reef I wished to see to the West, and sail inside of its placid waters along more than a thousand miles of Australia's coast, and so through the reef strewn Torres Straits to Singapore and Home.

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<sup>381</sup> [Le Phare Amédée.](#)

## THE GATEWAY : SINGAPORE

### The Where and What

If you will look at a map of the Malay Peninsula — and without a clear grasp of the whole geographical position, no one can hope to properly understand not only the Present, but the Past and the Future of Singapore — you will note, high up on the West Coast, the Island of Penang, with Wellesley Province on the mainland opposite. These are painted red.<sup>382</sup> Going south, on the same coast, you will find Dindings,<sup>383</sup> and still further south, Malacca Town and Territory — both painted red. Still further south, off the southernmost tip of Asia, you will find Singapore. This is the last red spot along the Asiatic Coast till, sweeping your eyes up full 1400 miles, you come to Hong Kong Island, with its large slice of leased territory on the adjacent mainland. There is a continuity about these spots which must needs be understood.

A further need — dealing immediately with our special subject — is to clear one's mind of a more than likely confusion of the word "Singapore". Correctly speaking, "Singapore Town" is a city of 420,000 inhabitants, situated at the extreme south of the Island, and, though spreading out along the coast, occupies but a very small portion of the Island itself. "The Naval Base" — so much on men's lips today — is not, as generally supposed, an adjunct of the Town, but a thing apart. It is a portion of "Seletar", a district of the Island lying in the North East, and the nearest point of the "Base" to the Town I should judge to be a good ten miles. Being told of the connection of the Island with the State of Johore by a footway, I had imagined that a natural Low Tide Isthmus had been built up to serve as a regular means of communication between the two. It is not so. The Strait of Johore, which lies, like the wood of a full strung bow, all along both the West, the North and the East Coast of the Island, is at no portion very wide, possibly, from what I saw, two miles at the utmost. Where the Crossing has been made, it is not more than three-quarters of a mile, and a handsome rock Causeway has been constructed — at much less cost than expected, owing to a natural rock foundation being found — one side of which is given up to the railway connecting Singapore with Penang Island, the rest for the use of the pedestrians and traffic.

A further necessity is to clarify the term "Malaya" and to warn against the confusing of Malacca with Molucca. "Malaya" is a generic term for the whole of the Peninsula reaching up to Siamese Territory. The inhabitants are a race to themselves. I am not disposed to enter into the discussion of the perplexing question of their origin, on which opinions widely differ, but they are not Papuans, nor are they either Polynesians or Chinese. They are Malays, and there are millions of them. Malaya has many states. Before the British came upon the scene, these were in a constant state of chaos and warfare. Today Malaya may be summarized under four heads : (a) the British Crown Colony, which includes Penang, Province Wellesley, the Dingdings, Malacca and Singapore — known to the world as the "Straits Settlements"; (b) the Federated Malay States, which include Perak, Selangor, Negeri Sembilan and Pahang;<sup>384</sup> (c) Johore, which is a British Protectorate; and (d) Independent States, over

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<sup>382</sup> The areas of the [Straits Settlements](#), and other British settlements, are depicted on maps of that time in red. Originally established in 1826 as part of the territories controlled by the British East India Company, the Straits Settlements came under direct British control as a crown colony on 1 April 1867. The colony was dissolved in 1946 as part of the British reorganisation of its southeast Asian dependencies following the end of the Second World War.

<sup>383</sup> [Manjun](#), Malaysia.

<sup>384</sup> The [Federated Malay States](#) was established by the British government in 1895 and lasted until 1946, when they, together with the Straits Settlements and the [Unfederated Malay States](#), formed the [Malayan Union](#). Two years later, the

which Siam claims suzerainty, but which one of them, Terengganu, steadily refuses to recognize in the slightest degree.

Malacca is British; Molucca, or, more correctly, “the Moluccas”, is Dutch.<sup>385</sup> We have noted where the former lies; the latter is but another name for the Spice Islands, that coveted possession in the Long Ago, and is the Group of Islands in the Banda Sea, lying between the Celebes and New Guinea, with the Philippines to the north and Australia to the south.

As to the individuals, I doubt if the name of Raffles<sup>386</sup> is at all widely known, nor that of Light,<sup>387</sup> yet these men did noble and enduring work for the Empire in Malaya. It is only right that we should know to whom we are debtors, and pay our tribute — however small — to their memory.

As I stood before the statue of Sir Stamford Raffles in Singapore, I looked long at that clear, thoughtful face, and tried to visualize all that he went through for the growing Empire he so devotedly served. My respect grew as I looked into and learned more and more of him.

### A Note of History

For long years before any European sailed upon the waters of the Indian Ocean, Arab dhows had been traversing that sea to India, Malaya and the East Indies, gathering their treasures of silk and spices, with a host of other things, and by way of Asiatic Turkey pouring them into Europe. There they found ready purchase. Whence they came was much on Europe’s mind. That mysterious land to the East!

Where was it? What was its name? Men did not think seriously of finding it till Turkey suddenly blocked the passage of the goods across the Bosphorus and the Mediterranean. It would take too long to explain that Turkish action. It was a severe blow to Europeans. They had got used to rugs and silks, and seemed utterly lost without those spices. It must be borne in mind that in those far off days, food was far from palatable. The meat was mostly salted. We of today have relegated spices to very small proportions in our culinary. In those days they were all important. The matter was vital. Europeans must have them. The country whence they came must be found.

The great navigators of that day were the Portuguese, and the Spaniards not very far behind them. They dared not — till the intrepid Columbus appeared — sail west; they could not sail east, so they made their way south. It took years to creep down the coast of Africa, even that meant daring of the highest kind. At last, Vasco da Gama<sup>388</sup> rounded the Cape and sailed into the Indian Ocean. Here — though he saw but a waste of waters — he knew a new world was opening to him. What it contained was not long in the finding and Trading Posts — Factories they were called — set up. Portugal and Spain kept their mouths shut. Once again the all needful spices and luxuries of old were upon the market, but from whence those Iberian navigators brought them was a mystery unsolved.

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Union became the [Federation of Malaya](#), and finally [Malaysia](#) in 1963 with the inclusion of Sabah (then North Borneo), Sarawak and Singapore. In 1965, the Malaysian parliament voted 126 to 0 to expel Singapore from Malaysia; [Singapore](#) gained independence as the Republic of Singapore, remaining within the Commonwealth, on 9 August 1965.

<sup>385</sup> And part of the [Republic of Indonesia](#) since it gained independence in August 1945.

<sup>386</sup> [Thomas Stamford Raffles \(1781–1826\)](#)

<sup>387</sup> [Francis Light \(1740–1794\)](#)

<sup>388</sup> [Vasco da Gama \(ca 1460-1469 –1524\)](#)

The Netherlands were an appanage <sup>389</sup> of the Spanish Crown. The bigoted Philip, <sup>390</sup> in an evil hour for his country, determined to stamp out the Reformed religion of his Dutch subjects, and went at his task relentlessly. The Dutch were no match for him on land, but they took their revenge upon the sea. Steadily for years past, they were becoming more and more good seamen, and were at that time the cargo carriers to all Europe. They now burst forth as Pirates and roved the seas, attacking everything that was either Spanish or Portuguese, which now were one kingdom. Not content with daring deeds upon the seas, they sailed into the home ports of their great enemy. Of course, they had lost the carrying trade. They seized what they could of the supplies from the East as the ships bearing them drew nigh to Portugal and Spain, but the bulk reached safety, and those countries fattened whilst the rest of Europe starved.

It was then that the Dutch determined to find out the secret for themselves, and to wrest the possession of that delectable land from the enemy. Houtman <sup>391</sup> led the way. He was a lucky find for his country for he had sailed for years under the Portuguese flag. Another Dutchman — Linschoten <sup>392</sup> — had lived for fourteen years in that wonderful land, and happened to get back home just then, whilst some Englishmen had wandered out and returned, their experiences appearing at a very opportune time in Hakluyt's famous Book of Voyages. <sup>393</sup> By these means the Government knew that it was not one country from which these treasures came, but many, and that not only countries, but islands, seemingly unaccountable, and the land of all lands were "the Spice Islands". Into the East they sailed and made short work there, fastening specially upon the Moluccas, which, from that day, save for a temporary holding of them by ourselves, have been a part of Holland's Outer Empire. For in truth the Dutch East Indies is a very Empire in size. Count Russia out, and those Indies would cover half of Europe. British folk knew all too little of that great territory of the Dutch, nor do they at all realize the gift for Colonial Government which the Dutch possess. It certainly was a revelation to the writer as he roamed through Java and other isles. The Dutch thus had their revenge. Spain and Portugal were dispossessed; the Hollanders were paramount in the Far East.

## Britain Steps In

And what of Britain all this time? She was not biding her time; she simply was not awake. At last her predestined hour struck and she awoke to right good purpose for herself, the whole world over. But our theme confines us to Malaya alone.

It was from India — in the form of the British East India Company — that we stretched out our hands for a portion of the trade, which, from its enormous volume Holland — in the form of the Dutch East India Company — could not possibly entirely embrace. That Company possessed a Trading Port at Malacca, which they had taken from the Portuguese. We must needs find one, but where? We had no quarrel at that time with the Dutch on which, in turn, to wrest Malacca from them, and the Malays were not only strangers to us, but themselves were in a state of chaos, chief against chief; the door all along that Malayan coast seemed closed. It fell to the lot of one who had served as a midshipman in

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<sup>389</sup> [Appanage](#): a gift of land, an official position, or money given to the younger children of kings and princes to provide for their maintenance.

<sup>390</sup> [Philip II of Spain \(1527–1598\)](#)

<sup>391</sup> [Cornelis de Houtman \(1565–1599\)](#)

<sup>392</sup> [Jan Huyghen van Linschoten \(1563–1611\)](#)

<sup>393</sup> [Richard Hakluyt \(ca 1552–1616\)](#)

the British Navy to solve the difficulty and take the first step towards Singapore, and the mighty power we wield today throughout Malaya. How few know his name today!

### Francis Light

Francis Light was an Englishman, and all records show him to have been a man of kindly thought and sternly honorable. He had served on H.M.S. *Arrogant*, but, giving up the Navy, had journeyed East and became Master of a trading vessel. He had established his headquarters off the coast of Kedah on Malaya, at the Island of Salang,<sup>394</sup> which lies north of the Island of Penang, and had become a persona grata with the Sultan of that State, the owner of both islands. In 1771 Light had proposed to the Governor General of Bengal — the famous Warren Hastings<sup>395</sup> — to obtain the cession of these islands for the Company's use, but European affairs put a stop to the project.

In 1786 it was seen to be imperatively necessary to have some spot between India and China for the Company, and ship masters were ordered to look out for the most suitable site. Light now took definite action. He approached his friend, the Sultan, and bore a letter off, to Calcutta, signifying the willingness of the Sultan to cede both islands. Salang was declined, but Penang readily accepted, and Light returned to hoist the British Flag on Penang, August 11, 1786. The troubles that ensued upon the mainland owing to Siam's pretensions are beyond our present purpose.

In 1800, by a further treaty with the Sultan and Penang's new Lieutenant Governor — Sir George Leith<sup>396</sup> — the strip of territory now known as Province Wellesley<sup>397</sup> was added, by reason of the need for cattle grazing ground and timber.

Thus was the beginning made, and to Light's genial character — which won the heart of the Malayan Sultan — we remain to this day hugely in debt.

Prior to our possession of Province Wellesley, Malacca comes upon the scene. The Town as we have seen was founded as a Portuguese Factory, seized by the Dutch and seemed likely to remain theirs. Fate decreed otherwise. Napoleon was threatening Europe and Holland seemed likely to be absorbed by the all conqueror. We took time by the forelock and on behalf of the Stadholder at Home — but without first asking his leave — took possession of the Post in 1795 with the forces of the East India Company, the Dutch on the spot misinterpreting our intentions and offering some resistance. By the Treaty of Amiens in 1801, it was restored to the Dutch, the danger seeming to be over. But Napoleon again threatening, we again took it in 1807, restoring it once again in 1818. By exchanging it for certain ports in Sumatra — which lay opposite — greatly desired by the Dutch, we got final possession of it in 1825. All this chopping and changing makes very interesting reading — together with the addition made to the Town itself of the Territory beyond — but it is outside the story of Singapore.

It was because of pirates' attacks both on British vessels and the Malaysians themselves, who would fain dwell peacefully at the mouth of the Perak River, that police stations were settled at the Dindings, the best spot handy for operations. This with the full concurrence of the Sultan of Perak. But this Red

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<sup>394</sup> [Phuket](#), Thailand.

<sup>395</sup> [Warren Hastings \(1732–1818\)](#)

<sup>396</sup> [George Alexander William Leith \(d. 1842\)](#)

<sup>397</sup> Named after [Richard Colley Wesley \(1760–1842\)](#), later Lord Wellesley, Governor-General of India between 1798 and 1805.



Spot upon the map was a matter of much later years, near present times when a British Resident <sup>398</sup> was the accepted philosopher and friend.

We come now to Singapore itself. But how comes Sumatra into the limelight and our ability to trade in Posts there, for was not Sumatra Dutch? That Island, then not Dutch, but now wholly so, played no small part in the selecting of our present Gateway to the East, and we must glance rapidly at certain events in measure connected with Sumatra, which brings the great Pro Consul Raffles before us.

## Raffles

He had been at work for years in those far waters before Sumatra saw him. His rise from the ordinary ruck at Home and abroad had been rapid and entirely owing to himself. Raffles was born at sea, the son of a Master of a West India man. At fourteen years of age, he became a clerk in the London Offices of the East India Company. When twenty-four, he was sent out to Penang as an Assistant Secretary. He might have, like hundreds of others, then given faithful service, served his time, retired, or died at his far post, and passed away unknown to coming generations. But he was made of other stuff. Quiet and unassuming, he made up his mind that he would become really efficient. On the voyage out, he began the study of the Malay tongue, and, once arrived, he devoted every leisure hour to the study of the people, their literature, their customs and their idiosyncrasies, a study which he continued to the very end. And best of all, like Light before him, he won the confidence and warm love of the Malayans. He was quietly at work when there came across his path the needful man to lift him out of the ordinary ranks of the Company's servants and start him in his real career. Dr. Leyden, <sup>399</sup> a famous Oriental Scholar and Scientist, met the young clerk on a visit paid by him to Penang in search of health. He was so much struck with Raffles' knowledge not only of Malay, but of Science generally, of which he had ever been a diligent student, that upon his return to Calcutta, he brought the young man to the notice of Lord Minto, <sup>400</sup> the Governor-General, who esteemed the great Scholar very highly. Called to India, he returned to the Strait with the title of Governor General's Agent in the Eastern Seas, and by the age of thirty, he was a real Power in those seas as the Lieutenant Governor of Java. How this post for Raffles came about, it is necessary to briefly relate.

Napoleon was again (1807 to 1815) rampaging over Europe. Now actually holding Holland, he was planning the possession of the extensive holdings of that country in the Far East and thus striking England in the back. The British knew this and purposed to forestall him. Mauritius was already in our hands, which meant crippling our great Enemy's attack. Lord Minto wasted no time. Raffles was instructed to prepare the way by collecting all necessary information. Minto met Raffles at Malacca, temporarily British, bringing with him 6000 British and 6000 Indian troops in 90 vessels. As Chief Intelligence Officer, Raffles accompanied the force, which, landing at Batavia, fought but one battle — that of Cornelis — losing 500 men against 4000 of the obstinate Dutch, who were at heart with the French, and remained, after Lord Minto left six weeks later, as Lieutenant Governor of the Dutch East Indies. For five years he ruled and his rule was good, so good that when the Dutch returned, his policy both as to land and people was largely continued — a former system of oppression giving way to Raffles' enlightened ideas, which has resulted in the present day's Administration, cause for the wonder and admiration of every traveller.

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<sup>398</sup> WWB may be referring to [Sir Hugh Low \(1824–1905\)](#).

<sup>399</sup> [John Leyden \(1775–1811\)](#)

<sup>400</sup> [Gilbert Elliot-Murray-Kynynmound, 1st Earl of Minto \(1751–1814\)](#)

At Buitenzorg, <sup>401</sup> in the lovely Botanical Gardens, famous the world over, there is a grave kept in the most perfect order by the Dutch in grateful memory of a noble Ruler, even if an Enemy, a chaste circular arbor of stone covering the remains of Raffles' first wife. He was a Knight now, and she was a Lady. He was to leave four children in Sumatra's soil ere he went home to die; his second wife had one daughter — who had been sent to England previously — alone surviving him.

He had his sorrows, even if he had his triumphs. In 1816 he went home on furlough. Upon his return, he found Minto gone and those in power in Calcutta not in sympathy with his policies. They sent him, therefore, as Lieutenant Governor to Bencoolen <sup>402</sup> in Sumatra, the spot from which so much of that island as had been tamed was ruled, a wretched, out of the way spot. But even from there, his restless energy sought the good of his Company and Country, and soon those in power had to fall back on him.

Java, but not England's hold on Sumatra, was given back to the Dutch by the Treaty of Vienna in 1818, and some spot had to be found in the Straits other than and south of Penang — for Malacca had been likewise restored — as the site of a British Settlement to make up for these losses, and counteract the determined exclusiveness of the Dutch. Raffles looked around. He marked certain spots as likely (but not Singapore). His advice was sought. He went to Calcutta. Then things began to happen. He returned to the Straits for action. Colonel Farquhar, <sup>403</sup> who had been the Resident at Malacca prior to its return to the Dutch, had been given instructions to find a site. He had tried to secure the Island of Bintan in the Singapore Straits, south of the Malacca Strait, but the Dutch had forestalled him. He was told to put himself at the disposal of Raffles. The latter, picking him up on his way back, made for Siak on East Sumatra, which was in his mind. It was not suitable, nor were Farquhar's suggestions of the Karimun Islands. He then sailed for the south coastline of Johore. I quote here from one of his private letters to show that he had not labored in vain at his Malayan Studies : "But for my Malay Studies I should hardly have known that such a place (Singapore) existed. Not only the European but the Indian world was ignorant of it." He went ashore on the Island, then almost uninhabited. At once its advantages appealed to him, and, with his usual promptness, he acted, making a preliminary arrangement on January 30, 1819, with the local Chief, and realizing that this, to be binding, must be confirmed by the Sultan of Johore, he required that party very urgently. It happened that there was a dispute going on as to who should succeed the Sultan, lately dead. The elder son had been passed over by the influence of the Dutch and the younger installed. The injured one was on (Riau) Bintan, one of the many nearby islands. Raffles sent for him, had him proclaimed on Singapore Island as Johore's rightful Sultan, recognized him on behalf of the East India Company, and drew up a Treaty which was signed by Sultan, Chief and Raffles. That was on the 6<sup>th</sup> February, 1819. Singapore was ours.

Yet, strange as it may now seem, with all the resultant benefits before us, Raffles had no easy time to hold what he had gained. The opposition came from his own superiors. The Governor General sent instructions countermanding all his orders to Raffles to find a site. The Dutch were protesting as soon as Raffles left Bencoolen. If Raffles had not actually found a site, he must desist. But he had found it and meant to keep it. The Company at Home, on hearing of it, was furious, and the Ministers of the Crown were likewise. It was hard work for Raffles, away off in Eastern waters, to labor to convince all these high Powers that he was right. But his usual quiet persistency won the day, though the worry, without doubt, helped to bring him to his early grave. If Raffles' hand had been lifted off Singapore, it would be Dutch today. They saw, too late, that he had got the key to the whole waters. They had

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<sup>401</sup> [Bogor](#), Indonesia.

<sup>402</sup> [Bengkulu](#), Indonesia.

<sup>403</sup> [William Farquhar \(1774–1839\)](#)

had a century and more to find it. This young man, who had been but fourteen years in the Far East, had won out for his Country for seemingly all time.

Raffles went back to his lonely post on Sumatra, leaving Farquhar in charge. He had, before his leaving, taken an action of immeasurable importance to the infant Settlement, proclaiming Singapore an Open Port, free to all Nations, and without tax on trade or industry. Who, knowing these things, can deny that Raffles well won his Knightly Spurs, that he was a great Englishman, a great administrator, and worthy of a wider renown than he holds amongst his nation of today.

He visited Singapore but three times on the four years he remained on Sumatra, whence he sailed for England for the last time, but all those tender years of “his own child” as he was fond of calling Singapore, he watched and counselled its growth with the intensest interest, and as it grew year by year with astonishing rapidity, his joy was abounding. His City gave him a glorious Farewell. They, as least, knew his worth.

When he reached Home, it was to meet charges from his late employers, which exhausted a frame already undermined by continual attacks of malaria, and within two years, when but forty-five, he was dead. The time came when men at Home began to realize his worth. They sought his grave in Hendon Cemetery; for long years it could not be found, and then only by happy chance was the discovery made. But the Gateway will never forget him. Singapore is Raffles, and Raffles means Singapore, and though he has passed in the flesh, his Statue looks ever towards and watches, by night and day, those Straits which his genius and foresight secured for the Free Trade of the Land of his birth, and that of all Peoples as they will.

The Statistics of Singapore are not my theme. The Year Books can far better supply them. Its gradual development can be read of in books written by the men who have lived there and helped make it what it is. I have attempted but a sketch of how Singapore is ours today, and a brief outline of the man to whom we owe it. Happily he has his Biographers. They should be read. You will learn not only to admire, but to love the man. His tireless work, apart from his settled duties, amazes one, and yet tragedy followed him even there. He set sail for Home with the accumulation of years of work and careful study. Every MSS, every map, his collection of Fauna and Flora, as well as all his Records, were burned at sea. Those wonderful treasures of Malaya and the East Indies are lost forever. But Singapore abides, and that surely is sufficient glory for a man.

Bencoolen now is Dutch, along with all of Sumatra, though it cost the Dutch thirty-three years and millions of Florins to win out over the wild tribes. We gave Sumatra up for Dutch possessions on the West Coast of Africa, which cost us the Ashanti War; which was the best bargain 'tis hard to say.<sup>404</sup> Opinions differ.

## Singapore Town

The former history of Singapore Town is somewhat hazy. There seems to have been a considerable Town in the Long Ago, for Japanese records proudly tell of an attack upon it by them in 1365 of our era, when it was wiped out. But it evidently grew again, for in 1552 the famous missionary, St. Francis

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<sup>404</sup> The [Anglo-Ashanti Wars](#) were four conflicts between the Ashanti Empire, in the Akan interior of the Gold Coast, now Ghana, and the British Empire in the 19th century between 1824 and 1901; WWB is referring to the Third Ashanti War.

Xavier,<sup>405</sup> wrote from it to his brethren in Goa on the Malabar Coast of India. But evil times surely fell upon it again and remained, for when Raffles landed, he found it but a fishing village of 150 people and the resort of pirates, who fared forth from its harbour to prey upon the vessels passing through the Straits. By the last census obtainable, the 150 have grown into 19,000 Europeans, 32,000 of India and Arabia, 54,000 Native Malayan, and 315,000 Chinese.

Singapore Town is a hive of industry, the harbour crowded with steamers and sailing craft, the streets alive with rickshaw runners, many magnificent buildings, cricket and football games in the very forefront of the city, splendid esplanades; no traveller but can find all needful shops and comforts handy, with much both to interest and amuse him. Each of the above divisions of the population have their special quarters, but the wealthier residents of each of the nations have their homes outside the City proper.

### Around the Island

A motor car bore me around the Island and I did not miss much for I was in no great hurry to depart from such a spot. It must suffice here to speak of the great Rubber Plantations which dot the Island, carved out of the Jungle of which many square miles remain, all matted with vine, impenetrable, the haunt of monkeys in special, but I was told of tree bears and cats. The axe has carved a way for roads, and good roads too, to every part. There is difficulty of drainage in the Town, but no lack of purest water, which is obtained from three reservoirs back of the Town, each fed by springs within them, the hemmed in waters lying in park-like places, made so by the hand of cunning landscape gardeners.

The private residencies of the British, which one would expect to see of a wealthy community who have plenty of room and an ideal site of slow rising heights, are there, houses — sometimes mansions built to suit the Tropics with carefully kept gardens, and tennis courts attached. But to note the splendid abodes of the wealthy Chinese and Arabs is somewhat amazing. It was in land speculation, in chief, that these made their pile. Land is very valuable on Singapore, especially in Singapore Town and its environs.

I came early to the conclusion that it is hot on Singapore, very hot, in fact broiling — even at night one has to keep the fan full blast — but it is a lovely land, and one that lingers in the memory and will always be a pleasure to recall.

### The Naval Base

My interest, deep as it was in the Island and the Town, was, however, largely centred in the Naval Base of which we have heard so much.<sup>406</sup> At last I was in Singapore and could see the Debateable Thing for myself. It was a Joyride all through as I spun along the roads, which more or less bound it on three sides. The first leads you straight from Town to the Base's eastern limit. The 12<sup>th</sup> mile post

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<sup>405</sup> [Francisco de Jasso y Azpilicueta \(1506–1552\)](#)

<sup>406</sup> Originally announced in 1923, while WWB was on Niue, the construction of the [Singapore Naval Base](#) proceeded slowly at Sembawang, at the northern tip of Singapore, until the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931. It was completed in 1939, at a staggering cost of £60 million.

gives the first sign, for here the Rubber Plantation, part of which has been absorbed into the Base, shows signs that the trees are no longer cared for, the undergrowth springing up thickly. There is no fence as yet; the whole large area shows to the passing observer, no work yet done upon it, though there maybe where I could not reach to. But I was to see later and outside of that area where foresight had already provided for the needs of the Navy.

That first road ends at the water's edge. You stand by the Strait of Johore. Guarding the entrance is an Island at no great distance, and well up the Strait on the Johore side is a commanding hilltop. If ever the Base has to be fortified, here are spots ready to hand, than which, to a layman, none could be better placed or suited. I have no doubt that attack could be warded off as readily from the other end of the Strait.<sup>407</sup>

I strolled along the waterfront of the Base, the calm waters of the Strait between me and the State of Johore, a British Protectorate be it remembered; saw where local gossip says the floating Drydock — at this writing being towed out from the British yards — would be located; and thence to the reported site of that much debated point, the graving Dock.<sup>408</sup> Nature seems ready to lend a hand for the river, which runs out here, can readily be diverted to another close to its head, and its mouth looks admirable for the purpose. The whole waterfront is wild and unkempt now, but once operations really begin, the place, now held by Nature, will be cleared, and in place of woods, workshops will make the spot alive, whilst residences for the officials and the employees will readily find ideal sites a little back from the water.

Thence I worked back by a crossroad through the Jungle to the Causeway at the western end of the Base, and promptly forgot naval matters in the sight before me.

## Johore

Across that bridge of rock lay Asia. I had but lately stood upon the Australian Continent. What could I do? How could I resist when Asia beckoned? I ordered, "Straight ahead." I was there in no time, got out, and strolled on yet another Continent.

I found at the Johore end of the Causeway that a small canal had been constructed, so as to permit vessels, of a very limited capacity, to pass through. We crossed it by a swing bridge, and at once ran into the blue-coated and brass-buttoned natives, the Customs Officers. With a wave of the hand, they let us through and we were in Johore Bahru, the Capital.<sup>409</sup> Here dwells the Sultan,<sup>410</sup> whom we had just passed in his car upon his way to Singapore. He is a very up-to-date monarch of fifty years of age, though report says he has his weaknesses, and being a monarch would fain have his way. Therefore he is not a Persona Grata in the British Town. Whatever he himself is, his Palace and his gardens are most captivating. He boasts a special and a magnificent Banqueting Hall and his own private mosque, big enough to hold a thousand, for he professes Mohammedanism as most Malays; he has his private golf links, too. His capital is well planned, with wide and well kept roads, a wealth

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<sup>407</sup> The Naval Base was defended by heavy 15-inch naval guns stationed at Johore battery, Changi, and at Buona Vista Battery. After the fall of Malaya on 31 January 1942, the base was subsequently captured by units of the advancing Japanese Army and remained in Japanese control through the end of World War II.

<sup>408</sup> The King George VI [Graving Dock](#) at the Singapore Naval Base was the largest drydock in the world at the time.

<sup>409</sup> [Johor Bahru](#) is the capital city of the state of Johor in southern Malaysia, north of Singapore. Johor Bahru is the southernmost city of the Eurasian mainland.

<sup>410</sup> [Sultan Ibrahim Iskandar Al-Masyhur ibni Abu Bakar \(1873–1959\)](#)



of splendid trees, and many ornate private residences. Palms seem everywhere, as fine Travellers Palms as I have ever seen.

Had Time allowed, I would have pushed up north to have a look at the interior of his State, but after a well served meal at the leading Rest House — as all the hotels in this Sultan's land are called — and an exhibition of jugglery and Sleight of Hand on the part of a wandering Conjuror upon the steps of the hotel, we turned our face towards Singapore. I noted, however, ere leaving the caravanserai, the stringent "Rules of the Rest Houses" of Johore, one especially remaining on my mind, that if any single traveller should be occupying a double bedroom and a married couple should come upon the scene at any hour of the day or night, the single individual, be it whom he may, must give up the room and find what else he can in the way of accomodation.

The road across the Causeway leads straight to Singapore Town, fourteen miles away. Some halfway along, we came upon Naval foresight in the shape of a dozen huge Oil Tanks, or more perhaps, for I could not count them all, so imbedded are they in the Jungle. They and their contents — for they are full — must have cost a pretty penny. The railway passes them, which makes it easy to supply ships, be they at the north or the south side of the Island.

Such, then, is the Naval Base at present. That it may be put through to completion in due time, everyone conversant with Singapore and its Straits devoutly hopes. I met no one, not alone in Singapore, but in New Zealand, Australia, throughout the Indies, and all along the whole China coast up to Japan, but was insistent upon the need of that same Base.

### **A Saint and Monkeys**

The day's sightseeing was, however, not quite complete. There was another side of Singapore's nigh half million population that I was to see — the Religious. It burst suddenly upon me. In a clearing at the side of the road there lies a grave. It is that of a Holy Man. Some years ago, the skeleton of a man was discovered in the Jungle hard by. None recalled any loss. The bones, said the priesthood — who saw a good thing in sight — must be of one who in the Long Past had retired into those deep woods for meditation on Things Unseen. This was taking much for granted, but the Malayans swallowed it. A grave was dug, and the people flocked thither to gain the blessing of the Saint. I saw them there that day. They bring their sick, and make offering of both money, food and incense. It is a real thing to those simple folk. I saw a mother bring forward her girl of five or six years. She stood at the end of the grave behind her child, and holding the arms of her little child in her hands, they too went through their incantations. They bowed and bowed again; they raised and lowered their arms in clockwork regulation till I wondered that they grew not weary. Their expression was intense; they meant to win their aim. Then lighting their joss sticks, and finding a space for them nigh the head of the grave, they moved off to give place to others.

Here, too, are Sacred Monkeys. I knew not of it at first. Not one was in sight. Being Sacred, they are hugely spoiled. I wonder that the whole host of monkeys upon Singapore do not congregate around that shrine. But they do not. Perhaps the Monarch, whom I was soon to see, makes it too hot for intruders. He certainly is a big one and has a nasty temper. He makes it hot even for the particular subjects. He was slow coming, but once arrived, he made things lively.

I was told that if I made an offering for the well-being of the Shrine, I could see those monkeys. Naturally I shelled out. Then the special custodians of the grave gave forth weird calls. They called



and called, yet nothing stirred. They threw ripe, luscious bananas upon the cleared space at the head of the Shrine, and called anew. Then I perceived a stirring in the trees nearby. Down from the tops I could see monkeys swinging from limb to limb. They came down from every quarter, and soon the quad was alive with the little beasts. They were not well-mannered; they were distinctly selfish. There were mothers carrying their babes in their pouch, the tiny little head with its bright beady eyes appearing, and seemingly in grave danger of falling out as the mother made her peculiar running motion. But the Bachelors — or Husbands, I know not which — had no thought for them. It was a wild scramble, far from Holy. Then suddenly the Monarch came upon the scene. That straightened things at once. He is four times the size of any other. Though late in time, he was going to have his share, and he had it. Then, as suddenly, they scattered. There was a wild rush for the trees. Up, up they swung themselves. They were gone.

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Thence to the Steamer, and I sailed for Home, my South Seas' Roaming over.

## PART XII

# MEMOIRS OF ST PAUL'S ANGLICAN CHURCH, ESQUIMALT, AND THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF ST MARY THE VIRGIN, SAN FRANCISCO, 1887–1897

BY

REV. WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON, M.A.

## PREFACE <sup>1</sup>

In the early part of this year, 1949, our present Rector, The Reverend Keppel W. Hill, read some interesting writings from the pen of The Reverend William. W. Bolton, Rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Mary The Virgin, 1889–1897, dealing with the early life of this Church.

This quaint and beautifully written history created so much interest and enthusiasm throughout the congregation that urgent appeals went out to have these writings typed. So in response to numerous requests, our Evening Auxiliary has prepared this brochure for your reading pleasure and historic interest.

The writings have been carefully preserved these many years by Reverend Bolton's daughter, Mrs. V. Grant, who resides in San Leandro, California, and who has graciously given her consent for us to have them reproduced.

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<sup>1</sup> The Preface is the first page of the *Memoirs*, which were kindly provided by [The Episcopal Church of St. Mary The Virgin](#), 2325 Union Street, San Francisco, California, United States.

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## BEGINNINGS

It was a carriage factory in a small way.<sup>2</sup> The Pacific's waters lapped lazily within the shelter of the harbour, not an arrow shot away. Above the factory was the loft for storage, reached by an outside flight of steps. The owner was one of the Old Timers of the place, good hearted, a keen sportsman, with whom the Cleric oft tramped the mountains after game. It stood in a steadily increasing section of the community, hard by the City on the one hand, and the Cleric's parish on the other. That parish, which as a fact embraced it, extended a full thirty miles down the coast,<sup>3</sup> and back to undefined limits in the hills behind. Churches were not over numerous, and the way to worship seemed to many of that community to be over long. A movement therefore arose to start a Mission Centre in that fast developing section. It boasted neither Hall, nor School; the houses were small, befitting a young and thrifty people. Upon the factory loft the Cleric set his fancy. His fellow sportsman met the proposal with a friendly Yes. That was the beginning.

A faithful few got busy with the broom. The railway magnate gave seats that should have been in his trains; another friend gave a Japanese screen for the robing room, which, there being no space near the entrance door, a serviceable double one had to be placed in front of all, and because of the length of the Cleric, did but half duty at its best; an harmonium was loaned and an Altar raised, adorned with Cross and flowers. There could be but one service held at Eventide and on Sundays, for the Cleric had calls elsewhere, and it was nip and tuck to return in time from the country Church 15 miles away. All things prepared, the doors were opened and the folk foregathered. It was a success from the very start. The loft was filled to overflowing; the enthusiasm was catching. The City was not to be denied its quota. The singing made the old rafters ring; the offerings surpassed those of many a City Church. Up those rickety stairs climbed the old and the young, the rich and the poor. It was the House of God for all who would. That was the Following On.

The factory, and the loft, is gone; the congregation outgrew it; and a modern dwelling house now rises on the site. Within a stone's throw there stands today a Parish Church, with its settled Ministry and a large and thriving community around. But the carriage loft is a Memory highly cherished, and though few now survive who took part in those stirring services in the Long Ago, yet the Tradition is passed on of how from such humble Beginning yet another House of Prayer rose in the Far West. Such was the Aftermath.

A Beginning of quite another kind now came the Cleric's<sup>4</sup> way, opening to him a vista undreamed of, and in time had its Aftermath in changing the current of his life. An Oxford graduate, with his Boarding School for boys, came to settle in his Cure.<sup>5</sup> So well read and refined a companion was very welcome. But sickness struck down one of his pupils, a sickness unto death, and that loss seemed to break the Master's heart. He could not carry on, gave up the work, went to the Upper Country and soon after Passed Away. The parents, bankers and merchants, the Bishop too, sought to find someone to fill the vacancy. Their unanimous choice fell all unknown, unthought of, upon the Cleric. He protested. School mastering was not for him. He had had no training in that difficult art — for all that

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<sup>2</sup> In this paragraph and the next, WWB describes the founding of St Paul's Anglican Church in Esquimalt, near Victoria, British Columbia, Canada. St Paul's was built and consecrated in 1866, when WWB was still a child, so the Cleric referred to in these two paragraphs is not WWB. St Paul's has since become [St Peter & St Paul's Anglican Parish](#), 1379 Esquimalt Road, Victoria. For information regarding the history of St Paul's, see [here](#) and [here](#).

<sup>3</sup> To the Metchosin and Sooke areas.

<sup>4</sup> The Cleric referred to is now WWB, who was Rector of St Paul's from 1887 to 1889.

<sup>5</sup> *Cure*: the office or district of a curate.

most think it so easy. But they would take no refusal. Therefore, he agreed that until a better qualified man should be obtained, he would become a Teacher.<sup>6</sup> That was the Beginning.

Teachers are born, not made, despite the Normal Schools of today, which pour forth Pedagogues trained to drive in knowledge, but few Teachers inspire and win their pupils to eagerly receive it. In is an Instinct; nor books nor men can create it. If it is there, all is easy; if it be absent, the Profession is a toil and the work drags. Teaching is also a Profession in itself, a whole time job; it cannot successfully be tacked on to others. It demands the whole time and attention, for it reaches beyond the Class Room into Playing time. As for the Cleric, not he but others had led him into this new path. He could not, with justice to scholars and pupils, divide himself into Master and Priest. He did not attempt it. The Call had come, and for the time being he laid aside his ministerial work. What it all meant he knew not, but the Present, not the Future, was the Thing.

He found Teaching a real Pleasure. He was rusty, very, but it was now up to him to brighten up every cog and wheel of that Teaching Machine within him, a gift wholly unknown to him before. And yet the Pulpit had all along been a training ground, for he had never been a Preacher of mere homilies and exhortations, but from the very first had conceived the pulpit rather to be a platform from which ceaselessly to Teach his various congregations the Faith as handed down the Ages.

In time the Better Qualified came upon the scene — though as a fact he proved an utter failure — and the Cleric looked again to his old Profession. They around him wanted him to remain, but he had had his vision broadened by the new experience. He wanted bigger space for action, a fresh field with wider contact, so not knowing what might befall him, he went south to the Americans — the land of his forebears<sup>7</sup> — landing amid strangers in San Francisco. Eight years he passed there, and then with its Story and Happenings added to his Collection, he returned with children of his own, for him to teach and train under the one and only Flag for him, which must needs be theirs. Others quickly gathered round his own, for he had not been forgotten.<sup>8</sup> The work enlarged, then partners came and a great School<sup>9</sup> arose with fine buildings and ample playing fields — for Sport was still an essential part of Life with him — his boys must be “hard as nails” even as he when he first stepped into Life’s arena. Teaching was now permanently his Profession, nor did he ever regret it. It covered the major portion of his life.

Such was the Aftermath.

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<sup>6</sup> WWB was Headmaster of St Paul’s School from 1889 to 1890.

<sup>7</sup> WWB’s ancestor, Robert Bolton, moved from England to Philadelphia in 1718. See *Genealogy* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

<sup>8</sup> See *Mr Bolton’s School, 1898–1906*, in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

<sup>9</sup> See *University School* in Part I, *Notes on the Life of WWB*.

## COW HOLLOW

Few, if any, of San Francisco could locate it today. It has disappeared, its memory effaced; yet at one time it had no other designation. To the great American city built upon seven hills, touched at their base by the Western Sea, with its 100 square miles of harbour, entered by the Golden Gate, came the Cleric, a perfect stranger. He had a mission there or his steps had not been guided thither, but what it was he knew not. Actually, its Bishop <sup>10</sup> told him, when he went to pay respects, that he was not wanted, that he was of those who firmly held “America for Americans,” yet would he not refuse him license, though he would not aid him. It was no hopeful outlook for a few weeks, then an offer came to temporarily assist at a prominent City Church. <sup>11</sup> He took it, and when the last day came, was begged to remain as part of the establishment. That parish was half rich, half poor. Its Church was raised amongst the former; attempt had been made from time to time to serve the latter, by ministrations through temporary centres in their midst, but they had failed. Every other Christian body had likewise tried with similar result. It seemed to all a hopeless proposition.

A year passed and then the offer came from the man whose colleague he had been, and upon whom the responsibility of that unapproachable part lay heavily, to hand it over to the Cleric, and the parent Church would guarantee support in all ways till things were self-supporting — if ever they should reach such stage. The offer was accepted and the work begun. But first he sought again the Bishop; this time he gave his Blessing to man and enterprise: “I was wrong; you were wanted. God prosper you, my son.” It was now up to him to “make good.” The district was then known by one name only: “Cow Hollow.” Not that any cows were ever seen there, nor seemed there ever to have been chance of pasture in that sandy waste. The hills ran down to the harbour, and from their base to the water lay an irregular piece of land, largely waste, but here and there saloons, corner stores, and workmen’s homes. Through it from end to end ran a tramway line (of cable kind), which led to the Military Reservation at its further end, and The Golden Gate. Even then they were busy reclaiming land from the sea, and acres were added every year on which more homes arose. At the foot of one of the hills was an oasis in this desert of sand and poor class buildings. One whole block of land had been turned into a bower of trees, and in their midst was a lovely bungalow. That was a City Editor’s home. He had much property elsewhere. High up among his fellow rich, he might have built a palace — for his wealth was great — or in the country hard by amid fields and park land, but it would seem that very perversity had settled this spot for him. And all around, other blocks of land were his. He was the uncrowned King of Cow Hollow; his name — Frank Pixley; his sheet — The Argonaut, known from West to East, the continent over. <sup>12</sup>

Search found a vacant Grocery Store; a notice was attached that Worship would be held therein. The Cleric, with a little band of faithful henchmen, devoted women too, opened up his spiritual goods and steadily drew customers. It was curiosity perhaps, at first, but those who came to see and hear returned to pray. The numbers grew till the Grocery Store could no longer hold them. Then search was made for other home.

Politics are taken seriously by the American people. Every City, every hamlet, must have its Halls wherein each Party holds meetings the whole year round. The war on the others never ceases. Not only are there the Elections of the Nation, but those far more bitter contests for the Wards and petty offices. One such Hall stood right upon the car line of Cow Hollow — a Republican Wigwam —

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<sup>10</sup> [William Ingraham Kip \(1811–1893\)](#)

<sup>11</sup> [St Luke’s Episcopal Church](#), 1755 Clay Street, San Francisco.

<sup>12</sup> [Frank Morrison Pixley \(1825–1895\)](#)



used of weekdays; on Sundays it lay idle. Why, thought the Cleric, should it not be his those vacant days. He found that it was the personal property of a high City Official, given to his Party for their free use as a Centre. Strange, but that man's wife had long been his friend, her beautiful home on the hills above always open to him. To mention the matter to this sofa-ridden woman was to gain her to his side. He met the high official, her husband, for the first time now; no boisterous politician, but a kindly, gentle man, who promptly gave consent. The Altar was removed, set up, the doors thrown open, and the Hall that had so long rung only with the cheers of partisans, now resounded with Hymns to the Great Father of all. Soon it, too, was filled to overflowing. But a certain faction of the Party were strong in protest. They had no use for Religion in any form. They made angry appeal to the Owner to put stop to such use of their Home. They struck the wrong man. He gave them notice, there and then, that from that day it was the Cleric's, not only for his and his people's use on Sundays, but every day of the week. They had ejected themselves and must seek other shelter for their conclaves.

Soon, however, it was seen that only a permanent Church would answer the developing situation. But where the site? That question and its solution brought about the next stage: The Taming of an Editor.

## THE TAMING OF AN EDITOR

He was short of stature, thick set, big-nosed with snappy eyes, bewhiskered save his chin, had a national reputation by reason of his caustic pen, a forceful, masterful, pugnacious man, had fought his duels in the Long Ago, had travelled much, was rich beyond the dreams of avarice, his lovely Home full of Art treasures gathered from many lands, a well-meaning but somewhat shrewish wife,<sup>13</sup> no children, but possessed a giant of a dog, his constant companion save in the great City where his Sanctum was. His pet and particular aversion were the Clergy; the very sight of one set his teeth on edge; he was all for fight. His tongue, ever an unruly member, he could swear with as could few men, and pour out abuse as quickly from his lips as from his facile pen. Professed a rooted objection to all Religion, said that he had had enough in his youth, had been brought up on it, met it at every meal, at every angle of his early life, threw the whole thing over once he had left the parental roof, and was an Agnostic with a touch of Atheism. Not at all a lovable man, one who was feared, growing old, had need of stick, acerbity increasing with his years. It was with him the Cleric clashed. It came about in this way.

For a permanent Church, he settled in his mind on a corner lot at the back of the Editor's home. No move had that agnostic made those months past, but his antagonistic attitude was known by all. If raised on that site, it would be to challenge him day in, day out, with the Power of that Cross which he desecrated. But as if that was not enough, the plotter found that the lot and those beyond were the property of that same Editor. Here, then, was evidently the necessity of bearding the lion in his den. Men held their hands up in horror. But it had to be done.

To the office of "The Argonaut" the Cleric went, and sought interview with the great man from those busy at the counter. "He's in there," said a young man pointing to an open door, and grinned all over; one behind him laughed aloud, then all the Staff joined in, and the young man whispered as the Cleric moved towards the door, "Look out!" He knocked, though the door was opened, stepped in and stood at the desk where the little man was scribbling hard, nor had time even to look up at knock or entry. A full minute passed, all seemed oppressively quiet; outside the traffic moved in endless line; inside the Office, men seemed to be holding their breath as if for some explosion. It came. He looked up, caught sight of the Cleric, dropped his pen in amazement — and the fireworks began. There were rockets, Catherine wheels, Roman fire and bombs all in one. "Who the \_\_\_\_\_ are you? Don't you know I hate your whole \_\_\_\_\_ tribe? You're after something, like your \_\_\_\_\_ tribe always are. If I had my way I'd round every \_\_\_\_\_ son of a gun of you up, ship you to sea in a leaky boat and send you to \_\_\_\_\_ where you belong!" His teeth snapped beneath his grizzled moustache, his eyes flashed fire of hate, he banged his hand upon the desk as he added yet more of the same eloquent and gracious kind, and at last flung out (Oh welcome rest about to be, but still more welcome Word), "I don't know who you are, never seen your face before, but by your \_\_\_\_\_ cheek coming here and your \_\_\_\_\_ cool nerve, you must surely be an Englishman." He stopped. He had fairly exhausted himself.

Now 'twas the Cleric's turn. He had stood immovable looking down on the little Fury. He spoke in gentlest tone. "Sir, you have said aright; I am an Englishman, yet there is no need of cool nerve coming here. You own property near your pretty home. The poor around you need a House of God. You may smile at that need, but we cannot all be made to think alike. Will you give them that corner lot behind your house? It's the very spot. Forget me; think of your own American People. Men told me that you would never do so, that I was mad to come here; I refused and still refuse to believe it. Will you do this thing for them?" He sat there aghast; what with the Cleric himself and this astonishing

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<sup>13</sup> Amelia Van Reynegom

request, he, for once, couldn't find a tongue. "Hell," said he at last, "That caps the climax. I hate your \_\_\_\_ religion and all religions, and you ask for land to spread it. I'd tell you to get \_\_\_\_ quick out of here, but anyone can see that you wouldn't till you get an answer. So, you're the fellow I've heard of in my neighborhood. I've wanted to have a look at you for some time. My wife has heard you in that \_\_\_\_ snob's Church she goes to. I'll give nobody my land; you're too \_\_\_\_ poor to pay for it, but I like your pluck in tackling that Hell's job in Cow Hollow, and, \_\_\_\_, I can't refuse you flat. I'll speak to my wife. Come back here today week and I'll let you know. Good day." So the Cleric left him; the office had heard all, and gave him a look as he passed out as much as to say, "We'd give you a cheer, if we dared!" For all the abuse, the Cleric liked the famous little Editor, so short of stature, yet so tall of foul language, and knew in his heart that he had got him. That next time they would meet as friends.

The week passed and he returned. The little man, as he entered, did not extend his hand, nor did the Cleric, but said, "Sit down. I've talked to my wife. I'll not give you the land outright, for you might sell it and decamp with the proceeds, though you don't look like the scamps some of your brethren are. But I'll lend you that land you want for Seven Years. It'll be safe enough yours. I'll have the proper papers drawn. At the end of Seven Years, we'll see. You may be dead; I may be; the thing may fizzle out — then the land comes back to me. Will that suit you? I won't do more." And he had not sworn once. The Cleric gently thanked him — it would answer all his purposes — and invited him to drop in at the Wigwam any Sunday to see for himself what was going on. "Well, well, perhaps I may. My wife likes it. What's the matter with you anyway? I hate all your brood as you know. It must be because you're an Englishman. I've always had a soft spot for your Nation. Go ahead and do what you like with that land. It's yours. Good day." The Cleric rose, put out his hand; the Editor (for all his rough exterior had good blood in him) rose too and took his hand. They looked straight at one another and the Cleric said, "We are friends, Mr. Pixley, are we not? Not enemies?" "Yes," he said, "we are friends." And so they parted.

Seven Years. It seemed a long vista ahead. Seven Years. Much could be done in that time. How little possible either of those two thought, that day, the end should be as it was. Seven Years to the day, and that famous Editor lay dying in his lovely home, doctors and nurses in attendance, but the Cleric holding the dying man in his arms as he slowly breathed out his life, the two closer friends than ever by a common devotion to that God in Heaven so long and so deliberately flaunted. Follow now his return to the Fold.

## THE FRIENDSHIP OF AN EDITOR

The Wigwam was indeed transformed. No politics were breathed now within its walls, save those high Policies of Eternal Worth of a greater Empire than man's mind can grasp. Its walls adorned with scrolls and banners; its platform the Sanctuary, with its Altar brilliant with flowers and many lights; the Celebrant in gorgeous vestments, meet <sup>14</sup> to attend at so high a Court; the servers and the acolytes, children of Cow Hollow, black as well as white; music by all — for of formal choir, there was none; incense rising even as were the prayers of that earnest throng; a congregation of one heart and of one mind.

The Great Lady of the district came regularly, for her heart was right with God, nor did she ever patronize, for all her wealth, her shrewishness and position in Cow Hollow. She never failed the Cleric from first to last. But the Editor, her husband? The weeks passed, but he held aloof. Then one day he came. It must have been with deliberate intention to scoff, for he knew better. He would show what he thought of reverence for things Unseen. He stepped to the front row of chairs, kept his hat on, brought his giant dog in with him, leaned forward the whole service on his stout cane and ivory-handled stick, those eyes of his taking in every detail, chewed plug — alas, spittoons have no place even in temporary churches — and rose from his seat at no time. There being no pulpit, the Cleric was close to his people when addressing them, and he could have touched the Editor as he spoke of things divine. Again the next week, he came; the next and yet again, he was there. Now he removed his hat; now he left mighty "Caesar" outside; now he chewed not; now he bent his head as the Host was lifted; now he spoke a friendly word to the Wardens as he passed out. But the Cleric kept aloof. They were friends, but he must fight his first battles alone.

Down the road, alongside the cable line, behind the Editor's home, the little Sanctuary was rising. The Shell was there and the workmen were inside. One afternoon, as the Cleric was directing, the Editor came upon the scene. Said he, "You see, I kept my word. I have been there. Why was not Religion and Worship made as pleasant and as beautiful as you make it when I was young? I have been thinking of all you say to us. Let us thrash it out together. Come and see me." The Cleric met him in his lovely home, and, as man to man, they talked. Another day they met in the cable car on their way down the Hollow from the City. Said he, "Where do you live?" Being told, "In the City," he replied, "Why not live amongst us?" "There is no house available that I can see." "Bosh! You know that house on the lot next to your Church? It is mine. Go and live in it. You are to pay nothing. I'll tell my agent." Thus came a rectory down from Heaven.

When the little Church was opened and looked all glorious within, made so by gifts from many hands, they met again in the car on their way home. Said he, "I see you like pictures in Churches (the Fourteen Stations hung there). I'll give you one if you care to have it. Brought it from Madrid. A copy of Murillo. Cost a pile of money. It's the Virgin and Child. Your Church is dedicated to Saint Mary the Virgin, so it'll suit." The Cleric had seen it often as he went in and out of that home. It was an Altarpiece and filled, from floor to ceiling, a large alcove in the Hall. He was dumbfounded, but answered gently, not excitedly, "Thank-you, Mr. Pixley." "Come along now and see it." So the two entered the Hall. They stood admiring it when the wife appeared, just as he was saying, "Take it away in the morning." "Take what?" she said. "This picture," said he. "No, no! You can give him anything else, but not that." He snapped at her and high words passed. Then she said, "The Church can have it, but you will have to put in a stained rose glass window in its place." So it was agreed. The next morning, the Cleric and his men appeared and took it down, the good woman not sadly looking on,

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<sup>14</sup> *Meet*: fitting; proper.

but saying, "I'm really glad now. I was very selfish. It will help make our Sanctuary all the more beautiful." And the rose window took its place. It must have been very costly, a lovely piece of work and craft.

The Editor was an ardent Cremationist; so ever was the Cleric. Here was a further bond. They fought for it together, the one from the Editor's Chair, the other from the pulpit. They were fiercely attacked, but neither feared a battle. To the Cleric looked all those who thought as he did, and he was constantly in request for the last rites in the City's Crematorium by those wholly strangers to him. And when that Editor's Soul had Passed On, it was he who took the Office and watched (not as the Flame, as is so ignorantly thought, but) as the rosy heat touched and embraced the body of his friend as it passed into the Chamber on its Cradle and was dissolved in a twinkling. But all the years before they had fought side by side. There were those of other Communions — even some of his own — who were unfriendly to the little Sanctuary and attacked it with venom. And when it became public knowledge of the well-known Editor's friendship with the Cleric, the bitterness increased. "The man who converted Pixley" became a gibe both on tongue and in print. Then that famous caustic pen got busy and he flung challenge and defense in their faces, as only he could do. Men wondered at this change, that his columns, which for years had heaped abuse upon "The Cloth," should now be used in stout defense thereof. Yet he was ever shy of "the brood" as a whole. He was too old to eradicate all of a lifelong prejudice, yet often told the one that he "would try hard to see the best side of them."

But now he had to lay aside that pen, which had been so mighty, which, from Pacific to Atlantic and in other Countries than his own, had become famous and week by week was awaited with keenest interest. He could no longer hold it, and when that day came, he left his Sanctum for good; he could not dictate to Amanuensis,<sup>15</sup> he said — it killed all thought in him. So his beautiful home saw him the more, his garden and the Sanctuary, too, which was never closed of daytime; he grew old very fast, his steps feeble, his big stick very helpful (that stick left to the Cleric as a keepsake and ever highly prized), his great Caesar growing old with him, his wife (herself ailing) very mindful of his comfort.

Then came The End, but she was not to see it. She lay, herself nigh death, in one sumptuous bedchamber, he in another, and it was the Cleric who, when the Spirit of that forceful writer had passed Beyond the Veil, stepped to her bedside and told her that she was Alone. When he had completed the final rites, he came again to her and she thanked him not alone for that day's duties, but for the influence that he had gained over her strong-minded mate. "He was very grateful," she said. "He was never the one to say 'Thank-you' easily, but he often told me that he could never hope to repay; his debt was far too great. You must not worry about the Land. He knew it was the end of the Seven Years. Here is his Will. He leaves the land and the house also to you personally. It is his Gift of Thanks to God. Had he been conscious yesterday, he would have told you so himself; he told me he wanted to and was looking forward to the pleasure. It was your gentle voice and manner that utterly disarmed him. You will pray for him, won't you, and be still my friend as you were his."

The Cleric won her assent to change a personal into a diocesan gift. With the Passing of that Soul, his work seemed to come to an end. Others thought otherwise, but how could they know what passed between the Cleric and his Guiding Light. The Light said, "Northward now" — so he went, and found his main Life's Work there awaiting him, but who shall say that that same Light was wronging him, in pointing South eight years before. Apart from all else, was it not worthwhile that he should journey

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<sup>15</sup> [Amanuensis](#): a person employed to write or type what another dictates.

thither as a stranger and labour strenuously for full eight years to save one Soul for God, to lead one Soul out of darkness into Light?

He thought so, and he was glad.



## THE JEWELLED CHALICE

The little Sanctuary hard by The Golden Gate was one of the Cleric's most treasured memories. It summed up all his hopes and desires of Things Spiritual for his fellows. His hopes were to present to them the full Beauty of Holiness in its outward aspect; his desires were to get close to the hearts of his people, to know them not superficially and live a life of guesswork, but to be their Confidant, their Confessor, their intimate Spiritual Director. These ends he saw could only be obtained by a mutual enthusiasm and self-sacrifice, and into them, for his part, he put in all his strength. He was met on their part, as never before at all the Altars he had served, with an enthusiasm and a ready self-sacrifice that astounded him. From the earlier days of the Grocery Store, they developed steadily; the Wigwam exemplified them only the clearer, but the Climax was reached when the doors of the little Sanctuary were flung open for the Worship of The Most High and the uplifting of souls.

Into that Sanctuary poured the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, those who had found out the richness of the Catholic Faith, and those who groped in the dark, yearning for Light. The colour line was never drawn; the darkie knelt side by side with the millionaire; the weekly School had its little pickaninnies; the acolytes, some white lads, others black as the ace of spades. The Cleric knew every soul intimately, was Father to them all. He had taught them the Faith so that they were a Unit, one great heart beating in perfect unison with his. He there reached the Zenith of his ministry and was content if there, at such a wondrous stage, it ended. He had dreamed of such a state of things and now beheld it. It did end there, and it was well, for after it, where e'er he roamed, all seemed half dead to him.

Who could enter those doors without feeling the impress of the Devotion that had taken its abiding place therein? The sweet smell of Incense lingered over, as if to invite to prayer; the Altar with its Crucifix, its gilded Candlesticks, its flowers; its Tabernacle for the Host Reserved, impelled to bow the knee. The Fourteen Stations were a constant appeal to Remembrance, so, too, the ever glowing Lamp of the Veiled Presence there. But when High Mass was sung, then was to feel the full impress of that Sanctuary of God. The adult Choir were no hirelings, but men and women who Believed; the organist had grasped the spirit and richness of The Faith, and played upon the keyboard as if he knew how to preach through music to the soul. The Cleric and he were never at fault, each interpreted his part as if he knew the passing feeling of the other. When there rang forth from the rich appealing voice of the Soloist (he an Army officer proud to serve), "Thee, we adore, O hidden Savior Thee," and every knee was bent, then 'twas to know what Worship really means and is. It was good to be there, and both knew it and rejoiced.

The requirements for rich and fullest Service were abundant, but they did not come to hand all at one time. Some were direct Gifts; others — such as the Vestments — were the work of women's hands for many months. One thing only now was lacking. From the beginning of things, the Cleric had used Sacred Vessels loaned to him by the Mother Church. They were of silver plate, plain and of no intrinsic value. While other essentials were also lacking, these would serve acceptably. But all other things being theirs, it became them to have their own Altar Vessels. He brought the matter before his people as a congregation and told them that it was in his heart to make this final offering the climax of all their gifts. He asked of them that they should do as a Leader of old time had asked of his whole nation: bring the following Sabbath their gold and silver, to be melted down, and jewels to adorn. There he left the matter. But not so those devoted ones. To them it was a call, a command, and there went word round that each should do their fullest part, that all should open their silver chests and jewel box, and the very poorest prepare to take part in the great Offering.

That Sabbath came and with it a gathering which pulsated with enthusiasm. The Cleric dwelt upon the privilege now about to be given them to place upon the Altar, which meant so much to them, Vessels of gold fit for use in the Supreme Act of Christian worship. Then came that Offering, surely such an Offertory as has been rarely seen. Rings and brooches, earrings and breast pins, watches and spoons, chains and necklaces poured upon the sidesmen's plates. The intensity of the situation grew. Men and women felt that they had not given enough; they held up those Collectors to pull off the rings that were upon their fingers, the jewelry that was upon their breasts. There was the sound of many coins, as men emptied their pockets upon those plates. There was not a sound in that Sanctuary save the clanking of metal or the drop of precious stones on hard surface; men breathed hard and women were moved to tears under the strain. Now were loaded dishes brought up and laid upon the Altar; a single voice rang out from the Choir, the Truth which was in the thoughts of all and ever accompanied the Oblation at such a time: "All things come of Thee O Lord, and only of Thine Own have we given Thee." Then the full Choir broke forth into Thanksgiving, the old song that never wearies, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow," to end in one prolonged Amen — Amen.

Has such a scene been often paralleled? The Cleric could recall but one approachment to it, not in Church, but in London's Albert Hall, when in a great cause, that of Missionary effort, men and women, he among them, were moved by great oratory to tear off their rings and jewels on the spot. But here 'twas in a Church in the Far West and not the sudden enthusiasm of the moment, but the studied effort of a little band of souls who had hunted out their treasures to lay them on that Altar they loved so well. Nor did it end that day. Some were absent, not of choice; some found other treasures later, for the Cleric all that week and more found on his part, as he passed in and out of the Sanctuary, little packages laid upon the Altar steps in which there were still more jewels: here was a single diamond, here a pearl, here a row of pearls, and here, even a ruby and an emerald. There was a great sufficiency; he was overwhelmed and had to say, "My people stay your hands; there is a plenitude."

When he carried it all to a noted firm of jewellers that it should be used for its set purpose, the old Head said as the contents of the bags were poured out before him, "Father, if I did not know you, I should touch this button which would bring the police, for here is such a haul of miscellaneous booty as burglars might well envy as a record. Make what you want? Surely so, and more, and pay for the craftsmanship as well. The thing is whether we can use all the jewels. The Vessels will be very wonderful, worth a small fortune, but will bring with them a great responsibility, and even danger to you in such a city as this is today."

So the Vessels were made, Chalice and Paten and Vessels of Oil for the Anointing of the Sick (for the Cleric was firm in carrying out the full "orders" of his sacred ministry). The Chalice with massive Hem and Shaft, the bowl with leaves as a fully opened tulip, pure gold, all dazzling with jewels. The Plate of pure gold, too, only sufficiently alloyed to give it strength, the other Vessels no whit less beautiful. Then came the day when they were set apart for their sacred use. What an hour of rejoicing! Now had this people completed their beloved Sanctuary. As the Cleric lifted the richly laced Veil and the jewelled Cup with the golden Paten upon it, it stood clearly out upon the Altar; the Sun in the heavens burst out and shot its rays full upon those Sacred Vessels; the jewels flashed and glinted; the hearts of all gave Praise to God Whose now they were; and the Cleric gave Thanks to God for such a people.

## PLAYING THE SLEUTH

The Cleric had met with some strange happenings in his career, but few stranger than to act the Sleuth, trace a woman across a continent, find her and restore her to her husband. It is said to be dangerous to a third party to act between man and wife. It may be so, but it largely depends on the circumstances of the case. Here the Cleric was entreated by the husband, knew the wife, took the job as being part of his Calling, accomplished it, and was, to the last, the friend of both.

She was a young Bride when first he met her, gifted, vivacious, married to a multi-millionaire. Her religious training far from neglected by her parents, it was through that that she and the Cleric were brought into contact, for attracted by the little Sanctuary in Cow Hollow, she had made it at once her spiritual Home and found in it everything to satisfy her. She was an active partner there, no drone, her purse ever open, her hands ever busy. Her girlhood years had been passed in the Mormon City of Salt Lake; she had come to the City at the Golden Gate upon her marriage. The world seemed fair to her and Life a round of Joy. Not that she was frivolous. She had Youth and Health, a lovely and palatial home, a large bank account and a wide awake mate. Hers, at first, was the pure Joy of Living.

Her husband was a man of business, absorbed therein, a politician too, had visions of Congress, Senatorship, even — as every live American may — of the White House, kept open house, spent his money freely, considered that he had won the best woman on earth, and soon largely forgot her in his daily whirl. Therein lay the mischief. A wife ignored is a wife wronged. To be treated as a pretty toy, to be exhibited at the Table as a Possession to be proud of, to be given horses and carriages, town and country residences, and yet to lose Companionship is to invite trouble — and it came.

She was, as time went on, utterly Lonely and mistook her husband's lack of attention as his loss of love for her. What was Wealth and a daily round of social duties compared with Comradeship. If she could not have that, then she had better go away and leave him Free. He would never miss her. One day she disappeared. She had gone, gone out into the great world she had only seen as a pampered, sheltered onlooker, gone to work out blindly her own destiny, come weal, come woe, gone to get away from her intolerable position of Loneliness in a Palace.

To the Cleric the husband came at once. Did he know aught? He had given her everything she wanted. This mad act would not only ruin her, it would ruin him politically, socially, perhaps, financially, for she had taken certain papers with her, her own indeed, but of immense importance in his many money schemes. It would be useless his seeking her, would only add to the scandal and doubtless she had turned against him, though why he failed to see, and would refuse to return with him. The Cleric drew his bow at a venture. Might it not be that she did love him and that she felt by some conduct of his that she was nothing to him and had best leave him free. It was a new light to the man. He said that he had not thought of that point of view. It might be, but it was wholly wrong for she was and had been the one and only woman in the world for him. But how to get her back? He might send out detectives, telegraph over the Continent, and would quickly trace her, but that would be cruel to both of them. The Cleric, he knew, had boundless influence over her and he had been glad that she had found such a Friend in him. If anyone could touch and win her, he could. Would he? His chequebook was the Cleric's to draw on without limit. He could hunt her to the ends of the earth, only bring her back to him.

He consented; he would find her whithersoever she had fled, but he would not bring her back if there was to be estrangement at the end. But if he found that love for him had not died, and he still — as he said — loved her, he would return with her. So turned he sleuth.

She had not fled by sea; the shipping offices at the Golden Gate soon proved that. The Railway offices could not say, for none knew her by sight. But that was the only route out, so the Cleric started to locate one woman in a Continent. He felt sure that she would head for her former home and parents in Salt Lake City. Thither he went and found that she had touched there, not stopped at the palace (her husband's property by inheritance direct from Brigham Young),<sup>16</sup> but met her folk, saying that important business sent her East. Discovering from them that she had old friends in Denver, he went there. Again on her track, he had to use diplomacy for these would evidently fain cover up her tracks, yet let fall "Chicago." Thither he went, sought out its best Hotels — for she being so unused to the wide world, would surely stay only at the leading ones — found she had changed to her maiden name on one of the registers, her writing unmistakable. "New York" was added to that name. Now he headed to that City of Millions and long sought in vain. He plagued the shipping offices, went day after day to the quays as the great Liners made ready to be off, hung round the lobbies of the best Hotels, but their registers a blank. That she was somewhere in that vast city, he felt sure, then suddenly remembered once meeting in her western home, a certain New York woman lawyer: the two at that dinner party seemed good friends. He took a chance, hunting up not the office — less his Quarry might be given a tip and a fresh start by collusion of the two — but the Flat.

That afternoon he rang the bell and was answered by a maid. Was she residing there with the Lawyer owner? "Yes, please step in; she is just out now, but said she would soon return." He took seat in a lovely room and read some handy literature till the latchkey went, a happy voice so well-known sang as the singer tripped down the passage way — told by the maid that a Visitor awaited her — stepped into the room, and as the tall figure of the Cleric rose from the seat, gave a little shriek and fainted dead away.

It was doubtless cruel of him, but what else could he have done. The maid and he carried her to a sofa. Soon she came to and eased her soul by a flood of tears. The maid withdrew. Not a word yet had either spoken. Her face was buried in the cushions. Then suddenly she rose to fling herself at his feet and cry, "How did you find me? Why have you come? To take me back? I cannot go. He ceased to love me and I would have him free. I wanted to tell you all, but I was afraid you would forbid. You're not angry with me, are you? You are so big and strong, and I'm only a weak girl. I'm frightened of you. Oh, don't say that I must go back. Be the dear Friend you have always been and help me in my trouble."

He quieted her as she knelt there, told her that it was Love, not Anger, that had brought him to her; that she was one of his dear flock and he would have sought the whole world over to find this wanderer from his fold; that it was "his" fault, not hers, since she loved him still; that all would be well for he bore the message to her that she was the only woman in the world for "him." That calmed her, though she had her doubts and they talked things over. As he rose to go, he said, "You will remain here with your friend till the morrow, promise me." She gave him her hand. "How could I treat you otherwise. I thought I had covered up my track, yet you followed me unerringly. I cannot hope to escape from you, nor do I want to from such a Friend."

There was a Council meeting the next noon, the Lawyer in the Chair and each side made its plea, but the young wife's case was weak for the reason that there was Love on both sides, though a Continent stood between, and the Verdict was: "Return." Then the wires got busy. Soon the two, the Wanderer and the Cleric, set out face homewards, over the same track that they had each raced Eastward, nor halted on the way. Her sorrow had turned to into Joy: she believed what the Cleric and the wires had told her that she was the one and only woman in the world to "him."

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<sup>16</sup> [Brigham Young \(1801–1877\)](#)

At last the waters of the Pacific, the Ferry, the carriage and pair waiting, the drive, the footman at the door, the lovely drawing room all banked with flowers, at the far end stood her man. The Cleric took her jewelled hand, led her to him as he stepped quickly forward, put her hand in his — and left those two Alone.<sup>17</sup>

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<sup>17</sup> For an account of WWB's visit to Salt Lake City, see Tale #57, *Of Mormons (1)*, and Tale #58, *Of Mormons (2)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

## A BRUSH WITH RUFFIANS

The old Jeweller was right : “Those Sacred Vessels will bring with them a danger in such a City as this.” That City is the last resort of the criminals of a Continent. Driven from the East, they are hunted out ever further West till in San Francisco they are brought up by the Ocean. They can go no further and they cannot go back. The Cleric had his warning, and though he feared naught, yet had secret vault constructed for those gold and jewelled vessels. He used them only on Sundays, not at the daily Mass. He was never unattended at his Offices. It had always been the rule for his Servers to take their regular turns, whilst several were always present on High Days, and it helped greatly when danger came at last. His residence adjoined the Church; it was but a step from his side door to his Vestry, which was behind the Altar. The front doors of the little Sanctuary led out to two roads which crossed at the spot.

A morning came when, as he stepped out to his Vestry, he chanced to see a man leaning against the wall opposite to the Church's front and another doing the same thing higher up. He thought no more of it than that it was a very early hour for lounging, and said his Office, his man Server in attendance. The Morrow came and again he noticed the two men. When yet another came and two men again there, he began to have suspicion. Then came Sunday. Those men were there as usual. He left the jewelled Chalice in its vault and used the old and plain one. The men entered with the Congregation at that early hour. They were seated at the end of the Church and the Cleric could but conclude that they were in for mischief. Several men were as usual about him and also many in the pews. He of set purpose unveiled the Sacred Vessels at once and placed them — contrary to all usage — at one side, in view of all. When later he turned towards the congregation, the two were gone. Now he knew of a certainty what they were after. They had hoped to see those Jewelled Vessels, and not seeing them, departed. They may indeed have each day looked in at doors or window — then unglazed — and not seeing them in use, with men always about, have put off their proposal for a raid to the High Day when surely they would be seen. The Cleric had said nothing to anyone about the matter. Why should he? Those two men now knew that he was never alone and that he did not use, seemingly, that which they were after. But that they would dare at High Mass in the midst of a crowded congregation never entered his head as a possibility. He was to be enlightened.

The folk came pouring in; those Golden Vessels were upon the Altar hidden by their veil of lace and colored silk; the Choir were in their places nigh the organ at the back, nigh those doors, when the Cleric, with his long line of Acolytes and torch bearers, servers and the Master of Ceremonies, swept in from the Vestry behind the Altar; and to his amazement his eyes fell upon those same two men seated in the front pews, one on either side of the one central aisle. Now that he had a close up view, they had the mark of ruffians clear upon them and in rough fustian clothes they seemed as much out of place in that congregation as a beggar in rags would be at a King's Levée.<sup>18</sup> He could not blame his sidesmen for they knew his orders: All Welcome. There was a leer upon their faces, which spoke clearly, “We've got you now, all right.” But had they? He smiled as he thought, What fools! They had already missed their opportunity. If only they had known that those Golden Vessels were there upon the Altar, utterly unprotected as they had sat there, a Veil and colored silk alone covering them from actual sight. Clearly they were strangers to Catholic customs. Not in the hands of priest at such a time, save at the carrying out, but otherwise at Low Mass. Yet now he had it. They counted on his carrying them both in and out, and would grab them from his hands as he passed close by. He was empty handed then; bad luck! They would wait and get him at the close. He felt sure that they would

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<sup>18</sup> The [levée](#) has traditionally been a daily moment of intimacy and accessibility to a monarch or leader.



not dare to rush him at the Altar itself, for there were far too many men inside the rail. The battle of wits was joined.

The Cleric happened to have a warm friend in a detective — high up in the Service — with whom he had oft explored the hidden ways of Chinatown and whose residence was but a hundred yards away on the main street, but he knew that Sunday routine would not bring him home till close on noon, so kept the danger to himself and filled his part, even to addressing his people from his usual place, a Chancel step to which those ruffians were so close that he could have touched them. Now came the collection of alms by his men and a dread seized him that they might change their minds and take a chance with fewer men around him. But no! and with one eye upon them as the collection proceeded with the usual accompaniment of music, he called his Master of Ceremonies to his side: "Don't ask questions, but do what I say. Leave the Altar; get to the detective's house as fast as you can; tell him to come at once and look through the windows at the first pew in front on either side. If he can help, I know he will, but he must get police and stand by front and Vestry door. Go, but come back quickly. I shall need every man." He left and the Service went on to nearly its conclusion. The Master of Ceremonies returned, but the Cleric did not know of his re-entry till he heard voice behind him. "He's here; I left him outside. He says he cannot help you inside as they are desperate men and will shoot at first sight of him. He saw them through the windows and knows them. He will have men at the doors in a moment. Can I do anything more?" "Yes! In another minute," was the answer.

The worship ended when the Cleric lengthened the Office by giving out a Hymn, a long one at that. This was an innovation accepted with evident surprise as he looked down the Church and his eyes rested for a moment on the two in front. Soon as the music started and he could not be heard, he said, "Quick! Gather every Acolyte and man inside the Altar rails so as to block the view. Come to my side; I'll slip the Vessels into your hands. Pass round the Altar and through the curtain at the side; take them to the Vestry and stand by them till I come; the Vault is locked." Before another verse was finished, the Golden Vessels were safe, but those within the rail kept rank on rank about the Altar. That Hymn seemed the longest ever heard. But it ended; the organ broke into a Voluntary; the Congregation rose; the Cleric turned; his men fell each into his appointed place and two by two filed out, he the last, with nothing in his hands and the Altar bare. The Congregation turned to go likewise, but not those two; they stood there non-plussed, and as he passed — his trained hands ready for emergency — he smiled directly at them and murmured, "Got me, have you?" Then he suddenly wheeled round and slowly backed in case of even yet a rush and a shot in wanton rage. If those Acolytes were mystified by the orders given within the Chancel, they were astounded to see their Father enter the Vestry backwards, throw off in desperate hurry his heavy vestment of silk and hasten back to the Church itself. He would see if the men were coming his way or were going down the aisle. They were pushing roughly through the people towards the doors. He knew what they did not, that they were trapped. There was danger yet. If they should see the police ahead, they would surely bolt back and attempt escape at the Vestry end. But no! For the police were not outside the door, but had already hidden themselves behind the Altar curtains even from view of the Cleric and stepped out. By now the ruffians were close to the front doors; he lost them for a moment, then suddenly a woman screamed, loud voices rose and the folk surged backwards. He and the police made for that door, rude as the ruffians with the frightened crowd, to see blue-coated men with the two in their grip. They had jumped the men before they had a chance to draw. Even as he saw the group, the police were relieving them of their guns. It was a close call for all. The Cleric thanked his friend. When they appeared in Court the next day, they owned that it was the Jewelled Chalice they were after, that they proposed to grab it from the Cleric's hands as he passed, and, if need be, fight their way out with their guns. They "served time" instead.

Many counselled against a further raid, but so long as the Cleric served that Altar, he never failed to use those glorious Vessels. Today they are but Relics of a wondrous Past, stored in a Safety Vault

within the City, to be gazed at by curious eyes and the Story told, both of their unique creation and the high tragedy which they brought.

\* FINIS \*

## PART XIII

### ROAMINGS IN THE GREAT SOUTH SEA

BY

REV. WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON, M.A.

#### PREFACE

The original text of *Roamings In the Great South Sea the Pacific Waters* is stored in the Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia, as Volume 5 (Call no. A3361) of the Bolton Papers (Collection 1–7A).

Several of the contents of this volume also appear elsewhere and so have not been transcribed here. These include: *The Taupou's Grave*, *The Exile's Return*, *A Samoan Play*, *Discovery and Discoverers of French Oceania*, *British Consuls on Tahiti*, *The Tablet at Papetoai*, *A Martinet and His Nemesis*, *The Bo'sun-Mate's Story*, and *The Spanish Marine's Story*.

Extracts from *Polynesian Reminiscences* by W.T. Pritchard <sup>1</sup> have not been included. See *The Pritchard Affair* in the *Addenda* to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

Extracts from the *Transactions* of the London Missionary Society have not been included.

A chapter on *Queen Pomare's Diary* starts as follows:

Such as it is, this is the only known diary kept by the Queen.

It is but a fragment of events during eventful years for her. Starting in 1843, there is nothing of what led up to the crisis in her affairs; no mention of the primary cause — the arrival of Fathers Laval and Caret — nor of Du Petit Thouars' arrivals and demands, nothing of Bruat and the installation of the Protectorate, nothing of her years in exile on Raiatea. It ends as it begins — abruptly — with an entry of her return to her kingdom.

The text above appears on page 128 of WWB's notebook, whereas the next page in numbered 135; six pages have apparently been removed. WWB noted at the bottom of the text above, "*The Translation appears in another Journal.*" However, that 'Journal' is not included in the Bolton Papers at the Mitchell Library.

See also *Queen Pomare's Diary* in the March 1943 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly* in Part VII, in which we read: "After Mr. Bolton wrote, the diary was carefully translated, with a view to publication. But Mr. Bolton, after consideration, evidently decided that the diary's contents were of a too revealing or intimate character. The translation was stopped, and publication will not be proceeded with."

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<sup>1</sup> The book can be found online [here](#).

The sections on the Gambier Islands and the Tuamotu Islands represents primarily WWB's travels in French Polynesia, following his arrival on Tahiti in 1928. The title of Volume 5 of the Bolton Papers, which is *Roamings In the Great South Sea, 1926*, is therefore incorrect. In *The Tuamotus I*, WWB refers to the wreck of his ship, the *Bretagne*, "not long after" he wrote about the voyage to those islands in his notebook; the vessel sank on 5 October 1929, which suggests that WWB travelled in the Tuamotus in about early 1929.

In *British Consuls at Tahiti Since 1825*, WWB states that the information was received from the Foreign Office in London on 1 January 1938. *A Pacific Cruise in 1838* was extracted from The Times of February 1938. This information suggests that most of the volume was written by about 1938, at about the same time that he completed Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, or soon thereafter. However, in *Pitcairn's Island*, Section III, WWB notes that "*Aunt Selina*" died March 1943, aged 87. This suggests that Part XIII was finalised no earlier than 1943, only three years prior to WWB's death in 1946.

Shorter versions of the some of the stories in *South Sea Curios* can be found in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

In *Pitcairn's Island*, WWB gives some of the history of Pitcairn, but he never visited that island.

These volumes are available on microfilm (CY Reel 4992). The text was transcribed from scans taken from the microfilm and provided in a PDF file.

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Note. <sup>2</sup>

Geographically there is no such named space on Earth’s surface as the “South Seas” (plural). The Pacific Ocean — except on its far western coast line — is One, Undivided Whole, north and south of the Equator. Polynesia, which these Roamings concern, lies in “The Great South Sea” (singular). This term was first used by the early Spanish navigators and later by whalers as a general one for their hunting grounds. The use of the plural is a careless though poetic indifference to Fact.

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<sup>2</sup> This text is to be found after the Table of Contents in WWB’s notebook containing this volume.



## THE GAMBIE ISLANDS

## I



They lie southeast of Tahiti from whose port of Papeete we sailed, a long stretch of sea nigh 900 miles between the two groups, without a sight of land if the course be set direct. There was engine power as well as sails on the craft and the going was good. To the East, all along the way, the long drawn out Pearl islands — those “Atolls of the Sun”, known officially as the Tuamotus — lay leagues distant, havens of a sort should need have arisen, but all went well aboard.

At last, the Gambiers hove in sight. As we drew nearer, the land opened out. There was Tara-vai to the right and Manga-reva,<sup>3</sup> the “Floating Mountain”, to the left, the latter with twin peaks 1200 ft high, M<sup>t</sup> Mokoto and M<sup>t</sup> Duff, both the islands with their hog’s back much broken and covered with long grass of a drab colour; few trees, these nestling in the shoulders of the hills. The Barrier Reef having been passed miles out to sea, we headed between the two islands and dropped anchor beneath M<sup>t</sup> Mokoto to await the pilot. We were about to enter an immense extinct volcano, 15 miles across, its outer rim defined by the remnants of its sides, today ten islands, four of which are inhabitable: Mangareva, Taravai, Akamaru and Aūkena. There are reefs within reefs inside that huge crater, making navigation difficult for they lie at all angles. Mokoto and Duff have half their face gone — there is a perpendicular drop from their summits — looking as if cut with a knife. The valleys on the inner side of these islands are short and narrow, those on the outer broaden as they reach the sea.

<sup>3</sup> See also Tale #60, *Of Mangareva*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

The native pilot aboard, a grave-faced fellow dressed in black like a preacher — which maybe he is — we headed by tortuous course for Riki-tea on Mangareva, the port for the Group and the residence of the Administrator, with his Gendarme subordinate. Rounding M<sup>t</sup> Duff, there stands high up on a shoulder what appears from the sea to be a roofless Chapel with a pointed bell tower. It is the remains of a mausoleum, holding the tomb of Te Ma-puteoa, the last of the Mangarevan kings.<sup>4</sup> Now passing on, one sees the village or as many of the buildings and homes as the dense forest permits. There is the red roof and the twin white towers of the immense Catholic Church, and in a clear gap close by, what looks like a red roofed home, but the last of the kings lies there. All of the graveyard around it and part of the tomb itself were buried out of sight by a landslide a few years back, which happily missed the great Church. The onetime King's House next appears with its four square pearl reserve in the placid waters, for into that coral-walled preserve an appointed portion of every hauling made within his kingdom had to be cast for His Majesty. He had learned the value of pearls, which his forefathers knew not.

A flagpole bearing the Tricolor shows where the Residency lies, up an avenue leading from a coral pier, then comes houses and the few stores of firms catering for the Gambier trade. On the flat of the land appear towering breadfruit trees; back of these on the slopes and up to the top of the hog's back, there is nothing but the straw-like grass with its waving feathery plume.

A ½ mile offshore, we cast anchor, which was the nearest we could get with our tonnage and we prepared to go ashore. But first there had to be the official visit of the Governor of these parts. At our arrival he was a young French Army Dentist, who, with wife and child, had put in already a couple of years and won promotion in rank for good work done. His is a combination of offices — Administrator, Magistrate, Doctor and Dentist — and his jurisdiction covers not only the few Gambier islands, but the southeastern portion of the Tuamotus, from Tata-koto, its northern limit, to Vai-ra-atea, to the west, giving him some 2500 natives to look after, the Gambiers' 1500 being the majority.

Leaving the Captain to do the honours, I took the dingy and, landing, had not progressed a hundred yards along the beautiful shaded road before I ran across an American, the one and only person on Mangareva who spoke English, though a few made halting attempts out of courtesy. Here was a find indeed and Garwood<sup>5</sup> became my friend and close companion, extending help in every way to make the visit pleasant. It was but 3 years since he had heard the Call of the Wild in far off Missouri and had had to respond. He had tried Tahiti, but it was too modern for him. On Mangareva, he felt that he had found his quest. No beachcomber he. I was soon to see the fruits of his hard toil. His one complaint: that the islanders have islands teeming with possibilities, but are hopelessly idle and indifferent.

We strolled along the one mile street, which hugs the shore all the way, with its background, the mountain ridge, running sharply down to it, to give Riki-tea length without breadth. I had seen from the boat but breadfruit trees, but here were orange trees laden with their fruit, mango, peach, alligator pear and bananas, all close to one's hand; patches of coffee; hedges of the tane-tane, some trimmed short, others running 10 feet high according to the fancy of the owners as to a hedging; the hibiscus everywhere, single, double, gold or red; the frangipani with its perfect scent; and croton bushes in their amazing variety of coloring. Rikiteans dwell in a bower of beauty and to make it still more pleasant, it faces the prevailing wind.

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<sup>4</sup> [Te Maputeoa \(c. 1814 – 1857\)](#), later renamed Grégoire Stanislas, reigned from 1830 to 1857, under the name Grégoire I, and was the 35<sup>th</sup> [king of the island of Mangareva](#).

<sup>5</sup> References to Stephen Garwood can be found in *Archaeology of Mangareva and Neighboring Atolls* by [Kenneth Pike Emory](#) (1939), which can be found [here](#).

My first objective was the Catholic Church. It stands on a raised platform of huge coral slabs, as near as I could pace it, 100 yards by 50. The building itself is immense, 75 full paces in length, 25 paces in width. It is built wholly of rock, faced with dazzlingly white coral lime, its great twin towers fit for a cathedral. Across its front appears the legend “Quis ut Deus” — Who is like unto God — but behind all this grandeur lies a far from gladsome story. First, however, let us step inside. There are but 1500 folk in the four islands today; Mangareva proper has 501 by the last census, Rikitea itself but 170, including Protestants, yet this building was raised to seat 1000, and standing in the wide aisles 2000 could be housed. This was not to be the one and only Church in the Group. Each of the four had and still has its own.

This one’s columns supporting the roof are white, coated with filigrees of blue. All the usual apportionments are there, but what at once attracts attention are the main and side altars. I had read of candlesticks of gold and of priceless pearls. The former may well once have been in the heyday of the island when the gold of Peru was brought in exchange for pearls and shells. Today they are but of silver, but exquisite craftsmanship at that. Of the pearls there is no doubt. There is one (or was) worth a king’s ransom, given by the King of the Group whose treasure trove it was. It lies embedded in the centre front of the Tabernacle above the Altar. If it is a fake, as some will have it — but not those enquired of on Mangareva — it has the pearl sheen to perfection. (This may have been in desire to hide a scandal connected therewith, which is said to be to this day a sore point to the natives of the island, who felt and still feel themselves, to have been defrauded by those of the Faith which they had embraced, its home not Mangareva but the Vatican, where no questions are asked or answered.) It is the size of a pigeon’s egg. The Reredos itself has the most amazing pearl shell work, the candelabra towering high, bearing huge flowers, all those of other than pearl shell worked in mosaics to give variety of color — rose, blue and gold.

I was taken behind that Altar into a Vestry where were stored other and as wonderful stands of similar flowers for great occasions. The side Altars are hardly less amazing. That to “Our Lady”, whose Image is above, has, as a Crown for that Figure, a gorgeous tiara of pearls, the central one a fit companion to the King’s treasure. An iron ring in the broad central aisle attracted me. I found that the slab lifted and the way led down by steps to vaults where lie the bones of Mangarevan priesthood. I did not explore. I felt too strongly for proper reverence of the dead. They seem to have gone the wrong way to work. The Churches are left, but the people have vanished.

The Gambiers were first seen by white men on Aril 25, 1797, by the Duff (Captain J. Wilson <sup>6</sup>), the missionary ship on its way from Tonga to the Marquesas, and named after “the worthy Admiral”, Lord Gambier. <sup>7</sup> We took no action towards possession or settlement. The field lay open; the French seized the opportunity 60 and more years later. By then, France had recovered from the blow of Waterloo <sup>8</sup> and once again was a victorious rival to England in all departments. Her priesthood was no less active. A missionary society — the Association of Picpus <sup>9</sup> — had been founded in Paris for

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<sup>6</sup> [James Wilson \(1760–1814\)](#)

<sup>7</sup> WWB’s maternal grandmother, Sophia Rose Pym, née Gambier, was the sixth daughter of Admiral Samuel Gambier, brother of [Lord James Gambier](#); thus Lord Gambier, after whom the islands were named, was WWB’s great-great-uncle.

<sup>8</sup> The [Battle of Waterloo](#) was fought on 18 June 1815, near Waterloo in Belgium. A French army under the command of Napoleon Bonaparte was defeated by an army under the command of the Duke of Wellington combined with a Prussian army under the command of Gebhard von Blücher.

<sup>9</sup> The priests of the [Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary](#) are also known as the Picpus Fathers, because of Rue de Picpus in Paris, where they had their first house. The Vicariate Apostolic of Eastern Oceania (including Tahiti, the Marquesas and Hawaii) was assigned to the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary (Picpus Fathers). Similarly, the Vicariate Apostolic of Western Oceania (including Micronesia, Melanesia, Fiji, New Zealand, Samoa, and Tonga), was assigned to the [Society of Mary](#), known as the Marists.

the spread of the Faith in heathen lands and in 1833, one of its priesthood had been appointed Bishop of Eastern Oceania. Valparaiso became his headquarters and from there, 5 priests sailed for the Gambier Islands, amongst them Fathers Caret <sup>10</sup> and Laval, <sup>11</sup> who were a couple of years later to start all the trouble on the island of Tahiti which led to its becoming a French Colony. These 5 arrived on Mangareva in 1834.

They found many thousands of inhabitants. Every valley, now deserted, teemed with life; there were 4 Chiefs on the main island alone, ever at war for the mastery, all were free-born. The missionaries soon had them to heel and in servitude. Theirs seems to have been no Gospel of Love and Gentleness, but rather of Terror present and Hell afterwards for the Evildoers, according to the white man's standard, and of Work, endless and unceasing, to which these natives were wholly unused — their food was at their hands; a rough trail was good enough for travel; a leaf house a perfect shelter; a lava lava their clothing; a rock platform the place of worship of their gods.

But the priests drove them hard. The mighty Church slowly rose; roads of rock boulders laid one by one by hand were built round the island, and here and there to the villages over the hog's back — I walked many miles upon them. Smaller chapels of coral were built, their roofless walls are seen today where not a soul resides; the people were forced to live and sleep within damp stone walls, and those same homes stud the land, not one inhabited. From King to humblest native, all were crushed before the Terror.

Those who rebelled were given short shrift. Hard by the House of God — but hidden today from view by dense thicket, as if for very shame — lies those pioneer priests' Dungeon. Whom they condemned, nor King nor people could save from incarceration. I found a stone building with walls 3 feet thick, two chambers, 9 ft by 9 ft each, a narrow entrance with the holes clearly to be seen where the bars of iron ran and very close at that. High up lies a narrow slit through which food was passed. The roof as solid as the walls, and upon the roof a Watch Tower for the guard, set day and night. Such was their Gospel of Love.

Those same missionaries were clearly out for visible results in their converts. They raised a Nunnery for the women and Monastery for the men, the latter on Aūkena Island. Both are ruins now, and of native nuns and monks there are none. The very suggestions were preposterous — and at such a stage. I would see that Nunnery, so passed the Church to climb a shoulder of M<sup>i</sup> Duff, reaching first the roofless tomb of one of South Sea Royalty. Some subjects sleep their long sleep hard by. The tomb is a lofty structure, but plain, the legend on the front, of course, quite beyond me — in Mangarevan — but the date is 1896. The site well chosen on a sort of Lookout spur, opposite Aūkena Island, where on another similar spot, but lower, there can clearly be seen a one-roomed structure of white coral, open on all four sides, where it is said the crushed King of the Group delighted to sit in peace for long hours, gazing over his Kingdom of a Crater and think of a wilder, but freer, Past.

The stone roadway leads on another half mile to Ro-ru-ru, nothing but a name, where right under the scarped face of M<sup>i</sup> Duff, a massive and towering rock wall arises; its face is long, its sides reach back to the precipice. Within that wall attempt was made a century ago to change women from what time unknown they had been looked upon as born for, to be the mothers of a new generation. So hopeless a tangle of growth lies within those outside walls that it was hopeless for me to attempt to gain the walls of the Convent itself. Tradition has it that guards were posted day and night, as at the Dungeon, to keep would be Romeos out. Across the water in a valley, close adjoining that white coral Lookout

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<sup>10</sup> [Francois d'Assize Caret \(1802–1844\)](#)

<sup>11</sup> [Honoré Laval \(1808–1880\)](#)

of the King, lie the ruins of the Monastery. The two ruins are a fitting end to so mad an attempt to force upon natives a life so incongruous and unnatural.

There was no going further that day, so I returned over the “forced labour” roads to find Vespers being sung, a handful within joining with the priests in a poor attempt at Gregorian music. I did not intrude. The dingy awaited me and I slept aboard.

In testimony of the above, this is what a French historian, Eugène Caillot, in his “Histoire de la Polynésie Orientale”,<sup>12</sup> says of these missionaries:

They introduced an intolerable despotism... they wished to realize in the Gambier Islands their dream of a theocratic Government... never in any part of the world was despotism pushed so far as in these islands. The inhabitants became slaves... In short, during more than 30 years Terror reigned in the Gambier archipelago.

He tells of the prison and the forced labour, the impotence of the Kings and Chiefs under the iron tyranny of Laval, Head of the Mission, and of how, at long last, the terribleness of the conditions reached the ears of Paris, and Parliament demanded and secured an end to it. That was in the '70s. This Group, entirely independent of Tahiti's Sovereign, came under the French Protectorate without a struggle on February 16, 1844. The Paramount Chief was at that time Maputeoa.

Laval went off to Papeete, where for nigh a decade he dwelt without a friend, even among his fellows. He was regarded as both a fanatic and inhuman, and he was the subject of attacks in many a brochure. Once, stung by a virulent and intemperate pamphlet, he fought back, securing heavy damages. Died and buried at Papeete, November 1880, regretted by none, aged 73.

Caret, after his futile visits to Tahiti, visited Paris, then returned to the tyranny at Mangareva, thence to the Marquesas to found a mission, then again to Tahiti to become Director of the then developing work. He was for years an ailing man and when, in 1844, the insurgent natives burned the mission — and with it, his library and precious MSS on Tahitian and Marquesan languages — his end was near. He asked to be taken to the Gambiers and, carried ashore, he died, October 1844, aged 42. He was buried in the vaults beneath the nave.

Testimony of Jacolliot, Juge Impérial de Tahiti, in “La Vérité sur Tahiti”, 1869, page 29 et seq., translated:<sup>13</sup>

During the early days after his arrival in Oceania, M. de la Roncière was occupied with a very unfortunate affair, the energetic solution of which would draw against him the whole clerical body. Here are the facts.

Some members of the Picpus, Catholic missionaries had been for some 30 years settled on the Gambiers, small islands lying to the south of Tahiti, distant some 15 days by sea. After having converted all the natives of these isles — numbering some 2000 — they implanted there a theocratic government which surpasses all that imagination can conceive and obliterated all human dignity. Not content with that, they had done as their confrères in India and China had done, who for the greater glory of God had set themselves up as bankers, rice speculators, silk and cotton merchants, and redeemed “In the Faith” poor little Chinese, who had never been for sale. The Picpus in the Gambiers

<sup>12</sup> [Histoire de la Polynésie Orientale \(Paris, 1910\)](#), by A.C. Eugène Caillot (1866–1938)

<sup>13</sup> [La Vérité Sur Taïti \(Paris, 1869\)](#), by [Louis Jacolliot \(1837–1890\)](#)



had monopolized the search for both pearls and shells. All the natives were compelled to search for these, in return for which they were fed and clothed.

Some years back, a M<sup>r</sup> Pignon, his wife and his nephew, M<sup>r</sup> Dupuis, had left Tahiti for the Gambiers to trade in shell. Having allowed them to establish themselves, the Fathers soon found them formidable competition. The natives secreted so far as possible both pearls and shell to sell to the Pignons. The mission saw its revenue diminish; the Father Superior took heroic measures. At the head of 50 police which he himself had trained for the requirements of his government, he arrested Pignon, his wife and his nephew, confined them in a dungeon, then destroyed the home and the storehouse of these poor folk.

The next day, reaction set in. Pignon loudly proclaimed from his prison that he would demand justice from his Emperor. That was serious! What was to be done? In the careful enquiry that has been made into the facts, evidence of the attempt by poison to get rid of Pignon have been proved. A dog to which Pignon gave some fish which had been served him in the dungeon, and which appeared suspect to him, died in a few seconds.

Embarrassed by his prisoners, Father Laval ended by chasing them off the isle, but retaining Dupuis. On arrival at Tahiti, Pignon demanded justice. M. de la Richerie, the then Imperial Commissioner, had opened an enquiry when his successor, M. de la Roncière, arrived. The new Commandant, revolting at such acts, set out for the Gambiers, boarding a ship accompanied by numerous magistrates and officers. The Report, the result of his visit, is distressing to read. The representative of France could not only see that the atrocities of which Pignon had complained had actually been practised upon him and his family, but that there existed a state of semi-imbecility to which the missionaries had driven the natives. Some of his findings:

1. All who were restive under the iron yoke of the mission ended by disappearing.
2. Chief Kerkorio died 8 days after having recovered from the mission different sums of money due him.
3. The heir of the Chief, who had preserved a fragment of authority on the islands, an authority which the missionaries knew how to handle for their own ends, having shown signs of independence... the Lord called him Home!
4. From the pulpit, Father Laval menaced with prompt death those who did not obey his orders.
5. The 2000 natives of the isles were but coolies, slaves occupied in search to enrich the mission.
6. All the unmarried young girls were imprisoned of an evening within walls well guarded by police so that, so said the Draconian Code of Father Laval, they could not be free for unchastity.
7. On the Eve of the Great festivals, all the married women were alike gathered in to prevent all relations with their husbands.
8. *One hundred or so places of confinement* were so used.



9. All parties suspect of dishonesty were sentenced to from 3 to 6 months in gaol.
10. At the time of M. de la Roncière's arrival at the Gambiers, Dupuis, the nephew of Pignon, had spent 3 months in the dungeon on suspicion of adultery, although according to the Judgement rendered in the case by Father Laval, "it was pretty nearly certain that adultery had never been committed."
11. There came a day when a shipwrecked crew from a Chilean ship arrived at the Gambiers in a small boat. "Keep off," cried Father Laval to them. "You shall not foul these tranquil spots." "We are poor shipwrecked folk." "Keep off." "We are dead weary." "Keep off." They were not allowed to land and the unfortunate people were compelled to make a further journey of 20 days at sea before arriving at Tahiti.

I possess a certified copy of all their depositions. After 2 years of enquiry, hearings, witnesses and energetic struggles, M. the Imperial Commissioner de la Roncière obtained a decision from the Minister of Marine which compelled the pious and saintly government of the Gambiers Islands to pay 140,000 (gold) francs indemnity to the unfortunate Pignon and his family.

One should read the letter that Father Laval wrote on the subject to the Superior General of the Picpus mission in Paris and note what tears he shed upon that money which he was compelled to disgorge.

I possess certified copies of all the above enquiries, reports, also the letters of Father Laval and the Bishop of Tahiti, sent for recording... all are in the safe hands of M. de Kératry.<sup>14</sup>

## II

I met Garwood ashore at sunrise. Rikiteans are early risers too, so we first paid a courtesy call, making the round of the five stores, of which the Chinese run three. Then we faced for the hog's back for a view of the Group as a whole. At once it was a climb, and stiff at that, but the priestly laid roadway helped. Standing high at the summit upon an ancient Lookout Stone for canoes or ships coming thro' the Pass, which was told to all by blowing a conch shell, a huge cartwheel of coral, hauled up hither one wonders how, so great its size and weight, its entire surface chiselled with mystic marks; the view obtained of islands in that huge crater's mouth was worth the climb. The weather was perfect; not a cloud in the sky; and the heat was intense.

Below us, hidden amidst the fruit-laden trees, lay Rikitea; the other nine islands could be seen outlining the one time volcano's lip, and miles beyond these, the Barrier reef with its endless foam. Facing round, the main portion of Mangareva lay below. The ribs from the hog's back on which we stood are not so close as on Rikitea's side; they open at once and steadily broaden out till before they reach the sea, there are valleys with many fine acres of level land. We were about to descend into Gata-vake valley, from which we were to make for the next called Ati-ao-ha, thence by canoe to Ganu-tu, where Garwood has his country home. These valleys, like all the rest, once teemed with inhabitants; now you can count the residents on one hand.

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<sup>14</sup> [Émile de Kératry \(1832–1904\)](#)

But every acre is owned. Rikitea holds the remnant of the population who are, by inheritance and lapse, rich in land, but poor in substance. The wild aiho grass <sup>15</sup> rules where once was cultivation; it runs riot, in places higher than one's head. It has a thin reed-like stem, a little thicker than ordinary straw. It is gathered and dried, cut into lengths of about two feet, and used to make hats — not of the Panama form, but the European, as a rule. The grass finds a ready sale in the Tuamotus, for those Atolls have none of such things and are in steady need of head covering.

As we dropped down into Gatavake valley, we passed a thicket right under the towering face of M<sup>t</sup> Duff, where lies a raised rock platform of seven terraces, the marae of Rouriki. It was here that Gatavake's Chief and people held their cannibalistic feasts. Victims were not hard to get with war constantly carried on, valley against valley. It seems that Rikitea and Gatavake were a combine against whom the rest fought. From that platform, one could see the north end of Mangareva and the last battleground of the rivals, where Gatavake's Chief was slain; the coming of the white men put a stop to those wars. Yet not quite, for the last took place, despite the priests, at no less a time than the Dedication of their House of God. All spears had to be handed in before worship and feast commenced, but concealed upon those rival factions were daggers of pearl shell, and before the feast was over, there was slaughter, every Mangarevan in it. Skulls and bones still testify to the purpose on which we stood. Some Roamers would doubtless have gathered a bone or two. It has never appealed to me to walk off with dead men's bones. But their implements of preparation for the feast is another matter. I secured a stone hatchet head, a souvenir of a gruesome spot, its edge still clear.

We passed on and duly reached the second valley. Here a half-caste shows his white blood, for he is a worker; makes copra; has an orchard; cattle roam within barbed wire fence; pigs roam around and fowls. A trim little schooner shows his own ability at his white father's trade. His dug-out with its outrigger lay upon the beach. We made use of it to make round the Point to Ganutu. The water way lay over a coral bed of amazing colouring, such shells to see, fish darting here and there, Portuguese sailors <sup>16</sup> of violet hue, in size out of common, with *bêche-de-mer*, beloved of Chinamen, in abundance.

Hauling the canoe beyond the possibility of its going off on its own account, there was still a steep climb before us, before Garwood's grass hut appeared below. That descent into the new valley, Natsu-va-ki, was quickly made for there was shade to gain and watermelons awaiting. Here was evidence enough that my companion carried his belief in work into practice. His vegetable garden, all hand matted, held cabbages and potatoes, stringed beans and tomatoes, melons of course, and two acres of tapioca. His one enemy is the native rat, but two cats appeared upon our arrival, a porker keeping them company, and chickens many. He looks forward to a team of horses and a plough, then he will tackle the whole valley. He is an object lesson to the Rikiteans, but they seem all too indifferent to his teaching. They seem to have lost all energy; they struck me as a sad and disheartened lot. But Garwood has not lost hope. A rest and then, loading me with giant cucumbers and himself with melons, we returned the way we came. It was getting late and the dingy had gone. My friend's last kind office that day was to secure a most rickety canoe, with a kid almost as erratic to handle a paddle. A ½ mile under such conditions was a fitting finish to an interesting day. That night I spread my mattress on a hatchway; there was a full moon which lit up every hill and dale of the island; the sea was as a millpond; the heavens a maze of stars; nothing was to be heard; all but the watch aboard were sleeping. I felt as if sleep was a thief, but the soft night breeze got me at last, and I awoke just as the sun rose over the eastern lip of the crater for another glorious day.

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<sup>15</sup> [Miscanthus floridulus](#)

<sup>16</sup> [Portuguese man o' war \(Physalia physalis\)](#)

A launch and a whaleboat in tow, having to make a run to Atiaoha valley to pick up the half-caste's copra, I took the opportunity of visiting it by another route. It was a whole morning's job and the crew a jovial crowd. We returned to a scene of great animation aboard. The Captain had given orders for 5000 oranges to be brought him, 100 bunches of bananas, also pigs and chickens. They came, came all day, canoes, boats, sailing craft from every isle, and brought free gifts of the same in addition to their sales, out of pure goodness of heart. I went ashore and obtained the local prices from the storekeepers: oranges 3 dollars 1000, bananas 25 cents a bunch; I could not get the livestock quotations. For fish, you are not expected to pay, but if you asked a party to expressly fish on your behalf, 25 cents would be rich payment and the catch inevitably quite beyond anyone alone to consume.

Naturally I was approached as a possible pearl buyer, but though many were produced, they all were of poor quality and none of perfect shape. Fine pearls are not now often found in the crater. I was told by one of the local divers of two reasons for the special excellence of the Gambier pearls of old time, and occasionally still. The one because of the poor quality of the shell, which, weak against attack or bruise, compels defence of a higher order than where the shell is strong; the other because of the clean ground of the crater's bottom. A white ground of clean sand means the pure pearl colour; a dirty ground, a heavy disadvantage. The day was ended by a long, lone ramble far along the Rikitea coast in the opposite direction of the first day to find the sparsest of settlement, yet, all the way, breadfruit and oranges in profusion.

On the morrow, the Administrator would see the school on Akamaru and I was among his guests. We made good time in his fine launch, but had to twist and turn to avoid many a submerged reef, and whilst the authorities went to their business, I took my own Inspection around with much profit. The Catholic Church on this island seems to be the pivot from which all roads run. It is beyond question too large; it was but half full of seats. There are today only 85 inhabitants on Akamaru, of whom happily 25 are children. For a native village, the edifice is most imposing, with its portico of white Corinthian pillars, its twin towers, one surmounted with a Cross, the other with an Image of the Virgin and Child. Each tower has its spiral stairs shaped out of coral rock, a wonderful piece of work. I ascended to the Belfry in which one bell hangs below the Image, whilst two hang below the Cross. The roof of the Church is domed within, covered with whitest of plaster and stencilled with countless blue stars. The Altar and Reredos resplendent with inlaid pearl shell work, the flowers and their leaves wonderfully wrought.

The stretch of land on which the village stands is covered with a maze of fruit trees, which it is hard for one who has not seen it to conceive. The tangle is a riot of bananas, coconuts, breadfruit and orange trees. Food comes so easily to hand that no attempt seems to be made at cultivation, save on the hillsides where the sweet potato is grown. The waste must be enormous. There are acres of coffee, none gathering the berries; there is pepper and tobacco and huge mango trees. If but a half mile stretch of land, such as I covered in a stroll, holds so great abundance, what must the entire island hold? The population has gone. The stone and roofless houses, just as on Mangareva, stand thick along the roads. The more modern ones of wood were mostly barred up; there are too many for the remnant who remain.

By this time, I saw the population moving towards the landing stage, laden with gifts, fruit, livestock and pearl shell. There we gathered; the unnecessary handshaking all round was gone through; and we sped off, watched till a point of land hid us from their view.

At sunrise, we made ready to leave the Gambiers. The pilot aboard, we made across the Pass to Taravai, there to pick up more copra. This island teeming like the rest with food for a thousand has today for population just 4 families, 37 souls in all, of which 17 are children. What it once held may

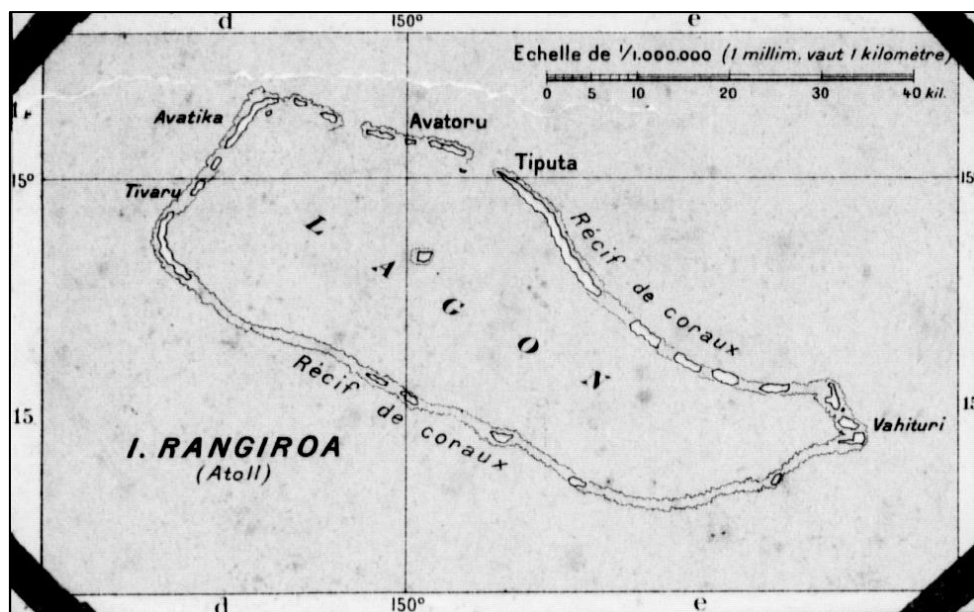
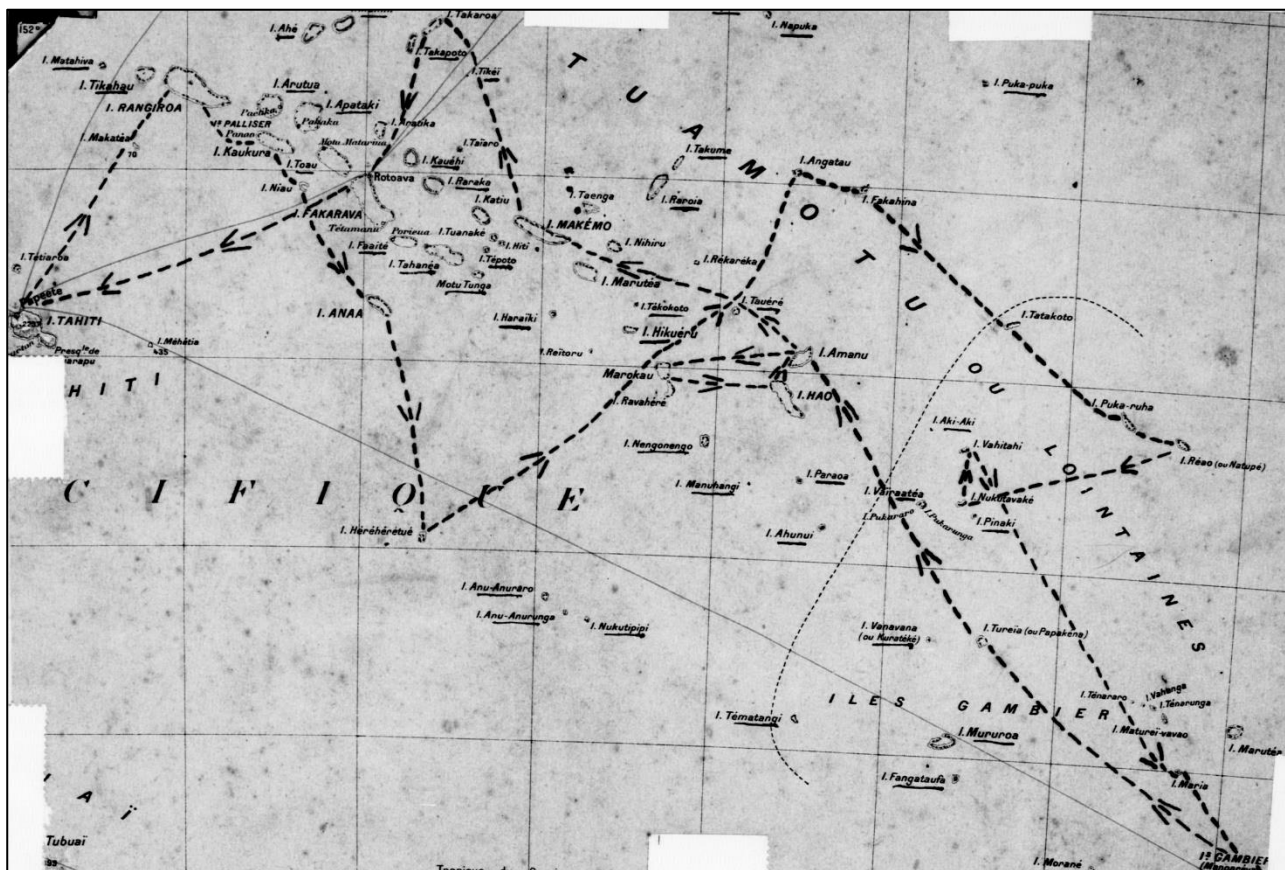
be inferred, like the rest, from its Church, which could easily hold 500. Some energetic ones in the Past determined to make their Landing place unique. Stepping ashore, a high coral wall faces you, built clear across the avenue leading to the village, with an arched gateway in its centre. Passing through, you are at once in a bower, which enshrouds you till you reach the Church. It has a different roof from the others. This one is ribbed with stout timbers. Those pioneer clergy were surely excellent architects and were served by equally capable carpenters and stonemasons. One of the former accompanied Caret and Laval to Tahiti. With less zeal and more common sense, a different tale could be told today. Dropping the solemn pilot here, which is his home, the Captain headed through the Pass, then northwest for the long, lone run home.

Three memories of the Gambiers abide: the picturesqueness of the Group; the Waste of food; and a vanished people through untempered Zeal.

## THE TUAMOTU ISLANDS

### I

Makatea — Rangiroa — Kaūkura — Niaū — Anaa —  
Héréhérétué — Fangataū — Fakahina





“The Bretagne”, <sup>17</sup> 800 tons burthen, which bore me off from Tahiti, like most old ships in the South Sea, has its history. It sailed in the Long Ago from Glasgow as a British barque, the “Ada Iredale”, off Cape Horn took fire and was abandoned, but, taken in tow a few days later by a French ship, was towed to Tahiti. It was then a sailer only, four masted; it uses its sails today when occasion serves, but is fitted with oil engines as its usual means of power. It has wireless and electric light, but does not run to fans. There being no dry dock at Papeete of her size and having been long at sea, her speed is retarded by barnacles and weed, but six to seven knots her capacity. She is a Tramp today, pure and simple, her business being copra gathering and trade with natives, and such is her present objective.

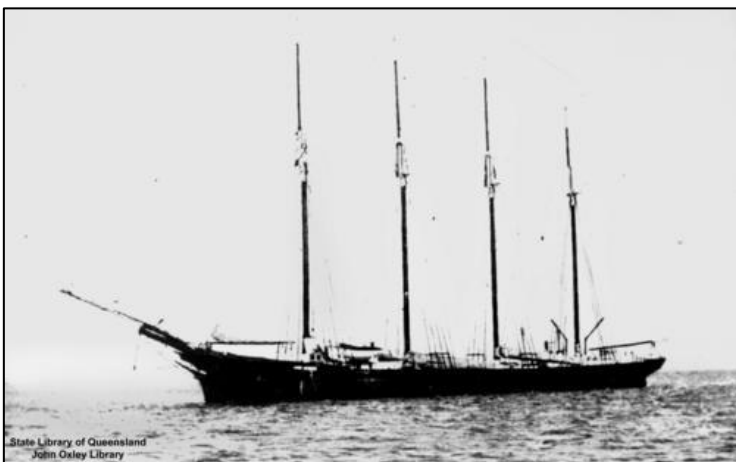
So much I wrote at the time in my Notebook. It is now all in the Past Tense, for not long after, the Bretagne capsized and sank off the coast of Oregon. <sup>18</sup> All onboard escaped in its boats.

The passengers were varied, native in chief, as was the crew, some third class who kept forward, some second class who seemed to sleep wherever there was room, especially on the hatchways, the first class, besides myself, a Government Inspector. But we were not the only ones in the saloon with the robust and genial Captain. He had wife and daughter aboard, and the Mate was his son. There was the Supercargo, a half-caste, schooled in the States, of charming manners, a Wireless operator full of life, and a young American employee <sup>19</sup> of a San Francisco shipping firm (which had some financial interest in the voyage) sent along for a health trip, but whose end was tragic. A cabin to myself and an excellent French cuisine left little to be desired.

A run of 120 miles brought us off Makatea — first reported by Roggeveen <sup>20</sup> in 1722 — an island some five miles long by two and a half miles broad, containing untold deposit of phosphate, worked by a combined French and British Company employing 800 men. It is no Atoll — though included in this Group — its name meaning “Reef raised out of the sea”, rising as it does with cliffs 300 feet in height, a tableland with one slight central rise. It has poor anchorage and at times is unapproachable. We had no reason to stop, so passed towards Rangiroa, 70 miles to the north, and though we sighted it in an early afternoon, we could not make the passage into the lagoon before darkness fell, so had to

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<sup>17</sup> *Bretagne*, ex-*Ada Iredale*:



<sup>18</sup> According to [this source](#), the *Bretagne* sank on 5 October 1929, which suggests that WWB travelled in the Tuamotus in about early 1929.

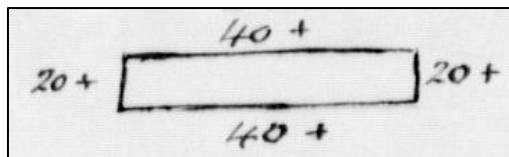
<sup>19</sup> The man’s name is given as Gardiner in *Pauranie* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*; the name on his headstone is Wesley S. Gardiner. See also Tale #92, *Of the Marquesas*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>20</sup> [Jacob Roggeveen \(1659–1729\)](#)



tie the wheel and circle all night long at a safe distance. Atolls are not places off which one can drop anchor.

Rangiroa, and Fakarava, not far off, are among the largest Atolls in the world, the former the larger of the two. They are not perfect rings of coral as geography books instruct us — very few are that; these two resemble rather irregular parallelograms. The short ends of Rangiroa are 40 miles apart, and the distance between the sides is 20 miles.



The circumference of this huge and massive coral wall, often half a mile wide and with its lagoon anywhere up to 30 fathoms deep, is roughly 126 miles. This the tiny coral polyps built and took aeons in the doing.

The entire surface of an Atoll is not covered with brush and trees, as most think; there are gaps of miles where the waves allow no sand to gather, nor coral to disintegrate to humus of which the coconut thrives. The entrance to the lagoon is, if there be any — and despite the books, there mostly is not — on the side opposite to the prevailing Trade wind. Through that break, the water rushes in and out with the tide, and sharks hang around it in plenty. Rangiroa has three breaks, one on the north side and two on the west, through which ships pass, but not of nights.

An Atoll lies so low that as one approaches, it appears as if the palms were growing out of the water, and drawing closer, it looks as if there were not one, but many detached islands; it is the gaps which deceive the eye. Atolls, in general appearance, are as alike as peas in a pod, yet each has its own special attraction to those who are out to find them.

The Group, which runs for over 800 miles and includes over 80 in number, was known to the natives as the Pou-motus. White men corrupted the word into Pau-motus, which was not at all to the liking of the inhabitants since it meant “the Conquered Islands”. They therefore petitioned the French to change the name to Tua-motu, “Distant Islands” (from Tahiti), and since 1852, this has been their correct title. Their French name is “Les Îles Lointaines”, which has, of course, the same meaning. The early European navigators of many nationalities, starting with Le Maire in 1616, include in the list such famous sailormen as de Bougainville and Wallis, Byron and Cook, Bellinghausen, Carteret and the Spaniard Boenechea. They one and all had a healthy dread of them, writing them in their charts as “the Labyrinth” and “the Dangerous Archipelago”. It is dangerous still, despite the modern aids to shipping, the proof the many wrecks to be seen as one traverses those waters. They are not densely populated; there are but 4000 scattered over the whole of them. Their life is hard and lonely, copra and pearl shell their main trade, coconut and fish their food year in and year out. In the Past, they undoubtedly varied their repast by cannibalism.

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At daybreak, we headed for the break in the reef and entered Rangiroa. Finding that the village close adjoining the Pass had moved itself bodily, save for the aged and decrepit, clear across the lagoon for the gathering and making of copra there, we had no course left but to head that way. It was a journey to the horizon, and all the passage as a millpond. A full mile offshore, we had to drop anchor, the ship’s launch and its whaleboats carrying goods to and fro.

I went ashore. Reaching the edge of the reef, on its inner side, the last 50 yards had to be waded. The hours went swiftly by as I roamed through the maze of coconut trees growing in the wildest confusion, the palms at every stage of growth. There seemed to be no plantations properly so called, nor attempt at keeping down the undergrowth. Nothing else seemed to be cultivated. The 400 inhabitants of Rangiroa have no drinking water, save the rain which a few catch off the roofs of their homes, so use what is computed to be a third of the yearly crop of nuts for drink. They work seemingly only through their keen desire for our clothing and diet, flour in chief. From what I saw at midday, the amount of boiled flour dumplings they can consume at a sitting is amazing; bread does not appeal. Doubtless the fifty sacks left with them in trade would soon disappear, then more work ready for the next ship.

A stroll of half a mile across the reef brought me to the outer side, where the waves were having a riotous time. There are but four villages, all of the same inhabitants, since they move bodily from one to the other, spending three months in each to make the copra, leaving the old and infirm where we had seen them. There are schools of a kind and the children seemed a happy crowd.

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A squall delayed us somewhat in making the outlet from Rangiroa in the morning, but once through, we headed for Kaūkūra, another of the larger Atolls, thirty miles around by twelve miles across. We were off it by dark, forcing us again to tie the wheel and circle till daylight. Here a lighthouse of an elementary kind has been erected, served by a kerosene lamp lit when the natives feel like it or when a ship is seen on the horizon towards nightfall. No such light for us; a lamp moving ashore gave us warning of our nearness.

This Atoll lies on the main route from 'Frisco to Papeete and is considered highly dangerous of approach at any hour, as large stretches of the reef are bare of tree or brush and are hugely misleading. Save for small schooners, there is no entrance, but it is a very busy isle, for its lagoon is held to be the richest in pearls of all the Archipelago. Approaching as near as we dared, we steamed slowly back and forth opposite the Landing Stage whilst we sent ashore a score of our passengers with their marvellously assorted baggage, besides flour, rice, sugar and beef to replenish a Storekeeper, one of the numerous Chinese who carry on that business throughout the Tuamotus.

We made no haul here. There is keen rivalry over the copra among the merchants in Papeete, and Captains oft find the goods sold and carried off which they came to gather in. First come, first served, is the motto on some Atolls, whilst a Tramp is shown no mercy by the regular Traders. Some 700 natives are on Kaūkūra, the main village being where we operated for the few hours before leaving. Sails up and a gentle swell, we ran along the Atoll's southern side, the reef for a dozen miles bare of everything, the sun playing on the still waters of the lagoon with delightful effect.

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Before evening, we were of Niaū, one of the small Atolls, but eight miles round and six across its lagoon, but unique in the Group as the highest of all, there actually being a cliff ten feet high. It would seem to be the result of an uncompleted upheaval, the lagoon within thus well protected. On landing, we found no need for a prolonged stay, the natives few in number, trading poor and copra none, so re-embarking, we set our course for a more important Atoll, a night's journey. Beneath a starlit sky, we gathered on deck to 'listen in' to a concert given at Los Angeles, 3000 miles away.

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By coffee's hour, we saw Anaa ahead and by 10 a.m., we were ashore. Here again there is no entrance to the lagoon. The reef, twenty miles around and ten across, has been blasted for a narrow pass for whaleboats, leading to a low stone pier. Adjoining is a lighthouse, this time well built, but its height scarce half as high as the palms beside it, its gleam a coal oil lamp. On this lagoon I enjoyed a sail, for the Inspector had to visit the village of Tem-arii and the Catholic priest stationed here arranged quickly to take us across by boat. Those natives are excellent yachtsmen and, with a nice breeze, we scudded along, the lagoon a lovely sight, a coral green blending with a Cambridge blue beneath a blazing sun, with wonderful marine life and growth below, and all too soon we landed amid a gaping crowd, for visitors are few.

The Inspector went on his business and I, on mine. This village has broad avenues, kept scrupulously clean, fine coral sand the roadway, with palms set in regular sequence on either side. Everyone wanted to shake hands. My cicerone was a youth who, after duty done, climbed a coconut tree and delivered milk enough for half a dozen. The School, in session, sang for our edification several of their melodies, then, with practically the whole village, accompanied us to the boat. Of course, we had to have gifts. They have but coconuts and livestock; of these we bore off a dozen nuts and two live chickens.

Arriving back, we were led to the Chief's home, a most ramshackle affair of wood, outside of which we found chairs set. On these we sat, whilst formal presentation was made of still more nuts by the Village Orator. The Captain aboard had finished his business and was blowing his siren, anxious to be off, so there was no time for more, and we quickly gained the ship.

On Anaa, there is but a population of 200, all told. Here the great hurricane of 1906 <sup>21</sup> took heavy toll. These low lying Atolls are at the mercy of wind and wave. One hundred Anaans perished, and coconut trees — their only refuge at the time — were pointed out to us as we crossed the lagoon, lying beneath the waters, far out from land, deposited there roots and all, by that terrific blow. But Anaa has recovered, if not in human beings, at least in palms. There seemed an immense quantity, some like giants, head and shoulders above all the rest, these same always alone, out in clusters by themselves, towering amongst their shorter brethren, breaking the monotony of the line as seen from the sea. Anaa boasts of a fish in its lagoon, found nowhere else in the Tuamotus. They call it Hūé-Hūé. It is white, of a fair size, having a parrot's beak. If the natives wish to fish in the sea, they carry their canoes across the reef; in parts, no small distance. Pearls found here are only of poor quality, known as Pipi pearls, of all colours, small and unmarketable. Here are caverns in the reef, which lead down to unknown depths, unexplored by superstitious natives. How formed in these hard coral walls, none knew.

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At break of day, Héréhéretué — an Atoll rarely visited, being so far out of the way — was sighted from the crow's nest and by breakfast time we lay off its northern side. A stiff northerner was blowing, which made landing very difficult and risky to newcomers. Some houses were to be seen standing among the palms and large areas of the Pandanus, but our siren brought out no one. A whaleboat was sent ashore and, riding a comber, landed safely on the reef, whence a long wade brought us to the village. It was deserted and we thought of returning, but passing the inner side of the Atoll, natives were to be seen paddling across the ten mile broad lagoon.

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<sup>21</sup> See [The Tahiti Hurricane](#) on page 2 of the 21 March 1906 edition of the *New Zealand Herald*. "The island of Anaa suffered most, no fewer than 95 lives being lost..."

Only thirty natives make Héréhérétué their home, but those met with were very far from being rough and uncouth. They seemed delighted at our call. It took till evening to load and unload, each landing and each launching an exciting piece of work. There was a choppy sea all day as the steamer circled offshore, the Captain keeping a watchful eye on current, which often is exceedingly strong around these Atolls. All went well and at sunset, we got under weight and now headed clear through and across the Group for our next objective — a three days' run.

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Passing on our way close to Marokaū and Taūéré, we hove to off Fangataū in the afternoon. We had mail to drop. From the sea, this Atoll, a six mile square of reef and lagoon, has a specially pleasing look about it, with a ring of white sand before the ring of green palms and other far larger and broader trees begins, and through them glimpses caught of the bluest of the blue encircled water. Again, no Pass to within. Its people are progressive, for an auto lorry was to be seen scudding along a road which runs clear round.

Sending a whaleboat ashore, we were prepared to follow in the launch and take our chance at landing from a boat in tow, but it was not to be. There was a sudden cry of "Man overboard." In a trice, the Mate standing at my side cut a life buoy loose and hurled it into the sea. The *Bretagne* still had some way on her and man and buoy were soon astern. These natives are all expert swimmers; he soon had the buoy under his arms. A boat was lowered with a rush; men leaped in and bent the long sweeps with a will. It was Sharks which made them hurry. If they scented him, they were too late. He was soon aboard and working feverishly like the rest, for he was but part of a mishap which had happened.

The launch was being lowered when a davit broke. He and the young San Franciscan were standing at the taffrail <sup>22</sup> assisting when the boat fell, tilted up at one end, and both lost their balance. The native plunged into the sea; his companion was not so fortunate. He, too, dived, but was a fraction too late. The launch swung in and received him, striking hard, though the full force was broken by the launch being half full by then of water. A sore body, but no bones broken. The little motorboat suffered more; it lost its stern and with that its rudder. We got the wreck aboard and men repairing. Meanwhile, the boat sent, returning with a report of no business ready to be done, settled matters. We turned about and headed for what the Captain assured me would prove to be a live spot.

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The 280 natives of Fakahina are no sloths, as I soon found out. They live on an Atoll, a circle of thirty miles, the land continuous and thickly covered with palms and trees, except for one break of a quarter mile where there is neither land nor real passageway to within, for though the reef sinks at that spot, the water is only deep enough for canoes. The whole way round is barred to ships.

I was soon ashore. We landed at the village of Tatakoto, <sup>23</sup> where there are Ford cars and heavy trucks, a five-seater "Overland" besides. I would like to see how such things are landed without lighters or cranes. Fakahina evidently means business; it has cut out the middleman, the Chinese. It has a Co-operative Society, with a Frenchman at its head. It exports over 700 tons of copra yearly and buys its goods direct on a cash basis. It has turned its back upon the Chinese storekeeper, into three of whose stores I entered and found all the proprietors contemplating leaving. The whole thirty miles is under cultivation and the undergrowth is kept well under.

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<sup>22</sup> A [taffrail](#) is the aftermost railing around the stern of a ship.

<sup>23</sup> The main village on Fakahina is now called *Tarione*.

The main village has a prosperous look; a fine avenue 40 feet wide leads up from the Landing Stage till the main Highway round the Atoll is reached. There are picturesque homes built in French Colonial style, iron roofs to all, a Church and a well attended School. The water supply is met by concrete tanks filled from the many roofs. I saw fig trees, but no other fruit grown. The natives seem a happy crowd, children and their elders, when not otherwise employed, enthusiastic over exciting games of marbles.

Within the lagoon there are only Pipi pearls; I saw many, some jet black, others yellow or bronze. I went searching myself for the water is not extra deep till well out from the inner shoreline, but it needs a trained eye to detect the shell amid the horde of other kinds one treads on. Here, however, I saw another sight worth watching, the loading of whaleboats with copra for the ship, the men wading through seething water with loads of 300 lbs on the back of their necks, three sacks piled one upon another, yet never a stumble. All day and the next day, they kept at it from sunrise till dark. I was told that such heavy labour shortens their lives, but along with the pearl divers of the Group, they take their chance. I was to see the truth of this. The wrecked launch was ready for business by the next day's dawn and by it, I went off for a lone stroll. That drop in the reef was my objective, a eight miles' tramp. Weather conditions perfect — 90° in the shade — the road smooth with a coating of sand on the coral, land crabs innumerable and an occasional rat. Everybody was in Tatakoto, but the scenery more than compensated for the lack of humanity en route.

We left as the sun was setting in a sky remarkable even for the Tropics; at the zenith, purest of blue; below ran a deep band of palest green; below that a band of gold and at the horizon's edge, rays of red to set all off.

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It was here that I began to be concerned with that young San Franciscan. Apart from the shock of his fall, he had throughout been suffering from the bites of the midget flies, which today infest some parts of the Marquesas Islands. The *Bretagne* had picked him up on its last journey from the States to Tahiti by way of the Marquesas, and a great reader of the South Sea Tales, he had been keen above all things to see and explore the Typee Valley on Nuku Hiva, round which Herman Melville built up his Classic of these waters.<sup>24</sup>

Despite the warnings given him of the danger from these minute insects — so bad of late years that the French Government had had to remove the Centre of its Administration from Nuku Hiva to Hiva Oa — he landed, secured a mount and with unprotected arms, roamed far up the valley amid the tangle. Those flies had not missed him and had poisoned his system, producing abscesses on his arms where they had bitten him. He had treated himself, refused aid of anyone, used savage means with razor. He was by now not himself, moody, despondent, yet hasty, suspecting plots against himself, lost sleep. All of us knew, but to none would he turn for help.

But now I won his confidence and succeeded in allowing the gentle hands of the Captain's wife to minister to his needs. That midget fly, so tiny as scarcely discernable to the eye, had got in its deadly work. Our hope was yet to save that young life in its mid-twenties, but could the thing be done?

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<sup>24</sup> Regarding the fate of the young San Franciscan, Wesley S. Gardiner (1903–1928), see also Tale #92, *Of the Marquesas*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

## II

Tata-koto — Pukaruha — Réao — Nuku-tavake — Maria —  
Turéia — Amanū — Marokaū

The Atoll of Tata-koto — the same name as the village we had just left — is no coral ring, but, rather, a narrow parallelogram thirteen miles by five, well covered with trees other than palms, and has a noble beach of sand.. No entrance. Its lagoon, however, has its peculiarity, being dotted with numerous islets formed of shells which have adhered one to another till the surface of the water has been reached. At the S.E. corner of the Atoll, there stand out prominently a number of pyramid looking structures of rock and cement, one in the middle towering over the rest.<sup>25</sup> These were raised to commemorate the first band of mission priests who landed on this lonely spot, the highest standing for their Leader.

Our approach at dawn was not noticed by any of the 200 inhabitants, whose homes were set back amongst the trees. All to be seen at the Landing Place was another stone pyramid, above which the Tricolor floated. Our siren brought the folk out with a run and we soon had a boat ashore with the mail, to return with the Chief and sundry others who kept the Supercargo busy. There being no occasion to delay, we steamed south.

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Puka-ruha was reached before noon, but there was such a heavy swell that the usual landing place was impossible. A whaleboat was lowered, but we could do no more than draw near, when a couple of natives plunged into the surf and swam out to be carried to the steamer. This Atoll is rarely visited, its 130 inhabitants reported as still very primitive. It has a circumference of eleven miles, with a width of five and possesses an even finer beach of sand than Tatakoto. It does not lack for coconut trees. We had somehow to get those natives back. They told of a narrow pass round a point of land where

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<sup>25</sup> Calvaire de Tatakoto:





the swell was less; we took them there in a whaleboat; they jumped at the right moment, landed safely, and we were off into the night.

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Réao, a little larger than Pukaruha, is one of the most easterly of the Group. We arrived early, but the natives were up and out, there being a goodly number on the reef awaiting us. The Supercargo and his crew were soon ashore, returning well loaded with Réaoans eager to sample the trade room. They had not omitted to bring their own barter, from brooms and sleeping mats, sinnet rope and chickens, to a large assortment of Pipi pearls. Soon after, the Inspector and I got ashore.

There are 400 natives on Réao, 90 of whom are children. The main village lies in a perfect forest of palms, with the usual broad avenue down its centre leading to the lagoon a quarter of a mile away. The homes are of every description, all very native, slabs of coral for some walls, rocks and cement for others, packing cases for a few, pure leaf huts for many. A roughly built House of God, with School adjoining; the priest the Teacher, he the one white man, a genial soul, right glad for company, grey-bearded, robed, of course, in that cruel black cassock despite the heat.

The hours flew by, the boats were returning the natives from the Bretagne, all with some purchase or other, young girls carrying a sack of flour as if it were nothing, boys loaded down with rice. We, in turn, had now to go. It was here that I scored on the Inspector. You need to be very smart both in landing and launching; one moment it is all right; the next it is wholly wrong for you. You wait for the Bos'un's command, then jump at landing, or rush for the boat at launching. You are lucky if you are only wet to the knees; to hesitate is to be soaked. The Inspector was thinking of his dainty French socks and spotless white pants; I cared for neither. He was a wreck when we hauled him in. A good meal made all thing right; we were off once more, this time heading west.

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Nuku-ta-vake and Vahi-tahi — alike as twins for shape and size, being ten miles round their circles and five miles across their miniature Inland Sea — lie only forty miles apart and are inhabited by the same 300 natives, who move bodily between them for copra making. It was a question on which of the two they were. The Captain took a chance on the former and reaching the Atoll by noon found it the wrong one. Heading for Vahitahi to make it before dark, we failed. We saw it just at sunset and by the time we were opposite the landing, all was dark. Lights glimmered, however, and a bonfire was soon going on the beach, which we answered with Catherine wheels produced by the Captain, no doubt much to the delight of those ashore. There was nothing for it but to tie the wheel and circle at a safe distance through the night.

That day we had passed what is a mere dot on some maps, on others not appearing at all — the Pinaki atoll, a six miles circuit, well known by many a hunter after buried Treasure and has the white man's name of "Hidden Treasure Island". Tradition tells of some pirates from the South American coast having buried their loot here and never returned, and expeditions have come hither in vain search, so far, both from Australia and Tahiti. These could find no caves in this reef, nor is there soil or sand thereon of any depth. It is likely that they sank their treasure in the lagoon, which, like all, has various depths. Six miles of water every way you turn is not of easy search. It may possibly be all a myth, as other such hoards would appear to be.<sup>26</sup>

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<sup>26</sup> Some of the following information was taken from [Moon Tahiti, by David Stanley \(2011\)](#): "During the [War of the Pacific \(1879–1883\)](#), four Australian mercenaries stole 14 tons of gold from a church in Pisco, Peru. They buried most of the treasure on Pinaki or Raraka atolls in the Tuamotus before proceeding to Australia, where two were killed by

Morning broke with a strong breeze and a heavy swell, but the whaleboats did their work, the Bretagne on the move all the time, getting as near as one dared. Vahitahi is not a prolific copra producer, great stretches having not a tree upon them, especially on its western side. The natives one met ashore were friendly enough, but one could readily see that their contact with civilization has been slight.

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Running past Tena-raro in the moonlight, we were off Maria with sunrise. The Captain decided to have a day off and show us an uninhabited Atoll, alive only every few years at Pearling Time. Fresh fish also would be a welcome change in our Menu and these we could obtain by spearing on the reef.

Cruising along till a likely spot for landing showed up, we put off in one of the whaleboats, the ladies coming along with us, with half a dozen sturdy natives at the sweeps, and rising on a comber were swept well up the coral flooring, springing out with water up to our waists to hold the boat from being drawn into the deep. Fish were darting everywhere and the crew were soon busy with their spears. We made for higher ground and took a stroll around.

Maria is small, its circumference under four miles, the lagoon the same distance across. Coconuts conspicuous by their absence, not a dozen waving heads could be seen the whole circle round, but pandanus in great plenty and much scrub, the walking hard as the coral was exceeding rough and there is but little sand. We came across the keel of a schooner high up on the reef. Years must have passed since it drove ashore. With no water on Maria, few nuts and ships but rarely in sight, a wrecked crew would be here in sorry plight.

A fiercely hot sun and little shade, we returned to the boat to find three sacks filled with fine fish, amongst them that gorgeous fellow, the Parrotfish of purest blue. Getting off that reef was not quite so easy as landing. We were just a fraction too late and a huge comber rose at us. There was nothing to do but to keep going; the oarsmen held us true; to swerve a foot would have been to overturn and be dashed against that cruel rock wall. We went clean through that comber, underneath its crown and the fish in the boat were largely in their element again. There was not a dry rag on any of us. We got aboard by using the rope ladder as the gangway was not feasible in the heavy swell.

The absence of seabirds throughout the Tuamotus is most marked; all the more welcome, therefore, were the number hovering over and around Maria: large coal black gulls with white heads, their wings shaped like scythes, and bands of the snow white tern, the size of plovers, which when ashore showed

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aboriginals, and the other two were sentenced to 20 years imprisonment for murder. Just prior to his death the surviving mercenary told prospector Charles Howe the story. In 1913, Howe began a 13-year search which finally located part of the treasure on an island near Raraka. He reburied the chests and returned to Australia to organize an expedition which would remove the gold in secret. Before it could set out, however, Howe disappeared. But using Howe's treasure map, diver George Hamilton took over in 1934. Hamilton thought he found the cached gold in a pool, but was unable to extract it. After being attacked by a giant octopus and moray eel, Hamilton abandoned the search and the expedition dissolved.

"In 1994, a descendant of Hamilton chartered the *Sea Belle* out of Fakarava for the atoll of Tepoto which had been identified from an old photograph as being the place he was looking for. However, soon after his arrival on unsheltered Tepoto, the weather turned very nasty and it is only after a narrow escape from the menacing reef that the boat was able to head back, never to return. At about the same time, The Discovery Channel made preparations for an expedition to search for the treasure for a documentary. But after some last minute doubts, the project was scrapped.

"As far as is known, the US\$1.8 million in gold has never been found."

In April 2014, when the price of gold was about USD 1,300 per troy ounce, 14 tons of gold were worth 14 x 2000 lbs per ton x 16 oz per lb x 1300 = USD 582.4 million.

no fear of us, but hovered close over our heads as we moved about. In the scrub were most inquisitive brown linnet-sized birds. I was on the lookout for that noble fellow, the Frigate, with its gorgeous flame-coloured tail feathers, but there were none to be seen.

Maria, however, is not always left to the birds. Its lagoon has produced some of the finest pearls of all Tuamotuan hauls. When the Tahiti Government declares the ground open, then Maria is very much alive; divers and their families, traders and their stores, Jew and Chinese pearl merchants swarm in. There is a Government Official stationed at each Atoll whilst the Diving season is on. Not all Atolls are worked at the same time. Each pearling ground must have a two years' rest and all shells less than a prescribed size have to be returned, unopened, from whence they were drawn. The season is short, so Maria is mostly left to itself.

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Now turning to head north for the port from which we started, <sup>27</sup> we had to work half way round the next Atoll — Tureia, on some maps named Papa-kena — till on the northwest side we saw the village with its flagpole and a tall wayside Cross close by. There are but sixty folk and they behind the times. Their dwellings are of leaf and thatch. In early days, the Tureians were noted for their hostility to strangers.

There is no possible entrance into the lagoon, which is six miles across, enclosed in an eight mile wall. They make but little copra as they need the nuts for themselves. Back of yet another fine broad beach of sand, the Church stands amid the palms, but with no resident priest. As there was a heavy swell, we made no attempt to land, but the Headman came aboard bringing more Pipi pearls for possible sale or barter, and the inevitable Chinese storekeeper appeared to replenish his stock. The natives who reached us in their canoes were a hungry-looking lot, and our cook I noticed was exceedingly generous.

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A Sunday at sea and we were off Amanū. The main village lies on the west side and an Entrance exists of fair depth, but very narrow. The Bretagne is the largest Trader to make it, but the day was unpropitious; according to the Captain, there was too strong a wind for safe passage. A wreck piled up halfway through the Pass showed us there was danger. The Pilot soon arrived, a burly native, grey moustached — an uncommon sight — who confirmed the Captain's opinion. With him came the French Agent of a Tahiti Company which controls the copra output of this and other Atolls we were calling at, and as he wished to visit them through the means of our craft, this would necessitate a return to Amanū to drop him off. But Time seems of little account on these boats. His consort proved to be an appalling sailer; I pitied hers and her immensity.

Amanū is over forty miles in circumference, with a lagoon ten miles in width and here I saw a lagoon the opposite of placid. There are long stretches of the reef where nothing is to be seen and the wind finds no obstacle in its path. It was a fine run in the launch through that narrow entrance, then turning to the right, we found a little bay with breakwaters of coral, hand built. The reef edge gives thereby an excellent landing stage and several small schooners lay moored close by, used not only for the lagoon, but for reaching neighbouring islands, and even Tahiti at a pinch. The population is 250. The

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<sup>27</sup> The map shown at the beginning of *The Tuamotu Islands I* indicates that WWB continued south, to the Gambier Islands, at this point in the cruise, rather than north. This paragraph concerns, no doubt, the continuation of his journey from the end of *The Gambier Islands II*.

village is straggling; avenues, however, run its length, parallel to one another. From the sea, not a dwelling can be seen; they are hidden in a grove of palms.

The houses are of all kinds, as also seem to be the creeds offered for choice. There is a Catholic Church, dated 1875, and I entered to find everything in perfect order, though no priest here. The fact is that some of these Atolls are served by one cleric who moves amongst them as the spirit moves him and opportunity of move occurs. But the Amanū Faithful are not unmindful. Outside the buildings there are hung two bells of goodly size. Morning and evening, I was told, they are rung, priest or no priest, and the Faithful fall to their beads. I entered the Protestant Church; it was empty of seats, but has a platform, a Table and a towering Pulpit. I met the Latter Day Saints missionary, a big American, a great talker. He seemed to me to be a case of wasted energy; he has missed his true vocation; as a pilot Heavenwards, I felt strongly doubtful of his ability. His stories of Atoll life, I have locked away. They were far from pleasant. I hope that he exaggerated. Three Creeds for 250 people!

I covered the village in short order; the longest stretch ends in a cemetery, where elaborate structures rise above several of the graves, beneath their roofs hang immensely long necklaces of tiny shells. The earlier cemetery still lies clearly evident in the centre of the village. Our arrival caused no special stir here. Most folk were lazing the hours away, grouped in the shade, with sufficient energy, however, from time to time to break open a handy coconut for its milk. I had heard of wells being on Amanū, but they are merely scooped out holes in the reef, out of reach of waves, wherein rain seeps, to be collected laboriously. Far more satisfactory are the few concrete tanks into which the rain drains from the iron and guttered house roofs. There must have been a larger population once, for there are almost as many foundations on which homes once rose as there are homes today.

One meets strange folk in out of the way places the world over, but I was hardly prepared to be approached by a specially fine specimen of Amanū's manhood, who in very passable English told me that he knew my native land well, that Piccadilly was as familiar a walk to him as his village's avenues, that Portsmouth and Plymouth, Glasgow and Belfast, were his stamping grounds. "There's no place like home," said he, "but England is a lovely land." Its villages seem to have greatly impressed him. I found that he had been what he called "a greaser" upon a British Cruiser, but the name was beyond me, though he tried hard to give it me and he could neither spell nor write. How he, an Amanūan, got into the British War Service, I had not time to unravel for the launch was eager to be off and — the tide now running out — we went with a rush through the Pass.

Marokaū is shaped like a Heart, its outline 36 miles and its lagoon nine miles across. It, like so many we had seen, has long spaces of bare reef, but what soil it possesses is thick with coconuts. It has an Entrance, but only for small schooners. Its 150 natives live much as the Amanūans, with whom they are in constant touch.

As I roamed around, my eyes fell upon a strange treasure trove. Upon Marokaū's reef lie the remains of a French man-of-war, wrecked decades ago. One of the brass blades from its propeller has been pried off and acts as a deep-toned gong to summon the island's Latter Day Saints to worship.

All day the Bretagne circled offshore whilst its boats were busy. At sunset we headed away to a second really live spot, according to the Captain.

## III

## Hao — Makemo — Takaroa — Fakarava

Hao is one of the larger Atolls. De Bougainville, first of white men to see it, in 1768, gave it the name of La Harpe from its resemblance in shape to that instrument. Its outline covers 75 miles; its lagoon's fullest width is twelve miles. It possesses a Pass for ships, but at the hour of our arrival, there was altogether too strong a current running out to make the attempt. The launch, however, with a whaleboat in tow, set off, and keeping close to one side stemmed the swift water successfully. On the opposite side lay a wrecked schooner; it had tried and failed.

The main settlement is at the village of Pura-tea, clear across the lagoon from the Pass. We sped across to find a coral pier built out to land on. A deputation of grave looking men, clad in white coats and blue overalls, awaited the Government Inspector, whose advent our siren alone could have given notice of, with whom we marched solemnly to the School House, where the children at once broke forth into the Marseillaise. The heat inside that building did not tempt me to linger for the proceedings. I went off for my own inspection.

There is great order in that village. Three broad and spotlessly clean Avenues run parallel with the lagoon front, the houses standing at regular intervals along each. Many of these homes are of modern construction, poor looking abodes conspicuous by their absence. Tanks for drinking water are numerous. There is a population of 300 and there would have been double that number but for the cyclone of 1906, which on Hao carried off into the deep 500 of its people. It took with it not only people. The Mormon Tabernacle was of stone; it was lifted bodily and deposited in the ocean. Folk at such time on an Atoll have but one chance, to climb the coconut trees; they may hold beneath the terrific strain.

Hao has, like Fakahina, a Co-operative Society of their own and are ousting the Chinese storekeeper from their midst. As I roamed around, I met two young men, spotlessly groomed and attired. I took them at first to be Englishmen on a yachting cruise round the world. They seemed utterly out of place in this native village. I had seen a dozen small trading schooners lying by the pier, but no yacht. They turned out to be Mormon Missionaries, who always travel and work in pairs. One has been on Hao for 18 months, the other but one, taking the place of another who had served his term. They had three years to put in before they would see Utah again. During the afternoon, the Bretagne headed for the Pass and, making it, steamed across to us, dropping anchor in a millpond.

At daybreak, we prepared for an invasion. It came in boatloads and overran the ship all day. No part seemed Taboo to them, but Trade was good. We got rid of them at last and made for that Pass, went through at a great pace, with none too much room to spare, and headed back to Amanū, but twenty miles away, where we landed the Agent and his wrecked and wretched mate; then running past Taū-éré and between Ma-ru-téa and Ni-he-ru, met squally weather, delaying us, so that we failed to reach our desired haven in daylight. The usual practice followed; we tied the wheel and circled all night, well offshore.

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There are two Entrances into Mak-emo's lagoon, an Atoll of no mean size, being 96 miles around and a dozen miles wide. We took that on the north, none too broad for us and after making through, had to steer clear of several inner reefs, finally dropping anchor off the main village. We had mail to

deliver here. Few of the 200 natives were at home and their homes were, on a nearer view, of a poor class. This lagoon is noted for its voracious sharks, whilst the pearl shell is not of high quality. By early afternoon all business had been completed and we passed out to sea again, heading for the most northerly of the Group.

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Passing the uninhabited Tik-ei, and Taka-poto, we brought to off Taka-roa in the dark. The launch took us ashore at the main village, Te-ava-roa, which lies along the Pass, but impossible for an 800 tons vessel and there was nothing for it but again to make rings till daylight, when the Bretagne would steam slowly up and down offshore to receive and discharge cargo. We had returned aboard, leaving inspection for the morrow.

Takaora is no out of the way Atoll. Much shipping touches here; it is also the last port of call for the Marquesas. It has a circuit of 34 miles and its lagoon is six miles broad.

Off again in the morning, we made for the Pass, where, on the side where the village stands, the folk have built a stone quay against which one makes fast, it lying in a back wash of the Entrance and so out of the full force of the current. Many schooners were tied up and there were more to be seen far out in the lagoon, for it was the Pearling Season for this Atoll. The village rises on a stretch of the reef which nature has provided with abundant soil. Its size is not great, 500 yards along the reef and 400 yards or so across. Each end is cut off by the sea, where the reef turns sharply, thus forming a little island. I saw no more pleasing village in the Tuamotus. Its broad avenues have coping stones throughout their length and are lined on each side by young coconut palms whose fronds wave only little above one's head, giving abundant shade. There are numerous neat bungalows, many of them fenced in, while lamp posts are frequent along the way, with a most elaborate arrangement for holding the kerosene light. Special pits have been blasted in the coral and soil placed, where papaya, bananas and breadfruit thrive, whilst many an imported bush and flower flourish in this neatly ordered spot.

The red roof of the Mormon tabernacle is a prominent feature from the sea. Takaroa is a stronghold of that persuasion. It and the Latter Day Saints must not be confused. I doubt if they are speaking terms. Each have their separate Headquarters at Papeete. A large signboard on the Saints' Meeting House there proclaims them as "the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints".<sup>28</sup> The Mormons hunt, as Hao shows, in couples; the Saints scent their prey alone, so far as I have seen. I would see that Tabernacle, but ran first across the Catholic Church; it was locked and the windows were boarded up; the Mormon seems to have ousted the Roman.

The Mormon edifice is on the main highway and along side of it is their Social Hall. Though early, the huge doors of the Tabernacle were open and I entered to hear the strains of music from an harmonium played by a native girl. She stopped, then — no little to my surprise — broke forth into my own National Anthem, whilst I, of course, stood at Attention. Strange indeed that she, a pure Tahitian, in an American entourage, and in a French Colony, should be at home with a British Anthem and even stranger that she was there, all ready for the occasion. But gossip travels fast in so small a community and doubtless an Englishman aboard the Bretagne was known by everyone. It was very pleasing. I found out later in the day that she is but one of four young organ players of Takaroa, and all day long that harmonium was busy; those girls were indefatigable. The building is no flimsy structure. It has withstood the two cyclones of 1903 and 1906, when all else in the village went down

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<sup>28</sup> The [Community of Christ](#) was known as the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (RLDS) from 1872 to 2001.



before the wind and sea. Its tower holds a bell: one could wish of better tone than it gave forth when pulled for my benefit by a mischievous boy. The main feature of their worship being Preaching, the Pulpit is a most elaborate affair, a sort of old time "Three decker", with a back rising halfway to the roof.

The Social Hall, with its wall and ceiling stencilled in blue, has drop curtains at one end, but no stage. The two young Mormons who were to be seen about the place evidently believe in keeping their flock cheerful, and this indeed would seem to be their Creed's special forte and use in French Oceania, where they have been at work since the late '40s. These two were as dapper as those on Hao. So is it in Papeete; one would take them for twins, often the same height, the same build, certainly the same clothing, perhaps white, perhaps khaki; the same ties, hats and ribbons; never seen apart, they attend even the barber together. Every other young man — and they are all in their twenties except their Superintendent in Papeete, always a married man with family; these also changed periodically — has his sweetheart, but never so with them; they are worthy of praise even if their creed is weird.

The village cemetery adjoins. One dated headstone carries memory back to the days of these Atolls' almost first contact with white man. It was a Chief who was buried here in 1839. He could well have heard of, even seen, Wallis and Cook, de Bougainville and Bellinghausen. Another tells a different story. He was but thirty years of age. The proud word "Poilu"<sup>29</sup> is cut into the headstone. He came back from the Great War, a wreck, to die on his Atoll home.

There was evidence on every hand that the pearling season was on, not only the many crafts but the many buyers waiting for their prey, whilst great quantities of "Tahiti black shell" were being constantly unloaded. Takaroans have the reputation of being the best divers of all the Tuamotus; their services are sought far beyond their own lagoon. But it is a hard life. Diving suits have been introduced, but they do not at all appeal to the natives. The object, of course, for their use is to reach a greater depth and to gather at each hand a greater supply of shell than suspended breathing will permit.

Pearls are not the main object, though usually thought to be. It is the shell that is sought, and that is plentiful enough. Pearls are the extra, and fine pearls the exception. Though tropic heat seemingly would assure warm waters, it is not so; the wind has to be remembered. Some divers complain that April is too early to commence operations; they get chilled to the bone. The season runs on till October, which is warmer, but by then stormy weather is a drawback. The work is done from schooner or canoe, the hours from 8 a.m. to sunset. The depth reached is, for the stronger men, 20 fathoms (120 feet), and they remain under within a few seconds of two minutes. They dive with one hand upon a line to which a net and a weight are attached. Arriving below, they gather all shell above a certain size within reach, then rise, attendants hauling in the line. The diver usually lights a cigarette and rests, the others open the shells and with a sharp eye for possible value within, cast back the living organism into the sea. Men past fifty years of age are not usually seen amongst the divers, nor do these attempt the lowest depth.

But now I had to leave the pearlers, for the launch awaited me, and, soon after, the Bretagne pointed south. My last memory of Takaroa is a 3000 tons steel-masted brig lying sheer on the reef a couple of miles from the village, her masts still bidding defiance to the elements. The 1906 cyclone cast her there. The next may lift her, carry her bodily across the reef and drop her in the lagoon.

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<sup>29</sup> The French word for *hairy*.

As the sun rose, I awoke upon my hatchway to find us close to Faka-rava, first seen of white men by Bellinghausen in 1814. In shape it is another erratic parallelogram, its circumference a little over 100 miles, its inland waters 12 miles across, the second largest Atoll of the group. It has two Entrances, the main one being on the northwestern side, for which we were making. A lighthouse gives the site of the main village, which lies entirely out of sight on the inner side of the reef, at this spot a quarter of a mile wide. But we had a long way to go to reach it. We ran miles past the hidden village in a perfectly calm ocean, the breakers scarcely visible, a mere lapping against the edge of the reef wall, till a break appeared, a wide space, making it the finest pass in the Tuamotus. We headed in. Far as the eye could see, this great Atoll covered itself with a mass of foliage.

An hour's steaming brought us back to where the lighthouse stood and we dropped anchor a few hundred yards offshore, opposite where a Flag post flew the Tricolor. Here lies Roto-ava, the recognized seat of Government, under Tahiti's Governor, for over 50 of the 80 Atolls, the balance being under Mangareva. But the Administrator, a civilian, has, for personal reasons, been allowed to reside on Apa-taki, not far away, and his comfortable quarters on Fakarava are in use for another purpose.

The Tahiti Governor, a few years back, thought to take selected boys from the Tuamotus and bearing them off to Papeete, pass them through its schools, returning them as Teachers to their Atoll homes. But it was found that the attractions of the little capital were too great. The pupils refused to return; all the labour was in vain. In '27, therefore, he turned Fakarava's Government House into a Boarding School, with a Technical School attached, and we found 17 boys from 9 to 13 years of age under training. We added three more whom we had picked up at Fakahina. They have all been carefully chosen and this time the object may be obtained. Papeete's lure will be unfelt. The 20 are a bright looking lot, were carefully groomed, and full of life both at work and play. They were being taught by a half-caste woman, their Manual Instructor a Frenchman who expects to turn out both carpenters, architects and mechanics. Taking a look at the dormitories, they were both airy and models of neatness.

On that 100 mile circuit, there are but 200 folk in two villages separated by the full length of the lagoon. R. L. Stevenson <sup>30</sup> noted in his account of Fakarava the poverty of the soil. There must have been a great change since his day. There is plenty of "miki", useless brush, still, but huge stately trees abound besides the coconut wherever you cast your eyes, and Rotoava itself lies in a veritable bower. It has but one avenue running parallel with the lagoon, no homes of any pretensions for the natives, but withal quite a few well-built bungalows for higher grade Fakaravans. The Catholic Church was

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<sup>30</sup> [Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson \(1850–1894\)](#) arrived at Fakarava on the *Casco* on 9 September 1888.

open, but the peripatetic pastor was absent. The village has a Protestant Preaching House for variety, also a couple of Chinese stores.<sup>31</sup>

I made my way to the Lighthouse, which I found to be of quite recent date, 1922. It is three-tiered, its front base curved neatly into a broad lounge where Rotoavans can sit at Eventide and gaze out to sea. The summit is reached by a ladder and is railed in — hardly for safety, for natives think nothing of the danger of Height — probably to have it *à la mode*.<sup>32</sup>

The crew were busy for hours, carrying freshwater aboard from a huge cistern ashore, others wood hunting, for our supply of both had run extremely low. One, the most willing of the lot the whole trip through, who carried those great sacks as if they were a joke, as I had so often watched him, had collapsed some few days before. He had overtaxed even his great strength; hemorrhages laid him low and he was dying. He preferred shore to further travel, and having friends on Fakarava, he was given to their care. The ladies on their part were not idlers; they gave a Party to their future teachers, who came with their Mistress for cake and candy and the run of the ship.

They gone, we upped anchor and made for the Pass, which with the tide running out, we fairly hurtled through, in the pitchy dark, for the open sea. Our cruise amid those “Atolls of the Sun” was over.

<sup>31</sup> The photographs below of the Catholic church on Fakarava and the lighthouses were taken in November 2014.



<sup>32</sup> The lighthouse in the photograph on the left — called *l'ancien phare* by the locals — is located behind Rotoava, while the other — the Topaka Lighthouse — is located further away, in the direction of the northwest pass.



Papeete's mountainous background looked very good to me when, a few days later, we tied up at the Wharf.

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My young friend's wounds were healing, but his mental condition was worse. He had become possessed with the idea that he was responsible to his Firm for the success or otherwise of the Bretagne's cruise, and financially, it was probably not much of the former, for competition had been too active; too many cupboards — I ween<sup>33</sup> — found bare which we had sought to open.

The Firm's Manager was due by the next mail boat from San Francisco to discuss the run and future plans. He and my young friend were to return on the up mail boat three days later. He told me that he dreaded the meeting with the Manager, that he had done his best, but that everything had been against him. This hallucination I combated with all my power, but he remained unconvinced.

On arriving back, he took a cottage by himself a little out of town, coming to restaurants for his meals. A little later he took a room in town in a half-caste woman's home, and I kept in closer touch with him.

One evening I called and we went off for a stroll in the moonlight. Again he spoke of his dread and the displeasure of his Firm for his lack of real success. Once again I pointed out that he and I were alike but passengers aboard. On parting, he promised me that he would not leave Papeete, now only five days off, without a Farewell. That was Thursday and the Manager was to land on Saturday. The mail boat would head for Frisco on the Tuesday's dawn.

On Friday, he left his room, saying that he would take a walk through the lovely back avenues of Papeete. As he walked, the brainstorm must have gathered darkly. He carried with him the only means of escape; he had lost hope, so drew the weapon and aiming at his heart, just missed it. Folk hurried to him and rushed him to the hospital. At sunset, he died.

On Saturday, we buried his body at Pa-Uranie, God's Acre at Papeete.<sup>34</sup>

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<sup>33</sup> Archaic: to think; suppose.

<sup>34</sup> A photograph of the grave of Wesley S. Gardiner can be seen in a footnote to *Pauranie*, in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

## SOUTH SEA CURIOS

### Gathered from many quarters

#### 1. Tin-Can Island <sup>35</sup>

Niūa-fooū lies on the monthly mail steamer route between Fiji and Samoa. Landing is a difficult matter at all times, oft impossible. When only in-and-out Mail has to be considered, a unique method is employed. One or more natives swim out to the ship, with the mail either wrapped in oil paper or within a sealed kerosene tin, the former tied to the end of a stick some three feet in length so as to keep it so far as possible above the waves. The inward mail is enclosed in a similar fashion and lowered to the postman below, who takes chances on the sharks hanging about. Hence the name, though not appearing on Admiralty Charts.

#### 2. How a Doorstopper Led to a Fortune <sup>36</sup>

In 1900, phosphate was scarce in the Western Pacific. Island after island had been worked out. Those engaged in the trade were greatly worried. The Pacific Phosphate Company of Sydney, while not losing hope of finding other islands with their valuable guano deposit, took to trading in copra to tide over the lean years. They had a station on the then German-owned island of Naūrū in the Marshall Group. <sup>37</sup> From thence, just prior to 1900, the Supercargo of one of the Company's schooners was attracted by a rather strange looking piece of rock on the island, picked it up and brought it to Sydney with him. It was considered there to be a lump of petrified wood, of no use save to keep open the door of the Company's analytical laboratory.

The manager of one of the Company's far off islands was just then transferred to the main office — his name Albert F. Ellis. <sup>38</sup> He noticed the doorstopper and thought it much resembled a small deposit of phosphate which had been found some years back on one of the islets of the Phoenix Group. Mentioning the fact to the Company's Manager, he was told that geologists had looked at it and pronounced it to be wood. For some weeks he let the matter rest, but he was never at work in the

<sup>35</sup> See also Tale #31, *Of South Sea Curios* (2), in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>36</sup> See also Tale #31, *Of South Sea Curios* (2), in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>37</sup> [Nauru](#) was annexed by Germany in 1888 and incorporated into Germany's Marshall Islands Protectorate.

<sup>38</sup> [Albert Fuller Ellis \(1869–1951\)](#). The piece of rock that led to the discovery of phosphate on Nauru and Ocean Island:



laboratory without being attracted to the lump. Finally, he decided to test it on his own account. Knocking off a chip, he ground it and found it to be phosphate of the highest grade.

That doorstopper brought £3,500,000 to the Company, leading as it did to deposits calculated at a minimum of 100 million tons, now owned in a combine by the British, the Australian and the New Zealand Governments, and laid bare not only the treasure stored on Naūrū, but upon Ocean Island, 160 miles away in a direct line, also included in the Agreement.<sup>39</sup>

### 3. Filipino Theologians

There are some 8 million adherents of the Roman Catholic Creed in the Philippines. The priesthood has been at work there since 1570. But a change has come over the scene since the opening of this century. Education and Travel seem to have caused the natives to think for themselves and refuse to take so much with a blind faith. The Independent Church<sup>40</sup> proclaims that Modern Science is superior to Tradition, denies the possibility of miracles, conceives the Supreme Being as an Essence and a single Personality, not a Trinity, and has the modest number of 4 million adherents. That seems fast going.

### 4. Nomenclature<sup>41</sup>

All likely have heard of Christmas and of Easter Islands, but not all perhaps of the Third Person of the Christian's Trinity. It is smothered under a Spanish form and gave name to the northernmost island of the New Hebrides, "Espiritu Santo". What seemed wholly incongruous and unseemly to me was to be dwelling for a season thereon at a lovely spot called "Hog Harbor".<sup>42</sup>

The days of the week have not entirely escaped. There is Sunday Island in the Kermadecs, 600 miles east of New Zealand, not inviting to me as a residence, though several attempts have been made.<sup>43</sup> And clear across the South Sea, one finds in Torres Straits, which separates New Guinea from Australia, a bunch of islands — Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday — all within a day's sail of one another, and doubtless, as with Sunday, named from the day when first seen by white men. Thursday, which most appealed to me, takes rightly precedence of the rest, being a pearling station of renown, a cosmopolitan place, with a Cathedral, a hospital, a garrison, and electric light. It is but 800 acres in size.

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<sup>39</sup> A detailed account of this story can be found [here](#). The rock was brought back from Nauru in 1896 and tested for phosphate in Sydney in 1899.

<sup>40</sup> The [Philippine Independent Church](#) is an independent Christian denomination in the form of a national church in the Philippines. Its schism from the Catholic Church was proclaimed in 1902 due to the alleged mistreatment of Filipinos by Spanish priests.

<sup>41</sup> See also Tale #7, *Of Nomenclature (I)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>42</sup> See also *Of Hogs* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>43</sup> See also *The Lonely Isles : the Kermadecs* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.



## 5. Ci Gît <sup>44</sup>

Monuments to noted men — I know of none to women, though many richly deserve it — lie scattered over the islands of the South Sea. The latest known to me has been raised upon the tiny sickle-shaped island of Haapai (Lifuka), which lies between Nuku-alofa and beautiful Vavau in the Tongan Group. The isle can be crossed in a ten minute walk, though its length runs to three miles and more. Here a man, a Londoner by birth, who had played an extraordinary part in Tongan life, breathed his last after long exile, discredited but still defiant. A towering statue in Victorian garb, rising eight feet above its base, will keep alive to Tongans the memory of the one time missionary, Founder of a schismatic Church, Politician, Financier, Statesman, and Prime Minister to King George Tūboū I.

The Rev. Shirley Baker <sup>45</sup> was a Wesleyan sent out in 1860 to help Christianize Tonga, but he could not keep his hands off temporal affairs. He was able, aggressive, of rugged strength, dogged determination and of forceful personality. His Monument <sup>46</sup> stands as a witness to the undying love of a daughter, who not only wrote a defence of her father for publication <sup>47</sup> and through it helped to raise the necessary funds, but as a girl, threw herself between a would-be assassin and her parent, herself receiving the shot.

<sup>44</sup> French: *here lies*, used preceding a name on a tombstone.

<sup>45</sup> [Shirley Waldemar Baker \(1836–1903\)](#). See also *The Coming of Xianity* and *Haapai* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>46</sup> Reverend Shirley Baker Monument, Pangai Cemetery, Lifuka, Ha'apai, Kingdom of Tonga:



<sup>47</sup> See [Memoirs of the Rev. Dr. Shirley Waldemar Baker, D.M., LL.D., Missionary and Prime Minister](#), by Beatrice Shirley Baker (1927).

## 6. The Duk-Duks

Nothing at all to do with ornithology. It is a leading and most pernicious secret society among the amiable natives who inhabit New Guinea. <sup>48</sup> Being secret, it is not easy to report on, but its power was so great that even the Prussians could not tame it, and only so far succeeded as to prevent meetings save at stated times in the year. It has now gone largely underground, but still retains an influence among the uncivilized and hold terror over the uninitiated. It has a fine field where spirits are believed in, where wells and trails, rivers and trees have each their demon and all must be placated.

## 7. An Erratic Isle <sup>49</sup>

It would not do to homestead on Falcon Island. <sup>50</sup> It has a nasty habit of disappearing. The Spaniard Mañuella and the Frenchman Laperouse, in the 1780s, noted then a mere reef. In 1865, H.M.S. Falcon saw it as such and named it. That same year, however, smoke was seen issuing from it. In 1885, it was an island over a mile long and 150 feet high. Gradually it subsided, and by 1894, it was but a reef again. In 1896, up it came again, an island of pumice stone, 100 feet high. By 1900, it had again disappeared. In 1927, it appeared once more, a little longer than before and 350 feet high. The Tongan Government had already once annexed it, but proceeded to do so again and, landing, planted their Flag. Up to present writing, the island still remains, but the western end is clearly disappearing, whilst new land some four miles in length is rising at the eastern end. A submarine volcano would seem to be the cause, for in those same waters, but leagues away, we steamed through acres of pumice stone, and dropping a bucket into the sea, brought up water well fit for a comfortable shave.

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<sup>48</sup> [Duk-Duk](#) is a secret society, part of the traditional culture of the Tolai people of the Rabaul area of New Britain, the largest island in the Bismarck Archipelago of Papua New Guinea. Duk-Duk dancers in the Gazelle Peninsula, New Britain, 1913:



<sup>49</sup> See also Tale #26, *Of South Sea Curios (I)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>50</sup> [Fonuafo'ou](#)

## 8. Marriage Settlements <sup>51</sup>

The Trobriand Group, off Papua, are of coral formation, yet boast of vegetable gardens second to none. Girls here are in luck from birth, their quick demise not sought as in other wild spots. The reason for their luck is the Yam. Every girl infant has a garden area from her birth, tended assiduously by her father and brothers who manage to produce yams of the finest quality from pockets formed by nature in the coral bed and filled by man with soil. A girl, therefore, on reaching a marriageable age, finds herself endowed with valuable garden lands. Upon her marriage, her people still continue to work the ground for her, keeping her food house full to overflowing. Happy husband with such a marriage settlement! True only in part, for he is forever busy elsewhere; he has sisters of his own and must needs attend to their acres of garden. Anyway, all the men are kept busy and the young ladies of the land have ample time to put on airs as heiresses, full worthy to be won.

## 9. Deer Hunting

Deer are not among the indigenous Fauna of the South Sea. In but a few islands could they exist. Yet in New Caledonia, they overrun the land, a pest brought thither by the white man. Innumerable herds roam wild over the island, descending from the mountains to the arable lands and playing havoc with men's labour. Had I had the heart, I could have taken advantage of a kindly French Government, which stands ready to supply ammunition free to those who will be good enough to go deer hunting. But my days of taking life of bird or beast are over. My own hourglass is fast running too low. The deer are of the Sumatra kind, the heads not remarkable, the best not running beyond six points. Their flesh is good and palatable. I saw one large cannery wholly employed with deer meat. The residents organize deer Drives, as Australians with their rabbit pest, but here they use machine guns at the end. It is man's own fault. <sup>52</sup>

## 10. A One-Man Island <sup>53</sup>

But not a Robinson Crusoe kind at all. In the Cook Group, but far away from the main islands, lies Palmerston, its extent one square mile. The Atoll was uninhabited when in 1862, William Marsters, a ship's cooper, appeared on the scene with three native wives and bairns. These bairns, growing up, took to themselves wives or husbands, as the case might be, from other islands handy, and as native men have no surname, they all came under the one name of the Autocrat Marsters. There are now about one hundred descendants, but not another name is found, their language a weird English.

And nigh the same is Yorke Island, lying in the Torres Straits. Here "Yankee Ned", an American sailor and a negro, deserting his man-of-war, settled down, amassed a fortune in pearls, had eight native wives, lived to nearly ninety years of age and left a huge progeny of descendants, the majority of the present day inhabitants, but without surname to distinguish them from the rest. They are simply "Yankee Neds".

<sup>51</sup> See also Tale #26, *Of South Sea Curios (1)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>52</sup> See also *Minerals and Produce in A French Possession: New Caledonia*, in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>53</sup> See also Tale #7, *Of Nomenclature (1)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

## 11. The Last of the South Sea Sovereigns

Queen Makea of the Cook Islands, Cakobau of Fiji, Kamehameha of Hawaii have passed away, their Sovereignty absorbed by the Great Powers, so also with Queen Pomare of Tahiti, but Salote still remains, Queen of Tonga, the descendant of Royalty traced back one thousand years, and a Queen she is. Born in 1900, the only child of King George Tubou II, and educated at a noted Girls' School in Auckland, New Zealand, she ascended her Throne when but eighteen years of age, having the previous year married her cousin and the next in line of succession — an act of sound diplomacy, apart from love — and the Prince Consort Tugi became also her Prime Minister a few years later. Of commanding height and robust build, with a will of her own and yet a gracious personality, she rules today over a united people, safe from all aggression under a British Protectorate. Her capital is Nukualofa, where her Palace and Private Chapel stand, close to the beach, but ensconced in noble shady trees. To her, all Tongans pay high tribute and we outsiders who know her worth join heartily therein, nor hesitate to unite in loyal and dutiful acclaim, “Long live Salote, Queen of Tonga.”<sup>54</sup>

## 12. The Curfew Bell<sup>55</sup>

There are islands in the South Sea too numerous to mention where late hours are taboo. The warning is usually the native drum, a hollowed half trunk, the sound from which carries an extraordinary distance, but a conch shell serves as well. Starting the Curfew warning in the main village, the next village, miles away, picks up the sound and passes it on to its neighbour. Astonishingly quickly the word rings round the island, “Lights out and everybody to his mat.” Then quiet reigns till sunrise. I found myself ever ready to obey.

## 13. True to Type

I knew him not, but heard much of him. He died in 1913. In the little cemetery at Kavieng, a port of New Ireland, lies Bulowinski, the German Administrator before the Great War and the Mandate System. He is still vividly remembered by the older natives, who speak of him with awe as “Big, strong feller Bulowinski”. Although a typical Prussian Junker, hard, arrogant, fierce and even cruel, he was yet one of the finest colonizers Imperial Germany ever sent into the South Sea. He had vision, tremendous energy and a ruthless determination to get things done. The magnificent road he built along the coast of New Ireland — Neu Mecklenburg in his day — 150 miles long, with forced labour, is still the finest engineering feat in New Guinea Territory. In his Prussian way, he was a just man and though the natives feared him, he also held their profound respect.

His magnificent house, overlooking the roadstead at Kavieng, is another monument of his reign. The spreading grounds, planted with beautiful shrubs and shade trees, are counterparts of his home. A good half-mile of the residential hill was his garden, and about the house stand like sentinels on duty the towering, stately King Palms. He was thrown from his horse early in 1913 and died from

<sup>54</sup> [Makea Takau Ariki \(1839–1911\)](#). [Ratu Seru Epenisa Cakobau \(1815–1883\)](#). [Kamehameha V \(1830–1872\)](#). [Pōmare IV \(1813–1877\)](#). [Sālote Mafīle‘o Pilolevu Tupou III \(1900–1965\)](#). [George Tupou II \(1874–1918\)](#).

<sup>55</sup> See also Tale #26, *Of South Sea Curios (I)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

concussion in April of that year. His body lies under a huge Cross of concrete, his name sunk in molten brass.

## 14. Of Birds

On Niūafoou, “Tin Can Island”, there dwells the “Malau” bird, a pigeon of good size, but surely unique amongst its species. It is remarkable for two things, the abnormal size of its egg — by actual measurement, three inches in length — and its total indifference to motherhood. The hen burrows a hole in the side of the cliff wherein it deposits, day by day, an egg for an octave, scratching away the covering it made the previous day, and having finally well covered the lot, it departs nor dreams of “setting”, leaving the sun’s heat to do her work. The Incubator faithfully doing its part, the squabs, from the moment of breaking their shells, have to fend for themselves, with the aid of the male bird, the mother is off on her own pleasure, her ‘chicks’ no concern of hers.<sup>56</sup>

On Naūrū and Ocean Islands, of phosphate renown, the Frigate Bird, that highway robber of the sea, has been tamed for the use of man as a plaything. As he is inveterately lazy, it suits him admirably not to have to hold up his fellows on the wing, but instead to have nice portions of raw fish brought to him by Man as he sits on his perch on the beach. He is perfectly free and occasionally takes a little exercise, but leave? Not he. His native master and he are real good friends.<sup>57</sup>

## 15. Stone Masonry

Clear across the South Sea — in a slanting direction, from Easter Island 2000 miles off the coast of Chile to the Ladrões<sup>58</sup> 1500 miles off China, steadily working northwest — are remains imperishable in stone of a past and vanished Race. They crop up at intervals, huge gaps between. To read of them is to wonder, and to see them is to be amazed.

On Easter Island are stone Terraces, great slabs, fitted together without mortar, rising as high as fourteen feet. Upon these Terraces stood giant stone Statues representing the upper half of the human body, many of which are now in the Museums of the white folk, the rest have fallen and lie scattered. There is one, still, in the quarry whence all came. It is 68 feet high, in pattern like all the rest, weird, exaggerated and grotesque. Here seemingly was a Valhalla of the Illustrious Dead of a long past Day.

Now we skip to Malden, where lie the ruins of the stone temples with squared slabs of coral as altars, now fallen, in their midst. These temples were raised on platforms, bounded by other like slabs and filled in with crushed coral and stones.<sup>59</sup>

Next to Tonga, where, near Kologa on Nukualofa, there is to be seen that huge Trilithon, the Haamunga, two enormous upright blocks of stone set like the jambs of a doorway, with another huge

<sup>56</sup> See also Tale #26, *Of South Sea Curios (1)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>57</sup> See also Tale #31, *Of South Sea Curios (2)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

<sup>58</sup> *The Islands of Thieves*, now Guam and the Northern Mariana Islands.

<sup>59</sup> In 1924, the prehistoric ruins on [Malden Island](#), in the Line Islands of Kiribati, were examined by an archaeologist from the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, [Kenneth Emory](#), who concluded that they were the creation of a small Polynesian population which had resided there for perhaps several generations some centuries earlier.

block laid across the top, carefully morticed into the uprights, the whole forming an arch 17 feet high. No such stone is to be found on Tonga; the nearest is on an island 100 miles away. No canoe ever made could carry such titanic load as one of these huge stones.<sup>60</sup>

Now a long skip to above the Line and we are in the Carolines, upon Ponape and Lelu, the latter a tiny isle of Kusaie.<sup>61</sup> Here are the remains of stonemasonry, enormous in quantity, walls, roads, terraces, canals all of solid blocks or slabs of stone.

Not far off on Ti-ni-an in the Ladrões are other lost signs of a race of mighty builders, with similar work on the neighbouring islands of Rota, Saipan and well-known Guam. Here are seen a double row of squared pillars, 12 in all, spaced carefully 12 feet from centre to centre, each 5 feet wide at the base and 15 feet high, with squared tops upon which stand hemispheres of stone 6 feet in diameter, with the flat side, not the conical, uppermost.<sup>62</sup>

Experts differ, so humble folk may have their modest say. To me, it seems inevitable that these great works once were worked and stood upon a low lying, now sunken, Continent. Low lying, for surely no sane men would raise these things on the tops of mountains. The Continent around them sank, they alone escaping for later ages to look upon and marvel. They form the supreme Mystery of the Pacific Ocean.

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<sup>60</sup> See *Nukualofa* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*, for a photo of the [Ha'amonga 'a Maui](#) (Burden of Maui), the stone [trilithon](#) located on Tongatapu.

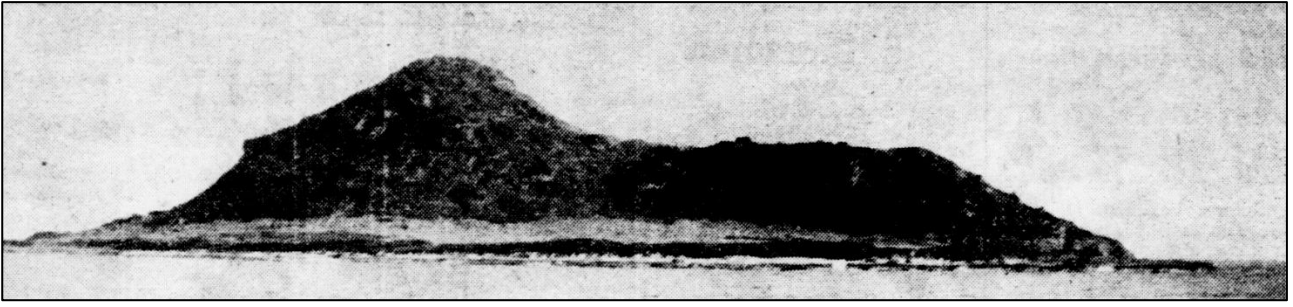
<sup>61</sup> Now [Kosrae](#), in the Federated States of Micronesia.

<sup>62</sup> [House of Taga](#) is located near San Jose Village, on the island of Tinian, United States Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands.



**PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, 1767–1863 : A SKETCH****Chronology**

1767	The Island first seen.	
1790	The Mutineers land.	28 in number
1800	Adams alone.	33 in number
1808	The <i>Topaz</i> called.	35 inhabitants
1814	The <i>Briton</i> and the <i>Tagus</i> called.	40 inhabitants
1823	Buffet and Evans join the Community.	
1825	The <i>Blossom</i> called.	61 inhabitants
1828	Nobbs joins the Community.	
1829	Adams died.	
1830	The <i>Seringapatane</i> called.	81 inhabitants
1831	Removal to Tahiti.	87 inhabitants
"	Return from Tahiti.	65 inhabitants
1832	“Lord” Hill joins the Community.	
1837	“Lord” Hill removed by HMS Imogene.	
1838	Pitcairn becomes a British Dependency.	102 inhabitants
1851	Pitcairn Island Fund raised at Home.	
1852	Nobbs goes Home for Ordination.	
1853	Nobbs returns.	
1855	Vote to remove to Norfolk Island.	187 inhabitants
1856	The <i>Morayshire</i> removes the islanders.	194 inhabitants
1858	Return to Pitcairn of first contingent.	16 inhabitants
1863	Return of 27 as second contingent.	43 inhabitants
1932	Present day population:	174.



**Pitcairn — haven of the mutineers, home of their descendants. This island, two miles long and a mile wide, juts out of the South Seas, luring the few ships along its path with its murderous past and its mild present. This picture was taken by a sailor on Andrew Mellon's *Vagabondia* when the capitalist visited Pitcairn in March, 1935.**

## I

The Discovery — The Mutiny — The Nine — The Refuge —  
The Slaughter — Isolation ends

Rising ruggedly above the Pacific waters, a mere speck of land mid a long stretch of lonely sea, lies Pitcairn's Island, a mile and a half in width by two and a quarter miles long, after Sydney and Norfolk Island, the oldest Settlement in the Southern Hemisphere. It was Captain Carteret <sup>63</sup> in H.M.S. *Swallow* who, on July 2, 1767, first of white men mapped it on the chart. Magellan <sup>64</sup> had passed far to the north two centuries before, so later had Mendana <sup>65</sup> and Quiros. <sup>66</sup> The midshipman Pitcairn was the one aboard to first sight it and to him, son of Major Pitcairn of the Marines, lost at sea in the *Aurora*, was given the lasting credit by his Commmander. <sup>67</sup> It was not easy of approach. They saw a coastline precipitous, lined with high points — the highest, 1,109 feet, as later found — abundant vegetation, with no sign of life thereon. It may well have been left alone, but for an happening a thousand miles away, a mutiny on the High Seas.

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In 1789, twenty-two years later, there headed for the isle another armed vessel, the *Bounty* of 215 tons, without Commander and but the skeleton of a crew. No flag flying proclaiming boldly its nationality, but the rather a fugitive from all its kind, seeking to hide from a Justice that its crew knew full well would reach out after it, nor rest till it found its quarry. Lieutenant Bligh <sup>68</sup> had been commissioned to sail to Tahiti, there to secure plants of Breadfruit, which Captain Cook, with Bligh aboard, had reported upon after his voyages in the South Sea, and bear them off to the West Indies as food for those natives. He left England Dec<sup>r</sup> 29, 1787. The stay upon Tahiti, which was reached in October 1788, had been a pleasant one for the crew, who left it, with regret, the first week in April 1789.

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<sup>63</sup> [Philip Carteret \(1733–1796\)](#)

<sup>64</sup> [Ferdinand Magellan \(c. 1480–1521\)](#)

<sup>65</sup> [Álvaro de Mendaña y Neira \(1542–1595\)](#)

<sup>66</sup> [Pedro Fernandes de Queirós \(1565–1614\)](#)

<sup>67</sup> Robert Pitcairn (1752–1770) was a son of British Marine Major [John Pitcairn \(1722–1775\)](#). Two and a half years after sighting Pitcairn, Robert was lost at sea on the *Aurora*, at the age of seventeen; his father was killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill in the American Revolution.

<sup>68</sup> [William Bligh \(1754–1817\)](#)

Full three weeks later, heading west, returning on the course they had come — not round the tempestuous Cape Horn — 25 of the crew, with the 24 years old Acting Lieutenant Fletcher Christian at their head — broke out in mutiny. They not only had had enough of their martinet and tyrannical Commander, but, to some at least, as the sequel shows, the life on Tahiti was overmastering. Putting Bligh and 18 others — all it could carry — into the launch, a boat 23 feet 9 inches in length, 6 feet 9 inches in beam and 2 feet 9 inches in depth, together with a sparse supply of water and rations, allowing no arms, they set the lot adrift in the Tongan Group to find their way Home as best they could — or perish.

Bligh was not in touching land, but that landing on Tofua cost him the life of his Quartermaster, John Norton, and drawing off, he vowed that he would make no further landing till he had reached a land of civilized folk. He did not of a certainty of the settlement just made at Port Jackson — the Sydney of today — so headed west, passing group after group of savage lands, till passing through the Torres Straits, he reached Timor, 3, 618 miles away, a mighty feat of seamanship as well as of endurance, nor lost he any of his men.

His Log Book is to be seen today in the Mitchell Library at Sydney. I had the pleasure to handle it, with its water stained pages and its neatly written entries day by day.

Mutiny is ever an evil deed and yet those mutineers may have endured too much for human patience to stand more. That same Commander was sent by the Home Authorities a while later as Governor of the new settlement at Sydney, Australia. Not long after, the settlers rose in revolt at his imperiousness and imprisoned Bligh in his official residence. They could stand him no more; his rule they declared to be impossible for free men. Both sides appealed to Home. Bligh was recalled, promoted to Vice-Admiral, but no further employment was given to him.

The mutineers who seemingly had compelled three midshipment — in those days a naval rating, not an officer — and others to remain with them, turned and made back towards Tahiti. They were conscious of their peril, for before returning to that island, they made effort to seek safety on other. They went south to the Australs. Reaching the island of Tupuai, the natives resisted their landing, but some cannon shot driving the inhabitants back from the shore, the Bo'sun's mate and his men gained the land. Their stay was short, as the natives continued very hostile, and the Bounty was headed for Tahiti. But not to stay, despite some aboard. As a blind, the natives were informed that the Bounty had fallen in with Captain Cook — already a hero in the eyes of Tahitians — and by his orders, Bligh had been left on Ai-tu-taki to await their return with supplies and such natives as might wish to remove to New Holland. Thus ruse secured for them not only ample provisions, but nine men, eight boys, ten women and a child. After sailing, stowaways were found aboard. Making for Tupuai again, thus reinforced, they landed and built a Fort on the south coast of the island. It was an earthwork affair, 88 yards square, and had a moat 18 feet broad and 20 feet deep. To me, long years after, no sign remained save the barest outline.<sup>69</sup>

But the Tupuaians were as determined as before to repel them. The clash this time came over the mutineers' needs, and the chief contentions over the white man's support. A miniature battle raged, over sixty natives fell — cannon and musquet against spears and stones — but the band had had enough. Once again they set sail for Tahiti, there to take their chance. But not all were so minded, their Leader amongst the few. It was well for these.

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<sup>69</sup> This is the only reference that WWB makes to his visit to Tupua'i.

Justice, though necessarily slow, reached out from Home and laid hands upon fourteen — all those who had remained upon Tahiti, save two, one having shot the other, mainly out of jealousy, and the natives, in revenge for their sailor friend, stoning the murderer to death. They were placed in irons, confined in a cage on the deck of the H.M.S. Pandora, and carried off for trial. The ship was wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef off Australia, and four of the fourteen were drowned, two with their shakles on; the rest escaped.

Four were acquitted, proving to the Court Martial their desire to leave with Bligh, but that there was no room in the boat for more, and that they had built a craft on Tahiti to leave the rest, but it was hopelessly unseaworthy. The last of the midshipmen was sentenced to death, despite his protest, together with two others, but these three were granted freedom, two by a King's Pardon, the other by a legal technicality, the midshipman, Peter Heywood, dying as a Captain R.N. Three were hanged.

Meanwhile, on September 20, 1789, those who refused to remain on Tahiti had set sail to find better security elsewhere. These were nine in number, their names being Christian, Adams, Young, McCoy, Quintal, Mills, Williams, Martin and Brown.

They took with them three Tupuaians, their names being Oohu, Tita-haita and Taroa Meina (a young Chief). From Tahiti, four men went, their names being Talolo, Niau, Manali and Timna. Eleven Tahitian women, one a girl of fifteen accompanied the Band, their names being Mana tūa, Mata oha, Vahi netūa, Te Valua, Opuli, Fahutu Te Lahu, Tohi mata, Tohaiti, Maleva, Toha-lo-mate and Te'o, the young girl, later called Sarah and Susannah. The *Bounty* therefore set out on its last voyage with 29 souls aboard.

Of the Nine, it was Christian who was the Leader and who till his death (or disappearance) commanded the Band. He had a tall, well built figure and was of unusual strength. Born in Cumberland, he was an adept at all manly exercises, a true son of his County. He affirmed from the first to last that he alone was responsible and that none should be condemned for it but he. His brother, a Professor at Cambridge and a legal writer of eminence at the time, stood up to the last for Fletcher Christian's action, pointing out the tyranny and constant abuse of power of Bligh.

Adams,<sup>70</sup> whose name on the books was Alexander Smith (but who for some unknown reason chose in 1814 to change his name) was the son of a Thames lighterman, and in a measure had taught himself to read and write before joining the Navy. On the *Bounty*, he was one of the seamen.

Young, as a midshipman, was far above the rest, save Christian, in education, but of a retiring nature, ranked amongst the combined mutineers after the above two forceful characters. He was a devoted admirer of Christian from the *Bounty's* first setting out, and threw in his lot with the eight fugitives, not being willing to part company with the Leader.

McCoy, Quintal, Martin and Williams were seamen; Mills was gunner's mate; Brown was to assistant expert gardener, who was to tend the breadfruit trees to be carried from Tahiti, but which were set out and grew on Pitcairn instead of the West Indies.

<sup>70</sup> [John Adams \(1767–1829\)](#)

Christian knew of the volume “Hawksworth’s Voyages” being onboard, wherein the *Swallow*’s voyage in the South Sea in 1767 was described, and noted Pitcairn’s isolation. He steered for it, 1200 miles away, but failed to locate it for several days, owing to its longitude being incorrectly noted in the Journal. They well nigh had given it up when, at last, on January 23, 1790, that haven of refuge appeared on the horizon. Only one cove appeared possible for shelter, bristling, however, with half submerged rocks.

They were, at first, much disturbed on landing, at finding stone axes on the shoreline, evidence of prior occupation, and exhaustive search was made, discovering to them house posts and other debris of buildings. On the heights were ruins of stone maraes (places of worship, sacrifice and council), stone images ten to twelve feet high set on stone platforms, as on Easter Island, and rough artistry on rocks. Here, three degrees outside the Tropics, were banyan trees, coconuts, groves of bananas, many a breadfruit tree, the taro and the yam, the paper bearing shrub, the pandanus, dracaena, the hibiscus and the candlenut tree. These could not be indigenous. The nearest islands, today, in the Tropics where they grow are Tahiti and the Marquesas, over 1000 miles away. When the newcomers began to dig, they unearthed skeletons and stone axes. One of the skulls rested upon a pearl shell, showing that there had been touch with the Gambiers. But when?

After stripping the *Bounty*, conserving its bell, its Bible and Prayer Book, they first burned, then sank the ship, and with it the guns. Christian next divided the island into nine portions, and the native men had to work under the orders of the Nine. For two years, there seems to have been comparative peace and success.

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The fatal quarrels began by Williams seizing a native’s woman upon the death of his own by her falling off a cliff, and the death by poison of two of the native men. Williams, Martin, Mills and Brown were killed by the five native men, leaving no issue, save Mills, who was the father of two.

Christian was the next victim, killed according to Adams while working on his plantation, but there are versions of the ringleader’s end. It was said by the first generation of their successors that, growing desperate upon fully realizing what his act had cost him and his fellows, he cast himself off the cliff. Others, that he fell in a struggle with Adams, who sought to restrain him from giving himself up to a vessel seen on the horizon in 1794, which, however, veered off and was seen no more. Further, it is stoutly affirmed that he got away from the island, unbeknown to the rest, and was seen by those who knew him well both in the south of England and in Cumberland, his home. He left three children; his eldest son, the first babe born on Pitcairn, he named “Thursday October” to keep in remembrance both day and month.

Now the women who had lost their men turned upon the natives and slew them, save one whom Quintal shot. Some of these newly made widows sought next to escape from an island running with blood. They tried to get away in a rudely constructed raft, secretly put together, but their courage failed them just when offshore. Before long, death claimed Quintal’s woman by a fall from the cliff.

McCoy, who had been employed in a distillery at Home, made a concoction from the Ti plant, as he had seen done on Tahiti, and with it, both he and Quintal ran amuck, McCoy in his delirium casting himself, like others before him, off the cliff. Quintal, after losing his woman, became morose and, with the liquor, so dangerous to the other two left, and the women and bairns, that Adams slew him. In 1800, Young died of asthma, which left Adams alone — with 9 women and 23 children. These children had the following surnames: Christian (3), Adams (4), Young (6), McCoy (3), Quintal (5) and Mills (2).

But eleven years since the Mutiny, ten since landing, and but One Mutineer remained.

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It was in 1790 that the *Bounty* dropped anchor off Pitcairn. For over a year after landing, a sentry was set day and night on the loftiest height, through fear that the island was not altogether abandoned by natives, or that some ship might take a fancy to call in passing to the whaling ground to the south.

Besides the ship which approached in 1794, but fell off greatly to their relief — save Christian's seemingly — some years later another came and sent a boat towards shore, but at sight of the foaming breakers, the crew turned back, the ship sailed on nor ever reported the happening, as no vestige of humanity was seen. The seclusion therefore so diligently sought was absolute till 1808, when the American whaler, the *Topaz*, Captain Folger<sup>71</sup> its master, called to explore and look for water. To his surprise, he saw smoke issuing from amongst the trees and, alter, habitations. Putting off with a couple of boats, a canoe came out and its occupants hailed the boats in English, of a kind, offering coconuts and urging the Captain to land, as a white man lived ashore. He found a community now grown to 35. Adams was keen to hear the news of the outside world, and in return he made presents to the Master not only of hogs, bananas and coconuts, but also of both the chronometer and the azimuth compass of the *Bounty*. The former had been used by Cook in two of his Voyages and had been handed by him to Bligh — once a midshipman and later a higher officer under Cook — for use on his own sloop of war.

Captain Folger had it taken forcibly from him at Valparaiso by the Spanish Chilean Governor, who confiscated his vessel, but it was recovered eventually by the British Naval Authorities and now rests in the United Services Museum in London.

The *Topaz*'s discovery was reported to Admiral Hotham,<sup>72</sup> then on the South American coast, who transmitted Folger's letter, together with the azimuth compass (used to find the exact variation of the magnetic needle), but the war with Napoleon occupied the main attention of all, though the strange news spread over England through the newspapers and periodicals of that day.<sup>73</sup>

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<sup>71</sup> [Mayhew Folger \(1774–1828\)](#)

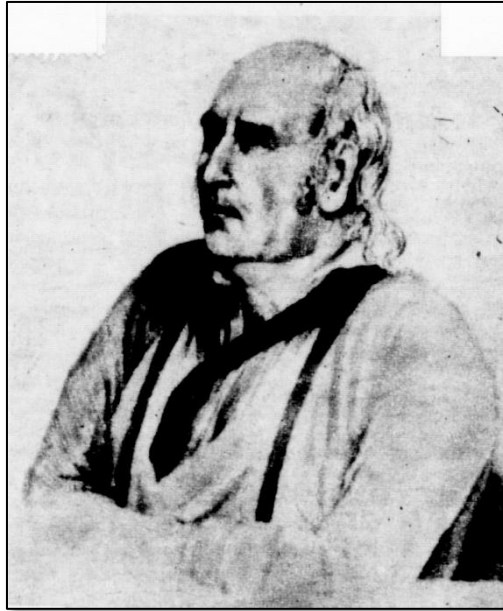
<sup>72</sup> [William Hotham \(1772–1848\)](#)

<sup>73</sup> For another account of these events, which contains extracts from Folger's log and which differs in some of the details, see [this report](#) by the Pitcairn Islands Study Center of the [Pacific Union College](#) in Angwin, California.



II <sup>74</sup>

Callers — Parson Nobbs — The Removal — “Lord” Hill



**John Adams (Alexander Smith),  
the Last of the Mutineers**

It was in 1814 that the next visit was paid, though passing vessels had been seen, and one boat party, at least, must have landed unperceived, for a clasp knife was found lying on the beach beside some coconut shells broken open. Now two British frigates anchored, the *Briton* and the *Tagus*, which were in search of a ship which had been holding up English whalers in the South Sea. Both Captains, Sir Thomas Staines and Pipon, <sup>75</sup> went ashore and were greatly interested, as their Report to Home evidences, in all they saw. The Community had grown to forty. They called on Adams in his home, where he spoke respectfully to them, cap in hand and the while smoothing his scanty locks, the old training at once asserting itself, and he expressed a willingness to return to England and take his chance.

He had reformed himself wholly since those tragic days now passed. The *Bounty*'s Bible and Prayer Book, which Christian had salvaged, were his Rules of Conduct. His people were perfectly in hand, he the Autocrat. His word was Law. He had broken his Country's laws and stood prepared to suffer if it had to be. Despite the fact that both Captains pledged their honour for his perfect safety, the entire Community raised such a frenzied weeping and wailing that he had to fall in with their wishes and remain.

Everything in and around the various homes was shipshape, neat and spotlessly clean. The clothing of all was made from the bark of the mulberry tree. Their cooking was done by heated stones in a

<sup>74</sup> See also *A Link With the Bounty* in the April 1945 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly* in Part VII, and *The Island of Despair (III) : The Coming of the Pitcairners* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>75</sup> [Thomas Staines \(1776–1830\)](#). Captain Philip Pipon.

hole in the ground. Fire was produced by friction. Whilst men and women ate apart — the South Sea custom of old — the latter had a vote on all community matters alike with the men.

The Report of these Captains reaching England, a great interest, this time, was taken in the island both by individuals and the two great Church Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel and for Promoting Christian Knowledge, who by whalers and trading schooners managed to send both books and clothing. The London Missionary Society was not behind the rest. In its Directors Report (see Quarterly Chronicles Vol. 2), they say “In the year 1817, Bibles, Testaments, Prayer Books and Spelling Books were sent out, which have been received and an acknowledgement, signed by John Adams, the Father of the little colony, transmitted to the Treasurer.” But the Home Authorities left their health and possible other needs still severely alone.

In 1819, the East Indiaman *Hercules* called and its kindly Captain <sup>76</sup> left many much needed carpenter’s tools. In 1823, the whaling ship *Cyprus* of London called in for water, and one of its seamen was allowed to remain by Captain Hall <sup>77</sup> at the urgent request of all; another was a runaway. Their names: Buffett and Evans. The former was fairly well educated and the Pitcairners, with Adams at their head, being keen to have their children taught beyond Adams’ ability, now that Young had died, begged him to become Teacher. These two then were received into the little Community and reckoned as one with them. Buffett married a Young; Evans, an Adams.

In 1825, H.M. Sloop *Blossom*, Captain Beechey R.N., <sup>78</sup> fitted out for a voyage of discovery, stayed at Pitcairn for three weeks and reported favorably, as had those before him, but touches upon the question of removal. His letter follows:

Pitcairn Island  
October 21, 1825.

We found all well: the Patriarch still alive and in good health. Their numbers are fast increasing and the earth does not yield as it used, and Adams very reasonably apprehends that a distress and famine will visit the rising generation if they are not removed. He has begged me to solicit the attention of the Government to this point, praying that they will send some ship to transport them all to some place where they can all settle together. They are still very much in want of clothing, their only covering consisting of the wrappers made from the cloth plant, which are no better than their paper and in a shower of rain fall to pieces. Adams has also begged to have a clergyman from the Missionary Society.

In 1828, there came unexpectedly upon the scene, in a launch, one who was to play a prominent and important part in the life ashore. The story of his life up to then is a strange one.

Born in Ireland, not without some mystery as to high parentage, George Hunn Nobbs <sup>79</sup> was educated at his home town, then entered as a boy on the books of H.M.S. *Roebuck*. Transferred to the *Indefatigable*, he visited, by way of Cape Horn, New South Wales, Tasmania, the Cape of Good Hope

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<sup>76</sup> James Henderson, after whom [Henderson Island](#) is named.

<sup>77</sup> Captain John Hall

<sup>78</sup> [Frederick William Beechey \(1796–1856\)](#)

<sup>79</sup> [George Hunn Nobbs \(1799–1884\)](#)

and St Helena. Having circumnavigated the World, he left the navy, still a young man, and was offered a berth on a ship of 18 guns, which went from England to assist the Patriots in their struggle for Liberty on South America's western coast. Arriving at Valparaiso, he found exciting times. He received a Commission as a Sub-lieutenant under Lord Cochrane <sup>80</sup> in the Chilean service. A full Lieutenancy followed, for gallantry in cutting out a Spanish ship of war from under the batteries of Callao. In a severe fight with another Spanish ship, in which he lost 48 out of 64 men, he and the rest were made prisoners. All but four of these prisoners of war were shot, Nobbs and three others being fortunately exchanged for four Spanish officers. Leaving the Chilean service, he reached Naples on his way Home. Making for Messina, his ship foundered, but he was among the saved in one of its boats. Reaching England, he sailed as Chief Mate on a voyage to Sierra Leone, where fever claimed all but the Captain, himself and two negroes. Working their passage back thus badly crippled, he, now in Command, took the same ship back to the fever coast, this time to be himself stricken down and for many weeks hovering between life and death. Having heard much talk of Pitcairn from one of those he had served under, he became attracted to it, and during his convalescence resolved to make his way thither to render a helping hand, if wanted.

Returning to England, he sailed to the Cape in hopes of catching some whaler which might call in at the island during its cruise in Southern waters. Failing this, he made his way to Calcutta, thence across the Pacific to his old haunt of Valparaiso, and thence to Callao, where he chanced to meet one Bunker, <sup>81</sup> formerly master of a merchantman, but who had fallen upon evil times and was endeavouring to fit out an 18 ton launch to make for other parts. Nobbs agreed to finance the needful with all his remaining cash, provided that he became co-proprietor and that the two sail for Pitcairn. This being agreed to, the two set out and in six weeks' time reached the island. But the exposure and lack of sleep, together with a rebuff in a love affair, seems to have told heavily on the older man, for after an attempt at suicide, Bunker died on the island a few weeks later. Nobbs used the launch's timbers to erect a modest home for himself, and thus commenced a connection with the islanders that lasted till 1884, a period of 55 years and a few months.

In Adams he found a true friend for the short time before the last of the Mutineers died, and was a faithful friend himself to that strange Community till his own end came on Norfolk Island, where his body lies. He was born in 1799 and died aged 85. His various duties and advancement will appear as the chronicle of the Pitcairners unfolds. His first was that of School Master. He had had a far superior education to that of Buffett, who somewhat unwillingly retired in his favour. He added to this, that of physician and surgeon, together with a lay Chaplaincy. He married a granddaughter of Christian.

There were things needing a little straightening out, ecclesiastically for one. Adams and Young, in their Day of Reform, had made sad muddle of the Prayer Book. Desiring to follow the Book's orders to the very letter, they held that as Ash Wednesday and Good Friday were laid down as Fasting Days, it followed that every Wednesday and Friday were the same, for its says too that they are Days of Abstinence. The difference between Fasting and Abstinence was quite beyond them. Buffett had been intelligent enough to show Adams his error. He remitted the Wednesdays, but held on to the Fridays till his death, which took place in 1829, in appearance aged far beyond his years, which were but 65. This order was a real hardship, but borne without a murmur through devotion to their Autocrat.

With Adams' death and Nobbs' arrival, the list of true "Pitcairners" ends. Their offspring alone today have right thereto in the succession. He or she must be either of the following: a Christian, Adams, Young, McCoy, Quintal, Mills, Buffett, Evans or Nobbs.

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<sup>80</sup> [Thomas Cochrane \(1775–1860\)](#)

<sup>81</sup> Noah Bunker

In 1829, a Pearl Merchant and Trader in Papeete, Tahiti — Moerenhout<sup>82</sup> by name — paid a visit to Pitcairn, engaging a dozen of the young men as divers in the Gambiers. Returning them when the season was closed, he found fever ravaging the island, brought by a whaler whose sick crew the Pitcairners had housed and nursed back to health. Whaler and men had gone, but the 'flu remained. It was that which finished Adams, the last of the Band of 1790.

In 1830, H.M.S. *Seringapatam* reached the island and Captain Waldegrave<sup>83</sup> brought the first direct gifts from the Home Government to its smallest Colony. Those gifts of agricultural tools were very welcome. The inhabitants now numbered 81.

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To few of these visitors, apart from Captain Beechey, had the islanders expressed any real wish to move. They were content. Though they came of stock who had defied and broken the Law, they were one and all enthusiastic Britishers, devoted subjects of their King and profoundly conscious of their duty to obey Authority. Adams had seen to that. It was this latter feeling that brought about two strange episodes in their history — the Removal to Tahiti and “Lord” Hill’s Governorship.

In 1827, Mr Canning<sup>84</sup> of the Foreign Office took action on Beechey’s report and wrote through the missionary Nott,<sup>85</sup> then Home on leave, to Tahiti as follows (extract):

To King Pomare III

Foreign Office, London. March 3, 1827.

It has become desirable that certain individuals who have been living for many years past on Pitcairn’s Island should be removed from thence to some other settlement in the Pacific. His Majesty has therefore given orders that a ship shall be employed, conveying them and their families to Tahiti, provided you may be willing to receive them into your dominions. The British Government persuades itself that you will not refuse your consent and will be pleased to extend your protection to them. His Majesty trusts that their peaceable and industrious conduct will be found to justify the hospitality and kindness which you may be pleased to show them.

In February of the year 1831, H.M.S. *Comet* arrived at the island and its Captain Sandilands<sup>86</sup> dropped a bombshell upon the contented Community with the news that he had orders to carry the whole lot off to Tahiti. The British Government had provided for a six months’ supply of food. Following closely upon the warship, there came the *Lucy Ann*, from Sydney, to receive them and their belongings. This schooner had been called into service from Norfolk Island, and doubtless the Pitcairners first heard from its crew news of a spot which in the future was to be their Home — at least for some.

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<sup>82</sup> [Jacques Antoine Moerenhout \(1796–1879\)](#). See *M. Moerenhout* in the 25 June 1935 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly in Part VII, and *The Consul Moerenhout* in the Appendix to Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>83</sup> [William Waldegrave \(1788–1859\)](#)

<sup>84</sup> [George Canning \(1770–1827\)](#)

<sup>85</sup> [Henry Nott \(1774–1844\)](#). See *The Missionary Henry Nott* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>86</sup> Alexander A. Sandilands

The unhappy people, whose numbers now had increased by births to 87, were faced with a dilemma. They had no real wish to go, specially now their Leader was dead, but it was an Order from Home. They could not rebel against the Mother Country and, therefore, without any heart in the matter, obeyed.

Pitcairn was deserted, save for some animals which had run wild. Tahiti was reached in March. Before one month was up, they had had enough. The morals of the Tahitians were not to the taste of the strict Pitcairners. The elders saw their younger ones sore tempted and getting out of hand. The change, too, took a heavy toll; 12 died in quick succession of a malignant type of fever wholly unknown to them. Buffett and nine others hired a small schooner and fled before April was out, but four died on the way back and yet another on arrival. The British Consul took pity on the rest, 65, and chartering an American brig, the *Charles Dogett*, Captain William Driver,<sup>87</sup> sent the rest back in September. Five died upon arrival.

That little trip arranged by intermeddlers cost 22 lives. Those who had first fled did not arrive much sooner than their fellows, for the wind was contrary and they were blown to the Western Pacific isles, where a French brig came to their rescue and carried them back to their homes.

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There was one man upon Tahiti who had watched all these proceedings and saw his opportunity. Joshua Hill<sup>88</sup> was a man of close on seventy years when he followed up the Return of the Exiles by landing, himself, on Pitcairn. Then things happened. He gave himself out to be a nobleman from Home, sent by the Government to take over the "Governorship" of the island, and that the men of war on the Pacific Station had been placed under his orders. The simple islanders were overawed by these high claims, but Nobbs, Buffett and Evans, who knew the outside world, made light of his pretensions. Then "Lord" Hill declared war to the death against the three 'foreigners' as he termed them.

Despite the warnings of the three as to the imposture being practised, the fear that in opposing "Lord" Hill they might be defying the Mother Land forced them to submit, and, though most reluctantly, they obeyed his orders. In one matter, and one only, did the elders have cause for gratitude to the grey-haired 'nobleman'. Some of the younger men, through the looseness of life they had seen on Tahiti, determined to follow McCoy's example, and the Ti root was ground once more. This action was stoutly opposed by Nobbs, but he was told to mind his own business. The noble "Lord", upon arrival, quickly settled the matter. He smashed their stills and everything connected with the business, and threatened heavy penalties if the craze for strong drink did not at once abate. He formed the whole island into a Temperance Society and coconut milk and water were once again the drink of all.

Nobbs was dismissed as Schoolmaster and Hill took his place. In the heyday of his power, he sought to win the people from the Church of England to Methodism, but in this they stood firm. But in all else for five years they blindly followed him because to them he represented Authority.

No vessel that could contradict his claims called to relieve the situation, so Hill had full swing. He gave out that he had written to the British Consul at Valparaiso to get the Admiral on the Pacific Station to call and remove the three foreigners. If he did, along with it went some other letters. Nobbs wrote that the man had ordered 'the three foreigners' and their families to be turned out of their homes. Their muskets were taken from them by order of "The Governor of the Commonwealth", and, loaded by him, were kept in his own bedroom for the use of the "magistracy" of the island. Every Sunday he

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<sup>87</sup> [William Driver \(1803–1886\)](#)

<sup>88</sup> [Joshua Hill \(1773–1844?\)](#)

had a loaded musket placed near him in Church to awe the congregation. He threatened, when protests were humbly raised on any matter, to have a Military Assistant Governor with a squad of soldiers sent to him, to put them in subjection. In every possible way, he made the place too hot for the three foreigners and they were glad to escape to Tahiti on a passing vessel. From thence, Buffett wrote to the Admiral, giving further information.

Hill had appointed two “Privy Councillors”, had made laws of his own, built a prison, proposed to send to England for wives for the young men, and had a Riot Act in readiness. Buffett, before his escape, had a taste of the real thing. He had decided to take away his wife and children with him. This reached Hill’s ears. He was brought to trial, the “Lord” being the Judge, the Jury and the Executioner. He was flogged, beaten over the head, a finger broken, and was suspended from a rafter in the Meeting House by his other hand. When the assembled women cried Shame, “Lord” Hill read out his Riot Act and said that he would be justified in shooting them.

Buffett’s sentence by this imposter, as taken from the Island Register kept since Adams’ day, reads as follows:

Pitcairn Island, 5<sup>th</sup> August 1833.

... It only remains with us to declare the sentence of the Law, which is, and the Court doth accordingly adjudge, that you receive forthwith three dozen lashes with a cat upon the bare back and breech, together with a Fine of three barrels of yam or potatoes to be paid within one month, or, in default, an extra barrel will be required for this reiterated Contempt of Court.

Hill had also enacted a law of High Treason, and when Evans humbly requested a copy as a guide to his future conduct, he was ordered to be brought to Court, where Hill tried the case and administered the lash.

Those were high times for His Lordship, and the islanders were submissive as sheep, for had not the Home Authorities sent him? But the end was now not far off. The unhappy Nobbs, with Evans, sought distraction in their exile as Missionaries to the Gambier Islands, but Buffett kept close at Tahiti. He kept also after the Admiral. In 1836, H.M.S. *Actaeon* called at Pitcairn, with Lord Edward Russell<sup>89</sup> in command. Hill had unfortunately given out that he was a near relative to the Duke of Bedford,<sup>90</sup> the father of his Commander. The Imposter was unmasked. Russell reported to his Admiral, who promptly, at last, sent H.M.S. *Imogene*, secured the Fraud and carried him off to Valparaiso. Neither his past nor his future were ever known. The three foreigners returned by the schooners *Olivia* and *Olive Branch*. Peace ruled once more. Obedience to Authority had cost them dear. In a letter written a while later by the Community to friends outside, Hill is let down gently. Their patient souls describe him as “a partially deranged imposter”.

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<sup>89</sup> [Edward Russell \(1805–1887\)](#)

<sup>90</sup> [John Russell, 6th Duke of Bedford \(1766–1839\)](#)



III <sup>91</sup>

“Bad weather” — The Laws of Pitcairn — Nobbs’ luck —  
Norfolk a possibility — Home action — The Removal — The  
Arrival — The Homesick



The rudder of H.M.S. *Bounty*, fished from the sea in 1933, is now on display before the Magistrate’s House on Pitcairn Island. The magistrate, Parkin Christian, stands behind the relic.

In 1838, H.M.S. *Fly* (Captain Elliot) <sup>92</sup> looked in. It was then that the Island was taken formal possession of for Great Britain. None previously had thought action necessary, but the islanders complained to Elliot that lawless whalers had called and had said that they would do as they liked with people and possessions, for the Community could show neither Flag nor written Authority for their claim as a British Dependency. Forthwith the Union Jack was formally hoisted and saluted, and Pitcairn became part of the growing Empire. Its numbers had reached 102, an exact proportion of the sexes, 51 of each.

Now, however, one begins to hear of the health of the islanders giving way, and rumours as to their need of change. In 1841, influenza was very prevalent. Deaths were still rare, though it claimed Christian’s native wife, dubbed by him facetiously *Mainmast* in place of her Tahitian proper name and called by all *Mai’mas’*. She was of great age, the last but one of the original party. But one and all became too weak to work in the plantations, and weeds overran the land. It was this same year that Captain Jones <sup>93</sup> of H.M.S. *Curaçao* raised the charred hull of the old *Bounty* to find its heart of oak still sound.

<sup>91</sup> See also *The Island of Despair (III) : The Coming of the Pitcairners* and *The Island of Despair (IV)* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

<sup>92</sup> Russell Elliot

<sup>93</sup> Jenkin Jones (ca. 1793 – 1843)

In 1843, Elizabeth Island, one hundred and twenty miles off, was visited by some of the Islanders, but they brought back a wholly unfavorable report as to change. In 1844, H.M.S. *Basilisk* called and left a sonorous bell for the islanders for calling worshippers to Church. For years, a horn had been used, and, when worn out, a musket shot took its place.

In 1845, half of the population, which had now reached 122, were down with new sicknesses, rheumatism, skin diseases, consumption and asthma, whilst a cyclone had destroyed their boats; two hundred coconut trees had been swept into the sea; a plantation holding a thousand yams had been washed out; and plantains without number destroyed. That year saw the recovery of two of the *Bounty*'s guns after a 55 years' burial in the deep. One was found spiked; the other was mounted for use on festal occasions, which even the cyclone could not banish from their minds. That unspiked gun, eight years later, was to claim the life of the island's then Chief Magistrate McCoy, who inadvertently using a ramrod made of a house rafter with a nail at the end, the friction of the latter caused a premature explosion. He wished to fire a parting Salute to the good ship H.M.S. *Virago*. The Captain and the Surgeon hastened ashore on hearing the cries of the people. To make sure of no such further tragedy, the Captain spiked that gun also. One of those two guns I saw when staying for awhile on Norfolk Island.

The same year, 1845, Buffett was in Honolulu and saw the British Consul General Miller.<sup>94</sup> On his return, the following letter was sent to him:

February 12, 1846

Hon. Sir

Mr John Buffett has told of your kind offer to the inhabitants of this island; we decline accepting it at present, but we will take the matter into consideration, and if after this we approve of it, we will write and inform you of it; at the same time, dear Sir, we thank you most kindly for your offer.

Arthur Quintal  
Chief Magistrate

In 1849, the record is again of much sickness. Two men of war called. The *Daphne* brought a bull and cow — to the dismay of the islanders, their lives were short — as also rabbits. The Home Government was evidently not again contemplating a removal. But the *Pandora*'s Captain reported Home that the small area of the island was calling the attention of the islanders to the need of change, but they wanted an unoccupied island where there would be none to interfere with them.

In September 1850, Susannah (or Sarah), the last survivor of those who reached the island sixty years before, she being at the time fifteen years of age, passed off the scene.

Mr Brodie,<sup>95</sup> a roamer, and four others, one being Carleton,<sup>96</sup> the Supercargo, were this year suddenly marooned upon Pitcairn, their ship being blown out to sea. He spent a fortnight there, before another passing vessel was signalled and their journey continued. There was room for but two. Carleton and

<sup>94</sup> [William Miller \(1795–1861\)](#). See Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, Chapter 10, Note #3.

<sup>95</sup> [Walter Brodie \(1811–1884\)](#)

<sup>96</sup> [Hugh Francis Carleton \(1810–1890\)](#)

Brodie sailed, but the other three — amongst whom was the notorious Baron de Thierry,<sup>97</sup> “King” of the Marquesan islands and other wild ventures — had longer to wait before escaping. Carleton, possessed of much musical talent, used his enforced leisure in forming a singing class and bringing order out of chaos both as to time and tune, so that his memory abides to this day.<sup>98</sup>

Brodie took letters Home from both Nobbs and Buffett to the Government admitting the need of removal, though the islanders dreaded the change. If an uninhabited island could be found, they would bow to the inevitable, all but a few who would never leave. Though eventually all did move, we shall see that these latter kept their word by returning, and their descendants are the Pitcairners of today.

Brodie, on reaching England in 1851, started a Pitcairn Island Fund to purchase necessities for the people, and published a book<sup>99</sup> in which is the first public mention of Norfolk as a possible home. He wrote “Should the Home Authorities finally decide upon abandoning Norfolk Island as a penal settlement, which report says there is a chance of, then a more beautiful or suitable location could scarcely be found.”

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It is through this visit of Brodie that we have on record “The Laws of Pitcairn”. The quaintness of some of them merit a note.

A Public Journal shall be kept by the Magistrate and shall, from time to time, be read out, so that none shall make excuse through ignorance.

If a dog kill a goat, the owner of the dog must pay the damage, but should suspicion rest on no particular dog, the owners of dogs generally must pay the damage.

If a fowl be trespassing in a garden, the proprietor of the garden is allowed to shoot and keep it, while the owner of the fowl be obliged to return the charge of powder and shot expended in killing the bird.

If any person under the age of ten shall kill a cat, he or she shall receive corporal punishment; if anyone between the ages of ten and fifteen shall kill a cat, he or she shall pay a fine of twenty-five dollars; any master of a family killing a cat shall be fined forty dollars.

Carving upon trees is forbidden.

No females are allowed to go onboard a vessel without permission of the Magistrate. If he does not go onboard the boat himself, he is to appoint four men to look after them.

Perhaps, as to this last Law, they had learned a lesson from two maidens, who, alone in all the years, out of their small community, had been won “for keeps” by rollicking Jack Tars.<sup>100</sup> Back in 1817, Jenny had been won by an American onboard the *Sultan*, and in 1826, Jane had gone off in the *Lovely* for London. They never returned.

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<sup>97</sup> [Charles Philippe Hippolyte de Thierry \(1793–1864\)](#)

<sup>98</sup> Regarding Carleton’s music class, see Chapter VI of [The Island, the People, and the Pastor](#) by Rev Thomas Boyles Murray (London, 1853).

<sup>99</sup> [Pitcairn’s Island and the Islanders in 1850](#) by Walter Brodie (London, 1851).

<sup>100</sup> [Jack Tar](#) was a common English term originally used to refer to seamen of the Merchant or Royal Navy, particularly during the period of the British Empire.

The year 1852 was an eventful one for Nobbs. Rear Admiral Moresby <sup>101</sup> called in his Flagship, the *Portland*. He was a man of deeply religious fervor and at once became most anxious that the islanders should have the full privileges of Mother Church, which they could not do, since Nobbs, their nominal chaplain, was but a layman. The Admiral offered not only to pay Nobbs' passage home for ordination, with £100 to help him upon arrival, but to carry his daughter to Valparaiso, there to be taught sewing and other domestic duties at his expense. Nobbs' son Reuben was also to be taken there for his health, he having accidentally shot himself through the groin whilst out hunting goats run wild.

This generous offer of the old sailor was accepted with unbounded joy by the whole Community. That they should not suffer during Nobbs' absence, the Admiral left his own Chaplain, Mr. Holman, <sup>102</sup> on the island. Father, son and daughter therefore went off, Nobbs himself amazed at his good fortune. Poor Lay Chaplain! His Sunday Bests had long felt the effect of constant service since landing in 1828. Years before this offer came, he had written "My one remaining black coat has to be reserved for marriages and burials." Even that had gone, and now he was to be a real Parson.

He reached Home; was ordained readily by the Bishop of London; made much of; presented to Queen Victoria; preached from many pulpits; through his presence, much money was raised. Brodie's Pitcairn Island Fund was placed under a controlling Committee, the most pressing needs of the Pitcairners were purchased and £500 reserved.

Nobbs, the Parson now, set out on his return to be picked up with son and daughter at Valparaiso by the Admiral, and the Bishop of London had added Pitcairn Island to his Diocesan duties, for all Colonies without Bishops were his charge. He had placed Nobbs on the S.P.G. <sup>103</sup> list of Missionaries and, as "Chaplain of Pitcairn Island", was assigned the princely salary of £50 a year.

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The year 1853 saw much of moment to the island. In January, Mr Nicolas, <sup>104</sup> the British Consul on Tahiti, visited Pitcairn in H.M.S. *Virago*, the first ship to be seen by the islanders propelled by steam, and Chief Magistrate McCoy (to meet his death as the ship left) told him that the distinct wish of the people was for removal to Norfolk Island. He took action thereon, as will be seen, and things were moving at Home. As the full-fledged Chaplain left England for his flock, a despatch went at the same time from the Secretary of State for the Colonies to Governor Denison <sup>105</sup> of New South Wales referring to that Governor's proposal to evacuate Norfolk Island. "This place has been suggested as fit for the reception of the small body of settlers now existing on Pitcairn's Island," and asks (a) How soon Norfolk Island would be empty? (b) What buildings and land would be available? (c) What arrangements were possible at his end for transfer, if such was approved?

Captain Prevost <sup>106</sup> had brought gifts with him on the *Virago*. He had with him cages containing songsters to make up for lack of them on the island, and Lord Palmerston had been thinking of the islanders for he had sent along roses, myrtle and some fig trees. The Captain added to all these as much varied provisions as he could spare, but they were sparse.

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<sup>101</sup> [Fairfax Moresby \(1786–1877\)](#)

<sup>102</sup> William Henry Holman

<sup>103</sup> [Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts](#), founded in 1701.

<sup>104</sup> Busvargus Toup Nicolas (1819–1859), son of [John Toup Nicolas \(1788–1851\)](#).

<sup>105</sup> [William Thomas Denison \(1804–1871\)](#)

<sup>106</sup> [James Charles Prevost \(1810–1891\)](#)

Late in the same year, Admiral Moresby reappeared, bringing back the Reverend George Hunn Nobbs, his daughter, who had greatly profited by her opportunities, and the son, whose health was waning fast. The new arrivals found things in a very bad way since the *Virago* left. For months past, the islanders had been living on berries, pumpkins, coconuts and beans. Their Pastor records that “hunger had nearly worn them to the bone.” To the good Admiral they handed a Statement (agreed to by all this time) as follows: “As regards the necessity of removing to some other island or place, it is very evident that the time is not far distant when Pitcairn Island will be altogether inadequate to the rapidly increasing population, and the inhabitants do unanimously agree in soliciting the aid of the British Government in transferring them to Norfolk Island or some other appropriate place.”

With the Admiral went his own Chaplain once more, and the Reverend Nobbs now took up his old duties, with additional spiritual powers. He and his flock had to wait with what patience they could, and on terribly “short commons” for what next might happen.

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The decision to accede to their wishes and remove them was sent to Pitcairn from the Society Islands by Mr Nicolas, the British Consul for that Group, in the following letter:

To the Pitcairn Islanders.

Raiatea, July 5<sup>th</sup>, 1854.

My dear Friends,

In accordance with your wishes conveyed to me through your late lamented Chief Magistrate McCoy, I addressed the Earl of Malmesbury <sup>107</sup> on the subject of your removal, either wholly or in part, to Norfolk Island, provided the Government would consent to cede it to you... Norfolk Island will be available for settlement of the Pitcairn Islanders, or as many as will remove thither, by the end of the year 1854. Her Majesty's Government will also take measures to provide a vessel which shall call off Pitcairn's Island towards the close of that year for the purpose of removing the people to Norfolk Island.

While communicating this intelligence to you, I am at the same time to acquaint you that you must be pleased to understand that Norfolk Island cannot be ceded to the Pitcairn Islanders, but that grants of allotments of land will be made to the different families. And I am desired to further let you know that it is not intended, at present, to allow any other class to settle or reside or occupy land upon the Island.

But 1854 passed and no ship appeared. Officialdom moved slowly in New South Wales, from whence the transfer brig would come. Governor Denison wanted to be sure of his ground.

In April 1855, Captain Fremantle <sup>108</sup> in H.M.S. *Juno* arrived, sent by Denison to find out if the islanders were really willing. Some had evidently gone back to their first resolve, for a vote being taken, 153 were for removing and 34 against. These latter wanted to know what protection and help would be given those who preferred to remain. The Captain could promise neither. They weakened and appeared to fall in with the rest. The Captain reporting back, the Governor now hired the

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<sup>107</sup> [James Howard Harris, 3rd Earl of Malmesbury \(1807–1889\)](#)

<sup>108</sup> [Charles Howe Fremantle \(1800–1869\)](#)



*Morayshire* at a cost of £4,500 to effect the transfer, and in it went Lieutenant Gregory of the *Juno* to supervise and warn the waverers. Denison wrote, through him, that should any refuse, they must do so in the face of a warning that such a step would isolate them more than ever.

In April 1856, the *Morayshire* (Captain Mathers) dropped anchor off Pitcairn and on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May, all were embarked, with their possessions and livestock. The parting was a wrench. Here is what Nobbs wrote in his diary: “May 3<sup>rd</sup>. Breakfast eaten with heavy hearts. My family being amongst those appointed to embark first, Mrs Nobbs and I went previously to the graveyard where lie the remains of our first born,” (the Reuben aforementioned). And as writes another, every family had a like visit to pay as they parted from a Home where nearly all of them had been born, where many of them had been married, and where each was leaving amid the peaceful dead, a father, a mother, a brother, sister, child or sweetheart. The Community numbered that day 194, consisting of 40 adult males, 47 adult females, 54 boys and 53.

That was no pleasant voyage. There was 2,200 miles to traverse over what proved a boisterous sea. It took a full month, and despite the fact that all had lived their life in canoes and were half fish in their dexterity in the water, the women and children and most of the men were desperately seasick. There was no surgeon onboard, nor attendants for those in need, save a kindly disposed crew. Here Parson Nobbs was in his element, a host in himself, a good sailor, a bit of a doctor, and a cheerful soul.

At last, the new Home hove in sight, and with the usual big heartedness of a sailor, Captain Denham<sup>109</sup> of H.M.S. *Herald*, on hydrographic work in Norfolk waters, had delayed his departure to lend a helping hand and cheer the weary travellers with a sight of their beloved men-of-war. Captain Fremantle of H.M.S. *Juno* was also on the scene with like kindly intent.

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There had been left on Norfolk Island, when the last convict had gone, 1855, an Assistant Commissary Storekeeper, Stewart,<sup>110</sup> With him were a few others to look after things till the Pitcairners arrived, and start things going. And did ever Colonists in the whole history of the world find such gifts awaiting them! The Home Government was not going to do things by halves. Here is the Record, and all for 194 souls: 81 Buildings, in perfect condition, including homes, chapel, schoolroom, hospital, workshops and mills; household furniture in each home; 1300 sheep, 430 cattle, 22 horses, 10 swine, fowls beyond count; 45,500 pounds of biscuit, maize, flour, rice and groceries; 16,000 pounds of hay; 5000 pounds of straw; with six months’ supply of potatoes and peas coming fast from Sydney. Besides all these, there were sheds full of ploughs, harrows, carts and garden tools. They found the land tilled, roads made, rivulets bridged. None of the pioneer’s hardships for this Community. It surely stands alone, in our history, as a monument of the Old Mother’s love for her far off children.

They landed on the 8<sup>th</sup> of June 1856, a Day of Remembrance for “Norfolkers” for all time. They were amazed. “Everything astonished us,” writes one. “The size of the houses, the great height of the rooms, the number of cattle, the oxen yoked to the carts.” Many of the younger had never seen horses before, and the implements and carpenters’ tools were a nine days wonder.<sup>111</sup>

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<sup>109</sup> [Henry Mangles Denham \(1800–1887\)](#)

<sup>110</sup> Thomas Samuel Stewart

<sup>111</sup> Nine days wonder: a novelty that loses its appeal after a few days.



The Orders were for each family to be provided with a house and to get a share of all the supplies, the overplus to be stored as common property, to be shared out later or sold outside for the benefit of all.

A few days passed; things were set running, then the *Herald*, the *Juno* and the *Morayshire* up anchor and away. The former Pitcairners were left alone, except for a Corporal's Guard of Assistants, in their new possessions. "We are very busy. Some of us are having lessons, from those left to help us, in ploughing, milking, sheep shearing and grinding corn." They soon learned how to ride those horses. The furniture was a puzzle to arrange; it was so overpowering that the youngsters stole off with many a piece to enjoy a roaring bonfire. One of their first acts, however, was to plant their much loved Kumera or sweet potato; nothing was quite so good as that.

Those grim walls and gaols could not fail to awe and impress those simple souls. Another writes, "Think of us in the Church which had formerly been occupied with the Outcasts of Society, then imagine us in the graveyard filled with mounds that contained hundreds of their bodies. I went through the prisons; no sound was there. It was harrowing to be continually stepping on bolts and shackles, and requiring much strength to swing on their hinges the ponderous doors of cells and dungeons. It seemed to me that here, even the very air was forbidden to enter." To the Chaplain those gruesome sights must have recalled his own working in the chained gang on the batteries of Callao, and his own near call to stand before a firing party, as many a fellow white man had done within Kingston's walls.

Of those who landed on the eventful day — at present 76 years gone by <sup>112</sup> — four still survive, so far as is known to the writer, one of them a boy, Cornish Quintal, who was then 16, the other three but children. <sup>113</sup>

But the first flush of the new conditions over, those nigh two score who had held out against removal began to look over the sea to the island of their birth. They seemed wholly unable to forget; nothing compensated for what they had left behind. They were Homesick. In December 1858, a little over two years since the change, the first lot went, sixteen in number, three adults and thirteen children, who hired a schooner, the *Mary Ann*, and despite the wrench of parting with the rest, sailed back. They were the Youngs and the McCoys.

The return of those sixteen kept Pitcairn Island as a British possession. Captain Proby Doughty R.N., calling later, learned from the islanders that a Frenchman's schooner, *La Josephine*, arrived the day after their landing, whose Captain was greatly surprised to find Pitcairn reoccupied. The French were out for all the isles they could secure in the South Sea. They held Tahiti, the Marquesas, the Australs, the Tuamotus, the Gambiers and Rapa. Now was the chance of Pitcairn. They failed, but only by one day, even as they failed similarly for the South Sea island of New Zealand.

The new arrivals found clear evidence that the island had been occupied since their departure and a slate was soon lighted upon on which was scratched the information that part of the crew of the American ship *Wildwave*, wrecked on Oeno Island, an Atoll some eighty miles distant, had reached Pitcairn, where they built a sturdy boat which carried them away. As a fact, these men reached Tahiti, whence the U.S. sloop of war *Vandalia* made for Oeno and rescued the rest of the *Wildwave*'s crew.

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<sup>112</sup> WWB visited Norfolk Island in 1925, but wrote this text in 1932.

<sup>113</sup> WWB subsequently added the following in his notebook, on the blank page opposite: "*Aunt Rachel*" died August 1933, aged 84. "*Uncle Cornish*" died February 1934, aged 92. *Parkin Christian* died August 1940, aged 86. "*Aunt Selina*" died March 1943, aged 87.

In October 1860, H.M.S. *Calypso* paid a flying visit. Two years passed before another caller came, when in October 1862, H.M.S. *Charybdis* stayed for a day.

They came near to a tragedy just prior to the return of the second contingent, when a Peruvian slave ship called and endeavoured to secure the attendance aboard of the families ashore on the pretense of hospitality. Growing suspicious at his eagerness, two went off alone, got aboard and saw the truth for themselves.

In December 1863 — five years later — there was another stirring in the hive and 27 went, 10 adults and 17 children, in the schooner *St Kilda*. They were Christians, Youngs, Mills and Buffets. Together they number today 174. There are no other names of original Pitcairners upon the island; the rest are outsiders intermarried or wholly outsiders.

On Norfolk Island, the term “Pitcairners” is used only for those who landed in 1856. They dead, the name will cease to be used — an honored Name of the Past. All others call themselves “Norfolkers” and that name will remain.

With the resettlement of Pitcairn, this historical sketch finds a fitting conclusion.

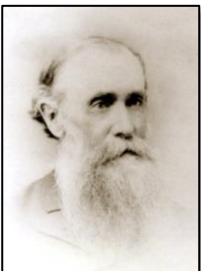
#### Note.

The Pitcairners of today are Seventh Day Adventists. They have discarded the Church of their forefathers. When they returned from Norfolk Island, they were wholly without spiritual ministration. Parson Nobbs remained on Norfolk. The Home Authorities and the Missionary Societies had either grown cold over Pitcairn or were ignorant of the situation.

Young men were needed for white men’s plantations on Raiatea in the Society Group. They heard that those of Pitcairn were possibly available. They sent. Some came. The Adventists of Raiatea, ever on the lookout for fresh fields, heard of the vacant ground. They saw their opportunity and seized it, sending in October 1886 their missionary, John I. Tay, an American, and Pitcairn changed its religious opinion of the Sabbath, together with acceptance of the other peculiar tenets of the new Faith — none dissenting.<sup>114</sup>

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<sup>114</sup> An account of the conversion of Pitcairn can be found on the website of the Pitcairn Islands Study Center of Pacific Union College [here](#). John I. Tay:



ACROSS TAHITI AFOOT <sup>115</sup>

## I

It simply had to be done, that crossing over and through the mountains from West to East. That it had seldom been done by white men in all the past years, and is rarely done today, only added zest to the undertaking. The start was made from Mateia, <sup>116</sup> 27 miles from Papeete, the Course from that village on the one coast to Papenoo on the other, the Way lying up the Vaihira River to the Lake of that name — the only one on Tahiti — which has to be swam; thence a climb over the Col d'Orufaaa, <sup>117</sup> a sharp descent into the valleys through which the Papenoo River winds, and a following of that stream down to its mouth, where the village lies. The experience taught me two things which I would fain pass on to others; first, that the course should be reversed, i.e., it should be from Papenoo to Mateia; and, second, to wait in Papeete till Papenoo's Chief sends word in assuring of fine weather. He knows. One lives to learn.

I had as my companion McComish, <sup>118</sup> a New Zealander who had long wanted to make the crossing, but could find no one ready to adventure. We were both in good training, long tramps and careful living had put us in fine fettle, <sup>119</sup> hard as nails. It was stamina and our native assistants alone that pulled us through. It is no trip for weaklings at the best of times. Consulting Papeete's residents as to the best month, and August being given me, I waited patiently towards its close. <sup>120</sup> Reaching Mateia, where we housed at a friend's country home, we secured three guides with the euphonious names of Tehea, Tainoa and Te: the two first named, pure Tahitians, the last, a native of Rarotonga, who, unlike the others, had not yet made the trip, but greatly wished to. With my companion in his 40's and they in their 30's, myself with the two ages added together, <sup>121</sup> we were a diversified party as to ages, but happily not in endurance. The men proved themselves indomitable, very goats for surefootedness and great of strength.

We had laid in supplies for a four days' trip at the outside, none supposing that it could last longer. We carried no luxuries, tinned meat, cheese, biscuit, tea and sugar sufficing, neither dishes, pot nor pan. Assured by our men that we must pack nothing but ourselves, they took the lot, ourselves with but light knapsacks of added clothing. Tahitians do not sling their burden on their backs, but attach the goods — here packed close in a kerosene can — to the ends of a seven foot pole, binding all firmly on with strips of bark, and balancing the pole on the shoulder, move swiftly on flat, on up or down grade, the balance always perfect. Ours were not light loads, yet the men never hesitated to add to them when they came across aught which might prove useful later on. It was worth the trip if only to see such feats of strength as those men showed, when — fording four and forty times, by my careful

<sup>115</sup> A somewhat different version of this chapter was published in the bulletin of the University School, [The Black and Red, Number 56, June 1929, page 53.](#)

<sup>116</sup> The current spelling is *Mataiea*.

<sup>117</sup> See *Lake Vaihira* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, which has a photo of the lake, and *Lake Vaihira* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*. Instead of the *Col d'Orufaaa*, in the former WWB has the "hog's back" of a spur of *Orafara*, while in the latter he has the "hog's back" of a spur of *Orofena*.

<sup>118</sup> Captain J.D. McComish; see his letter, which he sent from his home in Sydney, in the 19 August 1936 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 23–24, *Work of Mr. Bolton*, in Part VII.

<sup>119</sup> *Fettle*: condition.

<sup>120</sup> Given that WWB moved from Victoria to Tahiti in 1928 and that this story was published in the June 1929 edition of the bulletin of the University School (see the footnote above), this adventure probably took place at the close of August 1928.

<sup>121</sup> WWB turned 70 on 3 July 1928.

count, the Papenoo stream in flood, its bed nothing but a mass of smooth, slippery, uneven boulders — the rushing waters reaching their chests, they raised the weighty poles with two, sometimes only one hand above their heads, and though time and again swept off their feet and wholly disappearing, pack first, then man rose again to the surface and fought on till the farther shore was gained.

The weather had been fine the whole month so far, but Mateia, “The Pathway of the Rain”, was waiting for us. Sunday night, a three-quarters’ moon had an ominous ring around it, and before daylight came, rain began to fall. The clouds lay low and heavy in the mountains, but it was not in us to cry halt. We two were game; the men smiled grimly, nor showed desire to quit. Let it rain! And Nature took us at our word and showed what it could do. We saw no glimpse of sun for four days; it poured ceaselessly day and night. On Friday, fitful glimpses were granted us in the afternoon, and as Saturday wore on, and Nature saw us undefeated, it gave up the fight and five bedraggled, soaked and ragged-footed men walked into Papenoo under the first real warmth of the week. We completed what we had begun. But why begin such foolish thing, when grey hairs call for Resting! Because some there are who refuse to grow old. The Spirit of Enterprise is the Spirit of Youth, that ceased to be called upon, Age soon enfeebles. Youth and manhood dares; why not full Age?

In this fine tramp, brimful of interest, it was not the raging waters nor wet clothes for a week, with bed of sopping ground or bracken, blanketless, where lay the real danger, but in injury to ankle or limb through needless haste, or scratch of the poison lantana as one heedlessly forced one’s way through the undergrowth. I made it plain — as in all adventures of late years — that my strength must be the common denominator all the way, my pace the rate of progress. We came through entirely unharmed, a bit footsore that was all, for river beds, mile upon mile, of boulders are not cement paved roads — and boots were out of the question. We, in tennis shoes; the natives, shoeless, their calloused feet seemingly impervious to feeling. Yet at the last, they produced from those kerosene cans sandals of rags, which they strapped on with bark. I gathered that it was to give them surer footing in the riverbed, but for all that they went right under like ourselves.

The Vaihiria River at our start — with its 69 crossings, none above the waistline — was a bagatelle, the trail clear and largely free of obstruction, though we were in the woods from the very first. A gradual ascent of 1,400 feet brought us to the Lake, a fairly circular half-mile sheet of water in length and a third of a mile in breadth, lying amid entrancing mountains, from the heights of which half a hundred waterfalls were cascading. There is no visible outlet to this lake, the water escaping underground for some distance, whence issuing it forms the river. There is also no defined shoreline, a long waist-high grass grows right to the water’s edge, and the only shelter we could find for a snack was a rock formation which one might, with a stretch of imagination, call a Cave.

Our immediate business was the construction of rafts, not for ourselves, but for our goods. Four of these were made by cutting down the trunks of the wild banana, known as Fei. (The fruit is a vegetable, never eaten raw, but baked.) Eight-foot lengths were joined, four together, by means of pegs, easily driven through the soft pulp by aid of a stone. Two uprights with forks were driven into the top of each raft, with a cross beam in the forks to which our packs were firmly bound, and such clothing as we chose to discard. Three of these rafts having pushed off, the swimmers took their position behind them, holding and pushing the raft before them with their hands, the means of propulsion their feet. The fourth raft, we noticed, held nothing, and I found it was to be mine. Those men would not allow me to go alone for the water is always deadly cold and, as they said, Age is liable to cramp, so myself at one side and Tainoa at the other, each holding on to a peg by one hand, we used the other and our feet as oars. McComish spurned a raft, game to the core and, alone, he swam the chilly waters. The journey was naturally slow, but the strange fleet made shore at last. Beating warmth into our bodies, we headed towards the Divide, following up a strongly rushing stream coming from that direction, and eight hours from the start, made Camp for the fast approaching

night. A limited space a few feet above a miniature cataract was cleared of small growth and a lean-to hastily constructed of such timber as could be found, the leaves of handy Fei — no coconut to be seen — laid on as roofing, and beneath this shelter we got a small fire going, boiled our water in one of the kerosene cans, had supper and lay down on ground and leaves soaking wet, our heads and trunks protected, but our legs in the deluge for our only timber was short of length.

We had hoped to have seen the strange fish of the lake, but to do so we should have had to camp and await their pleasure. It is an eel and nature has provided its food in the shape of shrimps. From the peculiar formation of its fins, which, as broad as a man's hands, lie close to its mouth, it is known as the Ear Eel. It is a sluggish creature. Natives secure it not with hook and line, but walking round the edge, the eel is to be seen lying lazily in the grass, its head out of water. It is easily secured with a hooked stick. With a measurement of four feet and a girth of nigh a foot, it is a toothsome dainty to natives. It has never been known to attack the pedal extremities of a swimmer, of which we two white men were glad to hear.

## II

Breakfast over, we made for the Divide, a sort of shoulder 2,800 feet above sea level between two towering peaks. It was a stiff climb in spots, the so-called 'trail' being little else than a mud slide. By noon we had made it, for the huge knives of the natives had often to slowly cut a path so rapidly does the undergrowth spring up, and we stood looking down upon the headwaters of the Papenoo, with the mighty Orohena mountain to our left, its towering summit hidden in the rain clouds. We found the descent a tricky proposition in places, and reaching one of the huge swamps which are designated as the Central Plateau, we wallowed in mud up to our knees. Owing to the numerous wild cattle trails, our men here got off the line and we spent till late in the afternoon endeavouring to find the way to a further and still more precipitous drop to the right fork of the river. There was nothing for it but to make camp in the swamp, and this we did, finding a slight elevation with an adorable orange tree laden with fruit. No Fei, no Palm. Again a lean-to with such cover as any old leaves afforded. We kept a fire going the whole night long.

With break of day, two of the men went off to find that trail and striking it where clear, traced it back to find that we were camped upon it. Once again we plunged into the morass, at last reached solid ground, dropped hundreds of feet in no time, struck the Fork and with it the "Upper Cave". Here the last white man this way, willfully determining to cross alone, lay injured, waiting till help might come, and foreseeing death scratched a last message to his sister in Papeete on a kerosene can lying handy. That same can we handled, the writing marks we saw, but the wording undecipherable. He was saved from Papenoo. The Cave is a dry one, of two fairly roomy departments, the haunt of wild pigs. Its shelter was inviting from the steady downpour, but we were behind time and pressed on to the "Lower Cave", less comfortable, we had been told, but nearer to our goal. Now crossings began and fifteen times we forded a steadily deepening stream before we reached our camping ground, where another fork joins, thus forming the Pua tributary, here so fierce a current and of such depth that the men declared that even did we desire to go further that day, the thing was quite impossible, for progress meant a crossing, the side we were on blocked by impassable rock. So under Mount Mauru's spur we halted for our third night.

That Lower Cave may be delightful in fine weather, but as a cave and shelter in bad weather, it is a mockery. The roof drips, not in spots, but over every foot of it, its floor soaked; there was not a dry spot therein. To keep the rain from driving in, the men built a lean-to at the entrance. For mattresses,

they found fern. A good fire was now impossible; all wood was soaked, but happily a couple of fallen orange tree trunks were hit upon, which gave a blaze, and saved us from being smoked out. We slept well, and at daybreak, stepping to the tributary's edge, the decision was "Impossible". It was not a stream; it was a cataract. We were marooned, yet this day should have seen us in Papenoo and home. We hugged the cave, ate sparingly, smoked the same, chatted in four languages, and as darkness at length fell, did our best to sleep the long night away. So went our fourth night.

Once again at the water's side, the evidence was overwhelming that none but those with wings could cross. We were most certainly not going to retrace our steps, so 'rationed' ourselves. Matches were still plentiful and dry, tobacco very low. Tehea disappeared for hours, returning with a godsend. He had found a bearing orange tree and brought a sack load home, together with three fallen coconuts. Those nuts were both old and strong of scent, but they certainly helped out. Fei does not thrive so high up the mountainsides. That afternoon we saw the sun, and the rain became a drizzle. It did not rain that fifth night, and we rose determined to fight rather than to starve, for our breakfast left our cupboard almost bare.

The sky was sullen, giving way, however, only in slight showers. The tributary had fallen, yet when having packed and bidden a glad farewell to our prison house of three nights and two days, and we reached where we must cross, those natives stood long and talked. They seemed to hesitate. We feared an order to return. It is nonsense for white men to think they know better than natives the ways and secrets of their homeland, where'er it be. But no. They turned and said, "We will put you through to Papenoo if you dare venture it or drown in the attempt." Of course, we dared. Then into the raging stream strode the powerful Tainoa and, with pack above his head, began fighting his way. Now the water was up to his shoulders, now he disappeared, but his pack was to be seen, now far below he reappeared and, gaining his feet, stood on the farther shore. Returning opposite to us, he unwound a rope, all too short, but just sufficient to stretch across the deepest part of the river's bed. Tehea now strode down the bank and into the stream and, catching the loose end of the rope, drew it taut. They hailed us to come out to them. Each of us in turn plunged in, and, reaching Tehea, grasped the rope with one hand whilst with the other we swam, passing hand over hand till we reached shore. Discarding the rope, Tehea and Te followed with their packs, each disappearing, but winning out. For one passage later in the day, that rope came into play again; that was where the tributary met the river proper and there was a very proper tumult of waters. The rest of the crossings were made by hand. Not one would they allow me to make alone. McComish made several, but only when they felt sure that it was in his power; his is a powerful and athletic frame. Having crossed themselves with their packs, two (or one for me alone) would return. Locking our left arm under their right, and fingers interlocked we fought our way across together. Time and again we were under and being swept down, but rose together, swimming, landing always far below our hoped for spot. It was a splendid tussle every time, and all that day it lasted, and all done upon a breakfast of two small biscuits, a cup of tea and oranges.

As the Papenoo broadened out, the depth slowly lessened and the last crossing was only chest deep. Twice we escaped a fording by clambering along the mountain edge which hemmed in the river. It was not easy, but here the men said the river was too much for them, too deep and swift, with a deadly undercurrent. Tired those men must have been — indeed, they owed to it when all was over — but there was no let up to them. They said they would land us in Papenoo that day and they were not going to fail. When occasionally we struck a piece of goodly trail through bamboo bottom lands as we made from ford to ford, we made fast time. A jog trot was delightful after the chill of the river. But not even chill could dampen the ardour of those men. On that gruelling day for them, towards the end, espying an eel in a back wash, they counted it as provender not to be refused. Dropping their loads, they attacked it with their great knives and nigh decapitated it. It was a huge thing and weighty, yet Tehea added it to his load with glee, to bear to his home as a Sabbath tit-bit for him and his.



The Papenoo winds about like a serpent; there seemed no end to its turns, but every turn opened out new beauty. For all the care as to foothold on the stretches of the oft low banks we walked, I missed little of the scenery, especially when the sun at last shone upon us and all was clear to the very summits of the mountains. Waterfalls everywhere, some with straight fall, others taking leap after leap. An artist or photographer would be entranced. Central Tahiti and the valley of the Papenoo are a lovely to the eye, but locked fast by Nature, to be opened only by the adventurous and the strong. Yet once, in long past time, the lower reaches of that valley must have teemed with human life, for where the Pua and the main stream meet are the remains of a marae known as Mariūti, its stones still largely in place. Here was a Chief's Council Place and where the god of those waters was pacified by human sacrifice when flood and danger threatened.

As that strenuous day wore on to a close, Tehea told us that there were but four more crossings and an hour would bring us to the sea. Here then we rested, and divided between us every atom of our remaining 'grub', together with the last pinch of my tobacco. Thus refreshed, we pushed on, and soon plunged in, now but three; close to, another, now but two; hardly our breath again, when another, now but one; that last, the 44<sup>th</sup>, we went through with a whoop. Now a fine trail, the end in sight. We clipped that last mile off in good shape, turned into Papenoo, and made straight for Chief Terii-rōō's<sup>122</sup> home. To the villagers, we looked a sorry sight. They could not believe that we had come through. The Chief — a big, cheery fellow — could not do enough for us. Into his best room we were ushered, drying towels were given us, strong drink poured down our throats, bowls of tea, fresh meat and bread placed before us. Then — myself wrapped in that Chief's great coat, a thing for Arctic weather — he put all five of us into his fine auto and, heading fast for Papeete, landed us by 7 p.m. at the Diademe<sup>123</sup> — my Home — where host and hostess overwhelmed us with attention. We had won — despite the Rain and River.

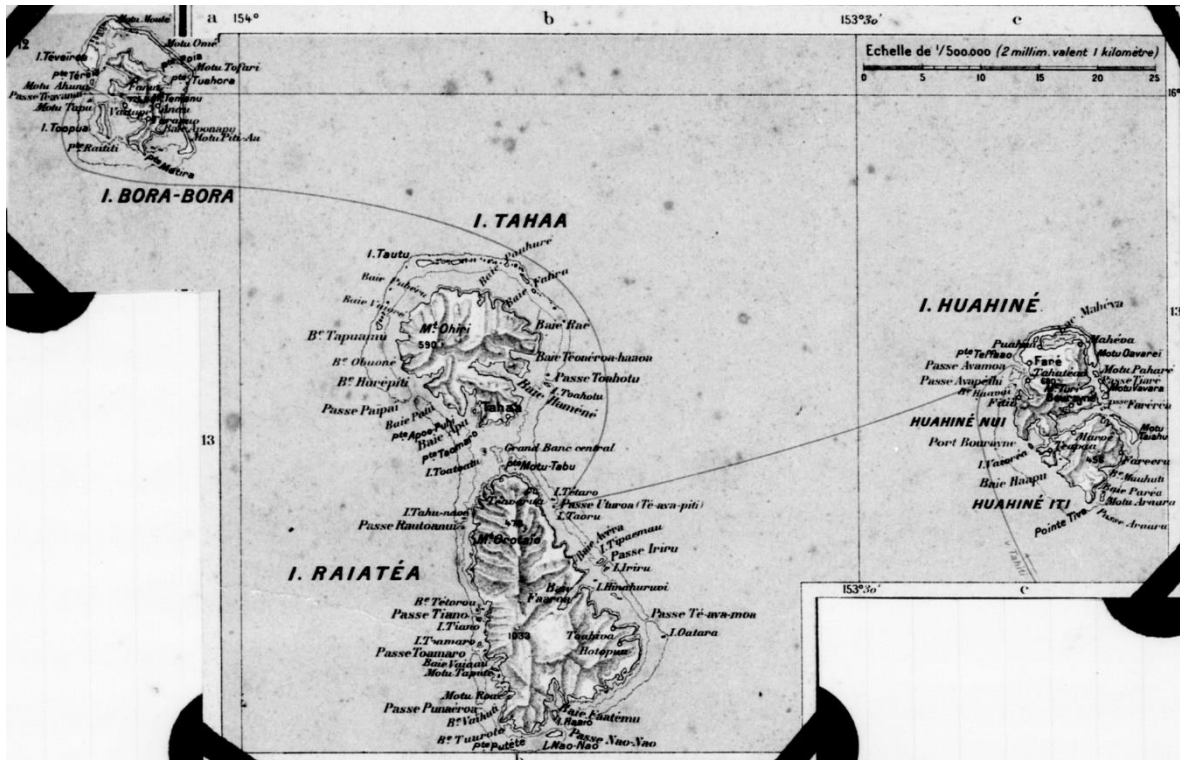
<sup>122</sup> [Teri'ieroo a Teriierooiterai \(1875–1952\)](#)

<sup>123</sup> The Hôtel du Diadème (left) was previously the Hôtel de France (right), rue du Rivoli (since 1941, avenue du Général de Gaulle), Papeete:



## THE SOUS LE VENT ISLANDS OR LEEWARD GROUP

Raiatea — Huahine — Pora-Pora — Tahaa — Tupai —  
Maupiti — Mopelia — Scilly — Bellinghausen



## Raiatea

There ever are surprizes in store for the visitor to the South Sea. Making Uturoa, on Raiatea, my headquarters for the Island, I rented a shack of one room with an appendix behind, with no close neighbours. It stands on piles, since swamp land surrounds it. My residence was not extensively furnished, a bed full-sized, with a feather mattress well suited for northern Europe, one chair, a round table and a wash stand. What more could one want? I had brought my own looking glass and hooks for my apparel.

I was alone, at least I thought so, but there I was wholly wrong. It was possibly a Raiatean Welcome, and if so I was most ungracious for I sat down hard upon it. Returning the first night from a stroll beneath a glorious full moon, I found five mats and five pillows upon the floor, and upon each, a Sleeping Beauty wrapped in a counterpane.<sup>124</sup> I hated to disturb them, nor did I think myself capable of withstanding the assault of five strong armed Raiatean women, with no help near. Raiatea has an ugly name for tragedies. So I let them lie. Ere I fell asleep, one broke out into a distinctly consumptive cough, whilst another snored. I longed to heave something at the latter, but forebore lest the five

<sup>124</sup> *Archaic*: a bedspread

should arise to retaliate. When I awoke, the mats and pillows were there, but my brown-skinned damsels had gone.

I was out all day. Upon my return at eventide, it was evident that the performance was to be repeated. Though late, I sought out my landlord. It was no easy matter to make him understand in a foreign tongue that his choice lay between the ladies and myself. I cared not which. I took my late night stroll. When I returned, the mats, the pillows and their owners were gone. I was left for the rest of my stay severely alone. Doubtless I lost cast and character as a real white man — a forbidding and surely Recluse, but no matter; better that than a free fight, five to one.

The main product of the Sous le Vents is copra; the coconut plantations are endless, in the main hugging the coast, but there are on Raiatea countless orange trees. Some six miles out of Uturoa, I strolled up a valley broad and long which seemed one vast orange grove, and the season was on, a wonderful sight with the golden fruit all round. The pineapples of this island are also famous, the market of Papeete glutted with them at one penny apiece and even cheaper ere they spoil. Wherever I roamed, and I covered many miles a day, there was fruit of one kind or another on every hand. Vanilla and Cotton were once to the fore, but these have fallen upon bad times. But apart from Fruit, Raiatea makes some mighty claims for itself.

Its people of old held it to be the site where the first man and woman of their known world appeared. Its Chiefs were considered the be greater than all other Chiefs, and War was their pastime. Tahaa, the island within the same reef, was ever a bone of contention between Raiatea and Pora Pora. It was as near one as the other. Across the water on the other side of Tahaa lay Huahine and the Huahines were ever fighters. The defeated parties fled from one island to another for shelter; some at last made up their minds to quit the Group altogether, and in their sea-going canoes set sail following the annual migration of birds southwards bound, not knowing nor caring much whither they were led so long as they could escape from islands which ran with blood. Thus comes about the second claim.

Raiatea holds that it was from their island that the great Migration of the Maoris — New Zealand's warrior nation — took place. Hawaii-iki — the Distant Land of Spirits — is a much disputed land. Such without doubt was the Maoris' original Home. The truth seems to be that there was more than just one Hawaii-iki, just as there were undoubtedly separate arrivals of the Maoris, years apart. Hawaii claims it; Savaii, Samoa, claims it; Raiatea also steps in, pointing out that the great settlement round Opoa — Oro's home, he the God of War for Central Polynesia — was known formerly as Hawaii, but that the facial resemblance, the rich auburn hair not infrequently to be seen, the names of folk and places, the customs and the mythology all go to prove their claim. And so with the rest of the claimants. They all have measure of Truth. Raiatea has had its day, but takes great pride in the fact that another and a greater Clan has at least in part sprung from it. The Spirit in each was the same. The Maoris long disputed Authority with our own nation, nor did the Raiateans less quietly acquiesce as to the domination of the French, and this the record thereof.

When Tahiti in 1842 yielded to the 'force majeure' — Britain proving but a broken reed in the hour of need — the Sous le Vents were excepted, after actual fighting and prolonged correspondence between London and Paris, whilst each Island's Ruler emphatically stated their rights, with Queen Pomare <sup>125</sup> to support them. <sup>126</sup> She writes to Commander Hamond, <sup>127</sup> "I now make known to you the proper boundaries of my kingdom and of my sovereignty as they descended from my ancestors. Moorea is one and Tahiti, and a small island, Tuhuaiaone (Tetiaroa) and Meetu (Mehetia) have

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<sup>125</sup> [Pōmare IV \(1813–1877\)](#)

<sup>126</sup> See *The Independence of the Leeward Islands* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>127</sup> [Graham Eden Hamond \(1779–1862\)](#)

descended from time immemorial down to me. But my kingdom and my sovereignty have never come to those islands. They have continued to be sovereigns over their own lands from time immemorial: Teriitaria of Huahine,<sup>128</sup> Tamatoa of Raiatea,<sup>129</sup> Teriimaevaua of Pora Pora”<sup>130</sup> — today the Sovereigns.

And Tamoa, King of Raiatea, writes to Admiral Seymour,<sup>131</sup> “My kingdom is distinct. It has been communicated to me from the days of my forefathers. My desire is that I may retain my own government as it descended to me from of Old,” whilst to the same Admiral, Tapoa, King of Pora Pora, writes, “Our governments were never included in the Tahitian. We are the hereditary sovereigns over our islands. We were never under one sovereign or formed into one government.” Teriitaria, Queen of Huahine, takes the same stand.

It was to Raiatea that Queen Pomare IV fled from the French on Tahiti in July 1844, remaining there till her sovereignty was restored in 1847, Bruat,<sup>132</sup> on her refusal to return, proclaiming a Blockade of the island, which was carried out effectively, whilst the question of the independence of the Group was being discussed between Paris and London.

Tahitoe<sup>133</sup> of Raiatea, later on, lost his ‘throne’ because of his readiness to accede to the further French demands of 1880, his position being given to his more loyal daughter, Hauroaarii;<sup>134</sup> and Huahine showed so stout a front for independence from the first that Britain, confirmed of the justness of their plea, did at last insist that France should keep its hands off. In 1847, a Declaration was signed at London between the two European governments, both acknowledging the entire independence of the Leeward Isles or Sous le Vent Group. They engaged reciprocally ‘never’ to take possession of any of them, either absolutely or by way of a Protectorate or in any other form. This Declaration remained, for forty years, a constant source of offence to France. Britain steadily refused to abrogate it.

In 1858, the United States Consul at Tahiti<sup>135</sup> took steps on his own responsibility to gain control, but his action was disallowed by his superiors at Washington.

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<sup>128</sup> [Teriitaria II \(1790–1858\)](#)

<sup>129</sup> [Moe’ore, Tamatoa IV \(1797–1857\)](#)

<sup>130</sup> From 1812 to 1860 — that is, on 25 September 1844, when Queen Pomare sent her letter — [Tapoa II \(1806–1861\)](#) was the king of Bora Bora. [Teari’i-maeva-rua II \(1841–1873\)](#) was the Queen of Bora Bora from 1860 to 1873.

<sup>131</sup> [George Francis Seymour \(1787–1870\)](#)

<sup>132</sup> [Armand Joseph Bruat \(1796–1855\)](#)

<sup>133</sup> [Prince Tahitoe Tamatoa \(1808–1881\)](#)

<sup>134</sup> [Tehauroarii \(1830–1884\)](#)

<sup>135</sup> Henry Owner or Vicesimus Turner. See *List of American Consuls and Vice Consuls Appointed for Tahiti* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.



In 1870, Germany tried its hand, but this also failed. Copy of proposed Treaty made by the Captain (Reinshards) of the *Bismarck* <sup>136</sup> during the month of April 1879; Tahitian text sent by J. L. Green <sup>137</sup> of Raiatea to the British Consul on Tahiti:

1. The peace between the Government of Germany and the Government of Raiatea and Tahaa be maintained forever.
2. That German ships of war be allowed to anchor at any port or other place at Raiatea or Tahaa, to take in water, to purchase food, or to repair ship if damaged, in accordance with the law of the land. That German merchant ships be permitted to enter any port opened by the law of the land and that they be allowed to transact business alike with foreigners and with natives without restriction, but no spirits shall be sold.
3. That no new additional charges be laid upon ships which may call at the ports, but the charges now in existence shall be respected.
4. That German subjects shall not be maltreated, but they shall enjoy the privileges accorded to subjects of every other nation.
5. That if any German sailor shall abscond from the ship, such sailor shall be sought for and his captain pay the expenses.
6. That no German subject shall be banished for any crime until the German Consul or his representative shall have heard the charge brought against him in the Court, and then the Consul or his representative shall, with the Judge, decide the case.

Note. The Treaty with Huahine was exactly similar, but Article 6 concluded with:

This Treaty is in force from this date  
Huahine, the 28<sup>th</sup> of April of the year 1879

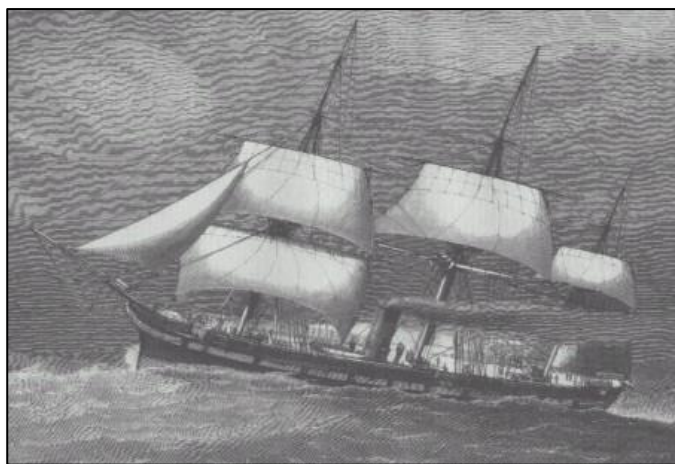
Signed

Reinshards (Bismarck)

Tehaapapa

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<sup>136</sup> [SMS Bismarck \(1877\)](#):



<sup>137</sup> Rev J.L. Green of the London Missionary Society

Gustav Godeffroy <sup>138</sup>  
 Randeth (unreadable)

Teheura  
 Maruri  
 Raiheavi  
 Tarahia

In 1880, with Tahiti, at long last, itself a read French Colony through Pomare V <sup>139</sup> handing over Sovereignty, some of the Chiefs on Raiatea, Tahitoe leading, weakened and asked for a Protectorate. Britain at once protested and the Raiatean Flag still flew at Uturoa, with a change from King to Queen as noted above. But the French would not let the matter rest. They had from the first grounded their claim that with Tahiti went the Sous le Vents on a misunderstanding. On a visit paid by Pomare II, <sup>140</sup> the first king of Tahiti to Raiatea, after formal presentation of food, Tamatoa, the king, through his speaker, addressed him as follows: “We present to you the island, the landed proprietors, the food, the water, the women and the children.” The sworn testimony of Matatore, a High Chief present, says “It was an old custom of ours to pay such a compliment to a great chief when he paid a visit... It was only a custom; it was not giving up the sovereignty, only a compliment to a royal visitor.” And so with the other islands of the Group, who had acted similarly to Pomare.

It was not until May 1888 that Britain weakened, the Declaration of London was abrogated and France extended her sovereignty over the Group — but not without a long, drawn out fight, and bloodshed here as well as on Huahine. It took till 1897 to see the end. The English cannot be wholly blamed for abrogating the London Treaty. When this arrangement put an end to the violent methods of obtaining the sovereignty of the Leeward Islands by the French, based on a claim which both Louis Philippe, <sup>141</sup> with his advisors, and England saw was quite untenable, it would appear that they proceeded on another tack. They infiltrated the Group with French friendship shown in various ways till they won over as friends many once their opponents, who slowly became the “French Party”. These and the Patriots naturally disagreed. The cleft between the two grew steadily wider and the French saw to it that it was not lessened. Friction increased to such an extent that the French claimed it a duty to give aid to their friends. It steadily became a complete upsetting of the Group and chaos reigned. Now was France’s opportunity. England learned that things were growing impossible and intolerable, part for the French, part violently against. To hold to the Treaty meant continued unrest. The only thing to do — unless armed intervention was undertaken to keep the Frenchmen off — was to leave the matter to France to settle as best they could. The friendship tack had succeeded; the “French Party” had proved to be the lever as intended to the securing of the Sovereignty. France’s hands were free.

And this of Raiatea. Once French hands were free, the Governor at Tahiti took action, sending three men-of-war to the islands of the group. Those who, in 1880, had expressed willingness for a French Protectorate had long had their centre at Uturoa under Queen Haū-roa-arii who had conformed and so kept her post with the Party, whilst the Patriots — or as the French called them, the “Rebels” — had long had their headquarters a short distance away, round the coast at Avera. Here they had a rival

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<sup>138</sup> [Gustav Godeffroy \(1817–1893\)](#) was the *Sohn* referred to in the name of the German trading company [J. C. Godeffroy & Sohn](#). See the references to *Godeffroy & Sohn* in Part II, *The Chronicles of Savage Island*. The Godeffroys were French Huguenots of La Rochelle, who settled in the trading port of Hamburg.

<sup>139</sup> [Pōmare V \(1839–1891\)](#)

<sup>140</sup> [Pōmare II \(ca. 1774–1821\)](#)

<sup>141</sup> [Louis Philippe I \(1773–1850\)](#)



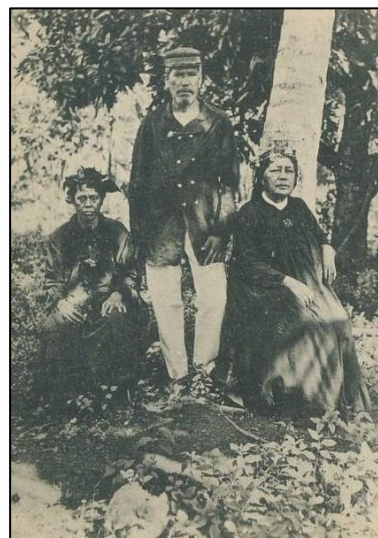
Queen Tu-arii, under the leadership of a Chief named Te-rau-poo.<sup>142</sup> They flew the Raiatean Flag and had handy the Union Jack, just as the Uturoans had the Tricolor. It was necessary to acquaint the Patriots, Rebels (or Teraupists) of the fact that England could no longer be relied upon and the task fell by request of the French to the British Consul, and the Acting British Consul Brander<sup>143</sup> (Interpreter) on Tahiti. Carried over, he was allowed to land at Avera for a meeting. The news was a blow, but their resolution was unshaken, even to fighting — a handful of natives armed with a few ancient muskets and shotguns; powder they had, but a poor supply of bullets, so would make up the deficiency with stones and nails — they against a mighty nation; there could be no compromise. The French long held back and things dragged on under various governors till in 1896 it was decided to make an end of opposition, cost what lives it may. Once again the men-of-war were at Uturoa. Notices were broadcast that on the first day of January 1897, hostilities would commence unless submission was rendered by all malcontents of any of the islands, and non-combatants were advised to leave all rebel villages.

Though the Land they had relied upon had deserted them, Teraupoo and his adherents could not grasp that its Flag would fail to be their shield and defence, so ran up the Union Jack on Avera's wharf in defiance of the Tricolor. Round from Uturoa came the French men-of-war and the first cannon shot brought Flag and Flagstaff down. Already Queen, women and children had abandoned the village, and bombardment soon fired the native homes, the rebels retiring to the hills at the back. Forces were landed and an attempt made to sweep the Island for all malcontents, despite the forest which covers it. Trench work soon showed that Teraupoo had prepared for eventualities, and soon after, on the west coast at Tevaitoa, they were fired upon from an ambush. The aim was poor, not a Frenchman fell, whilst returning the volleys slew a dozen and wounded as many more. Teraupoo escaped.

Working round the island, it was gleaned from a native that the Chiefess of Tevaitoa, with a number of adherents, were encamped at the head of the Vaiaau Valley. Sending a large party of armed Uturoan natives up the trail from its foot, the French deployed so as to descend from its head. At break of day, they were in position to charge the group of dwellings. It had rained all night and was still falling relentlessly. With a rush, the French surrounded the native homes, thinking to catch their quarry sheltering within from the rain. They found not a soul. Nonplussed, they made down the valley to be

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<sup>142</sup> Queen Tuarii and Council at Avera (left); Chief Teraupoo (right):



<sup>143</sup> Arthur Brander was Vice or Acting Consul from 1889 to 1894. See the list of British Consuls at Tahiti since 1825 in Note #3 to Chapter X in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

met by the upgoing force, who reported that they had reached the objective first, had captured the lot and had them all safely bound up in the woods nearby. Tevaitoa's Chiefess and all were indeed tied up, hands behind their backs and elbows almost touching with extra bands. Promising no escape, the woman was released from such torture with a few others.

But Teraupoo was still at large. Finally he was betrayed and secured, without a fight, at another village far from Avera; his sentence, and that of several others, Deportation to New Caledonia. Tuarii, the Queen, submitting, was pensioned till her death in 1911. So ended the unequal contest, and Raiatea became a French Colony. In 1906, Teraupoo, and the others exiled, returned to their homes.<sup>144</sup>

Taūtu's doings (a full century before) are noted under Pora Pora. He was the Kamehameha of the Sous le Vents, aiming at Paramouncy and gaining it as did his Hawaiian Compeer. He rose to power in Captain Cook's time, 1770, and founded the line of the Tamatoas. The eldest daughter of Tamatoa III,<sup>145</sup> Tetupaia-i-hauviri, married Ha'apai, the Chief of Pare, and was the mother of the first Pomare.<sup>146</sup> Terito, the second daughter of Tamatoa IV, married the second Pomare and was the mother of Aimata Queen Pomare,<sup>147</sup> whose son, Tamatoa, succeeded as Tamatoa V,<sup>148</sup> but considering himself above all law, the Raiateans had enough of him and sent him home.<sup>149</sup> Next came Tahitoe, who, as noted, lost his position, being followed by his daughter, Haū-roa-arii, who left no issue. Through marriage there was a Prince of Huahine named Ariimate<sup>150</sup> with legitimate rights on Raiatea, being the great-grandson of Tamatoa IV. He took the first Tamatoa's full name as Tamatoa Taūtū, being the last Tamatoa. In 1888, with France granted a free hand, he returned to Huahine, Queen Tuarii succeeding, but only in name, with the Patriot party behind her, Tavana of Tahaa acting as governor for the French<sup>151</sup> till 1898 — when the Patriots had been crushed and a Frenchman appointed. His death in 1906 found him as Chief of the District of Uturoa. The days of Raiatean Kings and Queens were ended.<sup>152</sup>

The once famous Taputapuatea marae of Oro, with its lesser attendant maraes, at Opoa, once Hawaii, is best reached by water. It is but a ruin of its former high estate. It is opposite the Pass used coming from Huahine to Uturoa and is on a neck of land jutting out into the lagoon. The large flat with mountains at the back is today covered with coconut trees, but there is much that remains of the most important of all maraes in Central Polynesia. It would take but little trouble to put it in large measure of repair, but seemingly it appeals to none in Authority; the approaching platforms still stand unwrecked; the "crowning" or "investiture" column, the main platform and the "seats of the mighty" around its high raised sides, the same. Approaching from the sea, one lands on a sandy, shelving beach and at once there comes a platform 104 feet long, 11 feet wide and 3 feet 6 inches high. Back of it, lying flat, is the Altar of Sacrifice, broad atop for the already slain victims, man or beast, to be laid on. A short distance along the shore, another platform 30 yards in length and 3 feet high is seen. Back of this rises, 9 feet high, a squared coral column on the summit of which sat him or her who was there installed as High Chief. Back some 30 paces, there rises the main coral parallelogram, raised 6 feet high, a platform with room for hundreds to stand upon, 140 feet by 24 feet, whilst scattered here and there a short distance from the longer sides are coral slabs sunk in the ground like

<sup>144</sup> For more information regarding Teraupoo, see the Tahiti Heritage website [here](#).

<sup>145</sup> Fao, Tamatoa III (1757–1831)

<sup>146</sup> See Note #1 to Chapter II of Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>147</sup> See Chapter VII of Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>148</sup> [Tamatoa V \(1842–1881\)](#)

<sup>149</sup> See also *A Sailor's Yarn* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>150</sup> [Ari'imate Teururai, Tamatoa VI \(1853–1905\)](#)

<sup>151</sup> *Tavana* is a Tahitian word for *governor*.

<sup>152</sup> See also [Liste des Souverains des Iles Raiatea, Huahine et Bora-Bora](#).

gravestone heads, against which Chiefs in squatting attitude leaned their backs whilst ceremonies were being carried through on the platform above. The end of the marae's power came with the triumph of Christianity in the 1820s, though paganism still held with a moiety and the High Priest of Oro's shrine was still looked upon with awe and reverence. The last to hold this great position was an aged man, grown up from youth in the service of the gods and, alike with his predecessors, considered invulnerable against all dangers. When in 1830, the Raiateans engaged in the battle of Hooroto with the combined warriors of Huahine, Tahaa and Pora Pora, he insisted upon his right to pass in and out among the combatants. Spears were one thing, muskets quite another. In the fight, a bullet struck and killed him. So ended the High Priesthood of Opoa.

By natives, it is still held to be sacred ground and to be sacrilege to disturb its soil. Not long after my own visit, an English Doctor stepped ashore and, hunting for relics of the victims of sacrifice, rooted up some of the platform, beneath which countless skulls are reputed still to lie, securing what he sought. He bore them off to his boat in triumph, but native eyes had seen the sacrilege. Soon after, a bunch of Raiateans gathered at Papeete to give an exhibition of Fire Walking at which they are adept and famous. Some white folk sought leave to follow suit. To all but one bystander the Leader said Go and covered each one's walk with cabalistic words, but to one he refused. It was that Doctor; he insisted; the Leader warned that he would do so at his peril. The Doctor stepped upon the red hot stones and would have fallen full length had not the natives rushed to his aid. He left Tahiti a cripple, though happily not for life. They say that Oro's curse was on him, and what shall we say in reply? <sup>153</sup>

### Huahine

Huahine is a twelve-hour run from Tahiti and is always a night journey. Papeete is left at 5 p.m. and the harbour of Faré is reached by 5 a.m. The schooner that bore me was unworthy of any name or title, save a Washout. Loaded, it had but 18 inches of freeboard, no sleeping accommodation. True, it had power, but there was no escape from the fumes; the heavens were opened wide; it rained without ceasing; and there was no awning. The passengers sat in the tiny stern on kerosene cans, drenched to the skin, with water always up to one's ankles. The cargo — and much of it had been crowded out of the hold — was tarpaulined and strapped, else we had either turned turtle or foundered since the waves swept gaily from prow to stern. Sleep was impossible and talk difficult against the wind, but everything has an end. With daylight, we stepped ashore for morning coffee at a Chinaman's Store and Eating House, feeling fit and fine, nor did ill effects ensue. I would 'rough it' once again and see if the old shell and its inwards were still capable of a jolt or two. It answered the test O.K. There have been many wrecks since then in these waters, but 'Washout' still pegs away as if its life was charmed. Its real name is the *Manaura*, of 32 tons, and is owned by a Chinese Firm in Papeete.

The Island ranks next to Raiatea in importance, both in the Past and the Present. It is in two parts, an isthmus just under water at high tide joining them as one. Faré is the chief harbour and a fine one. From the time of Captain Cook — who first made known the Group and named it (not Tahiti as is generally supposed, which in his day was named King George III Island) the 'Society Islands', after the Royal Society, which had sent him forth — it has been known and frequented by white folk. It was to its capacious harbour at Faré that the whalers came to revictual and repair. When the whales commenced their yearly northern journey from the Antarctic, the whalers followed them up from the south and the ice, and by each May or June, they reached Huahine. They left again for the south in

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<sup>153</sup> See also Tale #4, *Of Fire Walking*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

August as the whales returned. Those were busy months for the natives. It was in the exchanges that these islanders got their longed for guns and powder, which were not long after to be used against the white man. Boats from the distant Hawaiian Islands came south to join in the trading, whilst far larger craft carried off pork, sugarcane and fruit to Sydney and San Francisco.

It was to Huahine that the first missionaries fled for safety from Tahiti and later settled down when they set out to attack Oro's mighty sway, invited this time to do so by Mahine,<sup>154</sup> who then ruled the isle. He had gone to Moorea to assist Pomare II in his final fight with Papara's Chief for Supremacy and there coming in contact with Pomare's new found creed, was impressed. Returning to his island, he and a majority soon accepted Christianity without serious opposition from the remainder. With this start, the new Teaching spread gradually throughout the Group, and paganism abandoned, its maraes were ruthlessly destroyed.

The credulity of these primitive islanders, who first in the Long Ago came in contact with white men, is well evidenced by two Huahinean instances well authenticated.

When Captain Cook returned to the Group in 1774, he brought back with him the young native Teraimano,<sup>155</sup> whom he had taken Home from Pora Pora. Changes of rule (to be noted later) prevented his being placed either on his home isle or Tahaa or Raiatea, so he was put ashore on Huahine. Cook did nothing by halves. He constructed a fine house for the young man and loaded him with gifts, besides those the youth had received when in England. During the construction of the house, the natives stole many nails. These they carried off to the High Priest of the Maeva marae, who sowed them, in the expectation of seeing them grow and multiply. Here was the marae raised to Hiro, their god of Thieves, for theft was as much a part of all as War.

A century later they were as simple. In 1874, some Chinese, who were indentured as laborers on Moorea to a retired Italian officer, got away and landed on Huahine. The law of the island was that if any stranger placed himself under the protection of the island's King, none could touch him. The Captain following the runaways demanded their return. Being refused, he told the King and islanders that he would soon return with other strangers, poisonous snakes, lions, tigers and other man-killing beasts whom they were free to put also under the protection of their King. They surrendered the fugitives, but their King lost his crown.

In the '40s and the '80s, Huahineans showed fight. When, in 1842, the Queen of Tahiti gave in to the French demands of a Protectorate, the latter considered that through her close family relationships to the rulers of the Sous le Vents, that Group was of necessity included. But Teūhe I (Teriitaria),<sup>156</sup> the Queen of Huahine, thought otherwise. And so did Queen Pomare herself. In a Petition to the King of the French, which she sent to him on September 25, 1844, in the midst of her own troubles, she wrote, "I am now residing on the Island of Raiatea; it is not my land now; it never was my land from of old to the present time. Tahaa and Raiatea and Huahine and Pora Pora are different governments and they have different kings, but they are my friends."

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<sup>154</sup> [Mahine Tamatoa \(1761–1838\)](#)

<sup>155</sup> This would appear to refer to [Mai \(c.1751–1780\)](#), a Raiatean who travelled to England, departing from Huahine on the *Adventure* in September 1773, during Cook's second voyage, and returning to Huahine on the *Resolution* in October 1777, during Cook's third voyage. According to [Ellis, Polynesian Researches, Volume II, Chapter XV \(1833\)](#), Teraimano was one of two persons to whom the land granted to Captain Cook in 1777, for Mai's residence on Huahine, belonged, by right of patrimony.

<sup>156</sup> Teriitaria was also known as Pomare Vahine and Ariipaea Vahine, but no reference to her as *Teūhe I* was found. [Teuhe \(1840–1891\)](#), who reigned from 1888 to 1890, also had the name *Teuhe II*, which suggests that Teriitaria may have been known as *Teūhe* — that is, *Teūhe I* — on Huahine.



And Teriitaria, the Queen, herself writes to Queen Victoria, “Do not allow me to be included in the Protectorate government. I will never consent to it. I had nothing to do with the French Treaty. Do not allow my islands to be given up to the French.” Hers was an independent rule and no mere vassalage of Tahiti. After things had in some measure settled down on Tahiti, the gunboats *Uranie* and *Phaeton* arrived at Faré to force the Protectorate. Both Queen and natives retired to Maeva. The French forces landed and went forward to the attack. There was a clash, victory resting on neither side, the French losing several, both killed and wounded. Before further hostilities, the *Phaeton* was hurriedly recalled to Tahiti, where more trouble had arisen, the *Uranie* under Captain Bonard<sup>157</sup> remaining to administer all the desolation he could safely attain to. Writing with like threats to the Pora Porans, he says, “February 9, 1846. I am now avenging myself on the Huahineans. I am burning their houses. I am chopping down their breadfruit and coconut trees, turning up their potatoes and plucking up their taro.” England then stepped in and the Sous le Vents were left alone, till 1888.

When the Declaration of London was at last abrogated and France given a free hand, Huahine again showed fight. Their Queen Tehaapapa II<sup>158</sup> and many of the leading Chiefs, foreseeing the inevitable, were prepared to agree to annexation, but others refused and placed her daughter Teūhe II as Queen at their head. When the French arrived at Faré, the landing party received a warm reception of powder and shot, and several fell. But the Tricolor was raised ashore, the malcontents retiring, nor were they pursued. With the natives divided in counsel, the French bided their time and matters dragged on for two more years, when the inevitable clash between them came. The supporters of the French, led by their ‘Prime Minister’ Marama,<sup>159</sup> son of the Queen, mastered the malcontents, led by their ‘Prime Minister’ Tau, and he with seven other land their Queen Teūhe II, Marama’s sister, were taken aboard the gunboat stationed in Faré’s harbour for deportation. But there was still fight left among the anti-French. Two months had barely passed when they worsted the French party and made Marama their prisoner. This was, however, the last of their efforts for freedom. The French now made a thorough clean up, securing and exiling to the Marquesas fourteen of the remaining leaders. Huahine submitted in 1890 — Raiatea took a further seven years ere succumbing.

Queen Tehaapapa II, shorn of all power, still lived in her local palace till her death in 1893, when she was succeeded by her granddaughter, one of the children of her son Marama and known as Tehaapapa III.<sup>160</sup> Tired of an empty Royalty, in 1895 the islanders found the French willing to agree to a special arrangement: under the Sovereignty of France, Huahine — and the rest of the Leeward Isles as time went on — should form a Republic. There was to be both French and Native Law established in the Sous le Vents, the former for the French and strangers, the latter for the islanders themselves. They were to be French ‘subjects’, but not French ‘citizens’ with a vote. This is known as the ‘Indigénat’ and is still in force.<sup>161</sup>

The Queen and her leading Chiefs were pensioned; later the exiles were permitted to return; and Huahine, for centuries a battleground, started on a career of Peace.

With this Past in mind, it was a pleasure to set foot upon the island. The pure native atmosphere here, as elsewhere in the Group, has naturally largely passed, but the charming scenery happily remains.

<sup>157</sup> [Louis Adolphe Bonard \(1805–1867\)](#)

<sup>158</sup> [Teha’apapa II \(1824–1893\)](#). WWB has *Tehaapapa I*.

<sup>159</sup> [Marama Teururai \(1851–1909\)](#)

<sup>160</sup> [Tehaapapa III \(1879–1917\)](#). WWB has *Tehaapapa II*.

<sup>161</sup> The *Indigénat* remained in force until 1846, when French citizenship was proclaimed for all subjects of French colonies, under the [Loi Lamine Guèye](#).

## Pora Pora

Pora Pora — one old time name of which is Fa-a-nui (great valley), another being Vavau — is by legend held to be the First born, being the first island that sprang up from the deep after the Creation by the Gods of ‘Hawaii’, present day Raiatea. It has but one good entrance through its encircling Barrier Reef, which leads into a fine and spacious harbour. Here lies Vaitape, the main village. The island’s fantastically shaped Mount Tai-manu rises nigh 2400 feet, a shattered crater, and has been the admiration of countless travellers since Cook first looked upon it. Gently sloping hills range from it to the sea.

On the Navigator’s arrival, hearing the natives calling out on every hand in their excitement, “Apooraa, Apooraa,” meaning ‘Gather, gather’, he took it instead to be the name of the island and writing it down in his Journal as near as he could to its sound, produced ‘Bola Bola’. Since in Tahitian there is neither B nor L, this, later, became more correctly ‘Pora Pora’, though still far from Fa-a-nui and its other ancient names of Vavaū and Vaūvaū. Still later, white men turned it into ‘Bora Bora’, to the disgust of all intelligent natives and white folk.

Though the island is small, Cook found two Families or Clans dividing the government — the Mai and the Puni. He became so friendly with the former that he took one of that family, a young man by name Teraimano, to England, as already noted.<sup>162</sup> Soon after he left, there was heavy trouble in the bellicose Sous le Vents.

An ambitious young native, Tautu, was living on Raiatea. He was of the Oro Family, whence came the High Priests of Opoa. He gathered his young friends together and proposed to sally forth on conquest bent. More power was his aim and that, at first, lay across the water. Too weak in numbers, he sought alliance with other Raiatean Chiefs to increase his force. For this purpose, he and his started out in a flotilla of canoes, and made a tour of Raiatea. At each place of call, he beat the War Drum, but his hopes failed, no district Chief welcomed him, none joined him. He pushed across to Tahaa, with no better success. Here, none offering him either food or shelter, he made camp on a small islet off the isle, called today by his name. He forgot no refusal.

From Tahaa, he crossed to Pora Pora, landing at the village of Anaū, where the Mai Clan dwelt; they turned a deaf ear to his war drum. At Vaitape, where other Mai dwelt opposite the Pass, it was the same. Far from discouraged, he pushed on around the coast to where the Puni clan held sway. There was ever rivalry and bad blood between the two governments and at the marae Maro-ti-teni, Tautu’s request for alliance and aid was formally sworn to. The battle was joined, the Mais defeated and driven off the island. The Victors now turned their attention upon Tahaa. Those natives called upon Raiatea for aid. It was rushed, but at Murifenūa a clear victory was gained by the young adventurer and his ally. Puni became sole King of Pora Pora, and Tautu, King of Tahaa and the island from which he started.<sup>163</sup>

Therefore, when Cook reappeared to return his native protégée, he found it impossible to land him on Pora Pora — all the Mai clan were gone — neither could he land him on Raiatea or Tahaa. He left him on Huahine, as before noted. It is to be regretted that this young man did not turn out well. Travel and the fuss made over him in England, from the King down, had turned his head. The Missionaries

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<sup>162</sup> WWB has confused Teraimano with Mai, who departed for England from Huahine, not Bora Bora. See the footnote above under *Huahine*.

<sup>163</sup> For Puni, see [here](#). These kingships precede those presented on Wikipedia [here](#), which, for Raiatea and Bora Bora, commence in 1821. See also, for Raiatea, [here](#) and [here](#), and, for Bora Bora, [here](#).



found him more than a handful. It was not long before he ‘went native’ again, as might well have been expected.

This island, for a change, made no serious resistance to the demands of the French, the natives after Murifenūa had had enough of war; they left the serious protesting and the fighting to the larger islands in the Group. But they had not wholly escaped. The island was divided in counsel as to the Protectorate, the King, Tapoa,<sup>164</sup> against it. He forbade the French partizans gathering food or catching fish on that side of Pora Pora on which he lived. The French Captain Bonard came at once upon the scene and demanded a deposit of 600 Dollars as a pledge for good behaviour, which, realizing their helplessness, was handed over under protest, and Tapoa retired to Raiatea. During the respite afforded by the Declaration of London, the Queenship was held by the only daughter of Queen Pomare of Tahiti, her father<sup>165</sup> being a prince of Raiatea. She had been named Queen to be when but six years old, as the then reigning king, Tapoa, a native of the island and a former husband of Queen Pomare, had no issue of his own. The succession therefore was as follows. Puni had been succeeded by a daughter, Tehea, but in 1830, Tamatoa II, at the battle of Hooroto, despite the assistance of Huahine, gained the overlordship of Pora Pora; it was a vassal of Raiatea to be disposed of as seen fit and Tapoa had been named its king. Teriimaevaua I,<sup>166</sup> having herself no issue, adopted her niece of the same name, the daughter of her brother Tamatoa V, who, as noted, was sent home by his Raiatean subjects, and she followed as Queen Teriimaevaua II.<sup>167</sup> In 1888, upon the abrogation of the Declaration of London, she retired to Tahiti, leaving the French a free hand on the little isle.

Without doubt, Pora Pora is the gem of the Sous le Vents. The towering rugged Cone rises like a pinnacle in its midst. Artists rave over it; camera men and women never tire of snapping it from every angle. It has been and again and again will be the setting for movies of Life in the ‘South Sea’. Its natives are of necessity largely spoiled by the attention paid the island. Tourists flock there for a flying visit from Papeete on Tahiti, others for a more prolonged stay. The great shipping Lines carrying globetrotters list it in their tour of these waters as a special attraction, whilst the men-of-war of all nations never fail to make it a port of call.

Standing on the wharf at Uturoa on Raiatea, full twenty miles away, it is the climax of the panorama; Huahine to one side, Tahaa straight ahead and Pora Pora on the other hand. Given a clear sky and a blazing sun, they lie in an azure sea, each rimmed in by Barrier reefs over which the frothy combers curl and break, the mountainsides a mass of green. They are good to look upon, better still to go afoot and wander in alone. Nature is good company.

## Tahaa

Tahaa lies within the same Barrier Reef as Raiatea. It is well worth visiting, but not for any long residence as it has an unenviable reputation for elephantiasis, that ghastly affliction seen so frequently in the lone and far-flung Tropic Islands of the ‘South Sea’. Cold it cannot stand. None can, as yet, surely say how it comes upon its victim;<sup>168</sup> no sure cure, as yet, has been found for it, despite ceaseless

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<sup>164</sup> [Tapoa II \(1806–1861\)](#)

<sup>165</sup> Ariifaaite a Hiro

<sup>166</sup> [Teari'i-maeva-rua I \(1841–1873\)](#) . Wikipedia has *Teriimaevaua II*. [This source](#) supports WWB's genealogy.

<sup>167</sup> [Teari'i-maeva-rua II \(1871–1932\)](#). Wikipedia has *Teriimaevaua III*.

<sup>168</sup> [Elephantiasis](#) , known as Féfé in Polynesia, occurs in the presence of microscopic, thread-like parasitic worms, all of which are transmitted by mosquitoes.

effort. It chooses whom it will, white folk and native alike, men in the main. I have seen a thousand cases in my wandering in this Great Sea, men and women, but never a child. Women can hide the hideous deformity, but men can never do so. I stayed not overlong on Tahaa; why take chances with a healthy body?

The island is much cut up by bays which are extremely picturesque. From the village of Tiva, there is a specially striking view of Pora Pora's shapely Cone, which lies directly opposite, some dozen miles away. In this weird village, a wealthy French Count <sup>169</sup> lived spasmodically till he died, quite lately since my visit, <sup>170</sup> whose chief pastime was wild pig hunting. I saw the many trophies in his home and his kennels of dogs. They were a motley crowd.

On Tahaa, as everywhere else in the Group, the Chinese are ubiquitous; the natives seem lost among their numbers. They are, of course, the workers, the natives naturally indolent. There is a population of 8,500 in the Group, but the number of pure native is dishearteningly small.

There is no direct steamer service to Tahaa, but native sailing boats, launches and canoes make frequent passage between Uturoa and the various ports of the island.

It has been seen that Tahaa was for long years a bone of contention between Raiatea and Pora Pora. Its fate is settled now.

## The Atolls

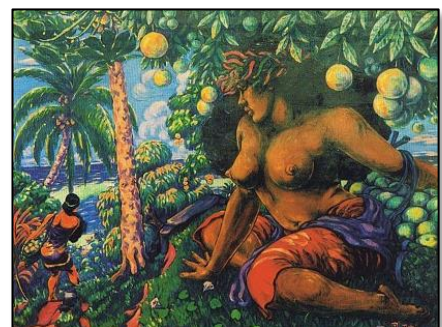
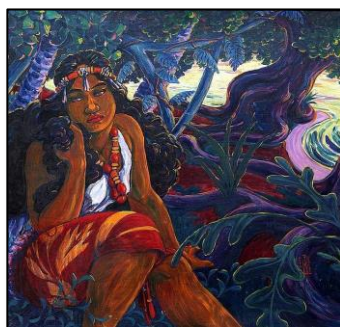
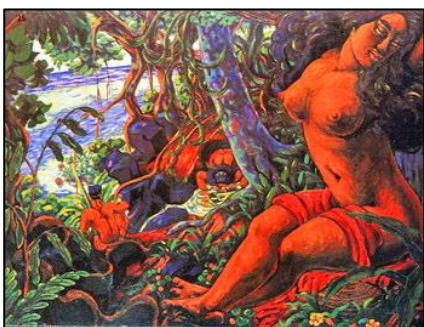
The Atolls of the Group lie far scattered to the west by north.

## Tupai

This Atoll, handiest to Pora Pora, is leased to Papeete white folk as a coconut plantation. It was, not so long ago, the scene of a Treasure Hunt. According to rumour, Admiral Von Spee, <sup>171</sup> in 1914, after

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<sup>169</sup> [Octave Morillot \(1878–1931\)](#). WWB does not mention that he was also an artist; see [Octave Morillot: peintre de la Polynésie](#), by Norbert Murie (2005) and below:



<sup>170</sup> Morillot died in 1931; “quite lately since my visit” suggests that WWB visited Tahaa in about that year.

<sup>171</sup> [Maximilian Reichsgraf von Spee \(1861–1914\)](#)

bombarding Papeete,<sup>172</sup> buried much gold which he had brought from Kaiou-Chou<sup>173</sup> in China, ere he sailed to Coronal,<sup>174</sup> and the Falkland Isles<sup>175</sup> to his death. From New York, the *Seneca*, a yacht well equipped, made hither to secure it. They wasted much dynamite on the ring of coral beach, and in the lagoon within, in their efforts to secure it. That is all that ever came of it, and the expedition broke up at Papeete. The wreck they left behind them is still clearly evident.

## Mopeti

(Sometimes) Maūpiti is a curiosity, its folk still so unsophisticated. It is the Mecca of those who would see an Island in an almost primitive condition; few, however, attain to it as the going is far from easy, save by special chartering. The folk are kindly, but the conditions do not invite for a residence of any length.

A well-endowed visitor from the United States sought my aid to assuage his disappointment. He had come to Tahiti to see the native as he had for years read of him and her in literature. Said he, "I find that I was born 150 years too late," yet hoped. Telling him of Mopeti, he jumped at it. He would make for Raiatea and there charter a schooner to carry him to his Isle of Dreams. I saw him off; he said that he might not return for many months, even years. I did not gainsay him. Scarce one month had passed when I saw him stepping off the Raiatean schooner. At once he made for me. "Never again. Never. Thank god I was not born 150 years ago. I landed, looked around, and promptly fled. Now I know even as do you." He returned to his sumptuous home, and, shortly after, a note reached me to say that he had died.

## Mopelia<sup>176</sup>

This Atoll, discovered by Wallis in 1767 and without resident natives, would be even less known than Mopeti but for an incident that has become a footnote in Great War history. It was on this Atoll that

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<sup>172</sup> The [Bombardment of Papeete](#) occurred in French Polynesia when German warships attacked on 22 September 1914, during World War I.

<sup>173</sup> The [Kiautschou Bay concession](#) was a German leased territory in Imperial China which existed from 1898 to 1914; it was located around Jiaozhou Bay on the southern coast of the Shandong Peninsula, now [Qingdao](#).

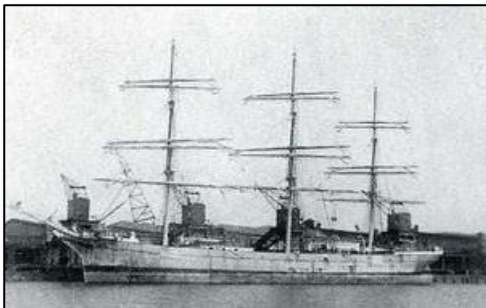
<sup>174</sup> The [Battle of Coronel](#), during which the Imperial German Navy defeated a Royal Navy squadron, took place on 1 November 1914 off the coast of central Chile near the city of Coronel.

<sup>175</sup> The [Battle of the Falkland Islands](#) was a British naval victory over the Imperial German Navy on 8 December 1914, during which Spee and his two sons perished. See also the [Battle of Más a Tierra](#) of 14 March 1915.

<sup>176</sup> Mopelia has several names: Maupihaa, Mopélia, Maupélia, Mopihaa, Maupihoa, Mapetia.

in August 1917 the German raider *Seeadler*,<sup>177</sup> Count von Luckner<sup>178</sup> its Captain, came to grief. With the captains and crews of the various vessels he had sunk on the Pacific coast of America, he sought some unfrequent shore for his need of scraping ship of barnacles and weed. With anchors on the reef, he careened his ship when an unexpected towering wave lifted the *Seeadler* high upon the reef. Its career was over; its bones still lie there. Von Luckner and a few of his crew went off in the Raider's launch to capture yet another ship and return. An innocent Papeete schooner approaching shortly afterwards, all unconscious of danger, was secured by his men, who sailed homeward — but came to grief on Easter Island — leaving their captives to their fate. It was many weeks before news of their plight reached Papeete, via Samoa, whence a boatload made their way. Help was rushed and today in Papeete's museum are many relics of a Raider, whilst the Raider's main gun adorns one of Papeete's public parks.<sup>179</sup>

<sup>177</sup> [SMS Seeadler](#) (German for *Sea Eagle*) was a three-master windjammer. She was one of the last fighting steam and sail ships to be used in war, when she served as a merchant raider with Imperial Germany in World War I.



<sup>178</sup> [Felix Graf von Luckner \(1881–1966\)](#)

<sup>179</sup> Gun of the *Seeadler* in Parc Bougainville in Papeete; see also *Rambling Around* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.



## Scilly and Bellinghausen

Scilly, <sup>180</sup> discovered by Wallis in 1767, to the northwest, and Bellinghausen, <sup>181</sup> discovered by Kotzebue in 1824, still further northwest.

These have but a name to live; no resident natives, but each producing a measure of coconuts, also pearl shell, which are periodically gathered in by schooners.

The Sous le Vents, despite these few hard spots, are on the whole delightful for temporary residence, and full of interest to the Roamer.

## The Return

Papeete was reached once more in a schooner nearly four times the size of the 'Washout'. Its outward appearance was lordly; paint covered its true age. Not long since it broke asunder and foundered in the Tuamotus. Its name, the *France Australe*. Luck was never mine in travel.

The 'Washout' also is no more, surviving the *France Australe* but a short while. Ordered to carry goods and folk to the phosphate island, Makatea, some 120 miles from Papeete, current and wind combined to drive it upon the fringing reef as it sought an anchorage. No lives were lost, but the *Manaura* was wrecked for good.

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<sup>180</sup> [Manua'e](#). Also *Fenua 'Ura* or *Putai*.

<sup>181</sup> [Motu One](#)



## NOTES ON FRENCH OCEANIA

French Oceania is composed of the islands Tahiti and Moorea with their adjacent islets, and the archipelagos of the Sous-le-Vent (or Society Islands as named by Cap<sup>t</sup> Cook), the Tuamotus, the Marquesas, the Gambiers and the Tupuai.

### The Tupuai Group

This archipelago contains the following islands with their adjacent islets: Raivavae, Tupuai, Rurutu, Rimatara and Rapa. An independent Group, apart from Tahiti.

Raivavae was first seen by the Spaniard Gayangos <sup>182</sup> in 1775. It lies some 100 miles East from Tupuai. It is difficult of approach owing to sunken coral banks and is reef enclosed. It came into French possession in 1880. M<sup>t</sup> Ruatara is its highest elevation. A Gendarme is in charge, assisted by a local Council of Chiefs and Councillors. French subjects, not citizens.

Tupuai was first seen by Cap<sup>t</sup> Cook in 1777. It lies some 300 miles south of Tahiti. It is reef enclosed. M<sup>t</sup> Taitoa is its highest elevation. It came into French possession in 1880. A Gendarme is in charge, as at Raivavae. Subjects not citizens.

Rurutu was first seen by Cap<sup>t</sup> Cook in 1769. It lies some 100 miles from Tupuai. It is reef enclosed, hilly and rugged in aspect. <sup>183</sup> It came under a French Protectorate in 1889 and a possession, with qualifications, in 1900. Its native population are French subjects, but not French Citizens with power to vote. A civilian is in charge.

Rimatara was first seen by Cap<sup>t</sup> Henry <sup>184</sup> in 1811. It lies some 75 miles from Rurutu. It lies low and is reef enclosed. It came under the French with the same qualifications as Rurutu. Its adjacent island Maria <sup>185</sup> was and still is the place of detention for criminals deported from the rest of the Group.

The above named islands grow pia (so called arrowroot), kumara (sweet potato), tobacco, cotton, oranges, manioc (a flour meal), coconuts and bananas, and raise much livestock.

Rapa. This island, though far distant, is included in this archipelago rather than that of the Gambiers. It lies some 700 miles from Tahiti, 300 miles from Raivavae, 170 miles from the Gambiers and 1,500 miles from Chile. It was seen by Cap<sup>t</sup> Vancouver <sup>186</sup> in 1791, though it is affirmed by some that Cap<sup>t</sup> Davis, <sup>187</sup> in his English ship, fell in with it in 1685 and gave it his name. Vancouver named it as Oparo. Cap<sup>t</sup> Powell <sup>188</sup> visited in 1814 and Ellis <sup>189</sup> in 1817, who learned and corrected Vancouver's

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<sup>182</sup> Tomás Gayangos (d. 1796) had taken over the command of the expedition of Domingo de Bonechea of 1774 after his death in Tahiti and was returning to the Viceroyalty of Peru.

<sup>183</sup> Rurutu is a makatea-type island, with steep cliffs and a fringing reef.

<sup>184</sup> Samuel Pinder Henry (1800–1852), son of William Henry (1770–1859), an LMS missionary who sailed to Tahiti on the Duff in 1797.

<sup>185</sup> Maria is named for the whaler *Maria*, who sighted the island in 1824. It was captained by George Washington Gardner (1778–1838) of Nantucket.

<sup>186</sup> George Vancouver (1757–1798)

<sup>187</sup> Possibly Edward Davis or Davies (fl. c. 1680–1688).

<sup>188</sup> Possibly George Powell (d. 1823), British sealer.

<sup>189</sup> William Ellis (1794–1872)



title to the true native name of Rapa. The L.M.S. on Tahiti sent Davies <sup>190</sup> in 1825 to convert the natives from their idol gods. In 1867, its Chief, Parima, and the rest of the inhabitants asked French protection and a French Resident was appointed. In 1887, France took full possession. As Easter Island (Île de Pâques) was also called Rapa, this island was generally known as Rapa-iti (Little Rapa), whilst Easter Island was Rapa-nui (Great Rapa). It is of volcanic origin, as all the rest. A Gendarme, with a Council, is in charge. Its coastline is much broken, Ahurei the most important of its many bays and is the main settlement. Coral reefs abound, making approach difficult. Till the late '60s, British boats en route to or from Panama to New Zealand and Australia called in with unsatisfactory results for the native population. Its resources are very limited and its temperature forbids tropic fruits. Mountainous, its hills rise to peaks, the highest, Pukunia, 2,700 feet to its summit. Vancouver's name for the island was but the native name of the bay in which he dropped anchor.

### The Gambier Group

These lie some 900 miles from Tahiti. They were first seen by Capt Wilson of the L.M.S.' missionary ship, the *Duff*, in 1797, who gave them the name of a leading supporter of the mission in London, Admiral Lord Gambier. The claim by some that they had already been sighted both by Fernández <sup>191</sup> in 1572 and Quiros in 1606 is not tenable, their courses proving that they sailed far to the north. They are the lip of a one time volcano and consist of ten isles of which the four principal are Mangareva, Taravai, Akamaru and Aukena. These four are inhabited, Rikitea on Mangareva being the seat of the French Resident. From an administrative point of view, twenty-three of the Tuamotus are under his charge. The first occupation of this Group was in February 1844, when Commander Pénaud, <sup>192</sup> Commandant of the *La Chartre*, a frigate, declared and formally placed them under the Protectorate of France. In 1881, they were annexed to that country as a Colony.

Mangareva takes its name from its 'mountainous' sides, where the 'reva' grows and flourishes, a reed-like grass much used in plaiting hats and mats. The rest of the isles lie fairly low. They all lie within a distant barrier reef. Pearling within the lip has been very productive in the Past and pearls of great value have been secured from time to time. Tropic fruits abound. To the south and within sight of the twin peaks on Mangareva, there lies Timoe (the Crescent island of Wilson). This island is uninhabited, but visited for fishing purposes. The reefs within the lip are very numerous and navigation to any of the islands is a delicate matter. Coffee is very prolific and breadfruit trees abound.

### The Marquesas Group

These islands lie some 900 miles from Tahiti and are in two Groups, the Southern and the Northern. The Spaniard Mendana first saw the Southern in 1595, naming after the Viceroy of Peru, the Marquis

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<sup>190</sup> [John Davies \(1772–1855\)](#)

<sup>191</sup> [Juan Fernández \(c. 1536 – c. 1604\)](#). It has also been claimed that Juan Fernández was the first European to reach New Zealand, in 1576.

<sup>192</sup> [Charles-Eugène Pénaud \(1800–1864\)](#)

Mendoça.<sup>193</sup> Ingraham,<sup>194</sup> Captain of the Boston (U.S.A.) ship, the *Hope*, first saw the Northern in 1771. The Southern Group has five islands (three of any importance); the Northern Group has six (three also of any importance).

The Southern Group was visited by Cap<sup>t</sup> Cook in 1772. The French Rear Admiral, Du Petit Thouars,<sup>195</sup> in 1842, took formal possession of this Group, and proceeding to the Northern the same year, annexed them likewise. They are mountainous and very fertile in their valleys, watered by the numerous streams. They are governed by an Administrator, who is under the orders of the Governor of the Colony, resident on Tahiti. The old time districts are largely retained, each with its Chief, subject to the Administrator.

The native (and official) name of every one of these islands has been loaded with another, the gift of its discoverer, as follows:

#### Northern Group

Nukuhiva	Baux Island by the French Captain Marchand, <sup>196</sup> who followed close after Ingraham in 1791. Called also Martin Island. Baux was a ship-owner.
Uapu	Marchand Island and Trévanion Island.
Uahuka	Du Solide, after Marchand's ship. Called also Washington by Ingraham.
Eiao	Masse Island by Cap <sup>t</sup> Marchand, the name of one of his lieutenants. <sup>197</sup>
Motu-iti, twin islets	Hergest Isles, who commanded the <i>Daedalus</i> . <sup>198</sup> Also the Two brothers. And again, Franklin and Baja.
Hatutu	Chanal Island, after another of Marchand's lieutenants. <sup>199</sup>

#### Southern Group

Hivaoa	Dominique Island
Tahuata	Santa Cristina Island
Fatuhiva	La Madeleine Island
Fatuhuku	Hood Island, after one of Cap <sup>t</sup> Cook's sailors, who first perceived it.
Motane	San Pedro Island

<sup>193</sup> [García Hurtado de Mendoza y Manrique](#), 5th Marquis of Cañete (1535 –1609) was a Spanish soldier, Governor of Chile and Viceroy of Peru (1590–1596). The island was actually named after the wife of the Viceroy.

<sup>194</sup> [Joseph Ingraham \(1762–1800\)](#) was on his way from Boston to the northwest coast of North America to participate in the sea otter fur trade.

<sup>195</sup> [Abel Aubert Du Petit Thouars \(1793–1864\)](#)

<sup>196</sup> [Étienne Marchand \(1755–1793\)](#) was also on his way to the northwest coast of North America, from Marseille, to participate in the fur trade.

<sup>197</sup> Pierre Masse. WWB has *by Cap<sup>t</sup> Hergest*.

<sup>198</sup> Richard Hergest (1754–1791). WWB has *Deodulus*. The *Daedalus* was a supply ship for the [Vancouver Expedition of 1791–1795](#).

<sup>199</sup> Prosper Chanal. WWB has *Channel Island, after another of Hergest's lieutenants*.

## The Tuamotu Group

Called also Paumotus and, by white folk, the Dangerous Archipelago and the Labyrinth. They are eighty in number. These Atolls range over an area nigh 700 miles in length and 500 miles in total width. Their only production, copras and pearl shell. They vary greatly in circuit, from one mile to over 100, and few have Passes into their lagoons. Few of them have escaped another name than their own native one. The selection is very varied as will be seen. The Pomares claimed Sovereignty over this Group.

<b>Native</b>	<b>Navigator's</b>
(some have alternative names)	(not always of the discoverer)
Matahiva	Lazaroff
Makatea	Recreation
Tikehau	Krusenstern
Rangiroa	Vlieghen (one of the Palliser Group)
Kaukura	(one of the Palliser Group)
Apataki	(one of the Palliser Group)
Arutua	Rurik
Niau	Greig
Ahe	Waterland
Manihi	Wilson
Toau	Elizabeth
Fakarava	Wittgenstein
Anaa	La Chaine
Aratika	Kotzebue
Faaite	Miloradovitch
Hereheretue	Saint Paul
Taiaro	King's
Tikei	Romanzoff
Katin	Sacken
Tuanake	(one of the Raveskoi Group)
Hiti	(one of the Raveskoi Group)
Makemo	Phillips
Haraiki	Croker
Anuanuraro	(one of the Gloucester Group)

<b>Native</b>	<b>Navigator's</b>
Marutea <sup>200</sup>	Furneaux
Taenga	Holt
Reitoru	Bird
Hikueru	Melville
Tekokoto	Doubtful
Raroia	Barclay de Tolly
Takume	Wolkonski
Negonego	Prince William Henry
Rekareka	Good Hope
Tauere	Resolution
Manuhungi	Cumberland
Napuka	(one of the Disappointment Group)
Fangatau	Araktcheff
Hao	La Harpe
Amanu	Moller
Paraoa	Gloucester
Tematangi	Bligh's Lagoon
Ahunui	Byam Martin
Fakahina	Predpriati
Akiaki	Lanciers
Vanavana	Barrow
Moruroa	Osnaburg
Pukapuka	Honden
Nukutavake	Queen Charlotte
Ahunui	Cockburn
Pinaki	Whitsunday
Tatakoto	Narcisse
Tureia	Carysfort
Morane <sup>201</sup>	Cadmus
Pukaruha	Serle
Tenanaro <sup>202</sup>	(one of the Acteon Group)

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<sup>200</sup> [Marutea Nord](#)

<sup>201</sup> Morane, one of the Outer Gambier Group, is administered as part of the commune of the [Gambier Islands](#).

<sup>202</sup> The [Acteon Group](#) is administered as part of the commune of the Gambier Islands.

Native	Navigator's
Reao	Clermont Tonnerre
Maria <sup>203</sup>	Moerenhaut
Marutea <sup>204</sup>	Lord Hood

### The Sous-le-Vent Group

An independent Group, apart from Tahiti.

Also named as the 'Society' and the 'Leeward' Islands.

Raiatea and Tahaa lie within the same Barrier reef, with some two miles of water between them. There are numerous Passes to each, the principal one is that of Uturoa, which is the seat of the Administrator, named by the Governor on Tahiti. Raiatea has two mountain ranges, their summits of commanding height. Both islands are prolific in tropical agriculture, the former famous for its oranges and pineapples. They lie 110 miles from Tahiti.

Huahine. A one time whaling station for the Antarctic whalers, possessing a commodious harbour. It lies within a Barrier reef. It has two clusters of mountains joined by an isthmus, thus forming Huahine-iti (small) to Huahine-nui (large). Its distance from Tahiti is 90 miles.

Pora-pora or Faa-nui (Great Valley) has the finest harbour in the entire Colony. Its central peak, M<sup>t</sup> Pahia, 2,380 feet high, with its shapely cone, is a most striking object from the sea. Its hills form numerous fertile valleys. Within its Barrier reef, there is an islet named Tupué. <sup>205</sup> The distance from Raiatea is about 10 miles.

Tupai or Motu-iti lies the same distance from Pora-pora. It has no native inhabitants and is one of two islands in the Colony which are the property of outsiders, Tupai's owners being an Englishman and a Frenchman who, planting it with coconuts, employ native labour, imported as required.

Maupiti lies 25 miles from Pora-pora. It is reef bound and rises well out of the sea in its centre.

Mopelia, also called Mopihae and Mopetia, is likewise reef bound. Wallis fell in with it in 1767.

Bellinghausen lies similarly encircled. There is no regular use of it by natives. Kotzebue named it in 1824.

Scilly has the native name of Manuai. First seen by Wallis in 1767. Its lagoon formerly much used in pearling, but approach dangerous thro' the barrier reef. It lies 350 miles from Tahiti.

<sup>203</sup> Maria is one of the Outer Gambier Group, which is administered as part of the commune of the Gambier Islands.

<sup>204</sup> [Marutea Sud](#) is also one of the Outer Gambier Group.

<sup>205</sup> There are several islands and islets within the barrier reef; WWB may be referring to *To'opua*.

Maiao or Tupuai Manu, though closer to Moorea than any other island, is included in the Sous le Vent Group.<sup>206</sup> It lies some 40 miles from Tahiti. It has two slight hills and no possible Pass for other than canoe, which it is often difficult to navigate. Wallis fell in with it in 1767 and named it Sir Charles Sanderson Island.

## Moorea

Another name for this island is Eimeo. Wallis named it, in 1767, Duke of York Island, and the Spanish Cap<sup>t</sup> Boenechea, in 1773, gave it the name of Santo Domingo. It lies across a 15 mile strait from Tahiti. It has both a Barrier and Fringing reefs. A chain of mountains forming a large circle cover the island, forming valleys which are dense with vegetation. The highest peak stands over 3000 feet high, the other summits are greatly broken giving a very picturesque aspect from the sea. M<sup>t</sup> Rotui is a unique and striking object. The main native settlements are at Papetoai, Haapiti, Afareaitu, Maharepa, Cook's Bay and Opunohu. The latter's bay has excellent anchorage for vessels. Vanilla flourishes, also the tobacco plant. It has its Resident, who acts with the District Chiefs.

## Tahiti

Named by Wallis, who first saw it in 1767, and by the Spaniard Boenechea, in 1772, respectively 'King George the Third Island' and 'Amat', consists, akin to Huahine, in Greater Tahiti and Lesser Tahiti, joined by the isthmus of Taravao. It is rugged and mountainous, the latter without any symmetry of chain or contour, the highest mountains being Mount Aorai, which overlooks the town of Papeete, and Mount Orohena, overlooking Mataiea, both in Greater Tahiti. In Lesser Tahiti — Taiarapu — Niu<sup>207</sup> overlooks Taūtira. The whole island has a Fringing reef and, in parts, a Barrier reef also. The Passes through the latter into the lagoon, thus formed, are frequent, the main ones being at Papeete, Taunoa and Tautira. Others available for vessels of smaller size than the steamers of today are at Point Venus, used by the earliest navigators; Mataiea; Hitiaa, used by de Bougainville; and Port Phaeton at the isthmus. Greater Tahiti possesses the only Lake, Vaihiria, lying below the outskirts of M<sup>t</sup> Orohena. There are today no native settlements up the mountainsides, as once there were, the whole population living on the seashore or the often narrow flatland at the foot of the mountains. The rivulets, brooks and streams are very numerous, compelling constant bridges on the Highway of over 100 miles, which encircles the Island. The rivers proper are few — the Fautaua at Papeete, the Papenoo in that District, and those reaching the lagoon at Papara and Tautira. The most important of the small islets which dot the coast within the various lagoons is Motu-Uta in Papeete's lagoon. It was much used by the second Pomare and his daughter, Queen Pomare IV, as a residence. Since then, it has been used by the French Authorities as a Quarantine Station.

The first of the French to see Tahiti, which is today one of its Colonies, was de Bougainville and his crew, who followed close upon Wallis, landing at Hitiaa from his vessel *La Boudeuse* in April 1768. He gave the island yet another name, 'New Cytheria'. The seat of government of the whole Colony

<sup>206</sup> Maiao is part of the commune of [Moorea-Maiao](#), which is in the administrative subdivision of the [Windward Islands](#) (and not the Leeward Islands).

<sup>207</sup> [Mount Ronui](#)



is at Papeete, where Government House is situated. There is a Mayor and Council in Papeete; the rest of the island is divided into Districts, each with its Chief appointed by the Governor.

There are two adjacent islands, viz. Mehetia and Tetiaroa. Mehetia is a sugarloaf cone rising out of the sea with a very limited shoreline for vegetation. It is uninhabited, but visited in the proper season to gather the few coconuts and convey them to Tautira, its nearest point. Tetiaroa is off Arue and formerly was the property of the Pomare family, and much used as a resort in early days by members. It was purchased some years back by Dr Williams,<sup>208</sup> now dead, from Prince Hinoi (I), the heir of the last Pomare king. It produces fine copra and excellent fishing ground. The islet of fair size consists of a series of coral banks with ample space thereon for buildings. It is the one and only isle throughout French Oceania wholly and entirely owned by one of the British race.

Tahiti and its dependencies came under a French Protectorate, with the unwilling consent of Queen Pomare IV, in 1838, and became a French Colony, with the willing consent of her son, Pomare V, in 1880.

#### Notes.

The natives (Polynesians) of French Oceania, alike with all others of that race, are in a certain sense Maoris. This word, applied only to the Polynesian natives of New Zealand, has its roots in the word Maohi, which is the native (Polynesian) word for the Race itself. As individuals, they are the coined word Maoris; as a Race they are Maohi.

When Pomare V, in 1880, ceded his sovereignty to France, there went with it the islands over which the Pomares made claim to sovereignty, viz., Tahiti, Moorea, Mehetia (not Maiao) and the Tuamotus, their natives becoming French citizens, with a vote. The rest of the Group — viz., the Society Islands,<sup>209</sup> the Australs, the Marquesas and the Gambiers — not having come under the French Protectorate of 1838, their natives were not even subjects of France till mastered or acquired. They are today French possessions, their natives subjects without a vote, citizenship not being acquired nor, in Raiatea's case, seemingly desired.<sup>210</sup>

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<sup>208</sup> Dr Johnston Walter Williams was, at the time, the only dentist in Tahiti, and Consul of England from 1916 to 1935. [Marlon Brando \(1924–2004\)](#) purchased most of the atoll in 1966, and another part in 1967, from a descendant of Dr Williams.

<sup>209</sup> By which WWB means the Leeward Islands.

<sup>210</sup> French citizenship was proclaimed for all subjects of French colonies in 1946, under the [Loi Lamine Guèye](#).

## EASTER ISLAND

The writer having gained from his friend, Arthur Brander, <sup>211</sup> the facts of how this island became Chilean, passed them on to his friend Alfred Rowland, local correspondent of an Australian Magazine from whose interesting article the following excerpts are taken.

During the 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> decades of the last century, the ships of John Brander, a prominent merchant resident in Papeete, voyaged back and forth between Tahiti and Valparaiso, laying their course to raise the mountain tops of Easter Island over the horizon, as landmarks for their navigating officers.

Easter Island was then a no-man's land. It had indeed been visited by explorers from many countries; first, for Holland, by its veritable discoverer Roggeveen in 1772, then 48 years later by Spain.

At that period, the paramount aim of the Spanish Government was to exclude every foreign power from acquiring a foothold at any point in or adjacent to those widespread dominions of His Catholic Majesty collectively known as the "Indies", granted it by the Pope Alexander VI in 1493 upon the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Magellan. It was this policy that supplied the motive for the despatch in 1770 of the ship-of-war *San Lorenzo*, commanded by Don Felix Gonzalez, and the frigate *Santa Rosalia*, commanded by Don Antonio Domonte, to search out and annex Easter Island. <sup>212</sup>

The expedition landed. No foreigners were found there. "The islanders proclaimed our Sovereign as their own. Three crosses were erected on a lofty hill... which," their report adds, "the natives were seen to pull down the very next day."

Captain Cook called there in 1774 and Lapérouse, a Frenchman, in 1786. Both, undoubtedly, claimed the island for their respective countries. These were followed by other navigators... The island was left to its own inhabitants... until about 1864, when missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church landed there.

Sometime in the 1870 decade, <sup>213</sup> John Brander of Tahiti conceived the idea of establishing a cattle and sheep ranch on Easter Island, which boasts of abundance of grass. A co-partnership was formed that included the Roman Catholic mission in Papeete, a French resident of the little town, <sup>214</sup> and John Brander. Cattle and sheep were transported to Easter Island and the Frenchman went there as resident manager. This individual soon goaded the natives to fury by his autocratic and slave-driving methods; they rose against him and slew him.

Later on, John Brander, Junior — his father having died — bought the interest of his mother and went to Easter Island as director of the enterprise. <sup>215</sup> All went smoothly between the Church interests and the Branders, but the widow of the murdered Frenchman was the fly in the ointment — a very restless

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<sup>211</sup> WWB mentions Arthur Brander in *The Memoirs of Ariitaimai*, published in the September 1945 edition of PIM, page 59, in Part VII. Arthur Brander is also mentioned in *The Late Mr. Bolton of Tahiti* in the June 1947 edition of the Pacific Islands Monthly, in Part VII.

<sup>212</sup> See [The voyage of Captain Don Felipe González in the ship of the line San Lorenzo: with the frigate Santa Rosalia in company, to Easter Island in 1770-1 \(Hakluyt Society, 1967\).](#)

<sup>213</sup> According to various sources, the partnership was formed in 1866.

<sup>214</sup> [Jean-Baptiste Onésime Dutrou-Bornier \(1834–1876\)](#)

<sup>215</sup> John Brander, Senior, died on 15 June 1878. [Alexander Ariipaea Vehiaitipare Salmon Jr. \(1855–1914\)](#) — whose sister, Titaua Salmon (1842–1898), had married John Brander, Senior — ran the estate on Easter Island from 1878 until the island was ceded to Chile in 1888.

and contentious fly indeed. On that account it was decided to dispose of the property, and negotiations towards that end were undertaken with a Chilean firm at Valparaiso.

By happy fortune, the Chilean gunboat *Abtao* appeared at Papeete at that very time. Her Commander, Captain Toro,<sup>216</sup> courteously offered to take Arthur Brander as his guest to Easter Island, where he could consult with his brother and then proceed to Valparaiso. On the voyage it occurred to someone that, inasmuch as the property interests were about to pass into Chilean hands, it would be expedient to place the island under the sovereignty of Chile.

John Brander, Junior, being the son of a Scotsman, had kept the British flag hoisted over his station during the period of his residence, without, however, having taken formal possession in the name of Her Majesty. He could therefore offer no objection when Captain Toro landed and proclaimed the island a part of the Chilean Republic.

John and Arthur Brander were passengers on the *Abtao* to Valparaiso, where the Easter Island interests were taken over by the Chilean company, who subsequently disposed of them to Balfour Williamson & Co.,<sup>217</sup> a Scottish company at Valparaiso.

The Roman Catholic mission and the Branders were in harmonious accord in all matters concerning the liquidation of the co-partnership. The widow of the Frenchman was still the fly in the ointment. Ten years of litigation were necessary before the end of the matter was achieved.

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<sup>216</sup> [Policarpo Toro \(1856–1921\)](#)

<sup>217</sup> See [Balfour Williamson & Co.](#) WWB has *Balfour, Anderson & Co.*

## OPOA

Long centuries ago, Opoa, the open air Temple and Sanctuary of the Polynesian gods — now a wreck untended and unthought of — was the centre of a vast wide-spreading Confederacy of that native Race. It lies on Raiatea, in prior days known as Havai'i, one of the Society Islands Group, 100 miles west of Tahiti. Raiatea stood out pre-eminent among the Central and South Eastern isles of Polynesia; Tahiti — completely overshadowing it today — was but an appendage, carrying no special prestige. It may be interest to some to recall that Past, so little known, yet intimately connected with the natives of our day, a link in the chain of evidence — much sought by savants — from whence and how and why those we know, and many of us dwell amongst, originally came from. They were definitely not the first inhabitants on these islands; they found others already in possession, but these were weak and defenceless against the newcomers who were strong and ever ready for battle. The former were from South America; the latter sprang from Asia. East met West. Just when, no mortal now can tell, but the results from their meeting are clear. Let us dwell on the Easterners first.

Easter Island, or Rapa-Nui, the first spot of land west from Chile 2000 miles away and separated from the first present day Polynesian Group by more than 1,000 miles of open sea, plays no small part in the story. It is an island twelve miles round its coastline, triangular in shape, having at each corner of its five mile width, a volcanic peak rising from its now dead base 1,800 feet. The soil is mostly decomposed lava. Lying outside the Tropics, it had and has no coconuts, no breadfruit, no trees, but scattered bush and abundance of grass. Even today, only in sheltered hollows made by hand can the natives cultivate bananas, sugarcane and the all important kumara (sweet potato) brought thither by their ancestors.

Whether these found, or themselves sculpted and erected, the amazing stone Statues which distinguish Rapa-Nui from every other island in the world is a problem hard to solve. Opinions greatly differ. These Statues, numbering hundreds, of all sizes — their size and weight happily preventing only a trio's removal from the island to grace museums in England and the United States — were carved out of the solid rock on the slopes of the extinct volcano, Rano Raraku; the tools used, of volcanic glass, still are to be seen lying about the quarry. Two hundred giant images, their faces looking inward, once stood erect on great terraces built up of large slabs of stone mortified neatly together. The largest of these terraces is some 300 feet long and from 8 to 14 feet high, a paved slope on the land side leading up to where the Statues stood, giants 12 to 20 feet in height, some reaching over 30 feet. Today, all but a few are lying prone, it is said by hand of warring man, an internecine strife, or, more likely, by their conversion to Christianity, they hauled them to the ground. Three roads once evidently led away from the mountain quarry to the terraces of the triangle and which hug the coastline, upright Statues once dotting even the course of the roads. In the quarry, there still stand or lie many more than those used on the terraces, of all sizes great and small, in various stages of completion, one monster among them lying prone measuring 68 feet. They, one and all, represent the upper half of the human body. The completed ones were 'crowned', these crowns of stonework rising five feet above the head; the crowns of a red stone, the rest of the Statue grey. Thus seemingly would the sculptors do honour to the gods, or maybe to the spirits of their dead, who, in their hundreds, were buried in the triangle. The fact that in the Marquesan and Tupai groups alone are found scattered giant images of stone, stopping short where the Westerners ran into the Easterners, would seem to name the latter, rather than a still prior race, inhabitants on Rapa-Nui as the builders. The Easterners were clearly roamers; there seems to be no evidence to show that a prior race were likewise.

The religion of the west coast of South America — Peru and Chile — was centred in Sun worship. There seems to have come a stirring amongst the natives of those coasts; perhaps they had become overcrowded, but more likely it was a religious mania that gripped them. They would follow their

Sun god to his home where he sank to rest in the West. In their great double canoes, they voyaged out into the vast ocean, priests aboard, and not forgetting among their provisions their kumara, a vegetable of their Continent, unknown in Asia. By happy chance, they struck Easter Island, even as the Dutchman, Roggeveen, did in 1722, and made it, whether inhabited or desolate, the resting place of some amongst them, whilst others pushed on towards the West, peopling islands as they went, the far Eastern and Central islands of the Polynesia of today. Here their course was stayed, for now they ran into the Westerners, who had been pouring in from Asia. Just as they seem to have absorbed the prior natives they had met on their way, so now they in turn were absorbed by the Westerners.

But though absorbed, those Easterners left their mark upon the Westerners, who gained from them three lasting things: a new god, a new vocabulary and a new food. Prior to this meeting of the natives of two continents, the Polynesians of the West had no Sun god. Now they added the Sun god, Tane, to their pantheon of deities and Tane — not Atea, the supreme god of the common people, nor the great Oro, god of war — became the chief Deity of popular worship in Central and South Eastern Polynesia, and remained so until Christianity triumphed. And their vocabulary took on new forms. In the dialects of the above named portions of present day Polynesia, a large percentage, even up to 30 percent, is composed of words that bear no relation whatsoever to words of similar meaning in Western Polynesia, but bear striking resemblance to similar words of the South American coast. And the kumara would seem to settle the matter, for, as noted above, to the Polynesians it was wholly unknown, and today it is one of their standard foods.

The Easterners, alike with the Westerners, were filled with ambition. The ancient designation of Rapa-Nui was Te Pito, i.e., the naval or centre of their would-be island world. Seeing that, geographically, it was the very opposite, nor could ever be otherwise, it was evidently so called as being the motherland whence other lands would be peopled by them, the centre of a Commonwealth, which in truth it became, and endured until the Polynesians engulfed them. They had reached well out westward before the collapse came.

Let us now follow their masters in their forward course and note how their vast wide-spreading Confederacy arose, to become likewise but a memory. They had spread far and wide over the South Sea, entering upon it through the Line (Equator) islands, thus missing the New Caledonia of today and Fiji with their Melanesian immigrants, when a High Chief named Te Fatu set out from the island of Rotuma, lying over 200 miles to the north of the Fiji Group, having upon it a very sacred marae or Temple and Sanctuary of the gods, with the intention of conquering and peopling with his Race such islands as he and his followers might hap upon, if not already peopled by them, as actually many were. He roamed far. He reached Pora Pora of the Society Group and its nearby companion isles, thence to the Marquesas, the Tuamotu Atolls, the Gambiers and the Australs, then on to Rarotonga — the Cook Group — and southward to land upon New Zealand, whither large migrations had already gone from Raiatea. Where're he went, he with his son, Maro-Te-Tini, sought to set up cordial relations, the one Group with the others, uniting them in a Confederacy, and as a central site for conventions of warriors, priests, scholars and Chiefs, fixed upon Raiatea. Here the marae at Opoa was set up, on the site of an earlier marae of good renown, a corner stone of its great platform a sacred one brought along by Te Fatu from his marae on Rotuma, thus constituting Opoa as a Tapu-Tapu-Atea, a transcendently holy spot.<sup>218</sup>

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<sup>218</sup> The source of WWB's account of Te Fatu, here and below, was almost certainly Teuira Henry; see, for example, [The Tahitian version of the names Ra'iatea and Taputapu-atea, The Journal of the Polynesian Society, Volume 21 \(1912\), No. 2: 77-78.](#)

Here then this widespread Confederation of Polynesians from Southern and Central and far Eastern Polynesia met periodically during centuries for deliberation, helpful counsel and religious observances. Both history and legend are clear as to this happening. Even the ceremonies of that far away time have come down to us. Their religious observances were a very serious matter to them. There was a stateliness about them that bespoke profound reverence for their gods. There was a Sacred Pass with its own special name that led through the Barrier reef to Opoa. All was order at the gathering, the canoes entering Te-Ava-Moa in procession, in double line, each canoe representing a different section of the Confederacy, drums beating loudly the while, and native-made trumpets pealing forth. Then came the landing on the Fringing reef, the presentation of gifts to the gods — which the priests took all good care of themselves — and the solemn procession into the Sanctuary open to the sky. There was an inner sanctuary, also roofless, which the presiding high priest and others of his rank alone might enter. While the mystic rites were performed, all fasted; no fire was lit for cooking at Opoa. For any of the common people to approach whilst the religious part of the Convention was carried through meant instant death by club or spear.

The priests of Opoa were not at all modest in their claims. In the course of time, they gave out that the great god Oro was born in that sacred area and that the High Chiefs of Raiatea were the direct descendants of that god. Great therefore would be the honour for the High Chiefs of other islands in the Confederacy to gain the hand of such exalted maidens as were Raiatea's. And all was accepted as truth. Opoa was in the limelight for many a century, the Holy of Holies in this vast Union of peoples. But disunion came and decay set in, and the end of this great Confederacy appears to have come about somewhere in the middle of the 14<sup>th</sup> century or about A.D. 1350 — 600 years ago, when England was still forming.

But though the Confederacy fell to pieces, Opoa held its own in South Eastern Polynesia; other maraes lost their standing as the years rolled on; its death toll was sounded by the advent of Christianity and ere long its triumph. Polynesians outside of Raiatea have little or no memory of it today, but the white man who wrecked it recalls its heyday with interest and steps within its fallen walls and treads its broken pavement with deep respect for a vanished Past.

Opoa, as has been noted, stands on Havai'i, which may confuse the reader who thinks only of that northern group of islands called Hawaii. That name is, correctly speaking, a loose term used by earlier Polynesians for their island homeland. The Samoans have their Savai'i; the Rarotongans, their Avaiki; the Maoris of New Zealand, their Havaiki; the Hawaiians use it not only for their group, but apply it specially to their largest island. Raiatea so used the name, but had yet another name for itself not generally known.

In primitive fashion, those living on its East coast were looked down upon by those of the West coast, since all wisdom came from the west; the former was Dark Land Uri, theirs was Light Land Tea. In course of time, this divergence was dropped by common consent and the two names were blended into one, Uri-e-tea — Dark and Light — and this was the name given to Captain Cook when he landed from the *Endeavour* and was recorded by him as Uliateah.

Opoa is today in the possession of the French; Rapa Nui is in the possession of Chile. Great has been the change since the days long centuries past when they met in the person of their respective natives, roamers from West and East. Both were out for wider growth and settlement. It was inevitable that they would meet and either merge by intermarriage or be exterminated, the one by the other. They merged; the greater absorbed the less. The maternal religious belief would as inevitably be impressed upon the new generation, and Sun worship, the cult of the East, became increasingly the cult of the West; their languages were each enriched; and the lowly kumara became the welcome heritage of both.



## A PACIFIC CRUISE IN 1838

From The Times <sup>219</sup> of February 1938

**Well worth saving from a newspaper's files.**

A hundred years ago, the frigate *Imogene*, <sup>220</sup> commanded by Captain Henry Bruce, <sup>221</sup> anchored in Valparaiso after a five months' cruise in the South Sea. Unpublished letters written by the Captain to his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Troubridge, <sup>222</sup> a Lord of the Admiralty, have come by way of a descendant of the latter to the present writer. <sup>223</sup> Apart from anecdotal value, they shed direct light on the obscure period in the history of the Pacific development which lies between discovery and the beachcomber era.

If many naval commanders were then like Henry Bruce, the conception of British duty to alien and subject races as one of trusteeship must have been in the air 80 years before the phrase 'mandated territory' was known. From the evidence of the letters, however, one would guess him to have been more humane than most. Down to the south west in Melanesia, there was wholesale murder and the sandalwood trade. Bruce's policy in the Central Pacific was to imbue good principles, rebuke the heathen, and discourage rogues as far as he was able within the limits of his commission.

The *Imogene* left Valparaiso on August 8, 1837, according to her log in the Record Office. The first letter, written at sea in October, describes a call on September 8 at Santa Christina <sup>224</sup> in the Marquesas, where Bruce found two missionaries, <sup>225</sup> residents for three years past, but no other Christians:

The Queen having come onboard to visit me with her husband, King Totiti, <sup>226</sup> I placed on her shoulders a Tartan shawl, with which she was delighted, and I presented her husband with an old Coat, Epauettes and Cocked Hat, which he had done me the honour to ask me for. Totiti was in raptures with me — principally on account of my height, for these People invariably consider that none except the largest ought to be Chiefs — and finding him in so civilized a humour, I advised him to attend to the missionaries' instructions, but I could only get from him that he would not prevent the Pickaninnies (the women and children) but that for himself he was immovable.

Moralizing on the inscrutability of the Deity, who had given such heathens a mild climate and a soil that yields abundance without cultivation, the pious captain sail'd on to anchor (September 29) at "a village of huts called Honolulu," where he stayed for a fortnight. His attempts to outline a proper British policy towards the whole Sandwich Group occupy the end of the first letter, as well as most of the second letter written on November 29 after leaving Tahiti. The state of religion pleased him;

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<sup>219</sup> [The Times](#) is a British daily national newspaper, first published in London in 1785 under the title *The Daily Universal Register*; it became The Times on 1 January 1788.

<sup>220</sup> [HMS Imogene](#) was a Conway-class sixth rate of the Royal Navy, launched on 24 June 1831. She served in the East Indies, China and South America, but was accidentally burnt while out of commission on 27 September 1840.

<sup>221</sup> [Henry William Bruce \(1792–1863\)](#)

<sup>222</sup> Possibly [Edward Thomas Troubridge \(c. 1787 – 1852\)](#).

<sup>223</sup> The present writer is currently unknown, although a subscriber could check the [archives of The Times](#).

<sup>224</sup> [Tahuata](#)

<sup>225</sup> George Stallworthy and John Rodgerson of the London Missionary Society were on Tahuata in 1837; see [this source](#).

<sup>226</sup> Usually *Totete* in the literature.

there were 140 American missionaries in the group, and the principal church of Honolulu had a congregation of 3,000 natives, the services being performed in the native tongue, after the Presbyterian manner, and the Queen,<sup>227</sup> who is a professing Christian, always attends it. There was a Bethel Chapel for English and American residents and two missionary schools where the children learn the multiplication table and repeat it to the tune of ‘Yankee Doodle’, their instructors all being Americans. King Tamihuncher III,<sup>228</sup> a young man of idle habits, heard divine service onboard the *Imogene*, was deeply affected and when he heard one pray for himself, he said to Mr Chandler, “That is me,” and shutting his book, covered his face with his hands.

The prospects were even more promising on Hawaii (spelt Awyhee), which was visited after leaving Honolulu. The Chief of the district was a woman, a zealous Christian called Kaperlone,<sup>229</sup> and a hymn was sung in the missionary school to the tune of “Scots wha’ hae wi’ Wallace bled”.<sup>230</sup> She and Bruce had a conversation which appears genuinely to have moved him, and even more the lady, who, with her interpreter, burst into tears, explaining that he was the first foreigner to put a Bible in her hands.

She gave me a spear — a long wooden instrument quite plain, 22 feet in length — which had pierced Captain Cook’s body at the time of his death, and had been kept concealed ever since by her husband, and since his death by her. In the evening I landed and took my farewell; she is half black and a stout comely woman about 40 years of age. I stood on the spot where Captain Cook fell, and I conversed with a man who was near the scene of action at the time. As there was nothing to mark the spot, I obtained from the Chief a Cocoa Nut tree near to it, having a shot hole through it, made on that fatal day, 14<sup>th</sup> February 1779. Lord Byron in 1825 had caused a small tablet to be erected at the place to which Captain Cook was carried, but that being a mile distant was likely in course of time to be confused with the other. I thought it well to mark the identical spot. The spear I hope to present to the King.

Two years ago, a careful search was made for the spear at Windsor, but no trace of the weapon or of its receipt could be found; nevertheless, it is quite possible that the spear may still be in the Castle.

This Eden had only two serpents, idleness and Roman Catholicism.

It must be regretted that the ignorant people were not impressed with the importance, or rather, the necessity, of industry, which must go hand in hand with the Gospel of Christ, as the ground yields so much spontaneously that they found no inducement to go to work.

The religious problem was approached by Bruce and King Tamihuncher in a spirit of bigotry.

He is most desirous to prevent Roman Catholics from coming and teaching their doctrines on his Dominions and I think it much to be wished that he should be encouraged, but they manage to land. His government then sends them away by force, and he is embroiled with the nations for breach of their treaties.

Bruce gave moderating advice for emergencies which was poorly received.

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<sup>227</sup> [Kalama Hakaleleponi Kapakuhaili \(1817–1870\)](#)

<sup>228</sup> [Kamehameha III \(1813–1854\)](#)

<sup>229</sup> [Kapi‘olani \(c. 1781–1841\)](#)

<sup>230</sup> [Scots Wha Hae](#) by [Robert Burns \(1759–1796\)](#).

The Queen slapped her thigh at me when I told her that if a Roman Catholic Bishop, who was coming gainst my advice on his way to the island of Ascension, required for the good of his health to land, she must not, in common humanity, refuse permission.

The long screed which Bruce sent to Troubridge on the political situation in the Sandwich Islands is interesting in its revelation of the unsatisfactory way in which the Pacific Spheres of Influence drifted into the Colonies. The Kings and Chiefs were by this time fairly used to foreigners and had learned to make a distinction between those who brought the Gospel and advice and those who brought disease and rum. But when it came to making friendly Treaties with the Powers, they were as much at a loss as an orphan child might be in conducting negotiations for a 'modus vivendi' with his aunts and uncles. The grown-ups, they thought, ought to know better than themselves. But what was likely to happen should the grown-ups fall out with one another? Bruce wrote Home with urgency and an unconcealed desire to be possibly the first governor in the Sandwich Islands. He also had the acumen to prophesy that unless something was done, other than to send casual emissaries, the influence of the American missionaries would inevitably pull down the scales.

Having left Hawaii on October 17, the *Imogene* reached Tahiti on November 13, meeting adverse winds which reduced her progress. Here again the discrepancies of unofficial envoys made diplomacy difficult. H.M.S. *Conway* arrived shortly after the *Imogene* and Bruce explained the situation with philosophical humour:

The *Conway* brought presents for Queen Pomare from our Government, so that while I was lecturing her Majesty and her Authorities for breaking into the houses of British subjects and otherwise ill-treating them, and vice versa, the *Conway* was presenting her with two soiled gowns, a handsome pink bonnet, an ugly soiled cap and some ribbands cut into five fathom length. Pomare is an interesting woman; she is a decided Christian and very well conducted; is married and has had three children, who all died young; she is warmly attached to the English, who I am sorry to say behave very ill and give her the greatest trouble in her own country; ships ought to be sent more frequently to protect her from British insult, as well as to look after British interests; she dined onboard with me, and wrote me a letter, beside giving me one in charge for our King.

But Tahiti did not interest Bruce deeply, and after marking with a black blob in the Log, the date November 16, when the *Conway* told him of King William IV's death, he sailed to Valparaiso by way of Pitcairn. Of Pitcairn and the Christian descendants of the Bounty mutineers, he wrote that if that island were a 'three-decker', he would be glad to be its Commander.

## THE CONDOMINIUM OF THE NEW HEBRIDES

Compiled from various sources and articles and on the spot.

The establishing of a Condominium was a new and unique experiment in government, in that it had to do with a people who had no institutions of government of their own, nor the slightest semblance of organization among them, scattered natives on separate islands who had come under the hands of two European nations greatly differing in their aims and methods. But something had to be done as will be shown, and the Condominium came into actual fact on October 20, **1906**,<sup>231</sup> and was set going officially at Via, on E-fa-te, the main island of the group on December 2.

The New Hebrides Group was discovered to white men by the Spaniard, Quiros, in **1606**, who dropped anchor in the large bay named by him St Philip and St James, lying in the northernmost island, which is 75 miles in length and 45 miles across. Full of enthusiasm that he had struck the great Southern Continent, the dream of all the early adventurers, he called it 'La Austrialia del Espiritu Santo' — the present day Santo Island.<sup>232</sup> He passed on, and for over a century the Group was unheard of. In **1767**, the Frenchman de Bougainville<sup>233</sup> reached it, who found that Quiros' report of the lost continent was but a group of islands great and small. He sailed through the Strait between Santo and Malekula which bears his name today, landing on the island of Aoba, which he named Lepers' Island, mistaking a skin affection, from which the natives were just then suffering, for that dreaded disease. Next came the Englishman Captain Cook<sup>234</sup> in **1774**, who, with his usual thoroughness, explored the entire Group to which he gave it its present name, charting and naming most of the islands, their headlands and straits. In **1788**, the French sent Lapérouse<sup>235</sup> thither, but he disappeared, nor was his end or that of his crew and ship discovered for many years. In **1789**, Bligh, on his famous boat voyage from Tonga to Timor, after having been cast adrift from the *Bounty* by its mutineers, sighted, but dared not venture to land on the Banks Group, about 100 miles to the northward of the New Hebrides. The Spaniards had already seen and named the small Torres Group lying between Santo and Santa Cruz. The French sent out D'Entrecasteaux<sup>236</sup> in **1793** to search for Lapérouse and he visited the Santa Cruz Group, where later on it was found his fellow adventurer into those far scattered groups had been shipwrecked and both he and his men came to their journey's end.<sup>237</sup>

The Banks and the Torres Groups are included in the Condominium under the dual control of England and France; the Santa Cruz Group is lined up with the Solomons under England alone. As is seen above, Spaniards led the way. By right of discovery, all but the Banks Group were theirs to command and settle, but their day was done. Discovery alone gives legally no right to possession. Settlement must follow or any right lapses. This is clearly to be seen in the case of New Caledonia. Cook found it, landed, raised the Flag and named it, but no settlement followed. Long years later, the French founded a settlement thereon and that island with its valuable mineral contents is theirs today.

<sup>231</sup> WWB has written the year a second time in the margin; they will be written in bold here and below.

<sup>232</sup> [Espiritu Santo](#)

<sup>233</sup> [Louis-Antoine, Comte de Bougainville \(1729–1811\)](#)

<sup>234</sup> [James Cook \(1728–1779\)](#)

<sup>235</sup> [Jean François de Galaup, comte de Lapérouse \(1741–1788?\)](#) landed in 1787.

<sup>236</sup> [Antoine Raymond Joseph de Bruni d'Entrecasteaux \(1739–1793\)](#)

<sup>237</sup> See *Headstone* in Part I, *Notes On the Life of William Washington Bolton*.

For nigh half a century, the Groups here dealt with lay dormant, save for an occasional white caller on his ship, amongst them D'Urville <sup>238</sup> and Belcher, <sup>239</sup> Erskine <sup>240</sup> and Markham, <sup>241</sup> whose logs and reports make interesting reading. The first white folk to land and to remain were British: missionaries.

John Williams <sup>242</sup> of the London Missionary Society led the way in **1839**, though he paid for it with his life on Erromanga even as he set foot thereon. But though repulsed, his fellows were not defeated and from Aneiteum, the southernmost island, they steadily advanced northward. The name of Paton <sup>243</sup> must ever be linked with the fight and victory over paganism. He and his descendants for over a century now have left their mark upon the Group. As the years passed, the London Missionary Society withdrew in favour of the Presbyterian missionary societies in Scotland, Canada, New Zealand and Australia, with the view of giving those countries a definite interest in the work. The Anglicans were allotted the spiritual charge of three islands under the Melanesian Mission, whose starting took place in New Zealand. The Roman Catholics made a start in 1848, but retired, only, however, to return in 1887 in greater force and spread themselves over most of the archipelago.

Here, then, for Christianity's work among the New Hebrides, both English and French were engaged, a spiritual dual control, but, as yet, none political. The Anglicans were the first (and quite innocently) to raise the question of the latter and we must go back to **1841** when the See of New Zealand was established by those in the Homeland, with that great spiritual leader, Bishop Selwyn, <sup>244</sup> in charge. To him, the New Hebrides were part of his See, his care and supervision, grounding his position, as he did, on the Letters Patent of the Colony when founded and issued as the New Zealand Charter of 1840. Therein its boundaries covered a vast area of sea and islands, nigh 5000 square miles, but very indifferently and indefinitely named.

Selwyn had much on his hands, but in **1848** he started what he called the Melanesian Mission, not on the New Hebrides but on the Isle of Pines on the coast of New Caledonia, then unsettled, with the intention of working there upon both New Hebrides and New Caledonia — all within his See. When he revisited the Isle in **1851**, he found that his teachers had been more or less compelled to leave for other islands, such as the Loyalty, and that the French Roman Catholics had established themselves in their place. His jurisdiction was denied and though upon his return to New Zealand he urged the Home Authorities to annex not only his station but New Caledonia as well, and orders were issued from London to the British Admiral on the Australian station to hoist the Flag, time was lost, the facts became known and a French Admiral, on the plea of an outrage upon French sailormen, hoisted another nation's Flag in September **1853**. Selwyn's supposed See's boundaries were still further curtailed — not for him, but his successors — for when the Premier of New Zealand, Sir George Grey, <sup>245</sup> made claim in **1878** that the New Hebrides were within the original boundaries of that Colony, the Imperial Government informed him once and for all that such was not the case. Politically, the Group was No Man's Land. This clear declaration by Lord Derby, <sup>246</sup> known as the '1878 Understanding', come to between the governments of England and France at that time after much interchange of views, was in complete harmony with the Imperial Government's Order in

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<sup>238</sup> [Jules Sébastien César Dumont d'Urville \(1790–1842\)](#)

<sup>239</sup> [Edward Belcher \(1799–1877\)](#)

<sup>240</sup> [John Elphinstone Erskine \(1806–1887\)](#)

<sup>241</sup> [Albert Hastings Markham \(1841–1918\)](#)

<sup>242</sup> [John Williams \(1796–1839\)](#)

<sup>243</sup> [John Gibson Paton \(1824–1907\)](#)

<sup>244</sup> [George Augustus Selwyn \(1809–1878\)](#). WWB was ordained deacon in 1881 and priest in 1882 by George Selwyn's immediate successor as Bishop of Lichfield, [William Dalrymple Maclagan \(1826–1910\)](#).

<sup>245</sup> [George Grey \(1812–1898\)](#)

<sup>246</sup> [Edward Henry Stanley \(1826–1893\)](#)

Council of 1877 dealing with the jurisdiction of the newly appointed High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, who was to be stationed at Suva, Fiji. All islands under him were specifically mentioned, but the New Hebrides found no place on the list.

The ‘Understanding’ had to come, for not only New Zealand, but Australia, were demanding annexation, and that publicly. The French Government drew London’s Colonial Office’s attention to very aggressive articles and protested. They received the reply “Her Majesty’s Government have no intention of changing the conditions of independence which the New Hebrides now enjoy.”

But the matter would not rest. By this date, other than missionaries had settled in the Group as planters and traders, far more numerous by the British than by the French, though only 200 miles from New Caledonia. Most of the trade, however, passed through Noumea, the chief town of New Caledonia. In **1883**, a Company was formed there to colonize the New Hebrides and large tracts of land were purchased by Frenchmen, both from the natives and the resident British. These new settlers had the benefit of what was practically Free Trade with France, as the rest had not, and their numbers multiplied rapidly, soon surpassing the British, even as they do today. Feeling in Australia ran high and the Colonial Office at Home was besieged with petitions to set things on some definite basis.

The agitation was greatly strengthened by the announcement of the French Government to make fuller use of the penal settlement in New Caledonia. This was inferred as aimed by the French to later on make the same use of the New Hebrides. Be it noted that the first batch of French convicts were landed in New Caledonia in 1864, when 200 arrived; in 1870, 2,000 were transported; by 1883, the total had reached over 17,000. The French at the same time determined that ‘time expired’ convicts were to be free as settlers within the bounds of that Colony — they were to be life settlers; no returning Home for them.

There was ground for complaint; there had been constant escapes of both these semi-free and confined convicts to the coast towns of Australia, giving the police serious trouble and the public much anxiety. To the remonstrances addressed Home, Lord Derby replied that the independence of the New Hebrides having been recognized by both governments, that matter must rest. As to the convicts, he quoted the French Government’s reply to him upon his drawing their attention to the danger to Australia — they could not admit, whilst desirous to show every consideration to others, that any foreign country had the right to prevent France from sending her convicts to one of her colonies.

But things within the New Hebrides were at work to the end Australia sought, something definite. With the steadily growing increase of settlers and traders, disputes naturally arose among them, as also with the natives, and there was no court or authority to settle matters. Things would have become chaotic but for the occasional visits of a British or French warship, before whose commanders quarrels were brought and adjusted. Australia looked on with amazement at such a farce and again got busy.

At the close of 1883, a Conference of the Premiers of the Australian Colonies was held at Sydney, and the New Hebrides was one of the leading subjects dealt with. Stuart,<sup>247</sup> the Premier of New South Wales, stated that he felt, after the repeated assurances of both France and England, the rights of each must be recognized and as the most practical solution of the difficulty, he suggested a Joint Protectorate. Annexation by either Power was out of the question. Not so, thought others present. The leading New Hebridean missionary of that day, the Rev J. G. Paton, had sent a letter to the Conference, pleading for nothing short of annexation by England. He affirmed that no other nation had spent a farthing on the Group for its good, whereas all the two million pounds sterling spent in

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<sup>247</sup> [Alexander Stuart \(1824–1886\)](#)



missionary efforts in the New Hebrides and throughout the other groups in the South Sea was British Money. The Premier of Victoria <sup>248</sup> — where the missionary's headquarters were — strongly supported Paton's plea. But the '1878 Understanding' blocked the way — an unpassable barrier and the Conference so realized. It had to content itself with an appeal Home that the 'Understanding' should be made to give way to something more definite. Nothing came of it. Time went on; petitions continued to pour in to the Colonial Office from various sources other than government. Nigh three years passed and British, French and natives in the Group were constantly at loggerheads. Then something happened that forced action.

In **1886**, without either notice or warning, France set up military posts in the Group. She claimed that her hands were forced by the occurrence of outrages upon her subjects and that she would be glad to withdraw them as soon as satisfactory arrangements were come to for peace and security for her people in the Group. Things at last got going. The Foreign Office opened negotiations. The French suggested that the question should be discussed along with the question of the Suez Canal, a sore point with France. They wanted full control of the latter, even more than the New Hebrides. This double question was firmly refused. Then came delay. France's politics were in a mix up; parties were at variance. Quiet restored, another *Quid pro Quo* was proposed by France. She had long wanted the Leeward Islands of present day French Oceania. The declaration of London of 1847 blocked the way. Those natives had for all those intermediate years depended on Great Britain as their shield from French domination. England astonishingly let them down in consideration of a plan being agreed upon for a Joint Commission — no more — in the New Hebrides. France secured with guns the Leeward Islands, but the natives have not forgotten, yet, as astonishingly, have forgiven.

In **1887**, a Joint Naval Commission came into being. It consisted of two Officers from a British and two from a French warship, presided over by the British and French Commandants alternately. The duty of the Commission was to maintain order and protect the persons and goods of the subjects of the two nations in the various islands. It was laid down that no naval officers of either nation was to take independent or isolated action. When trouble arose, the Joint Commission was to assemble and take necessary action. The Commission worked satisfactorily as far as its powers ran, but there was still no Civil Law and matters lying under that head were outside of their orders. No contracts could be enforced; no one could proceed against another for a non-criminal offence; marriages between the settler families had no legal standing and outside of the Group were legally invalid. There was no tribunal to settle disputes arising among the British, or among the French, or among the natives. This latter matter was met in **1902** by the Powers sanctioning a Court, presided over by a Judge of their own nation, but nothing for the natives. It was but a makeshift, two parallel jurisdictions as separate as the languages there spoken, and the natives gave constant trouble to the settlers over the rights they claimed. To meet the latter, a Declaration in **1904** was signed at London between the Powers which aimed at ending the difficulty with the natives regarding land. It was but talk; it did not become fact. In the New Hebrides there was discontent; in Australia and New Zealand, patience was well nigh exhausted. Action was urged, final action at that, with, however, the proviso that before any final settlement was signed by the Powers, it should be submitted to the Colonies.

In February **1906**, the long drawn out difficulty was met squarely face to face. Delegates from France and Great Britain met and finally agreed upon — not another Declaration, but — a Convention to form a Condominium which should include the Banks and Torres Groups with that of the New Hebrides. These three Groups to form a region of joint influence. Each of the two Powers to retain jurisdiction over its subjects. No native to be allowed to acquire the status of a subject of either Power. Resident subjects of other Powers to chose which Law, British or French, they would come under.

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<sup>248</sup> [James Service \(1823–1899\)](#)

Each Power to appoint a High Commissioner who should have control of bodies of police of the same strength. A Joint Court to be set up to consist of three neutral magistrates acting as President, Public Prosecutor and Registrar of the Court, and two Judges, one of each Power. An Official Interpreter to be appointed to be the translator for record of all proceedings of the Court in both languages. The two High Commissioners to name a neutral as Advocate for the natives in every case brought before the Court. In civil actions brought, the Court to decide definitely, without appeal, all landed property litigation and all suits between natives and non-natives. Separate British and French Courts to have jurisdiction, each over their own nationals in all criminal matters other than native, and all civil matters other than land. Imported labour had severe restrictions. The two Resident Commissioners to reside at Vila on Efate Island and to administer together the following services: Posts and Telegraphs, Public Works, Ports, Harbours, Lighthouses, Public Health, and Finance. The sale of arms and alcoholic liquors to natives to be totally prohibited. No fortifications to be erected, nor penal settlements established. The Draft of the Convention contained no less than 68 articles.

These, as agreed upon, had to be submitted to Australia and New Zealand. Each found fault and suggested amendments. By the time their despatches reached England, Lord Elgin,<sup>249</sup> then at the Foreign Office, felt that there was grave danger of the whole matter failing unless prompt action was taken, France showing restiveness and a disinclination to mend or amend. He considered it absolutely necessary to ratify the Draft as it stood, despite the objections of the Colonies, and this was done October 20, **1906**, when the Condominium came into effect for good or otherwise as Time went on. How long it will last none can foretell.<sup>250</sup>

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<sup>249</sup> [Victor Alexander Bruce \(1849–1917\)](#)

<sup>250</sup> The Anglo-French Condominium lasted from 1906 until 1980, when the [New Hebrides](#) gained their independence as [Vanuatu](#).

**THE YSABEL OF UNSAVORY MEMORY, 1921–1924** <sup>251</sup>

As the *Southern Cross* number 3 of the missionary vessels of that name, it was built at Auckland in 1874 and was a barquentine fitted with engines. She proved an exceptionally fast boat and had many smart passages on behalf of the Melanesian Mission to her credit. After 19 years service with that mission, she became too small for the work and was sold in 1893 to a Captain Ross <sup>252</sup> of Auckland, who removed the engines and used her for many years in his trading between Niue and Auckland having changed her name to Ysabel <sup>253</sup> after one of the islands of the Solomon Group, discovered in February 1568 by Mendana, the Spaniard, and so named in honour of his wife, who was aboard with him along with her three brothers. In 1914, she was sold to a N.Z. Firm, who continued to use her in the islands trade till 1925, when condemned as unseaworthy by the N.Z. Authorities, she was sold to outside buyers. Her end came in 1927, when she was destroyed by fire at sea after a useful career of over 50 years.

Note. She leaked abominably; the pumps were ever going, the water reaching to the level of the lower bunks in heavy weather. She was infested with rats and cockroaches, who contested the possession of your bunk. The one and only boat was a fit companion without provision of water or tinned food. But the crew were fine.

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<sup>251</sup> WWB resided on Niue from 1921 to 1924. After his arrival on Niue, from Samoa, the *Ysabel* was no doubt WWB's means of conveyance to and from Auckland.

<sup>252</sup> William Ross (d. 1939)

<sup>253</sup> The barquentine *Ysabel*, on which William Ross traded between Auckland and Niue for 25 years, without mishap:



## NIUEAN FISHERMEN

A note by a witness — Judge McCarthy of New Zealand — of these Supermen

As all fishing at Niue is done on the open sea, unprotected by any outer (barrier) reef, the island canoes are well and strongly made. Single canoes are from 15 feet to 20 feet long, with a beam of not more than 20 inches, while the three-man canoes range from 24 feet to 30 feet in length and have an inch to three inches more beam. The single canoe is light enough to be picked up by one man with ease and three men can carry the three-man canoes, which are hollowed out to a thickness varying from one-quarter to three-eighths of an inch. They are mere shells.

In these low, narrow catamarans, the natives go great distances out to sea at times, but the main fishing grounds lie within a mile of the shore. The ocean bed goes down to great depths and it is nothing for a native to have out 100 to 300 fathoms (six feet to a fathom) of line with a fish anywhere from 100 lb to 400 lb on his hook. The record is said to be a 900 lb fish.

The Zane Greys <sup>254</sup> of the world catch their swordfish, marlin and tuna on the best of gear and from the finest of launches and the world hears of it as an outstanding event in prose and picture. The humble Niuean catches his game fish, swordfish, shark, vahakula, <sup>255</sup> paala <sup>256</sup> and many others just as big and plays them on an ordinary fishing line with a piece of steel trace about 6 feet long (a strand of wire hawser) from his modest little canoe.

He is not acclaimed as a superman, which of truth he is.

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<sup>254</sup> [Tales of Tahitian Waters](#) by [Pearl Zane Grey \(1872–1939\)](#) describes fishing expeditions to Tahiti in 1928, 1929 and 1930, years when WWB resided there. See *Big Fish* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

<sup>255</sup> [Yellowfin tuna \(\*Thunnus albacares\*\)](#)

<sup>256</sup> [Wahoo \(\*Acanthocybium solandri\*\)](#)

## THE EXIT OF THE TAHITIAN FLAG

### Preamble

The genesis of the Tahitian Flag is as follows:

The original from the days of Pomare II was wholly of red fustian with a five-pointed star in white in the upper corner nigh the staff.

In 1828, an appeal was made to England by the Queen and Council for permission to fly the British Flag over her domains.

In March 1829, H.M.S. *Satellite* arrived with the reply that this was impossible as the ‘Georgian Islands’ formed a sovereign State. It was thereupon resolved that there should be a new Flag of three horizontal bars — Red – White – Red — in equal breadths.

In September 1842, the French Flag was introduced into the upper canton of the Tahitian colours and this amalgamation was called the ‘Protectorate Flag’.

In February 1843, upon the arrival of H.M.S. *Vindictive*, the former pure Tahitian Flag, which was also the Queen’s personal Flag, was added to, at the suggestion of Capt Nicolas, by a Crown in the upper canton so as to note both her Sovereignty and Presence. This Flag was hauled down from the flagpole in front of the Palace by the orders of Admiral Du Petit Thouars on November 7, 1843, and replaced by the Protectorate Flag, which continued to fly under the Queen and Pomare V. Upon the Protectorate ceasing and the sovereignty surrendered, Pomare V retained the right to fly this Flag before his Palace. Its Exit is here recorded.

In a letter dated May 9, 1893, written by M. Poroi,<sup>257</sup> a Privy Counsellor and a resident of Papeete, addressed to M. Chessé<sup>258</sup> — one time the Governor (1879–1880) and who brought about the enrollment of Tahiti as a French Colony, but was, in 1893, Tahiti’s delegate at the Chamber of Deputies in the Homeland — the following interesting remarks are met with. They refer to the handing over of the Tahitian Flag to the Governor after the death of Pomare V.

### Excerpts

(A Translation)

Pomare V having died the 12<sup>th</sup> of June 1891, his obsequies took place on the 16<sup>th</sup>. The Flag which he had the right to fly was hung at half mast at his death and remained in that position to the day of the internment.

On the 17<sup>th</sup>, on leaving Government House, I heard, when upon the Rue du Rivoli in front of the Palace, a group of natives from the District of Teaharoa say one to another, “What should now be done with the Flag at half mast? It ought to be hauled to the masthead.” I went on my way, but those words caused me to think deeply. I thought of the fault that had been committed on the day of his internment in not lowering the Flag with which to

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<sup>257</sup> Adolphe Marouo Theophile Poroi (1844–1918)

<sup>258</sup> [Henri Isidore Chessé \(1839–1912\)](#)

envelope the coffin, but that mistake having been made, it could not be remedied. I asked myself, Who should now lower the Flag? It shall not be the flame to light up a civil war.

He had met that day some Chiefs both of Tahiti, Moorea and the Tuamotus, who talked wildly of demanding that Prince Hinoi, the adopted son of the childless King, should be made the 'Head of Tahiti' in place of the King, who, upon his abdication in 1880, the French government had consented should bear the courtesy title of 'King' till his death, together with the right to continue to fly the Flag of the Protectorate at a flagpole before his home.

I kept silent till the next day, when I sought Hinoi in his house on the Rue des Beaux-Arts, where I found him in conference with Aitoa,<sup>259</sup> the Chief of Paea. I laid before them the necessity of lowering the Flag ourselves and by such action doing homage to the government of the Republic through means of the Governor.<sup>260</sup> The two having approved my suggestion, I charged Aitoa to gather the Chiefs together at two p.m. and accompanied by Hinoi, I repaired to Government House.

I there expressed the desire that we should ourselves lower the Flag and that there be given to the ceremony a character of solemnity, and be made an official ceremony by the presence of troops and officials.

The Governor having agreed, the ceremony was fixed for three o'clock that afternoon. I had still some struggle to bring over the Chiefs to this action; he who made the most opposition was the Chief of Mahaena, but I overcame his resistance.

At the hour stated, the troops and the officials being present, the Chiefs gathered together at the foot of the flagpole. Prince Hinoi took hold of the cord and lowered the flag. Chief Teriinohorai could not restrain his emotion, embracing this emblem of disappearing Royalty. Then, rolling the Flag and tying it, he gave it to Prince Hinoi to hand to the Governor.

In a few words I recalled to the assembly that this Flag had floated upon our islands since 1842, that it was not possible that we should behold without emotion the disappearance of this witness to our history of the past fifty years, but we remitted it with confidence to the Representative of the Government to be conveyed to the Mother Country as a symbol of our feelings of devotion and respect.

Prince Hinoi, having taken it from my hands, handed it to the Governor, who gave thanks in a few words and charged M. Dupré, Commandant of the *Vire*, to convey it to the President of the Republic.<sup>261</sup>

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<sup>259</sup> [Aitoa a Tumata'aroa](#), Chief of Paea (1838 – ?)

<sup>260</sup> [Étienne Théodore Mondésir Lacascade \(1841–1906\)](#)

<sup>261</sup> The original French text of the final two paragraphs can be found [here](#). It is noted that "*En réalité, ce drapeau n'est jamais parvenu au président de la République et les recherches entreprises par le père O'Reilly pour le retrouver au*



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*Musée des Invalides, sont restées vaines. L'explication de cette disparition mystérieuse serait, selon des témoins dignes de foi, que le gouverneur Lacascade l'aurait gardé comme un trophée personnel."*

Scene of the handover of the flag of the protectorate to Governor Lacascade by Prince Hinoi on June 18, 1881.



## CLOTH MAKING (TAPA) AND MATS

Native cloth was made from the paper mulberry tree. Some twelve or fifteen months after planting, the tree is cut down, the bark peeled off and soaked for a couple of days in water. The outer or brown bark is then separated from the inner or white and the woody parts of the latter removed by scraping with a special kind of shell. While yet damp, this clean white bark is beaten out and reduced to a very soft texture. The bark is detached from the tree in strips of from three to five inches wide, but by scraping and beating it is spread out to some ten inches and so thin it as to be transparent. Several pieces are then put together, over each other, according to the thickness required, arrowroot being used to cause them to stick together. These strips are then placed together in the width that may be required and again beaten to form but one. The whole is then dried in the sun.

The printing of the patterns is done by stretching the cloth over a large board on which are previously fastened the ribs of the coconut leaf and while thus spread out is rubbed over with a reddish brown juice obtained from the candlenut tree. This juice marks the cloth only where the ribs of the coconut raise it. To make the larger patterns and figures, the cloth is stretched on a grass plot and painted with a brush made from the stem of the coconut leaf, the same juice being used. If various colours are required, various ingredients are mixed with the juice.

The beating is done by placing a strip of the inner bark on a log of wood and thrashing it with a small piece of ironwood some three inches square and a foot long, water being constantly applied.

This was work allotted almost wholly to women.<sup>262</sup>

### Mats (Ordinary)

These were made, and still are, from the leaves of the pandanus tree, dried and cut into strips of various widths, according as required, which are scraped to the thinness required and then plaited together, the ends neatly woven into further strips till the needed length is obtained.

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<sup>262</sup> See also *Pot-pourri of Tahitian History* in the 16 April 1940 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 34–36, in Part VII, and *Native Cloth* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

## THE PALOLO

This strange edible sea-worm haunts coral-reefed South Sea islands alone, nor is it everywhere amongst these. I heard of it when at Pago Pago (American Samoa) and at the New Hebrides. Unfortunately, I was not at either Group at the season of the Palolo's rising. This is one of the most remarkable occurrences in nature. Once a year and only once, this elongated worm, running from two to three feet, thin and centipede-like legs, makes its appearance and is always exactly on time. The natives, who consider it one of their greatest delicacy with its flavour of crab, look eagerly forward to the day. They have never yet been disappointed. They calculate the Rising as follows. When a small edible nut breaks into flower in October, then three days after the next full moon, a small red sea-anemone puts in an appearance, together with a small fish resembling a lizard. The next day, the small-sized Palolo appear and forthwith all disappear. Six nights after the next full moon in November comes the climax. The huge worm rises to the surface of the coral in their untold millions, just for twenty-four hours, then disappear, nor is one to be ever seen until another year to the day has come. Such is the happening as I learned at Pago Pago; there are probably differences in details elsewhere.

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<sup>263</sup> [Palolo worm \(\*Palola viridis\*\)](#). See also *The Palolo* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

## THE *BOUNTY*'S BIBLE

Long but fruitless has been the search by individuals, libraries, museums for that volume which was the one supposedly that brought about so remarkable a change in the rough mutineer, John Adams, and the consequent establishment of a model community, which amazed Pitcairn's first outside visitors and largely wiped off the record the violence which brought it about.

But was there a special *Bounty*'s Bible and, if so, did Adams have the care of it? The following facts may be of interest. His (or Her) Majesty's men-of-war were undoubtedly, as to this day, supplied with a hefty volume of the Scriptures. Those that the writer has seen bore the name stamped on it of the vessel. Chaplain aboard had the care of it for use at the Sunday morning Divine Worship. But the *Bounty* was not a man-of-war; it was H. M. Armed Vessel *Bounty*, nor had it a Chaplain. There was undoubtedly a Bible aboard for Bligh's use and that it was used perhaps with other copies is evident from the mutineers' record shortly to be quoted. What its character was as to size and binding none can now say, nor if it bore stamp upon it.

Bligh, cast adrift off Nomuka in the Tongas, bore off only his Diary, his Commission, a Sextant, a 'Daily Assistant' and the clothes he stood in. His official copy of the Scriptures remained onboard. Christian, the leader, carried it back to Tahiti. On arrival, the party of twenty-five broke up amicably — nine elected to seek safety in flight; sixteen decided to remain and take their chance. There was a division of goods and supplies. The nine took the ship; the sixteen got all from it that they required. Did they get, or did Christian, the master's mate, get Bligh's copy of the Scriptures? There were evidently other copies onboard, for Morrison's Diary of the life and doings of the sixteen on Tahiti is very clear that the old naval custom of Divine Worship on Sunday mornings was a habit that they refused to cast aside and Divine Worship required of necessity the reading of the 'Lessons' from a Bible, even if they had failed to secure a proper Prayer Book. Here is his witness as to the Headquarters at Matavai (Point Venus):

On a square piece of ground raised above the level, we fixed a Flagstaff to hoist the Colours on Sundays and having appointed Divine Service to be read on Sundays, everything seemed right.

And again:

We kept the holidays in the best manner we could, killing a hog for Christmas dinner and reading Prayers which we never omitted on Sundays.

It would appear that besides a Bible, they had actually a 'Book of Common Prayer' amongst them. If they, not Christian, possessed Bligh's copy of the Scriptures, two possibilities arise. When the *Pandora* arrived and gathered them in, all but two who were dead, they could not possibly have carried off the Book or Books they had with them for they were ironed hand and foot, cast into that appalling contraption called 'Pandora's Box' — fourteen men in a space 18 feet by 11 feet, with a scuttle hole atop 20 inches square to lower them through — their possessions left ashore. If, however, Captain Edwards, prompted by the *Bounty*'s former midshipman, Hayward, who was his third Lieutenant, gathered in their Bible (or Bibles) used by his former Chief aboard, as he certainly gathered in Morrison's Diary notes, the crash on the Great Barrier Reef may have seen its (or their) end when the *Pandora* was hopelessly wrecked, lives lost and but scant preserved, most fortunately amongst it, Morrison's notes.

If on the other hand, Bligh's copy (and others) were left behind, they were held sacred by those native women who were mated with the captured and for all time lost to view, for that was in 1791 and in 1797, the missionaries arrived and took up their residence at Matavai, but not a word is recorded by them of the Sacred Scriptures as left behind, which would have been a delightful subject to oft times dwell upon in their Journal by those ardent men of God.

So we must turn to Adams and his copy, whose so ever it was that he read, learned from, changed his life's lines and ruled by, along with a copy of the 'Book of Common Prayer', which his record shows he had and used with his Bible on Sundays. Let us presume that the long sought for Bounty's Bible was on Pitcairn. If Christian had held fast to it when the parting with the sixteen occurred, his death by violence gave Adams, the last of the white men, the rights to it. In 1856, the whole community (194 souls) were conveyed in a brig to Norfolk Island with all their possessions; Pitcairn was denuded. Among these folk was their Chaplain, Parson Nobbs, who, if anyone, would be most likely to have the precious volume in his baggage. There was just a chance that Adams' children may have held fast to it. So far well. But in 1858, some were homesick and the Young and McCoy families returned to Pitcairn. Again, in 1863, members of the Christian family, along with Mills and Buffets, sailed for Pitcairn. Did the volume sought for go back with these? Hardly likely, as no Adams returned who might have held the copy, if not Parson Nobbs. Here then was a clue which should be followed up.

The writer's roamings landed him at length on Norfolk Island, where forthwith he took up the hunt. The then leader of the islanders gave him hearty welcome and gave him likewise the glad news, "We have it." Where kept? "In the Post Office Safe." Can it be handled? "Most certainly. Come." The safe was opened, the Sacred Scriptures lay in my hands. But alas! Bad news should be ever given courteously and not abruptly so as to shock. I turned the cover for the flyleaf if perchance an inscription was penned thereon. There was. Its owner had been neither Government nor Bligh, nor Christian nor Adams nor Nobbs, but Adams' son, evidently a gift from his old father, the date when the lad was young.

This is easily accounted for. When Pitcairn's inhabitants were first made known to the outside world, great interest was aroused in the Homeland, especially by religious folk as to that model settlement, and Queen Victoria, when she reached the Throne, gave orders, to show her warm appreciation, that the next British man-of-war headed thither must convey from Her rich quantity of books of religious character, together with Bibles enough for all. These Bibles were exactly similar to those of the writer's young days — too far back to dare mention — published by the 'Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge', their price One Shilling. I broke the news gently, whether the islanders believed it or not is their concern, not mine. Ought we for very soreness to blame Parson Nobbs for carelessness? Norfolk Island was a failure anyway; one hope yet remained and had to be followed up: that great emporium of Polynesian literature, the Mitchell Library in Sydney, N.S.W. That was now my mecca. I duly made it. The Head Librarian was kindness itself as he gently broke the news to me. "The *Bounty's* Bible? Alas! We have sought for it high and low for untold years and continue so to do. Your information is most interesting and valuable, but persevere, a lone man may accomplish what Institutions fail at." I have; I shall, but so things stand today. And I have my doubts if there ever was of a truth, an Official *Bounty's* Bible.<sup>264</sup>

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<sup>264</sup> See also *A Searcher's Disappointments* in Part XI, *Roaming the Pacific Waters*.

## PART XIV

### TAHITIAN VIGNETTES

BY

REV. WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON, M.A.

### PREFACE

The original text of *Tahitian Vignettes* is stored in the Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia, as Volumes 3 and 4 (Call numbers A3359 and A3360) of the Bolton Papers (Collection 1–7A).

Three of the contents of this volume also appear elsewhere and so have not been transcribed here: *The Mystery Stone of Tahiti*, *The Bounty's Lost Anchor*, and *A Tahitian Garden*.

These volumes are available on microfilm (CY Reel 4992). The text was transcribed from scans taken from the microfilm and provided in a PDF file.



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Note. <sup>1</sup>

The following sketches were jotted down from time to time for local friends and relatives afar, during a residence of now nigh 20 years.

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<sup>1</sup> This text is to be found above the Table of Contents in WWB's notebook containing this volume.

## MY CANARY BIRD

We called him that, but he had no song in him. The little town of Papeete was crowded with tourists; every hotel and boarding house was overflowing with them. A stranger to me, he craved hospitality and in a moment of weakness, I invited him to share my home, i.e., its upper flat, from which no finer view of lagoon, of sea, of mountains, together with the steady breeze of the Trade wind, is to be had on the waterfront of Papeete.<sup>2</sup>

He assured me that he loved Quiet, that he carried no gramophone in his baggage, but only a mouth-organ, or harmonica, as he called it, which he would never exercise upon save when I was out. He most kindly named his tunes ‘Abide With Me’ and ‘Way Down Upon the Swanee River’.<sup>3</sup> I had my doubts with so weird a mixture.

But what most distinguished him was his love of birds. He had come from China by way of Australia and had brought with him no less than 8 and 40 canaries. They would give me, he said, sweetest song throughout the day, but from sunset I would never be disturbed. Three ample cages held them, and a large wicker basket, at first a mystery to me, together with many sacks of seed, completed the outfit. So Man, Birds and Trunks galore invaded my ever quiet quarters.

As to the man himself, he was of fair height, rotund, bald headed and of genial mien, in his early 60s as to age. A lover of the sea, bathing therein was, next to canaries, his hobby. He was in it an hour after he landed on me with his goods, and morning, noon and eventide, he was swimming close of my foreshore. The sea was in his blood, for I learned that he had served from his early years in the U.S. Merchant Service, and had been drafted into the U.S. Navy in the stress of the Great War. He had now retired and had accumulated ample means to go a-wandering.

But hunting the dollar was still an aim with him, and Books and Birds were the means. Those canaries, I found, were not only his Joy, but he was out to sell them and that huge wicker basket held two score wicker cages to be put together as occasion required.

For a sailor, he was far from handy. Upon me fell the task of arranging the cages to be best advantage of those canaries upon the balustrade of my verandah. What Papeete folk thought of the reserved Englishman, whose Home was his Castle, suddenly turning into a bird fancier, I cannot say, but it was a nine days wonder till the facts were out. Though many stayed to gaze aloft, none approached to purchase. Of song, I was disappointed. Of all the crowd, there was but one who let himself go and he but intermittently.

Things went smoothly for a while. Weeks passed. Then came a day when he did not go a-bathing, but kept close to the verandah, poring over literature and two handsomely black covered books. I am not at all of an inquisitive turn of mind — in time I might perhaps gauge his mental grade; if not, no matter.

He missed his meals outside at the hotel not far away, taking only his Petit Déjeuner of a morning when my own was brought me. Naturally, I asked him if he felt unwell; if I could do aught for him;

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<sup>2</sup> See *Tahiti and Historical Research* in Part I, *Notes On the Life of William Washington Bolton*, for the location of WWB’s residence in Papeete.

<sup>3</sup> [Abide With Me](#) is a Christian hymn. [Old Folks at Home](#) (also known as ‘Way Down Upon the Swanee River’) is a [minstrel song](#) written in 1851.

if I should even call a doctor. He was not ill; there was naught to do, nor would he hear of medicine, hospital or doctor.

Then he took to his bed and many days passed whilst he kept to it. Upon me, therefore, fell the task of looking after his canaries, feeding, bathing, cleaning and keeping my verandah free of feathers and wasted feed. Never had I dreamed that birds could be so wasteful, seeds covered the floor, and, wafted by the breeze, feathers and husks gave me an endless task. The broom was ever in my hands, for I was born tidy.

In addition, I was nurse now, and all the many duties attached thereto, of which I was a perfect novice, fell to me. I could see that he was in pain, but when I spoke of it sympathetically, he emphatically denied it. I was non-plussed. Here lay a really suffering man and he disclaimed it, and a doctor he refused to see. So I resorted to subterfuge.

A well tried friend, whilst not a professional man, had a great and well deserved reputation among the Tahitians and many white folk for his remarkable healing skill. An American, he was the man for me and my canary bird in his cage. We laid the plot. He was to call upon me and I was to bring the two Americans together on the ground of common citizenship. They met, the one prostrate abed, the other to attempt a diagnosis.

The preliminaries went off well, then came the subject of health and regret at a stranger sick in our midst. But Canary Bird was not to be caught. He scented danger and well nigh demanded to know if his visitor was a doctor. With truth, he could say he was not. But our bird was not singing anymore, he was perfectly well and had no pain whatsoever. My friend was at a loss, but on parting with me, suggested that possibly he was having trouble with his liver.

Then next I turned to his Consul. He came right willingly and did his best to get the man to tell him of his trouble, but he was Mum. The Consul could make nothing of him, but, good fellow that he was, insisted upon sending, daily, tempting food from his own table. I laid the bounteous repasts within his reach and from time to time he cleared the platter. But not always. He had his good spells, but more often, they were very, very bad.

It was now that he asked me to wire Sydney for him. I sent several short messages day after day. They astonished me. They were addressed to an Army Colonel and I was forced to read them. "Great pain." "Pain severe." "Pray for me." It surely will be forgiven me if, in my simple ignorance of facts, I mentally placed my sick man as a liar, but he got no inkling of my estimate.

It came now that I had to arrange, not only his bed, but his books and papers so as to be within his reach, since he could scarcely turn himself. The truth was out, though not even by a flicker of the eyelid did I show surprise. His two black books were the Bible and M<sup>rs</sup> Eddy's <sup>4</sup> ditto for her followers; his prayers were bundles of the Christian Science Monitor. So my Canary Bird was a Christian Scientist <sup>5</sup> and hence, though he was often in torture, he had no Pain and a doctor to him was, of course, the Evil One himself.

So I was in for it and perhaps have a dead man on my hands. It was some comfort to learn from the police whom I consulted that I should not be held responsible. It was strenuous work now; day and night I was at his beck and call. My friends grew indignant at what they called the gross imposition, with a hospital round the corner, but I was out to see the matter through. Beside, it was what I

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<sup>4</sup> [Mary Baker Eddy \(1821–1910\)](#)

<sup>5</sup> See [Christian Science](#).

delighted in, a new Experience. I fancy that I made a fairly good job of it, all the easier since I had no medicines to hand out.

It was getting on for many weeks now and what with the canaries and the chief one, Himself, I could not quite see how all would end, when one night at 2 a.m. I was awakened by his call. He could faintly gasp, "Get a doctor." He had my ready promise. I went out into a pitch dark night in quest. There are doctors and doctors. I must speak the truth. I made straight for the best. The old rascal was out — at a dance! Could I wait? No thanks. I made across the town for the next best. With much hammering, I awoke the household. He came. I told him of the need. "I will *certainement* not come at this hour. Take this. Thirty francs. Thirty francs." I asked him what to do with some capsules. All I got was, "I won't come. Thirty francs. Thirty francs." I well nigh flung the paper money in his face, not in wrath, but in disgust, and went home.

Ignorant of medicines, as was also my sick man, we hesitated at his swallowing the unknown things, so I went forth again. This time I got the old rascal; he came willingly, hot from a bed he had just fallen asleep upon. I mentioned M<sup>rs</sup> Eddy's book. Said he, "I know that crowd, my dear friend. Leave him to me." He beat me to it, for he went on bike whilst I was afoot. I found him at the bedside as he was making his diagnosis. "Let me feel you here." A groan. "Now here." A groan. "Now here." Another groan. "My good Sir, you are suffering from a very severe attack of acute Sciatica." <sup>6</sup> Then a syringe got to work, whereby he got relief, and I also, to both of us most welcome.

But now that he had 'tasted blood', he was avid for more and still more. No words of sound warning from the downright doctor availed to stay his appeal, and to me, to prove his right to it, he produced his 2<sup>nd</sup> Bible and bade me read the truly astonishing statement that though there is no such thing as Pain, yet when it becomes excessive, beyond all human power to bear, it is justifiable to call in that accursed one, a doctor, and take Morphine.

My Canary Bird was singing very low to himself those long, to him, wearisome days which followed. There was happily a steamer heading for San Francisco due in a week's time. He had thought to stay for many months yet on Tahiti, but he had had enough. He would fain go Home. The genial old doctor pledged me that he would get the man off, even if he had to be carried aboard on a stretcher, and he kept his word. He plugged the Canary till he dared plug him no more.

The mail boat at long last was alongside the quay. The canaries had gone, purchased *en bloc* by a friendly merchant made in happier, healthier days. I had packed his trunks; an auto waited below. True to the minute, the doctor appeared; one more 'shot', full measure, as he nodded to me, and perhaps running over. "How feel you now, good Sir?" "Fine," was the answer. "I can stand again." Downstairs he went, my arms supporting him, into the auto and so to the quay, nor did I leave him till I had him safe in his cabin well below deck, then stood upon the wharf till that boat cast off and headed out to sea with my Canary Bird aboard.

No word has ever reached me from him since that day. <sup>7</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> [Sciatica](#) is a set of symptoms including pain caused by general compression or irritation of one of five spinal nerve roots of each sciatic nerve. Symptoms include lower back pain, buttock pain, and numbness, pain or weakness in various parts of the leg and foot.

<sup>7</sup> See Tale #90, *Of My Canary Bird*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*, for a somewhat shorter version of this story.

## THE STORY OF PAPEETE'S NAME

Matavai, with its bay, was of ancient lineage; the Papeete of today, with its harbour, is of modern parentage. There was a Pass for vessels into the bay, as the Barrier reef opened a way, ever dangerous as Wallis found in 1767, when he stranded for a while on the submerged 'Dolphin' rock. There was a Pass to be seen into the harbour, but too narrow for safety, so thought the captains of the earlier vessels who sailed hither, and none, even Cook, dared venture it till the ever daring whalers appeared in these waters and made it despite the risk, and showed the way to others.

Matavai and adjacent Arué were the headquarters of the High Chief of Paré, which covered the entire northern portion of Tahiti and ran for many a league southwesterly along the shore till it reached the District of Faaa. Under him were Lesser Chiefs taking charge of the various sub-districts over which he ruled.

The last such district before reaching Faaa was distinguished above all the rest for one single feature: it was the site of the Nanu, an astonishing native building as to size, capable of holding 1,000 natives; the Assembly Hall of Paré, where oratory and dancing, wild orgies and Plays by the Arioi Society of both male and female actors were held as occasion required. It was this building which gave its name to the waterfront on which it stood. That site was 'Nanu' to one and all on Tahiti.

Usually Nanu had but a handful of resident natives, whilst Matavai and all the rest of Paré were densely inhabited. But Nanu crowded when call was proclaimed for a meeting in the vast Hall; visitors poured in from all quarters, even the island of Moorea, across the fifteen mile Strait, never failed to join in the debates and festivities.

The waterfront itself consisted of seven sections of the land, which ran back to the foothills, the possessions of important native Families who lived elsewhere. One of these Sections known as Vaiété — Tahitian for 'water basket' made of coconut leaves to carry home the gourds of fresh water from a spring of luscious water on the property — belonged to the Pomare Family. And Nanu, the whole waterfront and the site of today's little town would doubtless still be called so by all but for certain events now lightly touched upon.

Christianity was gradually triumphing on the island, the Pagan forces furious. A clash was bound to come, and Paré's High Chief Pomare II, siding with the Christian party, though himself a pagan, defeated, fled for safety to Moorea. Here for some years he laid low. Shortly after the turn of the century, he astonished all by declaring that he would be a Christian and the Leader of that party on his homeland.

He returned with large force from other Christianized islands nearby and was prepared this time to fight it out to a finish. Opuhara, the High Chief of Papara, was the Pagans' leader. Pomare or Opuhara had to die. The clash came at Punaauia, south of Faaa; Opuhara lay dead on the field of battle; and Pomare was Paramount Chief — Tahitian word for 'King' — of the island.<sup>8</sup>

During his absence on Moorea, much had happened to Nanu. Whalers had found out the trick to master the entrance to the harbour and all vessels had deserted Matavai for the safety of the placid lagoon. Here they discharged their cargoes; here they repaired their ships, rested ashore and held high revelry. The homes of natives had multiplied; the incoming white traders had raised their store houses;

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<sup>8</sup> See Chapter VII of Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.



Tahitians from all over the island had come to Nanu for trade with the white man, in place of Matavai as of yore.

Pomare was not going to be left out, high and dry at Matavai or Arué. Nanu was his Mecca and he was no saint, though in name, a Christian. Revelry and Rum were where he sought to be. He had property there. He built himself a house, installed his family and stayed.

With seven different names used by the white folk where stood their stores and homes on the various Family sections, confusion in business relations with those at Home was bound to follow. One gave his address as Nanu, another as Faré Uté, another as Arupa. There was but one solution, to drop the lot and give the name of their King's property as the name for the site.

But in every conversation, the 'Vai' of its name could only be used for 'water' by the Great; the common people dared not use it for such purpose, under pain of punishment, their word for 'water' being 'Papé'. So Vaiété had to become Papéété, and Nanu, once the home of but a scattered few, grew till the latest census, now some years back, gave between seven and eight thousand folk, and has become the interesting capital of Tahiti under its more modern name.<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> See also The Beginnings of Papeete in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

## A FALSE SCARE

Two huge stone idols are now standing in Papeete's museum grounds, but the names of the gods, no native knows. Those ancient and towering effigies had stood from time out of mind in the dense forest of the interior of the island of Rai-va-vae, one of the islands of the Austral Group, 100 miles and more south of Tahiti.

Their removal had the consent of the Governor of the Colony, without which it could not have been done, but it was far from being welcomed by the natives either of where they stood or by those of this island whence they were brought. Though Christian in name and profession, the awe and terror of the old gods still grips these people.

Raivavae was and is to them the special residence of the fierce Sea God Ruahutu. Impressed upon their memory is the legend, but to many of them the truth, of how two fishermen, casting their net into the deep, where, unknown to them, the god was sleeping, entangled it in his hair. The god, aroused, rushed to the surface and in the tempest of his anger caused the sea to rise above the mountain tops of the islanders' homes.

When these huge idols were safely landed at Papeete, the whole native population was in a highly nervous state of mind. Some predicted a devastating tidal wave and even went so far as to have their moveables packed up in readiness to make for the mountains. When, a few days later, flashes of fire were seen issuing from and playing upon the waters of the harbour, real terror prevailed; the fiery old god was preparing a volcanic eruption.

On top of this, the man who above all others had counselled the removal of the idols and had conducted the removal and brought them safely to their landing at this port, fell desperately ill. The old sea god had clearly given him 'What for' for his daring to steal his images.

Natives became desperate, scared so greatly that there was strong talk of petitioning the governor *en masse* to have these idols returned at once to the forest they came from.

The days passed harmlessly; they mounted into weeks and neither hurricane nor volcano appeared to disturb peace. The sick man became the centre of interest; a steady crowd kept close watch over his home. Would the fetchers and carriers of the great god Ruahatu do his work for him with this plunderer? Despite their fears — perhaps their hopes of well merited punishment — the sick man stood upon his feet again.<sup>10</sup>

But those flashes of flame upon the waters! What could they possibly mean but some supernatural action. Then into the harbour a schooner came and its Captain, a native, when told of the wonder and the Scare, blandly remarked that on leaving he had tossed overboard a pot of phosphorus and flour, the mixture he and others use on schooners to poison insect vermin all too prevalent aboard those vessels. The phosphorus, coming in contact with salt water, had generated a gas which ignited as its bubbles burst on the surface of the lagoon!

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<sup>10</sup> The man who conducted the removal of the idols in August 1933, Steven Higgins, died not long thereafter, in 1935. The history of the tikis (in French), including five other deaths attributed to their removal from Raivavae can be found [here](#) and [here](#). They are named *Moana* et *Heiata*, after the name of a sacred site on Raivavae, *Moana Heiata*.

The natives collapsed as also did the Scare; Ruahatu had failed to come through with his part of the business. Papeete held his images and meant to keep them, now not a soul protesting.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>11</sup> See also Tale #80, *Of a False Scare*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*. The idols, or tikis, from Raivavae can be seen in a photograph of the Tahiti Museum in Tale #16, *Of Oro and Others*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*. The two *tikis* were transported from Raivavae in the Austral Islands to Papeete in 1933, when WWB was living on Tahiti, where they were exhibited until they were moved to the Gauguin Museum at Papeari in 1965. By November 2014, when the photographs of the Raivavae *tikis* below were taken, the Gauguin Museum had closed permanently, with only these and two other *tikis* remaining.



## NOUNS, NAMES AND NEGATIVES <sup>12</sup>

Tahitians were hard put to it when white men first came amongst them — and still are so — as to giving Tahitian names for articles foreign to all their previous Knowledge. They were forced to coin them in compounds and the end is not yet, as man's ingenuity produces something new.

Here are a few samples picked at random:

Singlet	Thing close to chest
Trousers	Covering for the pillars of support, i.e., the legs
Measles	Sickness of soldiers, first seen on them brought from France
Accordion	Musical instrument repeatedly pulled
Steamer	The ship of Fire
Automobile	The carriage of Lightning
Aeroplane	The ship of the Heavens
Saloon	<i>Faré hooroa Uaina</i> , The shop for Wine

That middle word looks strangely like “Hurrah!” — a hearty welcome to thirsty one to enter and enjoy, but Alas! experts in the language deny such natural import, and outsiders like the writer must sorrowfully conform.

With some measure of truth, Wales is said to have a special liking for long names, both of places and individuals. But Tahiti can give it a very long start and beat it handsomely.

The 1<sup>st</sup> Pomare had the terrifying name of *Tunuiea'aiteatua*. He commonly, however, was called by its first two letters, *Tu*. But the writer has come across others even more terrifying, some on tombstones here and there, others of folk still living and proud of them. A few ‘tongue twisters’ will surely suffice:

*Haamanahiaamaheanuami*

*Moeterauritetupaiahauviri*

*Airaroatuateriirourumaonateraitepomateao*

And the champion so far come across:

*Hinaariitetuanuitera'ipoiaitearataiiafaanuievau*. 46 letters!

We white folk are surely very modest.

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<sup>12</sup> See also Tale #6, *Of Bungled French*, and Tale #24, *Of Coined Words (1)*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*; *Pot-pourri of Tahitian History* in the 16 April 1940 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 34–36, in Part VII; and *Tahiti Vies With Wales* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

It is wise to be wary in the use of other language than one's own unless an expert in it. Not only confusion, but, at times, serious and, at other times, amusing negation follows.

A stranger, a lady tourist from the U.S., called upon the writer some years back seeking information as to certain points in Old Time Tahiti's history. These were gladly given. Before leaving she said that two matters had much interested her as she roamed around the little town, and would I help her to a clearer understanding?

(1) Who, she asked, was that evidently wealthy person who owned so much property scattered in and around Papeete. She met his name on all sides and painted on wood placards at that. His name is Mister A. *Louer*. Madam, I courteously replied, it is evident that you are a foreigner to the language of French. It is no name of a large owner of property, as you suppose, but a sign such as is used in your country stating that such and such property is "TO LET". Dear me, she said, what a surprise you give me. There is yet another, if I may further trespass on your kindness.

(2) It is very strange to me that in so small a community there should need to be a "Home for Infants". Are Tahitian parents so callous as to part with their babies or is death so frequent? It is a large fine building standing near the Colonial Prison and a large signboard faces the Highway at each end with its name "Ralen-teer" and the additional wording "Orks Infants", as she pronounced the words. I replied that here again, she was at fault, quite innocently ignorant of what those signboards announce. That large building is a Day School, and careful for its careless boys and girls, the Authorities make appeal to the wild drivers of autos, carriages, trucks and carts to have a thought for the Children, to slacken up, to moderate your speed, to "*Ralentir aux enfants*".

With many thanks for useful aid, she left me.

## MY FRIEND

He had arrived on Tahiti only a few months before my own landing. We were naturally at once drawn together, both because of our common nationality — he of the north of England, I of the south — and that each in our youth had been somewhat prominent athletes. Though I had antedated him by a few years, nigh a half dozen years his senior, he had strangely treasured up memories anent me and welcomed in our Old Age personal acquaintance. Enthusiasm for Sports still burned brightly in us, so interests both past and present bound us very closely together.

But our objectives on Tahiti were widely different, his for the free and unbridled life, after long years of officialdom and red tape, mine for the study and quiet enjoyment of native life and nature in its tropical beauty. He had before him the long record of human wrecks this isle has witnessed, but he would go his way. He had fallen in with a swift crowd, and could better than most of them bear the expense. He drank heavily and steadily, and took to himself the daughters of the people.

It was not long before he acquired the lovely spot, some dozen miles from Papeete along its foreshore, which he made his home. There he soon made the fatal mistake of being the Bountiful One of his village. Liquor flowed and largess was handed out in gifts or kind — ‘fatal’ because once begun, it must be continued to the end unless native friends are to be turned into neighbours, aggravating and obnoxious, well nigh past bearing. So nigh three years passed.

Then, suddenly, he stopped, took his chances and lost. After many a failure, he met Her, who had herself reformed, and from that day a great change came. In some strange way, she altered him. He gave up Drink and became devoted to his charming home. She was a very slave to him, anticipating every wish and want. Their home life I knew full well, being ever a welcome guest, and it was ideal for him after years of rough going. He knew her worth and poured out his gratitude as he spoke of her to me. All was bright then; he had yet to learn of her hidden strength and spirit in the dark days to come. But though, to my great joy, he had reformed, those first years of foolish riotous living were to have their Aftermath. They alone can explain the tragic End.

There came a day when he, freed from all desire of Drink, left home to visit a neighbour, an American since dead, whose fine bungalow was a short half mile away. They had been warm friends in the wild days, but some business trouble had estranged them. The difficulty had been patched up and all enmity had passed.

It was sunset after a broiling day and on arrival, he found a half-caste Sea Captain, since dead also, with the American, and both were well ‘soaked’. The former had come from the little Capital with the view of raising a small loan of cash from his friend, who was as short of funds as he. Immediately on the latest visitor’s entry, the American exclaimed “Here’s the very fellow, has pots of money — he’ll fix you up.” But the Captain’s record, despite his wonderful charm and breeding, was well known for his inability to conserve cash, and always an irritable, hasty man, the newcomer, bristling at this challenging greeting, flatly refused. Hot and high words passed and turning abruptly to leave the house, one of the two men struck him on the back of the head with an empty bottle, a deep gash over the brain. Which of the two, he never knew, and I, who knew full well, never told him. Both were drunk and both are dead, and silence is oft golden.

The American’s mistress, coming on the scene, soon bound up the bleeding head and he returned to his home. With care, the deep wound healed and as time went on the matter was forgotten. He told me the whole story and let it go at that. But of a certainty, as will be seen, that was his Death blow, though the End was long a-coming.



As months passed, he oft complained to me, whom well nigh every week he called upon in town, of a strange pain in his left knee. It steadily grew worse. It worried him greatly, he an old time athlete.

He took a very long trip Home and parts of Europe — with Her. Things were no better on his return. He told me of his intent to visit Australia to see after his investments he had placed there and at the same time consult a noted osteopath in Sydney. The latter's diagnosis, so he wrote me, was quick and to the point: an injury to the head by some means, perhaps a fall. That cursed bottle had wholly passed from mind. He could only recall falls from bikes — those Penny Farthings of our youth — and the like from horseback in the Boer War days, where he served his country. Those were too remote. "Think again." He and She searched for light when suddenly she recalled the drunkard's blow. The osteopath was satisfied; the scar was still there on the semi-bald pate. That blow, he was told, had injured certain nerve centres and he was in for Creeping Paralysis. Gallant effort might stave it off, might even master it. Returning, he told me of his hapless fate and they diligently followed out instructions, but without avail. Steadily he grew more lame, limped heavily and before long, the leg shortened a full inch and with his lameness, his naturally and unmastered irritable temper increased a hundredfold.

The petty annoyances of his neighbours, whom, as already noted, he had shut down upon, grew apace. They took various forms. A man in the full vigour of health and strength would have either treated them with contempt or taken action to put an end to them. To him, they became persecution and he resented them fiercely, but hopelessly.

There came a Sunday and with it a wild orgy of drunkenness and noise hard by his home. It kept steadily on from morn till sunset, his protests, borne to them by Her, were scorned. If words were of no avail, action even in his crippled state might halt the carousers. His grounds were his castle and when he saw one of the crowd actually trespassing on his grounds, he held back no longer. Seizing his 'rook and rabbit' rifle,<sup>13</sup> relic of days gone by, he sought to intimidate, not to maim, but in his blind fury, the bullet went home, a mere flesh wound in the arm. But he had broken the law and with a previous warning from the Authorities to keep his angry hands off the natives, for he had soundly thrashed one in the past for some slight offense, he was left with no loophole for escape.

Things moved swiftly; a Summons to Papeete and the magistrate was all for committing him to gaol till trial came. His lawyer friend saved him from that ignominy. Straight from the Court, he hurried to me. I was shocked, not at the Happening and the near shave of gaol, but at the amazing and sudden change in my friend. His nerve was gone, a mental wreck, utterly crushed. Prison was on his brain. No words of mine could alter his belief. He was doomed. His Past, on Track, on field of battle with its Stripes of Honour, showed him up as a courageous fellow. It was unnatural and I had my strong suspicion as to what was the Cause.

He was still free to come and go, though forbidden to return to his home, so found a shelter in the residence of one of Her sisters close to town. He was now as a child in my hands and I brought him into contact with those who should know if my fear was correct. Folk scoff at native medicines and practitioners, and call it quackery, but not so, I. Their verdict was unanimous and my secret, never his, that beneath that foul Blow, a tumour had formed and was expanding. His brain action was not always under control and from time to time, the baneful thing smothered common sense. It was at such a moment that he used the rifle and at such a moment in the future aught else might happen. It did.

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<sup>13</sup> A [rook rifle](#) is an English single-shot dropping block or break-action small calibre rifle for shooting [rooks](#) and rabbits.

It was my great privilege to be much with him as he passed through his long drawn out Gethsemane.<sup>14</sup> He leaned heavily. For all her splendid devotion and attention, she lacked something that Man to Man can alone supply.

The weary weeks for him dragged on, but at last the day of Trial and of Judgement came. We autoed up to town, where he stayed the night. Ere I left him in kind hands, he, like a very child, entreated me not to fail him on the morrow. I was early so as to relieve him of that worry. We were alone in the auto; he told Her to stay away; he wished to shield her from needless pain at the sight of him in his hour of ignominy.

His case being called, we stood together before the Judge, who, at first, wished me to retire, but I had scarcely reached the door when not only did he recall me, but, ordering a chair – all contrary to custom — to be brought, requested me to stand “by the side of your friend.” After witnesses had testified and the Court had been addressed by the defending Counsel and by the Court’s kindly request, myself, came Sentence. He was told by his lawyer that he must stand. He tried, but his wrecked frame failed him and he would have fallen, had not I, a taller man, gathered him and held him up in my arms. A strange scene indeed in a Court of Justice, but what a privilege for me, my friend in the darkest hour of his life and in my old strong arms. “Six days imprisonment — not actual, nominal only — and 200 gold francs Fine.” A shudder shot through him, but I held him fast. The Court called the next case.

Our chauffeur drove us back and I left him with Her. But the strain had been too great. The leading doctor in the town was hurriedly called in. He ordered hospital, and there and then would have been the End, but for Her, as once again losing all self control, he sought to hurl himself from the balcony, where lay his private sick bay, to crush out his life on the stone flags below. She saved him. I saw him a few days later ere he returned a free man to his home. I told him to call on me night or day if he needed me. He never did. He shut himself up for weeks, then months. She oft entreated him to call me down, but no! He said he was ashamed that I had known him as a free man, his name unstained and that man, not one who escaped prison by a hair’s breadth, must be my memory of him.

Then suddenly came the End; the cursed bottle completed its work. He was always clean shaven. He had often shown me his much prized Sheffield razors. Months before, he could have ended the shame that enveloped him like a cloud, but he had a grip on himself. Suddenly, as he was shaving at his accustomed daily hour, he lost that grip; self control lay paralyzed; he drew that keen edged blade across his throat, yet not quite deep enough to end all there. She rushed him to the hospital, where he lay for nigh a week, conscious and thoughtful of Her, but refused to have me at his side; shame held him to the last. I sensed it and found no fault with it; that his friendship had cooled and died was an unthinkable thing, the rather he denied himself because of his devotion. What more could I ask?

The grave was dug not in Papeete’s God’s Acre nor in that of his own village, but in Her’s, which lies between the two. Other calls held away his friends, so it fell to me to be the one white man as the wrecked body was laid away. I was jealous for my race; natives and half-castes alone should not pay the last tribute of respect to my friend. There actually were six men, fourteen women and the village Pastor present. We gathered at her sister’s house, thence went a-foot along the Highway to the native Church hidden in the woods. There was a reading of Holy Writ and prayer, then a woman broke forth into a native song, not a wail, but a rich-voiced Lament for their friend. Thence to the grave, dug at the foot of a towering coconut palm, whose ever gently waving fronds bending over shielded the site from a blazing sun. The brown men lowered the double-cased casket, the Pastor committing the body

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<sup>14</sup> [Gethsemane](#) is a garden at the foot of the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem most famous as the place where, according to the gospels, Jesus prayed and his disciples slept the night before Jesus' crucifixion.

to the ground, not using Christian name or surname, which were quite beyond him to pronounce, but the one by which he was known to all, his own choice in the Past, “Trooper”, and the same singer poured forth fresh Lament to close the scene.

I stood by her side; she was moved to tears, but as she was led away by her sister, she turned to take one last look and gave one long, low, bitter cry in native tongue: “My Man — My Man — Farewell.”

So it was with My Friend. And what of Her? He left her the lovely home and land, large acreage beyond, all furnishing, his last bought car and a Sufficiency for life. Will she be wise or will she revert to her former mode of life? She is a pure native of limited education. The chances are all against her in such environment as hers. Time alone will show.

## LAKE VAIHIRIA

This sheet of inland water is the only one on the island of Tahiti and its remoteness and inaccessibility caused it to play no part at any time in the incidents of Old time. It lies some 1300 feet above sea level, surrounded by mountains reaching as high as 2000 feet above the lake. It is fed by numerous entrancing cascades, its waters finding for some distance a subterranean outlet, which later form a narrow tortuous stream — a torrent indeed after heavy rain — on its southwestern way to the sea a half-dozen miles away.

The lake is about a mile in circumference, possessing no defined shoreline, a long waist-high grass growing close to the water's edge. Its depth as found by French soundings is reported as 17 fathoms, 2 feet over 100. Its only fish are eels of a great size, their length running to 4 feet with a girth nigh a foot, whose fins, close to the head, give the weird appearance of large ears. Occasionally, one of the species is to be seen for sale in Papeete's market place.

The natives' method of crossing — apart from direct swimming, which all must do, for no canoe has ever, up to date, been upon its waters — is the making of a raft of the trunks of the Fei (the mountain banana), which grow abundantly around, on which supplies are placed and pushed ahead by the swimmer.

The lake is in the direct line of one of the few traverses of the island, Mataiea on the west coast, and Papenoo on the east. Reaching the lake from the former, after swimming across a short quarter mile, in ever chilly waters, the “hog's back” of a spur of Orofena <sup>15</sup> — the highest on the island — is climbed, on the further side of which are the headwaters of the Papenoo river. Following down this oft times turbulent stream, the mountains open out into the broad valley of that name and so one reaches the sea.

It is reckoned a two days journey if weather conditions are favourable. Caves en route are handy for shelter, and the writer found them so when, nigh 20 years gone by, he celebrated his 70<sup>th</sup> birthday, along with a New Zealander of far lesser years and two sturdy natives, by a crossing which took six days and five nights, for the clouds descended once the lake was swum, the heavens opened, the rains fell ceaselessly, the river was a deep, raging torrent, and stamina along with sterling companionship alone brought us through without a scratch.

Very different, however, was the fate of a young visitor, who, in pride of strength and self-confidence, essayed the crossing a few years later. <sup>16</sup> He would make it alone, despite all the warnings. The weather ideal, he made the lake, swam it, climbed the Divide and then... Days passed; a week, and he failed to return. An anxious sister in Papeete appealed for help. Two parties of natives started out, one from each end. They found him in the cave — haunt of the wild pig — at the headwaters of the Papenoo with a badly swollen ankle, without either food or water. Improvising a stretcher, the crippled traveller was carried out to Papenoo and hospital, a wiser man for a very close call.

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<sup>15</sup> See also *Lake Vaihiria* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, and *Across Tahiti Afoot* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*. In the former, WWB has the “hog's back” of a spur of Orafara, while in the latter, he has the Col d'Orufaaa.

<sup>16</sup> In *Across Tahiti Afoot*, WWB states that this incident happened prior to WWB's adventure, rather than a few years later.

## HISTORY IN STREETS

Until French occupation under the Protectorate of 1842, Papeete had but a semblance of order as to its outlay. Since then it has been steadily laid out in regularity and the domination of France has been written large in its Streets and Avenues. The history of the Long Ago has seemingly not appealed, though Wallis and Cook have been awarded a modest niche. The majority of the names are without meaning or significance, save to very few, but to those who can interpret them, they are a public recording of Men and Things and the following, it is hoped, may be the means of enlightening others as they stroll around the little town and seek to know what the naming stands for.

Rue Wallis calls for a special note. A street so named was laid out on the plan of the town — the very first street and its location appropriately opposite the Pass. Cook was given the second, but while ‘Cook’ was made and used, ‘Wallis’ was not forthwith made and became forgotten. Upon it dwellings rose. The writer called the Council’s attention to the matter in 1935 and to avoid litigation with the present-day owners of the dwellings and property on which they, in all ignorance, stood, a modest and newly made cross street of Hinoi Avenue at the extreme other end of the town was so named.

### Open Spaces

Place Albert 1 <sup>er</sup>	King of the Belgians, 1914
Place de la Mutualité	The Allies of 1914
Place Pomare V	The last King of Tahiti
Rond Point de la défense nationale	The French peoples of 1914

### The Streets

Alsace, Boulevard d’	The Debateable Land
Artemise, Rue de l’	French man-of-war, 1839
Bougainville, Rue de	French navigator, 1767
Bovis, Rue de	Captain of the Phaeton, 1839
Bruat, Avenue <sup>17</sup>	The 1 <sup>st</sup> French <i>Commandant</i>
Brea, Avenue	Captain of the Infantry, killed in action
Bonard, Rue	Captain of the Uranie
Beaux Arts, Rue des	A Parisian touch
Castleman, Rue du General	The Great War knew him
Commerce, Quai du	The business waterfront
Cook, Rue de	English navigator
Cassiau, Rue	A Papeete physician and mayor
Chessé, Avenue	French <i>Commmandant</i> , 1880

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<sup>17</sup> Later Avenue *Pouvanaa*.

Clappier, Rue	Uranie ensign, killed in action
Cardella, Rue	A Papeete mayor
Collette, Rue	A Curé (Roman Catholic) of Papeete
Clemenceaux, Avenue	French statesman
Du Petit Thouars, Avenue	French admiral
Dumont d'Urville, Rue	French navigator
Destreman, Rue	French commander, 1914
Écoles, Rue des	Former (R.C.) school site
Four, Rue de	Former lime kiln site
Fautaua, Avenue	Waterfall road
Gendarmerie, Rue de la	Former site of
Gaugain, Rue	French painter
Hinoi, Prince, Avenue	Grandson of Queen Pomare
Infanterie, Rue de l'	Former barracks site
Jean d'Arc, Rue	French heroine
Jaussen, Rue	1 <sup>st</sup> resident (R.C.) bishop
Moerenhaut, Rue Jacques	1 <sup>st</sup> French consul, 1838
Moreau, Rue du Pasteur	Head of the Protestant mission
Nansouty, Rue	Phaeton ensign, killed in action
Petite Pologne, Rue de la	After a past noted rum shop
Parc, Rue du	Once the site of the city hall
Paraita, Avenue du Regent	Acted under Bruat, 1844–1847
Pomare V, Avenue de	The last of the dynasty
Poilus Tahitiens, Rue	The Tahitian soldiers of 1914
Pont Neuf, Rue	Adjoining bridge at the back of town
Perotte, Rue	Uranie ensign, killed in action
Pomare IV, Rue	Queen of Tahiti
Patutoa, Avenue	Name of an old time district
Remparts, Rue des	Embankment at the back of town
Rivoli, Rue	A Parisian touch
Sainte Amélie, Rue	A patron saint
Substances, Quai des	Site of old time naval stores
S <sup>t</sup> Hilaire, Rue	Admiral on station, 1885–1888
Taunoa, Avenue	Name of an old time district
Temple, Rue du	Native church site from 1818



Uranie, Rue de l'	French man-of-war, 1838
Union Sacré, Cours de l'	French political parties of 1914
Venus, Rue	French man-of-war, 1838
Vairaatoa, Avenue du Chef	The last Chief of Paré-Arué
Wallis, Rue	Discoverer of Tahiti, 1767
Zelée, Rue	French man-of-war, 1838

**And a date**

22 <sup>nd</sup> Sept 1914, Rue	German bombardment
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## PAURANIE

A quarter mile beyond the confines of the little town of Papeete, there is a narrow valley running down to the sea from the mountains at the back. At its foot runs the Highway round the island. Here, in the days of the War of Independence, the French erected a Fort (a Pa) and a Blockhouse, thus commanding the Pass exactly opposite and also both ingress and egress to the town, naming it Uranie after the man-of-war, which was playing so large a part in the struggle with the Tahitians. Now that all is peace, both Fort and Blockhouse have long since disappeared, but they have given their name to the valley, entwining, however, the two words Pa and Uranie, so that there are few today who know its history. Today it is Pau-ranie and the valley is God's Acre.

Here lie many of all nationalities who have Passed Out since nigh a century. It is tended beyond all praise and standing at its upper end and looking down the little valley, with its green sward and white headstones, its sides embowered with bush and trees, the deep blue sea to be seen beyond its lofty iron wrought gateway, with the breakers ever forming over the Barrier reef, is a picture that once seen can never be effaced from memory. Of those whose bodies it holds, I would note a few which may be of interest to others than those who reside nearby.

Close to the gateway, a railed-in mausoleum of block stone, black of hue, tapering upwards, rises above those lain below who died "pour la France" in the years 1844–1847.<sup>18</sup> Upon its sides are bronze panels bearing the battle names in which they fell and the ships which bore them to the fights. Besides the *Uranie*, there came from far off France the *Héroïne* and *Ariane*, the *Phaeton* and the *Charte*, the *Embuscade* and the *Meurthe*. The Tahitians put up sturdy fight for Liberty. Papeete and Papenoo saw combat, so also Faaa and Mahaena, Haapape and Taravao, Punaauia, Tapenoo and Taapuna, whilst Huahine, in the Sous-le-Vents, is on the list, for at Maeva the French, too, had loss. Thus, close to the Fort and Blockhouse, the first Frenchmen were laid, and their Resting place became the public Valley of the Dead. That was in 1847.

<sup>18</sup> These commemorative plaques were unveiled in 2011:

CAVEAU			
QM	Germain SCHLOESSER	1919 / 1943	
Mlot	Tehio TUMAHAI	1918 / 1947	
	Roger ROLLAND	1922 / 1947	
CC	Robert JEANPIERRE de CLONARD	1898 / 1948	
	Etienne GAILLARD	1940 / 1960	
	Marcel RUELLAN	1905 / 1973	
	Roland EBBS	/ 1981	
	Louis CAMUS	/ 1982	
	Alain GELEOC	/ 1982	
	Raymond LAUBERT	/ 1982	
OSSUAIRE			
Mlot	Charles GUILLOU	/ 1989	
Mlot	Gérard ASTEGUY	1913 / 1941	
Mlot	Norbert FAANA	/ 1944	
Mlot	Adolphe LAHARRAGUE	1923 / 1944	
Mlot	Douglas GILZEAN	/ 1945	
QM	Paul BENNET	1922 / 1946	
Mlot	George CAMPBELL	/ 1943	

MARINS "MORTS POUR LA FRANCE"			
1914 / 1918			
Cannonière ZELEE	LV	Maxime DESTREMEAU	1875 / 1915
	EV	Jean LE BRETON	1894 / 1918
	SM	Jean LABOUS	1876 / 1915
Goëlette La ZELEE		Jean PEMBELE	1885 / 1917
1939 / 1945			
Sous Marin SURCOUF	QM	Gilbert BOURDON	1920 / 1942
Sous Marin SURCOUF	SM	Marcel CORLAY	1916 / 1942
Sous Marin SURCOUF	SM	Joseph FERRAGU	1912 / 1942
Cargo CHARLES LD	Marin	Raymond TEMATEHIURA	1917 / 1942
Nouvelle Zélande	CC	Jean GILBERT	1907 / 1942
Aviso CHEVREUIL	Mlot	Gérard APESTEGUY	1913 / 1942
CAP des PALMES	QM	Paul BENNET	/ 1946
Base Navale Fare Ute	Mlot	Adolphe LAHARRAGUE	1923 / 1944
Base Navale Fare Ute	Mlot	Norbert FAANA	/ 1944
Algérie		Marurāi ROBSON	/ 1944
2006 AFGHANISTAN			
Commando Trépel	MP	Loïc LE PAGE	1975 / 2006

Across the grass-covered carriage way lies Robert Keable, <sup>19</sup> one-time Anglican priest and Author of novels. He came to Tahiti already marked for death and building himself a charming and luxurious home at the Isthmus which joins Greater and Lesser Tahiti together as one island, lived out his allotted time freed from the hidebound traditions of his motherland.

His close companion, a wounded airman who, like himself, served in the Great War and whom Death separated for but a week, was lain hard by, but my search had been in vain. His fate has been methinks that of many once laid in the valley. His grave was not purchased 'in perpetuity'. There was none to do him that service and the Charnel House, that gruesome abode upon the grounds, holds his bones. Here, grave space is freely given to indigents and leased to others who hope to pay. Five years, the span of time for each. That reached and funds delinquent, the graves revert to the City Council and are free to be uprooted should occasion demand. It is not often done, and never so if a Cross for a headstone has been erected over the dead.

There lies untouched the ashes of an English surgeon in his grave dug as far back as 1875. I would make sure that he should never be disturbed. Enquiry showed that there had been no payment 'in perpetuity', but that a Celtic Cross raised at the head had sheltered it and would continue so to do.

Well up God's Acre there is to be seen from any quarter an outstanding monument on rising ground. Its wide base has steps of highly polished mottled grey marble from which a column of as highly polished mottled brown, tapered like the Royal Palm — swollen half-way up — mounts high, supporting a Cross of the same brown marble with a large Figure of the Crucified Christ. Here lies Father Rougier, <sup>20</sup> one time an Abbé of the Roman Faith, but, in chief, a merchant Prince, as strange

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<sup>19</sup> [Robert Keable \(1887–1927\)](#). According to [Tahitiens. Répertoire biographique de la Polynésie française](#) : Écrivain anglais. D'abord pasteur, puis professeur. Se fait un nom parmi les hommes de lettres en signant des ouvrages qui connaissent le succès : *Simon Called Peter* (1921) ; *The Mother of All Living*, roman africain. Vint finir ses jours à Tahiti, où il avait voulu retrouver la trace des artistes qui avaient éveillé ses désirs de voir la Polynésie : Loti, Stevenson, Caledon, Rupert Brook, Gauguin, etc. Se fait construire, à l'extrémité du village de Papeari, sur une petite éminence qui domine Port Phaeton, une maison à son goût : « It is a tasteful California-style bungalow, with bougainvilleas rambling over the roof and a palm court facing the ocean where the bluff drops sheer into the water... » écrit un visiteur. Keable vit là dans l'enchantement d'un beau site, amateur de fleurs et d'oiseaux. « Attention ! Ne tirez pas sur mes oiseaux de mer... Merci ! R. K. », a-t-il affiché sur la plage. C'est là qu'il écrivit : *Tahiti, Isle of Dreams* (1925), description de son paradis, et pèlerinage aux souvenirs des ses prédécesseurs ; et aussi *Numerous Treasure, A Romantic Novel* (1925), peut-être l'œuvre la plus délicatement écrite de Keable, et où il montre une excellente connaissance de la psychologie du Polynésien. On lui doit aussi *The Truth About Tahiti* (*Herald*, Melbourne, 7–14 April 1923) reproduit dans *Pacific Island Monthly Handbook*, 1923, p. 423–427. Il mourut à Tahiti le 22 décembre 1927. Son corps repose au cimetière de Papeete. La maison qu'il avait fait construire passera entre les mains de André Japy.

<sup>20</sup> Grave of [Emmanuel Rougier \(1864–1932\)](#) at Pauranie:





a mixture of a man as Keable lying below. Business notes him as one time lessee of Fanning Island, transferring from there to Christmas Island, a copra merchant, a hard man upon his labourers, not loved and yet respected by his equals. He left a Fortune and a large property on the confines of Papeete.

Nearby lies Marau,<sup>21</sup> the last Queen Consort of Tahiti. Married when fifteen, in 1875, to the worthless Pomare V and divorced by him in 1888, she lived her remaining years, and they were many, according

<sup>21</sup> [Johanna Marau Ta'aroa a Tepau Salmon \(1860–1934\)](#) was Pomare V's second wife; his first was [Te-mari'i-a-Teurura'i Ma'i-hara Te-uhe \(1840–1891\)](#). The top photo below shows Marau's grave in the form of the Mahaitea marae; see also *His Queen's Children* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*. The bottom photo shows WWB's own grave in the Pauranie Cemetery in relation to the graves of Marau and Rougier, and the wall in front of the second level.



to the ways of her ancestors. She was a half-caste, not esteemed highly by her fellow Tahitians, but naturally, as once a Queen, made much of by the courtly French and foreigners. Never a Pomare, save by a transient marriage, she chose to lie here. She wanted no last resting place either in the towering mausoleum of Pomare V in Papoa, nor in the graveyard of the rest of the Pomare in Arué. She was first and foremost a Tevan of Papara. She or hers — I know not which, for it is not common knowledge — would emphasize the fact through all the years to come. She lies beneath a marae, fashioned in a six foot miniature of the great Mahaiatea marae, which was raised in the Long Ago by Amo and Pura of Wallis and Cook's days to stand for the mightiness of that clan over all the rest. Such a memorial, striking though it is and, as a piece of stone masonry, perfect in its making, is the only instance known on Tahiti — and possibly through Polynesia — of a Pagan Altar raised in a Christian cemetery and used as a memorial of one who died, at least nominally, in the Protestant Faith. She died a Tevan, having lost by divorce the very name of Pomare, and with her passed the last link with Sovereignty of the Tahitian natives.

A low stone and cement wall, 24 feet by 12, surrounds the site of the pit in which over 200 men, women and children were consumed by fire during the epidemic panic of 1918.<sup>22</sup> There was neither time nor men to dig graves in that fearsome attack. Pitch was poured upon the corpses as they were cast into the pit. But when the worst was over and there were men at command, the dead were laid in rows, one upon another in another site close by, a walled square 24 feet by 24. A very few names appear on the walls of each, but many entire families were wiped out. These tell of sudden and of early deaths. Not far off, one meets Longevity.

There is no record of equal length in the entire valley than that of an Englishman named Adams,<sup>23</sup> born 1825, died 1915. Tahiti was his home from 1841. But another Englishman, by name Stringer, with his Irish wife, ran him close and lie hard by. Beneath their names and ages, with dates of birth given as 1825 and 1828, one reads, "Residents on Tahiti since 1849." They died in 1910. Adams and they saw much change occur during those many years: the French Protectorate, Queen Pomare's Jubilee, Sovereignty surrendered for her unworthy son's needs, Papeete a village on the seashore grown to a Town and Capital.

Now Tragedy. On a headstone nigh the Gateway is the name P. A. Tierney, an Anzac. His end was violent. Gassed and ill, he thought to recover amid these sun-kissed isles. On Raiatea, he unwisely

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<sup>22</sup> [1918 flu pandemic](#)

<sup>23</sup> Thomas Stratford Adams (1825–1915). According to [Tahitiens. Répertoire biographique de la Polynésie française](#) : Négociant et colon. Né à Londres le 14 décembre 1825. Son fils Edwin déclarant le décès de son père, le déclare de « mère inconnu ». En fait sa mère semble avoir été une Française, protestante de la région de Bordeaux. Une tradition familiale veut qu'il soit « arrivé jeune à Tahiti après avoir embarqué sur le bateau ayant ramené en France les cendres de Napoléon ». Serait arrivé à Tahiti dès 1841. C'est aux États-Unis qu'il aurait épousé Emilia Bambridge (1835–1905). Sa Femme aurait eu alors quatorze ans, ce qui mettrait le mariage en 1849, date acceptable, puisque leur premier enfant, Elisabeth, est née à Sydney en 1851, mais qui ne semble guère conciliable avec les soixante-six ans que lui donne son acte de décès en 1905. Thomas Statford Adams est porté, successivement comme « restaurateur » (1855–1857), comme « négociant » (1858–186) et comme « planteur, demeurant à Taunua » (1869) dans les actes de naissance de ses enfants. Il fonde une usine de canne à sucre, située à Fariipiti. Ruiné par un nommé Forster auquel il avait confié de l'argent pour l'achat de nouvelles machines, il vend son usine à un certain Kennedy, qui la repassera lui-même peu après à Norman Brander. Sons fils Charly travaillera sa vie durant pour N. Brander à Fariipiti, puis à Atimaono-Papara lorsque l'usine émigra dans ce district. Adams, « habitant notable », est nommé membre titulaire du conseil d'administration le 19 juin 1869. Il meurt à quatre-vingt-onze ans, à Papeete, le 23 juin 1915, d'un refroidissement pris dans la vallée de la Papenoo où il s'était réfugié lors du bombardement allemand de 1914. Il aurait tenu avec exactitude son journal toute sa vie, mais fort économe, il se contentait de noter chaque soir, sur une feuille volante, les événements du jour. De son vivante le « journal » était dispersé aux quatre coins de la maison. A sa mort, ses filles, peut-être intentionnellement, négligèrent de réunir ces feuillets qui disparurent, et avec eux, un document qui aurait pu être d'une grand valeur pour l'histoire du Tahiti de la première période coloniale...



went the way of the thoughtless multitude and taking his young mate with him, landed on the neighbouring island of Bora Bora. There, with three other men, the five made merry. The next morn, Tierney's body, tied up, with marks of violence on it, floated in the bay. Natives placed the body in a packing case and buried it. The crime has never been unravelled. New Zealand was not content. His fellow Anzacs, after endless difficulties of red tape, raised the body and bore it to Pauranie. An Anzac Captain, whom I have called Friend for years, was the man who never let up till he brought the body of his one time Private to God's Acre, here to lie among other Anzacs who died of wounds on their long journey Home from France.<sup>24</sup>

Hard by the upper pit lies Trower,<sup>25</sup> an English public school boy of engaging personality and ceaseless activity, who, after thirty years' residence, found himself up against a stone wall, loss of wife, the fault all his, loss of island property through both French and natives determined opposition to him, an outsider and a foreigner, gaining any rights to property he had provisionally secured on the neighbouring small island of Maiao and forcing its relinquishment, without means of any kind and many a local debt, too proud to turn to us, his friends, for a timely and a helping hand, a revolver solved the matter. We laid the body there, wrapped in a winding sheet in his clothing, just as he fell. He had been an aviator in the Great War, coming through unscathed, only to fall at last by his own hand.

Nigh Keable lies Gardiner, a San Franciscan. His end also was violent. He was but in his twenties. I knew him well, had been a fellow traveller with him as our steamer roamed through the Tuamotus. Before we met, he had visited the Marquesas, and Melville's "Typee" having ever fascinated him, he was bound to traverse that valley in Nuku-Hiva. Both natives and white folk had long fled the place as a habitation because of a midget fly, introduced by means unknown to this day, whose bite was poisonous. Gardiner took his chance and penetrated the valley to its head on horseback. He paid the price. I saw his wounds. The poison worked into his very brain. Hallucination possessed him. I did my utmost to keep his spirits up. In Papeete, I watched him, visited him oft, strolled in the lovely

<sup>24</sup> According to New Zealand Foreign Affairs and Trade, *Three soldiers from World War One – two New Zealanders and one Australian – are buried in the [Pauranie] cemetery. An Australian soldier, R. W Fuhrstrom, and a New Zealand soldier, Roy J. Leslie, both died of war wounds on the passage back from Europe, passing through Tahiti. The New Zealander P.A Tierney, believed to have fought at Gallipoli, died in French Polynesia a few years after the war.* Tierney's headstone is shown below.



<sup>25</sup> Eric Lawford Trower (b. 1883). An account of the *Trower Affair* on Maiao can be found [here](#).



avenues with him. One Thursday night we parted; on Friday he committed suicide in an avenue nigh the heart of the Town; on Saturday we laid the body of my young friend in Pauranie. <sup>26</sup>

Enough. Ere I leave Pauranie, its ordered beauty, its quiet and the tales it tells, I never fail to end my roaming by standing for a space before a Stone which softens all the crudities and man's madnesses to be met with there — the price of War, the price of Pestilence, of Insanity, of Greed and desperate Want, of Wine and Lust.

She was a young bride of twenty summers. Life was short for her, but it must have been very beautiful, as all who knew her warmly certify. For me, her Epitaph throws a veil over all and every grave. She saw the Best in all, both men and things, for thus we read o'er where she sleeps, "Blest are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." That daily vision left no room with her for cavil or contempt towards her fellows, be they who they may, nor have they rightful place with us in this Valley of the Dead.

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<sup>26</sup> WWB's trip with Wesley S. Gardiner (1903–1928) in the Tuamotus is described in *The Tuamotu Islands* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*. See also Tale #92, *Of the Marquesas*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*. Gardiner's headstone is shown below; the text is "Wesley S. Gardiner – Native of San Francisco – 1903–1928".



## REVENGE

He took it into his own hands, not waiting for the slower course of Law.

I knew him well; at least, I thought I did, a little well-knit Frenchman in his late thirties, a bundle of energy, ever at the service of others, going through life cramped in means, but with ever a Song in the Heart, which he gave vent to in his interminable chatter. Highly intelligent, way above the ranks he sprang from, his parents still alive, glove makers from France working in New York, who had brought him thither when but a dozen years of age, putting him to school, giving him thereby a perfect command of English, without any trace of accent. Thus with his native tongue and a readily acquired fluency of Tahitian, he was an excellent and, to me, a useful linguist.

There was an ingrained love of order in him, clean in his habits, an abhorrent of liquor and an abstainer alike from tobacco. An avid reader, he was *au courant* with world affairs, keen to learn more thereof and discuss intelligently, never assertive, a courteous little fellow despite oft times berating at his tasks from hasty men and women, honest as the day nor ever showed sign of roughness in the rough and tumble of his daily life amid his fellows. Never did he resent any counsel from me, nor my frequent word of warning that too much Talk and thoughtless Joking oft led to trouble. His devotion to me and my needs was indeed remarkable.

He had for years thus won my admiration for Character, indomitable Energy and high Intelligence. He worked for me as a house-boy, cleanliness and thoroughness itself, and as gardener, where strength and perseverance are demanded in an island blest with perpetual summer and where weeds grow overnight.

In a far different field he also served me, research work in the long distant Past of Tahiti. He did not know defeat; difficulties only added zest to him; there was no let up till he had found the Quest I set him. I was, as time went on, in heavy debt to him, but with him it was pure joy of service, to serve himself came last.

He had his foibles; they were my constant amusement. His appetite was amazing. What he could store away in that little body of his was extraordinary. He was no epicure; the plainest of food sufficed; the stalest of bread disappeared; fragments of foods ready to be cast aside by me as worthless, all went into his maw. His digestive powers surely equalled those of an ostrich. Tea by the pint washed all down. He lingered long over his meals, not a glutton, but a newspaper or a book absorbed him as from plate after plate he fed the stove within. With him it was a duty to feed his Mind even as he was feeding the inner man.

And he was a Junk man of the first rank. He collected assiduously. He could see no waste. Tins, bones, bottles, discarded shoes far too big for his use, fragments of clothing, all went into his Vanity Bag, the sack which seemed to be a very part of himself. The hut in which he stored his gatherings was an amazing sight, a Junk shop to be seen to be believed. The value of what was stored therein and ceaselessly replenished was Nil, but to him was precious, quite impossible to part with. Fit only for the Garbage cart, to him it counted as Treasure Trove.

It is strange but true; he might still be free — his hideous crime screened by him so amazingly as it was — but for those two weaknesses of his, his love of Jestful Talk and his craze for Junk.

To those who did not know him save from his appearance on the streets of Papeete, he was looked upon as himself a Joke. He had his best clothes for great occasions, but, in general, he wore scant

attire. Shorts, and very short at that, were his only covering, rain or shine, neither shoes nor vest nor hat. On his beloved old bicycle he ever sped along, his Vanity Bag conspicuous. He had a courteous bow for every stranger passed upon his way, who doubtless wrote him down in their minds as crazy, and a breezy word for all whom he knew. He wanted, craved indeed, to be friends with all, aloofness and he were miles apart.

He was a Frenchman and his morals were of their standard. What his private life was, was none of my business, yet where all is carried out so unabashed and openly, it was impossible not to know in measure that side of his life. Like all the rest, he took to himself the daughters of the isle and by one he had two bairns, a boy and a girl. The mother full early left him for other, and seemingly no loss to him; his whole being was now wholly wrapped up in his love for these young lives. Oft did I see him promenading the waterfront on which I dwelt, his day's work done, carrying a babe in his arms. Then as their years increased, he had to make a home for them and he took to himself other mistresses to provide them with both shelter and care. He could not afford the higher grade of street-walkers; he had to be content with the lowest of the harlot gang. It was thus that overwhelming disaster came to him and his.

His bairns, as noted, were his All; to see them happy was his joy; to see them, as soon he did, uncared for, unkempt, unhappy was gall and wormwood to him. Harlots such as he had chosen for mothering his beloved ones are not given to tenderness. He came to me, his friend, with his complaint and his placid temper I saw at once was all aflame. She, one of the lowest of the low, whose record for foul speech and action was notorious, whose habitat had oft been the prison for theft and drunkenness, had done him wrong with his all precious flesh and blood. She had not only neglected them, but had dared to lay her hand upon them. He told me that he had hid his wrongs from me, his friend, lest I should be worried, but that he had appealed to the police for aid, who laughed at him for his pains and treated his complaints as a Joke. He swore that something must be done and left me — and done it was.

Contemned, he took it into his own hands to pay the harlot back; he would be revenged for the wrongs she had done his loved ones, cost what it might. He would wait no more. It was October 12, 1935. He struck foully, mercilessly, savagely, a murder well nigh unheard of in its brutal violence. Enticing her, unseen by the company, from a drunken gathering along the waterfront where she and the rest were holding high revelry far into the night, he led her a few hundred yards away to where foliage hid from view, shot her through the head, then, not content, drew his long cutting knife carried in his belt and beheaded his victim. His revenge not yet satisfied, he scraped out a hole and buried the bloody head, trampling it down in a very frenzy of revenge, hatred and contempt.

A few hours later, ere the corpse was cold, a boy stumbled across the fateful deed. Hot hue and cry was raised. One after another suspect were haled to court, who were able to prove their innocence. Though things pointed strongly to him, he proved also an alibi. And not content, he, with astonishing nerve, was one of a handful who stood beside the open grave in Pauranie — Papeete's God's Acre — as the dismembered body was laid away. Was she not his mistress? said he. There was seemingly no solution nor any lead till he himself gave it through his fatal gift of interminable jesting talk. But not at once.

For nigh twelve months, he carried the dread secret with iron nerve. None who employed him saw the slightest change in him. Always the same, every old trait there, ready as ever to serve, never a sign of restlessness. Though public suspicion hung to him, it would not die; we who had known him so well declared that the murderer could not possibly be he. Was not his manner an open book to us? So little does one know of another's Mind. But disillusion had to be our lot and it came first from an unexpected source.

He had once told me that he had but one known enemy. I asked the reason why. He said that the man, a half-caste with whom he occasionally he had ‘passed the day’ had been later on enrolled as a Mutoi (policeman) and naturally had appeared on the streets in proper uniform. Passing the man in his fine new toggery, he had in a joking spirit called out how fine he looked in his new feathers, how well they set off his fine face and figure. He meant it well, but it had been taken as an insult, never forgiven, never forgotten, and from the very first had caused him trouble. More than once that Mutoi had trumped up charges against him, but his Chief had always turned them down. With a smile, the little will o’ th’ wisp would say to me that he could outwit that Mutoi any time of day. But, alike with himself, that Mutoi waited for Revenge. It came suddenly to his hand; he grasped it and following hard up on a simple innocuous lead got his man.

For some months, a French firm dealing in cutlery had employed my faithful assistant, as far as time would allow him, as their travelling agent in the various island villages. To extol his wares, he would grow eloquent over the long ‘cutting knives’ he sought to sell, fit for any purpose, he would joking say, capable of beheading man or beast like the guillotine. This wild talk shocked the women, but they let it pass till it became talked of through its frequency. Yet he might have mastered the gossip of the countryside but for another talk which led him to his doom.

A streetwalker in the town refusing his advances, he, thinking it a harmless joke, threw at her that such treatment was the way harlots often brought real trouble upon themselves, body hurting and head hurting by men. To rid her of him, she fled to the police hard by, to her paramour, in fact, who was on his beat nearby, that Mutoi of all the force who was waiting for his chance. He lost no time; he bore him off to jail. The next morning in the Court, the woman made oath that she had heard from her annoyer’s lips “when drunk” that he had slain her friend. But “when drunk” was too clearly a lie to stand, for all knew his open hatred of liquor. He was once more free, but that talk of long cutting knives would not die; it found its way into the town and became the gossip of the marketplace. Something had to be done.

He was working in the garden of my fellow countryman on the waterfront one July day, 1936, when the final call came. His nerve held fast. When questioned, he again denied all connection with the crime of the now long Past, but the police Chief had a different conviction and jail was to be his residence till all was for good and all cleared up. The days, the weeks, the months passed, as now they tried their tricks on him, as seemingly is their way with suspects. They said they had found the Knife! He smiled. They said that they had a full confession from his confederate! Pure nonsense. He was in the toils, but he would yet save himself. Then Junk stepped in and sealed his fate.

Searching for any, the slightest clue, that Mutoi found it damningly. The slain harlot had had a single dress upon as she went to her death. Her slayer could not leave that behind to go to waste in her grave. He disrobed the bloody trunk and bore her robe off to his Junk store, where it lay washed and hidden. That Mutoi, in his tireless hunt amid the piles of junk, unearthed a woman’s dress, traced its maker among all the Chinese women seamstresses and who she had made it for, found, too, that the victim had worn it at the drinking party.

What now? said they, as they brought him into Court as held up the dress — what now?

Then boldly, without a tremor, seeing all hope of escape vanish, he confessed, as he stood manacled, that he had slain the harlot, giving the very details as noted, and thus had had Revenge denied him otherwise.

Silence would have been golden then, but he could not control his tongue, so bringing fresh trouble upon himself. With cool indifference, he threw out to the Court the remark that if the guillotine was

not quickly to close his lips, he might tell more. What he actually meant will never be known, but the police suspected the worst. Was it possible that he was the human monster, a Killer, and had other murders to his record? There had been in late years mysterious disappearances of white men. They were lonely men, seen one day and disappeared without a trace the next. They were written off as Suicides, with sharks their end.

So heavier clamp was put upon him, solitary confinement and utter loneliness for him to whom Talk was Life, nor books, nor papers allowed to break the deadly and nerve-wracking monotony. 'Silence' was writ large above his cell door. Would he crack? Would his nerve be broken? Would he own up to other crimes? The Law waited and so waited we who had so blandly thought we knew him.

The months dragged on and the constant Court questioning of the now confessed slayer took a fresh line, if by so doing some other besides he might possibly be laid by the heels. As the Principal, he would stand in one category; as accessory, in quite another. Was he paid, as Rumour now persisted in, to get rid of the harlot as one who knew too much for another's comfort and safety. Justice would be fair and so again it waited. But he denied all confederates; it was his Revenge and his alone.

A full year had now passed since he was jailed and still there was no trial. By now the ground was cleared of all suspicion. The difficulty was concerning the Court. That Court — the Criminal — is rarely held in Papeete and there seemingly is much to be done and arranged when it is convened; a special Judge, of some special standing, has to be secured — and oft from far — who together with specially selected Assessors of high standing act as Jury.

Two full years since the harlot was slain, the Court convened. It was November 25, 1937. All was set and I, for one, was far from wishing to see the man tried for his life. But it was not to be. A Summons required my presence. Not in the Court Room, crowded to the doors and overflowing, but happily gathered with a handful in a room adjoining. My name was called. A witness stands below the steps leading up to a platform on which, before a long table, sits the robed and capped Judge, with two Assessors on either side of him. Below them and behind the witness sat the prisoner that memorable day for him and me, his friend, a small lone figure unmanacled, with soldiers, their bayonets fixed and gleaming, standing at attention on each side of him, police within hand reach. The Interpreter — if needed — sat at a desk close to me.

Methought me at once of the day when once before in Papeete, but in far less crowded company, I had been privileged to speak for a friend.<sup>27</sup> Courteously asked, as there, to address the Court, it required no effort to bear witness, so that not alone the Court, but all should here to the man's faithful, tireless and efficient toil for me for full six years. For that I should forever remain deeply in his debt, despite his hideous crime. That done, I left both Court and hearing; it is for gruesome folk to have their feast if so they wish.

We gathered at 8 a.m.; the End came at 11 p.m., when, after a short recess for deliberation, the Court announced that for his crime, the prisoner being considered of Unsound and Unstable Mind, was sentenced to "Hard labour for Life in his homeland, France." The Court rose; the crowd departed; the condemned was returned to his cell. So passed he from our view.<sup>28</sup>

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<sup>27</sup> See *My Friend*, above.

<sup>28</sup> WWB refers to this story in his letter to his granddaughter of 15 September 1941; see Part V, *Letters*.

## SUNDAY IN PAPEETE

The Day, of rest from toil, starts early in Papeete. No lying abed for these people. I know — for living on its waterfront, the earliest activities pass my door or at the back of it upon the Island Highway.

From 3 a.m. the market carts of the Chinamen from the countryside jog along as if their sorry looking steeds were half asleep, as are the drivers, few without a companion or two who somehow find room in vehicles crowded to the limit with vegetables, fruits and even livestock for the market.

By law, every vehicle down to bicycles must bear a light after sundown. These carters carry a kerosene lantern, usually fastened by the side of the driver, but often dangling under the cart. A long prolonged and disjointed procession thus passes me as I doze on my verandah couch, all headed for where their fellow countrymen await to unload and place for sale on their hired stalls, along with their own local produce.

The Day for the folk in general starts with two early happenings. Early Mass for the Catholics and Early Market for one and all. By 5 a.m. the streets are alive with movement afoot or on bikes, and the Cathedral bells clang out for the Faithful to assemble before the business and the merrymaking take hold.

At 5:30 a.m. the large brass bell of the market sounds out that the gates are open, and an eagerly waiting crowd pour in. Quickly there is scarce space to move about, every stall is stormed by a hustling, bustling, laughing crowd, eager to select and purchase, but just as eager to chatter with their fellow searchers for home necessities to be made ready for the table, for this is the great Feast day of the week.

The Marketplace is no rough and ready affair. It is a building with concrete flooring, with steel supports and girders to carry its lofty zinc roofing. It has two long, broad wings — one for the sale of fish and meat, one for vegetables and fruit, each vendor with his stall — and between these large wings, a fairly wide corridor, lined on each side with shelves for other produce and pens for imprisoned ducks and chickens, an ordered and practically open air spot, ever kept spotlessly clean with abundant water and the broom.

The fish stalls are the first and great attraction, for it is fish first and foremost with Tahitians. There is a real scramble to get within reach of the salesmen before all is snapped up. Here, hanging from iron bars, are strings of fish for sale *en bloc*, shrimps strung on slender sticks, shellfish already shelled and strung, the crayfish on hand, whilst on the slabs of the stalls lay the tuna, the bonito and other large ones whose names are quite beyond me to pen, ready for the slicing knife at so many francs the kilo. And with fish, there must be sauce and here it is to hand, the shredded nut and milk of the coconut mixed with raw shellfish, sold in lengths of green bamboo.

The meat department has as lively a time, the vendors enclosed in a pen to hold off the buyers, knives and choppers busy to serve the impatient crowd. Those pens in the corridor are cleared as if by magic and many a toothsome sucking pig is born off squealing and protesting.

Across the way, those vegetables and fruit disappear in a trice into baskets already full, and latecomers have to be content with the leavings.

And Tahitians, both men and women, love flowers at all times and specially those with which to adorn themselves. The flower stalls are run by women who know the tastes of their fellows, and the Tiare Tahiti, with its exquisite scent, is the Queen of all. The women encircle their dense mop of



raven black hair with its garlands; the men, their hats. The girls place a single bloom behind one ear. There is laughter and joy and chatter everywhere.

But police are there in case, for tempers are sometimes short and order must not run to riot. One of them moves from stall to stall with pencil and notebook to gather in the charge made for its use this morn, for there is no such thing as Credit granted in the Marketplace; it is all Cash down for one and all.

It is nigh closing time now and the Tanés (men) and the Vahinés (women) begin to leave, many direct for their homes and kitchens and native ovens, with their load of 'Good Eats', many for the nearby Chinese restaurants for morning coffee. At 7:30 a.m. the gates are closed, the cleaners up appear and by 9 a.m., did you step round, you would find the Marketplace spotless as ever, awaiting for its use the breaking of another day.

I am back from the market, with my modest needs supplied, and from my coin of vantage as I read and write, how the many hours of the Day remaining are spent by Tahitian folk is clearly evident.

The sun is getting strong and the gentle sea breeze appeals. Along the waterfront are cement seats with room for four, spaced evenly, and at the back of them, a charming little park with much shade and real garden seats of wood dotted here and there. The seats are filled with men and women of all ages, even to the agèd, for I often see Ancient Mariners there, gazing wistfully, perhaps mournfully, out across the lagoon to the open sea on which once they roamed, whilst many laughing groups lie about on the grass around. There is no drinking to be seen. Those who seek liquor with their free hours are finding it in the wine shops in the town.

Now the bell of the native Church close adjoining my habitation rings out, and past me comes the congregation — here is a long procession of children, two and two, then come men and women, singly or in groups, all neatly clad and mostly shoed, and following slowly come old men and their vahines, moving gravely, the old men in black coats, white trousers and hats, the old women, true to the tradition of their forebears, in long black Mother Hubbards and hats of the same hue, all alike barefoot.

The service is over before noon, the congregation files past again, and from then on, till nigh 5 p.m., all is so quiet that one would think that Papeete was asleep. And so in large measure it is, for the feasting has taken place, the marketer's choices been served up and a siesta is in order, the Day of Rest is at last acting up to its name.

Now once again the waterfront is awake; there are white clad couples on those seats, soldiers from the Barracks appear alongside gay, laughing, flower-bedecked high-heeled girls, all heading for the Dancing Halls, which have re-opened along with the wine shops and will not close till the hour before midnight. There, there is fun and frolic, rest again unthought of, but all elsewhere are be thinking — like the Minah birds around me — of repose. The sun sets gloriously over the mountain peaks of Moorea, the Town lights break out, occasionally there is the rumble of a cart returning whence it came, an automobile speeds by, my book and pen are laid aside, and my own Day of Rest is over.

## THE GRAND TOUR <sup>29</sup>

Instead of describing for newcomers and those interested in the island, a full hundred miles circuit of Greater Tahiti of one's own, far better let us go with the very first tourist who, afoot and by canoe, made the tour, happily leaving for us today a lively description of his experiences and of the shoreline, then densely inhabited of an island which may well claim to be the Garden and Bower of all islands lying in the Great South Sea. We must go far back in time.

In 1775, the Spanish marine, Maximo Rodriguez, who had been left with the two mission priests as their interpreter — for he had rapidly acquired the language during a voyage back and forth to Peru, with four venturesome natives who made the trip — and who was far keener than his superiors to learn of both island and people, got leave of absence and started off. He must have possessed a most winsome personality for he won his way, even tumultuously, at every stopping place during a trip of sixteen days. <sup>30</sup>

From Tautira on Lesser Tahiti, he headed northward along the east coast, taking natives with him to act as paddlers when canoeing was necessary, the land too rough and densely timbered for footwork. It was July, the island's so-called Winter Season and keeping to the quiet waters within the Barrier reef, he made landing first at Pueu to find natives joyously felling trees with the axes of the white man, lately their new and proud possession. Keeping to his canoe, he reached Hitiaa before nightfall. It was here that his ship, the *Aguila*, had grounded in 1772, and the French navigator De Bougainville had lost six anchors in 1767. With daylight, Riti, the Chief of that District, took him in and around the tricky, submerged reefed harbour and introduced him to a dense population, who, far too much for his comfort, closed in on him in their excitement at his visit.

Footing it to the next village, Mahaena, the canoe following, he received as warm a reception, and tramping up the valley at the foot of which it lies, he noted the soil so good that he presented the delightful Chief with a handsome package of likely vegetable seeds.

The next morning, rough country forced him to take to his canoe to reach Tiarei, to be treated there right royally, native cloth and a baked hog being formally presented to him as if their doing homage to a Chief.

Sunrise found him footing it to Onohea and here, blocked again by very broken country ahead — where today the Island Highway has blasted out its course — he took again to his canoe and made landing at Papenoo. Here he saw the Papenoo river, the longest and broadest of all Tahiti's countless streams, and spent a day touring the wide valley, crowded with native homes and many a marae even to nigh the summits of the mountainsides.

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<sup>29</sup> See also *The Spanish Marine's Story* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*, which includes, in footnotes, comparisons of WWB's text to his source, [\*The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti\* by Bolton Glanvill Corney \(The Hakluyt Society, 1918\)](#).

<sup>30</sup> On page xvii of *The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti*, B.G. Corney quotes David Samwell, surgeon of the HMS Discovery, at Tahiti in August 1776: "They [the Spanish ships] left three Spaniards behind them on the island... One of them was a common person, whom the Indians called Marteemo; he was very much liked by them & had, during his abode here, rendered himself by far the most noted of any of the Spaniards... Marteemo made the tour of the Island & lived upon a very friendly footing with the Natives, conforming himself to their customs & manners, & indulging himself with those pleasures which the Islands afforded, more particularly among the Girls, which last Circumstance was so agreeable to the Genius of these People that they looked upon him on this account to be the best Fellow among his Countrymen, who preserved a haughty Distance in their Behaviour to the Indians."

Daylight saw him again on the move; he reached the north coast by canoe and landing at Matavai (Point Venus), he was fairly mobbed. So overwhelmed was he that he had his canoe men hasten off a couple of miles to Paré (present-day Arué) to beg the 1<sup>st</sup> Pomare — the Paramount Chief of the District and whom he had met in Tautira — to come to his relief. The huge crowd recalled to mind his experience the previous year whilst making the circuit of Lesser Tahiti, when on arriving at Vairao, the throng that gathered round him so pressed “that I had nigh been smothered,” and just to see how many there were at an instant’s call in that tiny corner of Tahiti, he asked the crowd to arrange themselves on a space of open ground, which they did at once, and “I made them out to number more than two thousand souls.”

It may be noted here that by a census in 1848, a little over a century later, the number of natives on the whole of Tahiti is given as only 8,082, whilst Cook’s rough estimate in our tourist’s day was 120,000 and over.

Relieved of too great pressure, he spent the next day roaming around a spot and a harbour which Englishmen had made known to him before his countrymen had reached the island. Then on to Paré, where he rested a couple of days, enjoying especially the company of the agèd Ha’apai, the father of Pomare, who poured out to him the records of the island’s Past.

Now leaving the north coast, he footed it for Faaa on the west coast, but was held up at Faré Ute by heavy rain. At day break, he proceeded afoot, no need for canoe which followed in the quiet water of the lagoon, passing along the shoreline and the waterfront where today Papeete stands, a name and site then wholly unknown to Tahitians.

He had a companion, for one of Pomare’s brothers was with him till a Bowl of great value — a promised present to His Majesty of Spain — lying at Punaauia should be handed over to him. Even thus he had his doubts as to securing it.<sup>31</sup>

Faaa’s Chief Tepahu entertained them, whose wife owned by report three especially fine pearls. The winsome marine tried his best to secure them, but the lady was adamant. They reached the village where lay the Bowl next day, but to escape the crowd, he had to take refuge in his canoe till sundown.

With daylight, the two made their way to the great marae Taputapuatea, where “from a small hut that stands in the said marae, they brought out the Bowl and delivered it to me, it being carried between four men who placed it onboard the canoe.”

He kept to his canoe and valuable gift as he made for Paea. The following morning, he went for a stroll, to find upon his return that the Bowl had disappeared. He got busy and learned that a leading native of Lesser Tahiti, who happened to be visiting Paea, had made off with it and had buried it in the sand of the beach, to carry it off from the Spaniards later on. He found the spot; his men got busy; the great Bowl was recovered and the tourist kept close and anxious watch over it till he reached home.

Its sequel is of interest. No bowl of wood, but cut out of stone, found only on the island of Maupiti, one hundred and more miles away. Here lay a dolerite quarry made by the natives, who from far and near were used to procure their adze blades and pestles for pounding food. It reached Spain and its Sovereign, then for untold years was lost. In 1912, it was found by an English doctor,<sup>32</sup> a savant and

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<sup>31</sup> Two photographs of the *Mystic Bowl of Marae Taputapuatea* can be seen in a footnote to *The Spanish Marine’s Story* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

<sup>32</sup> [Bolton Glanvill Corney \(1851–1924\)](#)

keen student of Spain's Past, lying in the National Museum in Madrid, hidden away as Exhibit N° 2664, none knowing aught concerning it.

The circuit then led him on to Papara, the largest and most important District of all and densely populated. Here he spent two days with Amo and Parea, Chief and wife, both dominant characters of the day, who showed him the fine countryside and open spaces extending to the foothills. The village lay at the foot of the broadest valley of the island, surpassing Papenoo's in extent.

The fringing reef being too dangerous for his precious Bowl, he tramped to Papeari with all his belongings and rich store of gifts made to himself *en route*, the Bowl again carried by four of his men. Here stood the most sacred of all the island's maraes, spots of deep interest to him who missed nothing on his way.

He had now reached the isthmus and, having completed the circuit, not only the goods and the Bowl but the canoe itself was hauled and carried across to the east coast once more.

Here, news awaiting him that his devoted friend, the young Paramount Chief of Lesser Tahiti, was dangerously ill, he left canoe, gifts, his own belongings and the Bowl to follow him and hastened home afoot through dense and rugged country, reaching Tautira by nightfall.

He closes his diary with the laconic remark that he finds nothing worthy of note upon his arrival "except the Fathers' lack of interest in my journey."

## POINT VENUS

In 1767, when Wallis (H.M.S. *Dolphin*), first of white men to sight the island, struck the coast on its eastern side, he sailed slowly, seeking anchorage, till at its northern end he found it in Matavai Bay. At safe distance from the ship, the shore of the Bay runs out to a low and narrow Point; at the further side of it, a stream runs out to the sea. It was at the Point that he and his crew made their daily landings during his stay of slightly over a month.

The following year, astronomers in the Homeland were keen over the approaching Transit of Venus and sought the world over for the choicest spot to observe it. By a fortunate coincidence, their lines all met on the newly discovered island of Tahiti. With the sanction of the Government, Cook (H.M.S. *Endeavour*) was sent out by the Royal Society to observe and report the Transit. In 1769, with Wallis' information, Cook dropped anchor in Matavai Bay and, on the Point, he raised a Fort to protect the Quadrant and other instruments he needed from any possible injury by the natives. He named the Fort and Point after the Star. After a stay of ninety days, he sailed away, leaving nothing behind save the plaque imbedded in the soil on which the main instrument had stood. The plaque was a coral slab a foot square, with a brass plate let in, marked with a meridian line.

In 1788, Bligh (H.M. armed vessel *Bounty*) appeared on the scene seeking breadfruit saplings for plantations in the British West Indies. He made warm friends with the 1<sup>st</sup> Pomare, the then savage Chieftain of the District. Pomare was having plenty of trouble from the rest of the island clans and begged Bligh to carry him off to England. Bligh excused himself on the ground that he must needs have the consent of his Sovereign before doing so, but would return and let Pomare know. He sailed to meet his nemesis in the Mutiny. Confident that his sailor friend would return, Pomare raised on the Point an immense native house covering the entire site of the Fort, where in the floor of earth still lay Cook's plaque.

In 1797, English missionaries appeared on the scene and twenty-five were landed on the Point, seventeen men, five women and three children, taking up their residence in the Bligh House, which still stood intact and was freely offered to them, in place of Bligh, by the first of the Pomares, still in power. They made it habitable by running up partitions forming bedrooms, dining and sitting rooms. It was not long, however, before they built a more convenient dwelling, with an upper storey, and in the British House all dwelt save a couple of the bachelors. The new home was but two hundred yards distant and on the same side of the stream. It is easy of location, though both houses have long since disappeared.

A century now passed and troublous times were at long last over, but the memory of Cook remained and glowed still warm in the hearts of both white folk and natives on the island. It was felt that there should be some permanent memorial and that it should be raised at the Point he had made famous by his coming. It stands there today, not towering, but a squared shaft of stone and cement with a globe atop, and at the base of one of its sides, Cook's brass plate is let in. But the memorial was not raised on the site of the Fort, but exactly opposite on the other side of the stream, and the plaque was taken up from where it had lain so long and carried across the stream to find a new resting place in solid concrete.

Hard by stands a Lighthouse raised by the French in 1867, so with its memories and its structures, Point Venus becomes a Mecca to all those who know and to all who would learn of the island of Tahiti.<sup>33</sup>

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<sup>33</sup> See *The Cook Memorial at Point Venus* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*. Footnotes contain drawings of the fort and its location; a photograph of the Cook memorial, with the lighthouse in the background; and a photograph, taken in about 1978, of the plaque at the base of the memorial, which was placed by the Royal Society and the Royal Geographic Society in 1902. The Royal Geographic Society plaque has since been stolen. See also *Point Venus* and *The Lighthouse at Point Venus* in Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.



## THE GREAT MARAE

The temples of Tahitian gods were open air affairs. A marae was an enclosure in parallelogram form, stone walled, with a stone platform at one end, sometimes low, sometimes raised high, used for religious rites.

Every Chief must needs have his own marae, apart from the Corporate ones, such as those of the doctors, the canoe builders and the fishermen. All these were large in area; lesser folk had to be content with less room and less fine workmanship. He who had neither his own marae nor right of entry to other was socially an outcast.

Maraes studded the islands and the priesthood had a busy and profitable time year in, year out. All was carefully regulated; the Upper class had right to raise their maraes on the promontories of the shoreline; the Middle class had right to the heads of the deeper bays; the Lower class were told off to the interior valleys or the mountainside. The altars of the first named stood high upon the stone pavement; those of the others were all of lesser grade and workmanship. Within each area, upright stone slabs were sunk in the ground against which those attending for worship reclined as they sat on the ground.

Of all the countless number, two stood out pre-eminent and both of them in the Tevan District of Papeari. They had stood there for untold generations — Farepu'a marae, said to have been raised by the god Ta'aroa, and the marae O'Tahiti, raised at a later age by a mighty descendant Tetu-nae.

None ventured or dared to compete with such great temples, till Amo and Pura of Papara District came upon the scene. He was the High Chief and Pura, his wife. A son was born to them, the name given him was Terii-rere, and reaching his 'teens, it was time to think of the boy's own marae. To the mother, more than to the father, here was the opportunity to show to the rest of the island clans that their boy ranked highest among all the budding chieftains of his day. She would raise a marae surpassing in size, in height and in grandeur of workmanship all other on the island, present or past. A forceful, dominating woman, she had her way.

All their people of every grade down to the slaves, captured in their constant wars with the rest of the clans, were set to work. The site chosen was Mahai-atea Point. The area was great, all walled in with coral and paved throughout with huge coral slabs cut out of the reefs. Its altar was nothing less than a pyramid; to reach its summit were eleven steps, each four feet high, its base 267 feet by 87, all of coral, perfect in its laying throughout.

At last the mighty task was completed; the marae To-o-ari was ready for dedication. The Great Ones of all the neighbouring islands had been invited and were in attendance. A Feast was prepared for thousands; all Papara was there and priests without number to perform the necessary rites.

But that marae was never dedicated. The rest of the island clans had watched and waited; they would teach Pura and weak-willed Amo a lesson. An avenging host swept down and massacred all who failed to escape to the handy mountains. They failed, however, to lay hands on the prime movers of this exhibition of pride; Amo, Pura and their boy were among those who escaped and making their way across the maze of mountains, the trio reached Point Venus, there to meet Cook lately arrived. He and his scientific friend, Sir Joseph Banks,<sup>34</sup> soon after made journey to Papara and saw the great

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<sup>34</sup> [Joseph Banks \(1743–1820\)](#)

marae. Their brief comment describes it as “a most enormous pile, its size and workmanship almost exceeding belief.”

Till 1865, it stood perfect, when leave was granted by the Governor to use its coral slabs and stones for a bridge needed nearby, and for the extensive buildings of the Atimaono Coffee and Cotton Plantation, despite the pleadings and protests of the natives and many white folk. Today only a great heap of shapeless coral remains. It is all overrun with trailing vines and even trees have taken root in the pyramid, but ruin though it is, the Great Marae still speaks of a Past worth knowing and appeals for regret at its tragic end.<sup>35</sup>

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<sup>35</sup> See also Chapters III and IV of Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*; the former shows an engraving of the pyramid from 1799.

## TAIARAPU

Tahiti is, of a truth, not one but two islands, joined by a fairly broad isthmus, the one Greater Tahiti, the other Lesser Tahiti, its native name, Taiarapu. The latter is not without interest to those who would learn of Tahiti, as also to white folk, residents or visitors.

In 1493, the sovereignty of all the islands in the newly known Pacific Ocean was granted by the Papacy (Alexander VI <sup>36</sup>) to the Sovereignty of Spain. <sup>37</sup> Portugal had a western slice. By the British, this was considered a very large assumption and they sought to know for themselves of the islands and what they might hold in the way of trade. Possession was a secondary matter; there was no thought of quarrel or war over the point. Time would see to that.

Tahiti was somewhat of an enigma to both Monarch <sup>38</sup> and Viceroy. <sup>39</sup> They knew of its existence, but just where it lay was unknown, save the general direction to its shores. In 1772, the Spanish Captain Boenechea, <sup>40</sup> in H.M.S. *Aguila*, set out and by good fortune, after touching at a few other islands that he fell in with, reached its southern end, Taiarapu, and dropped anchor at Tautira. He returned to report; Carolus ordered missionary work; and the Captain was back before two years were up. Forthwith on landing, he raised a giant wooden Cross and inscribed upon it:

*Christus vincit.*

*Carolus III Imperator 1774.*

Wallis had been on the island in 1767 and Cook had dropped in more than once. He happened to have just left when Boenechea called the second time, but in 1777 he once again dropped anchor, not at Matavai Bay as usual, but at Tautira. Seeing the lofty Cross, now three years standing, he did not cut it down as many a ruthless man might have done in foolish contempt, but ordered the following to be inscribed on the reverse side of the notice:

*Georgius Tertius Rex.*

*Annis 1767*

*1769, 1773–1774 et 1777.*

When the Spanish monarch heard of this daring action against Spain's sovereignty, he sent orders to his Viceroy to have it effaced forthwith, but this was never done. Spain and its outside possessions were too much occupied with other troubles; Spain's sun had set; Tahiti was left to itself and Time took the Cross in hand. It rotted, fell, and left to us of today to seek and dispute, in friendly fashion, the exact spot where once it stood.

Boenechea landed the mission priests he had conveyed and, granted land in Tautira by Vehiatua, the Paramount Chief of Taiarapu, raised a Mission House — evidently on the site where today the Catholic Church stands. Those two priests were a very distinct failure and begged to be conveyed

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<sup>36</sup> [Pope Alexander VI, born Roderic Llançol i de Borja \(1431–1503\)](#)

<sup>37</sup> [The Treaty of Tordesillas](#), signed at Tordesillas, Spain, 7 June 1494.

<sup>38</sup> [Charles III of Spain \(1716–1788\)](#)

<sup>39</sup> [Felipe Manuel Cayetano de Amat y de Junient \(1707–1782\)](#)

<sup>40</sup> [Domingo de Bonechea Andonaegui \(1713–1775\)](#)

back to Peru — a rare and lone example amid the host of their fellows who, the world over, lived and oft died heroically at their task.

But it was not Boenechea who carried them back, for in the same year he had arrived a second time, 1774, he died aboard his ship and was laid in a grave close adjoining the Mission House, along with one of his crew who, a few days previously, had been killed whilst felling a tree for the home of the priests, they the first white men to die upon the island. Where they were laid is purest guesswork today.

And to those who hold Robert Louis Stevenson <sup>41</sup> in high esteem, it was at Tautira in the 19<sup>th</sup> century that he made residence for a goodly time ere he set out for Samoa to end his days. His dwelling place is a Mecca to many and it is to be hoped that it will not be allowed to go to ruin and oblivion, for it is but of native work, not of brick and mortar.

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<sup>41</sup> [Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson \(1850–1894\)](#)

## LA MAISON DE SANTÉ

Adjoining my onetime residence on the waterfront of Papeete is a charming bungalow; during my stay, at first a private residence, but then alas! over its front gate appeared the above imposing sign. This Private Hospital had a hoodoo upon it from the very first. It was organized by a Surgeon who had arrived from France some eighteen months before, and who was reputed to have a great reputation for his skill. The public of Tahiti are ever ready to run after any new fad or well-talked of name and he was soon fully occupied with clients.

In addition to his private practice, he had been given charge by the Governor of this Colony of the Leper Station a few miles along the Highway out of Papeete going east.<sup>42</sup> It was not long, however, before he was sized up as a more than ordinarily excitable Frenchman, but much was forgiven and overlooked when it became known that he had been badly wounded in the Great War. His insistence from the very first on “Cash down,” and no small sums at that, was so wholly different from the rest of Papeete’s doctors that folk began next to fight shy of turning to his aid. But he went straight ahead and now plunged into a hospital of his own.

That he felt himself as good as settled for life in Papeete was clear from the very large outlay made for his enterprise. More and still more additions were made to what was once but a family residence well suited for the Tropics, and its small compound became congested with buildings both large and small. Our one time quiet was disturbed indeed, but we were prepared to put up with much for the sake of suffering humanity.

All now made ready, the lone private hospital of the city prepared for action. The first intimation that all was not well was when a party operated upon for appendicitis, and given the annoying organ in a bottle of spirits as a memento, was shortly after seized with the same complaint and going to the regular hospital, was again operated upon to find the offending appendix still in its place. He had to disgorge the cash. A woman sentenced by him to be the victim of a virulent tumour fled in terror to the Government Chief Medical Officer, who assured her that in the due course of nature, she would hold yet another baby in her arms. She did so. Another, suffering from sunstroke, was on the point of expiring from hourly injections for a mysterious and deep-seated complaint, but was rescued in time from his erratic clutches, soon to walk among us, hale and hearty as ever.

Now sending his wife and children off to France — the latter for their education — startling developments quickly followed. He looked as if his heart had gone along with them, as he stood close to me in front of our homes, watching the Liner heading for the Pass. It was common knowledge that he eased his war wounds with drugs; now he steadily increased the dose. He became hallucinated with the notion that burglars haunted his compound by night and he would prowl around his verandah hour after hour, keeping his neighbours awake with his audible comments to his favorite enemies. This was endurable for was he not heart sore and a wounded veteran, but when he commenced firing his revolver into space in the dead of night, with homes of mere matchwood not thirty feet apart from his on either side, it was time to make protest to the Authorities. French law allows a revolver on one’s premises, but none outside without a special Permit, which he did not possess. He was on his own premises and therefore free to make holes through his neighbours if perchance one came home late and did not enter his own abode on the far side. It was also highly likely that one might be holed while a-bed. We gathered that the weapon had been handed over to the police, who guaranteed to keep watch and ward o’ nights. We were relieved. But he had other entertainments ready for us.

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<sup>42</sup> A leper colony was once located at Orafara or Orofara, a valley on the northeast coast.

There came the crashing of crockery and furniture, together with the screams of his nurses, who, one after the other, fled the scene. Stepping outside my domain to see if I could render any aid, I beheld at that moment his outdoor man knocked clean off his pins and down the front door steps. He had but asked for his wages at the weekend. After a while and with the aid of the fortunately ever handy guardians of the peace, quiet was restored; the nurses returned; the man got his wage and we awaited, What next?

There came on the scene a little English doctor — like himself, as I should judge, in his early forties — and also like himself, a much wounded man, who had sailed with companions from England in a diminutive yacht. This man could not practice in French territory save as partner with a Frenchman. There was evidently some arrangement come to between them, for the Englishman, with his bride — an English nurse who had long awaited his arrival by a longer route than hers — took up his residence in the Maison de Santé and the Surgeon went off to the countryside. He had been for some months ousted from his duties to the Lepers; his ways were not the ways of the Governor.

Weeks passed and quiet had long reigned when one late evening, the surgeon arrived in his auto, entered and soon one could not fail to hear hot words — as far as one could translate such loud and furious outpouring — “No patients here,” “No cash,” “I’ll show you,” and then a roughhouse, some furniture evidently overturned and a crash. The Wild One had laid low his late-found friend. Screams from the bride brought everybody out on the run, the light still good for night seeing. A bandaged head was plainly to be seen moving in and out of the verandah. Yet when with morn the police arrived upon the neighbourhood’s request — not mine nor the injured one’s — the gallant little man was unbandaged and stoutly affirmed that really nothing had happened save an unfortunate accident.

But the Surgeon was doomed. A French Liner was due. The Governor, who has the power to Deport even without, if he so sees fit, giving any reason, notified our neighbour that a free passage was awaiting him, and if he chose to defy the order, he would be placed willy nilly on the next boat with his Passage at his own cost. He took the wiser step and Papeete saw him, with much relief, depart — his long lease, his buildings, his furnishings, his stock of drugs left ‘in the air’. Deportees in French Possessions are not handled with kid gloves; their persons being undesirable, their belongings must look after themselves. Those belongings had a sequel.

The little doctor was living aboard his yacht in harbour; the Maison de Santé was untenanted. It had lost its owner, but not wholly its usefulness, nor had one long to wait to prove it, tho’ clearly ’twas out of order. The place was empty when the Red Cross ambulance drew up at the gate, and a stretcher bore the inert body of a wealthy American woman in her thirties — I had seen her off — a would-be suicide thro’ Veronal.<sup>43</sup> A victim of drink, she sought to end it all. Back came the little doctor; around swarmed the ‘fast’ American set here, her boon companions since her arrival but a few months past. The poor creature was not to be allowed to have her way without fierce effort to frustrate her aim. But she won. For two days, there was a continuous coming and going by an excited throng of half clad women, then happily for her came the end without ever regaining consciousness. The next morning — they bury the dead quickly here, 24 hours the limit — there were priest and thurifer,<sup>44</sup> cross bearer and acolytes, the horse drawn hearse with its ghastly black plumes, flowers piled high, a line of autos. Slowly the long procession wended its way to the Cathedral and once again, we lapsed into most welcome quietude. We were grateful and would have been still more so if the Maison de

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<sup>43</sup> [Barbital](#), marketed under the brand name Veronal, was the first commercially available barbiturate.

<sup>44</sup> A [thurible](#) is a metal censer suspended from chains, in which incense is burned during worship services. The altar server who carries the thurible is called the thurifer.



Santé had itself likewise departed to another sphere. But it was not to be. What next should hap was not long in coming.

The Englishman had sailed away to far off Java, when word came from France that the deported One had 'run amuck' in Paris and finding no way out of his difficulties, made an end to himself, unmindful of wife and bairns. We felt deeply for that woman, who had shown herself full worthy of respect. What would she do with the 'lease' and the 'belongings'? We were not left long in doubt.

The widow, leaving her brood behind her, returned, notifying none, accompanied by yet another Surgeon, who had purchased the Practice and Outfit as it stood — but no Cash down. He was announced as not only a surgeon, but a physician and what gave pleasure to many amongst us, long the subjects of derision, a well skilled Homeopath. Here then was a Man indeed and hopes ran high and the calls upon him waxed fast; the Maison de Santé was in full blast once more — but the widow got no Cash.

That he was no sloth and had nerves of steel was quickly evident, for he autoed fast, furiously, recklessly, as if he was ever rushing to save life by a moment or two. Despite warnings, summonses and fines, he steadily broke the speed limit, chickens and dogs his victims, whilst bicyclists and fellow autoists failed oft to escape. He certainly showed us what a slow lot we were.

He gave out that he had a delicate wife whom he had been forced to leave at Home — and shortly after his arrival took to himself a half-caste mistress, nothing very strange here even with a wife upon the ground. The French code of morals are not ours. Her like are known as Gold Diggers; contemning the rank and file, their quarry are the well-to-do or those supposed to be. He installed her in the country a few miles out of town, giving her the best of everything, a costly wardrobe, too, to the envy of her sisters, who were out of luck. But the widow still got no Cash, though the nurses were more fortunate. He was a skillful surgeon, without a doubt; this his brother surgeons freely allowed, but as a physician he proved to be but a weak reed and as a homeopath he was but an amateur. His bluff, however, was amazing; he was one of the most prominent men of Papeete, but Nemesis was on his track.

His wife, a small but energetic and entirely healthy woman, with her two boys — sturdy youngsters in their 'teens — came upon the scene. He had been apprised of their coming and had laid his plans accordingly. He brought his Scarlet Woman to a bungalow two doors past mine and at once from the Liner bore off his Family to the charm, the comforts and the loveliness of his country seat. For several weeks things went swimmingly and he was to be seen whirling his wife and bairns in and out of town. He was the devoted Father, yet he as diligently visited his harlot, always by the back way lest his wife might hap along.

But there are always those who delight in causing trouble. Somebody put her wise. Then things happened. Again it was my poor luck to see angry passions at their height. I was passing for my daily walk the boudoir of the mistress, when I heard a crashing and a screaming. The irate wife, too delicate to arrive with him, here showed her strength and mettle. She invaded the premises and proceeded to smash things up, mirrors and glassware, crockery and furniture all went humming. Though the husband rushed past me in upon the scene, there was no halting her; she would have battered not only the harlot, but himself, save that she felt she had done enough. Our sympathies were wholly with her, but for myself, I thought I would put another house between him and me, so moved next door, then vacant. The harlot also moved, going off for awhile to another isle, but, soon returning, was installed in an abode at the edge of town. The wife also moved, installing herself in the home once mine — alongside the Maison — to keep watch and ward over her wild mate. Quiet once more reigned. In due course followed formal divorce, and wife and sons then changed residence a short distance along

the waterfront. My one time house and hers stood vacant, he on one side with business going strong, I on the other, sure that the hoodoo was but held up for the nonce, for the little widow still had no Cash.

She was now an employee of the Government, who had taken pity on the helpless widow. His promises never coming to fruition, even her great patience came to an end and she turned to the Courts. By process of Law, the Sheriff arrived. Neck and crop <sup>45</sup> out went that Surgeon and all was made seizure of, save his raiment and his personal tools. But did he feel crushed? Not he. From his mistress' latest nest, he sped along the streets at break neck speed to the many who still called upon his services — but no surgeon can exist without a surgery. The Maison de Santé was barred to him, though the sign still stood, a mute witness of the Past, but no longer 'hours of Consultation' and 'At night, ring this bell'. They had gone.

We were relieved, but not for long, for this indomitable fellow installed himself in the house next door, once mine and once his wife's. Thus again he was beside me. No flaring sign, but a small brass plate upon the gate post, and now gathering furniture, operating necessities and essentials of like kind from a friendly and affluent Chemist, he installed his mistress together with an efficient Chinese male assistant, a nurse and an outside boy. He was again in Clover, so he thought. But fierce opposition came. The Maison was reopened by two of his brethren, who had no love at all for him. A test was on for popularity. They misjudged the public. They were hard put to it for patients; he was busy from morn till night. I know, for living again next door to him, I had no choice but to note his activity, though discomfort was my lot for he carried out his operations before an open — or fully lighted — window, which I was forced to pass for egress and ingress, nor could I fail to hear the wails that issued forth both night and day.

Now he challenged his brethren to the limit. He erected as large a sign as theirs over his gateway. He felt sure that he had won. Then suddenly he disappeared. He had need to. It was not his brother surgeons who had struck him down; 'twas the little widow. A warrant was out for his arrest and jailing. It was this wise. She had charged him, when the Sheriff arrived and threw him out, with a further indictment, with pure theft of things which he had no right to under their agreement. She had won, but he taken an appeal to France. That takes time, months at least, if not more. He had lost his appeal. The Court sentence of two years jail held good, but had been allowed to be 'in suspense'. The widow needed the Maison to be a success, not a 'flop'; she stood by the holders of her lease. The blatant opposition must be crushed. The sympathy of the Court was with her. He was not acting squarely by her whom he had wronged. The 'Suspense' was cut out; the Sentence became at once effective. The Order for arrest was made. Now luck took a hand in the game.

He was without doubt down with the 'flu. A compassionate Judge gave him four days to recover. On the fifth day he was to report himself to the Chief of Police, rather than be handcuffed, as is the custom here, be he who he may. We, his neighbours, knew all this and felt sure that somehow or other, he would master the crisis. I saw both light and him at midnight, then sleep claimed me, but not him. Ere light of day broke on the fifth day, he had left the Clinic and was lost to sight. When the Brigadier arrived to act as escort to the Station, his entrance could not — or more likely would not — throw light on his disappearance. That it was no suicide was clear, for all was left in its place, save his special case of surgical instruments, and all the clothing was gone save one torn shirt. His outraged wife added to the mystery; there were no tears though, despite all; she had oft affirmed that of a truth, she loved him still, neither were his boys at all dismayed. They also knew naught. Where was he? Papeete was roused. It was the talk of the little town and all waited for the answer.

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<sup>45</sup> *Neck and crop*: with brisk dispatch and completeness.

The police were handicapped from the start. The unruly doctor had been sentenced by the Correctional, not the Criminal Court, hence under French Law, no Search Warrant was obtainable. With amazing gall, a note came to the Chief of Police stating the terms on which reappearance would be made. They were quite unacceptable. Their belief was that his love of Life and a good time would sooner or later make his hiding unendurable; no caged bird was he and thus would he ere long betray himself. He surely had staunch friends; not a word leaked out as the weeks, then the months passed and the man sought still lay low. There was a strong suspicion held by both the police and the public that he was lying close to Papeete at the home of one who from time to time had acted as nurse for him. That home lay in ample grounds. His boys were often seen — as by myself on my daily walks — heading that way “to see their friend, the nurse,” but none ever got more out of them. One evening, however, grown bold or restless, he ventured up the driveway to the main road. A native wheeling into Papeete saw the fugitive and promptly reported to the police.

The then Acting Chief — the Chief on holiday — grown weary of the long pursuit, threw Law and Order to the winds. He motored to the house, met the nurse upon her threshold, bluntly stated that she was sheltering the fugitive and he had come to secure him. A timid woman and overawed by so high a visitor dared not order him off her premises, as she had fullest right to. The Chief stepped in, threw open the sitting room door and met his quarry face to face. The game was up; there were no theatricals; the Captor and the Captured drove to jail and the gates closed in on the long hunted man. He had been a fool for his pains, for if he had not given the Authorities the slip, he would have been placed on parole, to serve with his known talent at the main hospital, but now he would have to take his full dose of confinement. Time and again, he asked for such measure of release, but it was too late. Wife and sons returned to France. The long months dragged on and the close confinement told heavily upon him. He showed such clear signs of collapse that something had to be done. The Government solved the difficulty. He should have a change. An order was issued for his deportation. The French Mail Liner was in. He was taken aboard, Noumea his destination. Papeete had seen the last of him.

Since then, the Maison de Santé has seen brighter and better days. It is to be hoped that the hoodoo upon it has been laid for aye. But No!

#### Sequel 1942

La Maison de Santé is no more. It was burned to the ground. Only its concrete supports show grimly where once it stood. I had moved to the countryside years previously. <sup>46</sup> My one time residence, though close adjoining, stands, but not unscathed. An Allopath had given place to an efficient Homeopath in the quiet years before the final scene.

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<sup>46</sup> Thus, WWB's house on the waterfront of Papeete, where this story takes place, was almost certainly not *The Bower*, his home outside of town (at that time), in Pirae. See *Papeete's Waterfront* below.

## BOOTLEGGING

It has passed, but it was highly interesting and diverting while it lasted. It is Anno Domini 1931 and Prohibition is the law of the U.S.A. It was no idle boast — as announced some months ago — that Tahiti, in defiance, was to be the rendezvous of ‘rumrunners’. With September, U.S. Bootlegging, with Papeete as a centre, became very active. It opened with 8,000 cases of whisky conveyed hither from Vancouver by the *Glenwood*, an American vessel. Local schooners (goélette), the *Valencia* and the *Pro Patria*, auxiliary powered, left fully loaded ‘for Mexico’, met the Revenue cutters of the U.S. coast and before their eyes transferred the goods outside territorial waters to fast boats awaiting. Now there appeared here a powerful tug from Vancouver, which came empty, but left loaded, the liquor piled high on its deck. There remained still much in the Customs Sheds. The tug also sailed ‘for Mexico’.

Next there appeared the M.S. *Lilliehorn* of Vancouver, with 16,400 cases of whisky aboard from the Vancouver, the New Westminster and the Marpole Distilleries. The farce — a necessary one — was gone through of unloading the whole lot on the quay, and forthwith putting it onboard again, together with many of those cases still remaining. Ranging from 12 to 24 bottles to a case, there must have been at least 350,000 bottles aboard when the motor ship sailed ‘for Mexico’. The cargo had to be landed in order to get Clearance papers, the local Government netting the handy little sum of 700,000 francs, at four cents each, by the transaction, a godsend to a well nigh empty Treasury. It is easy to compute what those 350,000 bottles would grow to when the Diluters got busy elsewhere; add another nought and then perhaps err on the side of moderation. This condonation by the French Authorities of an illegal act under the subterfuge of ‘Mexico’ appears to us locals of whatever nationality as a distinctly ‘unfriendly act’ to a friendly nation, and the natives smile at the white man’s ways.

This was but the beginning of things, according to the local manager, Murphy, a Vancouver man, who arrived some months back to make all ready for enterprise. The ‘Bootlegger’, as he is locally called, and is by no means at all resentful of the title, is worthy of a special note. A genial soul, immensely popular, with a heart as big as his purse strings, he became at once the Darling of a bevy of the truly respectable young women of Papeete by lavish expenditure on Ice Cream at the leading Parlor of our town. Everything was lovely till the mail boat from ‘Frisco brought a charming lady from the north; there was a visit to the Mairie where the nuptial knot was tied, and M<sup>rs</sup> Murphy took hold of the reins. With the proverbial fickleness of the sex, the young women now declared their adorable ‘Bootlegger’ to be ‘N. G.’ and transferred their love and allegiance to such fresh comers of our sex as are ready to pay for the smiles of these Charmers by unstinted outlay at the Sofa Fountain.

The French mail Liner from Marseilles was now reported to be bringing huge consignment of French wines and liqueurs to keep on the god work — and true enough, the M.M. *Recherche* landed 8,000 cases of a very mixed variety: special ‘booze’ from China for the throats of United States celestials; ‘Johnnie Walker’, both Red and Black label from Scotland; gin from London; still more whisky from Vancouver, this picked up off Panama; mysterious names from Italy and Antwerp; and from France, Vin Mousseux, Cointreau and Vermüth, with Cizano to tickle delicate palates. Once again, the *Valencia* was requisitioned, but made small inroad in the huge accumulation.

Now there arrived the *Hauraki*<sup>47</sup> of the Union Line on its downward trip, with 17,999 cases of whisky from Vancouver — one case mysteriously ‘shorthanded’. Perhaps the crew could explain. The little French goélettes have a busy time ahead and sorely need assistance. I have my eye on a possible assistant: the *Marechal Foch*, once Zane Grey’s<sup>48</sup> three-masted, auxiliary, *Fisherman*, used by him for many years in pursuit of the Big Game of the Seas, and now owned at a cost of one million Francs by that Reverend Father of the Roman Catholic Church of Christmas and Fanning islands fame.<sup>49</sup> It is a poor boat for pace owing to small horse power. But report has it that the grey-bearded Abbé holds aloof from such nefarious traffic, despite copra being so low in price and little freight now offering for those spacious holds. Maybe the ‘Bootlegger’ will buy it; there seems no limit to his purse. We shall see.

In the loading of the smaller vessels, one notices a change in the mode of transit. Not all are packed away in the hold in their cases; a thousand boxes are broken up — a godsend as to firewood for the lucky ones favoured to bear them off since firewood costs money here, most brought over from Moorea — and the precious drink is put aboard wrapped as in the boxes themselves in heavy canvas. This is for the accomodation of these smaller boats, which avoids taking up unnecessary room and allows stowing in corners.

Alas! the handling so roughly by the native longshoremen oft brings measure of disaster. Some bottles are seen to weep at the hard usage, and thirsty ones are seen to be catching the dripping liquid and enjoying a welcome taste on the sly, at times to their utter undoing. As I stood upon the quay watching the proceedings of this violent defiance of law, a husky fellow who had evidently been detailed for work in the hold and evidently had found no mere drips, but a perfect godsend of a crash, appeared upon the scene. He was not ordinarily drunk, but gloriously so and quite incapable of steerage. I looked to see the stern Arm of the Law lay hands on him, but one and all of the uniformed men turned their blind eye on their erring brother. Collapsing in a heap amid bags of copra, he was gathered up by two dark-skinned giants, stood up under a handy water tap and well nigh drowned. Last view of him was as he, supported by these friends-in-need, made slow progress through the town — every policeman having sudden call elsewhere — to his dwelling place, there to recover and duly return for more.

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<sup>47</sup> MV *Hauraki* was built in Scotland for the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand Ltd in 1921. In 1942, it was captured by the Japanese and renamed the *Hoki Maru*. In 1944, the vessel was torpedoed by the USS *Bunker Hill* in Chuuk Lagoon, [where it is popular with divers](#).



<sup>48</sup> [Pearl Zane Grey \(1872–1939\)](#). See *Big Fish* below.

<sup>49</sup> [Emmanuel Rougier \(1864–1932\)](#)

This for the native. We white folk are in no position to throw stones at him. Abundant evidence against us is to be seen around. It speaks volumes when the following printed Notice is to be seen in the leading Parlor of Papeete. Its ragged, bungled English is not repeated in either French or the native tongue, but aimed solely at both American and British folk, women as well as men:

Please

Permit the Management to Repeat  
For a Certain Class of Intruder :  
Drunks, Near Drunks, Would be Drunks  
And Acting Drunks  
Strictly Not Tolerated.

Not a few of such folk have happily been Deported by a hardhearted Authority.

At present writing, the stock in Customs' Sheds still stands piled to the very roof. The business is in full running order; all parties are satisfied; thirsty ones in the Western States need not lie awake at night wondering if their supply will run dry; Canadians fill their pockets with the 'unfriendly' spoil; the French have a new and welcome source of revenue; ships and schooners find paying cargo; whilst the longshoremen of Papeete have great increase to their oft meagre earnings, with a free sip of the forbidden nectar into the bargain.



## THE ADVENTUROUS NATIVE

Here, today, in *durance vile*,<sup>50</sup> are certain ones who despite their wrongdoing are instances of amazing pluck. Amongst them there is a native of Punaauia village but a few miles along the coast from Papeete. Not for the first time sentenced, he was working under armed guard, along with others on the Highway when, watching his opportunity, he slipped away and took to the hills. The hue and cry went round the island, but despite all, he worked his way to the southern end, crept at night to the shoreline, stole a canoe and made for Maio, a small island forty miles away. Arriving, he was suspected, but left alone. A schooner calling in took word back to Papeete and a gendarme was sent to secure him. But his quarry was wary, and stealing another canoe and a few handy coconuts, he set out for another Isle of Refuge, any one of the Leeward Group over one hundred miles away. The weather was against him; the sea was rough; his outrigger broke; his supplies ran out; he lost his paddle and propelled himself with the tiny canoe seat. For eleven days and nights he fought with Fate and won, landing on Pora Pora. But the Arm of the Law reached out from Raiatea, secured him and bore him back to Papeete.

His amazing deed availed him nought, but he still had fight still left in him. A few weeks and again he escaped and took to the hills. Months passed and the police were completely baffled. They came to the conclusion that he had slipped through their fingers and had stowed himself away on some foreign steamer lying in port. Far from it, for all the time he was in the mountains above his mother's home, whence supplies never failed to reach him. Natives know how to keep silence when real need exists. But Fate failed him. He fell desperately ill and for days lay in his mother's home, all unknown to the village gendarme. He grew worse and the village R.C. priest was sent for, who said it was hospital or death. The game was up. Justice got him after all, though for weeks he lay a wreck. Today he works out the remainder of his sentence, and many added months for his breaks away, whilst his gaolers are very uneasy, for even prison bars and armed guards seem incapable of holding this native, possessed of such daring and resourcefulness.

An even more amazing story comes to hand today, for it deals not with Manhood, but with Boyhood, and the one hundred miles at sea reaches out to over a thousand. The Gambier Islands (Mangareva) lie nine hundred miles to the south of Tahiti. Three boys, not brothers, aged respectively fourteen, fifteen and seventeen, growing weary of the monotony of their island home, determined to see the world. Their world was summed up for them in one spot, the Mecca of all French Oceania, Papeete. The stepfather of one of them owned a small broad-beamed Cutter, useful for fishing and pearling, cabinless and decked only in front of the mast and slightly along the sides. Laying in coconuts and such other food as they could secure by stealth, so as not to excite suspicion, they set out at night — a fourth boy backing out at the last moment — but securing for his friends a lucky find of arrowroot. They had no compass, but by wary questioning of their elders had learned that the way to Tahiti was by sailing straight into the Sun. But if no Sun, what then? There was no answer to that, save the compass, and they had none.

Nothing daunted, they made their way through the Pass in the Barrier reef and headed north. Days passed and they saw one of the Atolls ahead of them. Here they landed for supplies, but naturally the natives drew conclusions and proposed to hold the runaways. Scenting danger, they got what they could from junior sympathizers and sailed again at night time. By luck, they fell in with an uninhabited Atoll, one of the few 'rookeries' in the Group. Here they secured many young birds and coconuts, depending on the rain for drinking water should the nuts be exhausted.

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<sup>50</sup> *Durance vile*: a long prison sentence

Once again, they set their tiny cutter into the Sun and sailed out into a vast expanse of ocean, Tahiti still nigh eight hundred miles away. The rains fell; the Sun was hidden; the weeks passed and they actually got too far to the West to fall in with the Isle of their dreams. They passed it far off, all unwittingly. Now — though unbeknown to them — they had but three outlying isles of the Sous-le-Vents, tiny specks and mountainless before a stretch of ocean that must inevitably have been their end. Their food had gone for days; they were growing weak; the elder two were even muttering threats against the youngest. He was badly scared, and at night as the others fitfully slept, beat the tiller, in sheer desperation, put the cutter clear off its course, and headed blindly any way. As the daylight broke, they saw land, Bellinghausen, the outermost of those isles. It was the last chance and they had not missed it. Landing, they had sailed well over a thousand miles and had triumphed over storm and hunger. A schooner happening to be there for copra transferred them to Mopeha, whence news was sent to Papeete. The Government sloop stationed at the little Capital for police work throughout French Oceania went off, bringing both runaways and the cutter hither. Alas! for their dream, their first interview was not with the belles of Papeete, to be festooned with garlands and welcomed as heroes, but with the Chief of Police and the jail, their home till schooner sailing south should bear them back, sadder but wiser boys, but none the less boys of amazing pluck, who one felt deserved a more cheerful ending to their Great Adventure.

What natives can do, white men are oft under the delusion they can emulate them with perfect confidence. But a short while back, I saw two stalwart friends off, two of a large party headed for the Australs on Scientific business. The party reached the southernmost isle of that group, Raivavae, and wearying of the delay in the arrival of a returning schooner, all research done, these two, despite the grave warnings of the natives, decided to make for Tupuai, the next island northwards, sixty miles away. Their companions preferred to wait. They purchased a double canoe constructed on the ancient pattern and set gaily out. From that day to this, no word has been heard of them.

The Great South Sea holds its secrets tight. Daring alone will not suffice when Man challenges these miscalled Pacific waters. The native is to the manner born; we had best ever have them with us when we venture out.

## BIG FISH

I am no fisherman. Never was. I cannot escape, however, from an attempt to picture a phase of the outdoor life of French Oceania even if, to experts, I may err in details. That Big Game Fish were in these Tahitian waters has always been known; they have been seen and encountered by natives and whites as far back as local history goes, but accurate knowledge by systematic capture and classifying has only taken place during the past few years. Swordfish and sharks of incredible size, ferocity and speed have left their mark on both man and boat. Lately two natives were fishing by night with flares off the village of Mateia, outside the Barrier reef, when a swordfish rushed them. Its spear pierced the thigh of one of them and broke off short. His companion brought him ashore; he was rushed to hospital. He lives, but is a cripple for life. A schooner set sail for the Tuamotus, those 'Atolls of the Sun'; it was to be gone one month; within ten days it returned mysteriously leaking. The crew had searched in vain under the hatches and the cargo. The boat was run up on the Papeete Slipway when, low down, there was found the spear of a swordfish, which had pierced through sheeting and plank, then broken off short. The giant fish were here; the question was to land them. But none locally were capable of such an operation. It meant a huge expenditure of Time and Money, a special knowledge of the method of attack, and an Outfit only possible to a millionaire.

Zane Grey, Author and noted Big Fish angler, heard the call and answered it. He had fished the California waters; Nova Scotia had seen him, Catalina and the Florida Keys, the Galapagos and New Zealand. It was from the Bay of Islands, N.Z., that he came hither to fish in unknown waters. He arrived in 1928. Each succeeding year he has returned, his doings and his records known to all of us. He has won out, but not easily, the labour arduous, the cost enormous. All may now know some of the Big Fish Tahitian waters hold, but Zane Grey is the first to own that there are those still unknown, flashing glimpses caught of monsters which natives name with bated breath.

And what an Outfit. It grew as the years succeeded. At first, the three-masted auxiliary schooner, the *Fisherman*, with two swift 35 foot launches; the storeroom of the parent ship stocked with tackle; expert natives were aboard from other lands; motion picture outfit with specialist to handle it; luxurious quarters for the Chief and his chosen white companions. The next year there arose at Vairao, some forty miles south of Papeete, a Camp, but really a small village, a bluff cleared save for waving palms and breadfruit trees, with half a dozen bungalows brought intact from California, four of them placed on the top of rising ground with glorious view, the rest below. A special dining Hall to set all off. No longer a couple of swift launches, but twice the number, with extra powerful engines for the work. More powerful tackle and rods of amazing strength, for the Big Fish had already taught the Chief many a painful lesson of defeat. And now yet another addition. In place of the *Fisherman*, there steamed into Papeete a vessel twice its length and size; no more sailing, but a sumptuous steamer ready and able to tackle any seas, for the Chief has yet wider areas to search; one hears of New Guinea and distant Madagascar. It is named *Fisherman II*. Its predecessor lies at anchor in the lagoon. Its fishing days are over; its luxuries have departed; its cabins vanished; it is a freighter Father Rougier runs to his copra-bearing islands. I saw it lately on the ways; for all its years, its timbers appear sound, though there are patches here and there. Two of the earlier launches have gone also, sold to local, though evanescent, Americans, who try to emulate Zane Grey and may or may not succeed.

One cannot mention the Chief, however, without at the same moment mentioning his Alter Ego, his Major Domo, Captain Mitchell.<sup>51</sup> They had travelled and fished together for years. They each held records of Big Fish. The Captain was a retired English Army Officer, charming company and soon

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<sup>51</sup> [L.D. Mitchell \(d. 1931\)](#)

exceedingly popular ashore. Each had fine success here; spearfish or marlin, swordfish and sailfish, tuna, barracuda and wahoo. No ordinary ‘spoon’ is used; it is rod and line with, if possible, live bait and ‘teasers’ of human make to attract. These latter are ‘fake’ fish, without hook, made of wood, appropriately painted, and hung out from each side of the launch. At the stern of each launch is a fixed seat of solid make, and, in front of it, a socket of brass for the rod, with a clutch to hold it fast. To see that rod bend when a fight is on is a sight worth seeing. They break at times, just, of course, when hopes are highest.

It was sometime before the best bait was discovered for these monsters. The bonito <sup>52</sup> is a greatly enlarged mackerel, running from 6 lbs up to salmon size. This fish is to be seen in Papeete’s fish market well nigh the whole year round, but their main run is during the rainy season, October to March, and it is then that, in chief, the Big Fish are to be met with. Yet it was in May that the supreme triumph was landed here: a striped marlin, length, 14 feet, its weight 1040 lbs, which it was claimed to be then a world’s record. Suspended on a tripod on the Beach, it was intact save for a perfect and sound tail, which unfortunately it lacked and would have added pounds to its weight. When in its dying moments, after a mighty struggle of hours on end, it was brought up alongside the launch, the tigers of the Sea attacked and tore off great chunks nigh the five-foot fluked tail. Still more would have been lost had not the launch at full speed drawn the Big Fish into shallow water.

Next in rank were landed on the Beach a silver marlin (said to be a new species) of 618 lbs and others of 464 and 357 lbs. A sailfish 10 feet long tipped the scales at 163 lbs and a dolphin <sup>53</sup> of 63 lbs were later to be seen. With sharks, both great and small, there is continual battle; they dispute every prize and at times win not. One, however, to the angler’s joy, over-reached itself. A tuna <sup>54</sup> had been hooked safe and sure, and was being steadily drawn up and closer to the launch when the line suddenly slackened, then grew taut again, but far heavier to haul. A 300 lb shark appeared instead of the tuna. Gaffed, it was got aboard. Within it was found a 60 lb tuna, with the hook in its jaw. That shark was over-greedy; nothing but the tuna inside him held him to the line. Refusing to eject his prize, he lost out.

But some Big Fish have been seen hereabouts which even renowned fishermen as Grey and Mitchell have had no desire to tackle. Natives have ever been insistent that giant sharks were to be met with in the waters around the Tuamotu Atolls. There came a day when Zane Grey, in his swift 35 foot launch, was trolling off Rangiroa when his ‘lookout’ man — an old time N.Z. whaler, seated on the top of the cabin — called out that a whale was slowly rising alongside the boat. Soon a clear view by those aboard of the monster fish saw a body range itself five feet beyond the full length of the launch, and a breadth of body computed as at least eight feet. They let it pass right gladly. Yet another monster was a ray twenty feet across, over which they slowly passed. It was felt best not to arouse it.

Curiosities have appeared. There was the ‘green fish’ utterly unknown to all save the natives. Caught from the deck of the *Fisherman II*, it was drawn up and astonished all. Its weight, 100 lbs. It had green eyes, green scales, green flesh and green blood. Natives aboard declared it to be rankly poisonous and none ventured to test the truth thereof. <sup>55</sup>

<sup>52</sup> [Skipjack tuna \(\*Katsuwons pelamis\*\)](#) are called *bonito* in French Polynesia.

<sup>53</sup> [Mahi-mahi or common dolphinfish \(\*Coryphaena hippurus\*\)](#)

<sup>54</sup> [Yellowfin tuna \(\*Thunnus albacares\*\)](#)

<sup>55</sup> The [photograph of poisonous green fish, Tahiti](#), shown below, is from the Zane Grey Papers, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Brigham Young University. We can therefore assume that it is the actual fish that WWB describes and that the vessel is the *Fishermen II*. The fish is almost certainly a [humphead wrasse \(\*Cheilinus undulatus\*\)](#). While similar, Zane Grey’s fish lacks the vertical head profile of the [green humphead parrotfish \(\*Bolbometopon muricatum\*\)](#). The islanders

No need to dwell on the terrific strain which the capture of Big Fish entails. Arms, back and legs ache to well nigh breaking point. There can be no let up, not for a moment, while the struggle is on. For hours on end the launch manoeuvres to meet every fresh tactic of the fish, and daylight fades at times ere the final leap is taken and the man lands his prize.

There came a sad ending to all this here recorded. There was trouble in Vairao Camp. I sense it was white women's quarrels. Mitchell stood stoutly by his, Zane grey by his. Mitchell was adamant Zane Grey was stubborn. The breach grew irreparable. The Captain gathered together all his belongings and his own swift launch, and found temporary quarters elsewhere. Then the Chief, realizing what he had lost, made great effort for reconciliation, but the soldier's wound was too deep for healing. Grey sailed away to other seas and Mitchell, with wife and belongings, took the mail steamer to 'Frisco *en route* for Home. I saw him off. There was no doubt of his popularity. He waved goodbye with his cheery smile, but, of a truth, his heart's deepest interests were snapped. To him, Big Fish were his absorbing thought. He had served his Chief for many years, most tirelessly and faithfully; he had no thought of his own renown and record, to Zane Grey must go his triumphs in the chase. The long strain had been great, both mentally and physically. Now the reaction came. But halfway across the United States, he sank and Passed Out — a traveller to the end. He was a fine English gentleman and a very valiant fisherman.

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are correct; the humphead wrasse preys on animals containing toxins and thereby becomes toxic itself. Cats in the region, as shown below, are thought to be adept at avoiding fish containing toxins, such as those causing [ciguatera](#).



## THE UNTUTORED NATIVE

Said a lately arrived American to me as we sat beneath the shade trees on Papeete's waterfront, "For long years I have looked eagerly forward to this day when with both means and leisure I should see the true native life of the far famed South Sea. Instead, since my arrival, now weeks past, I see Frenchmen, Chinese, half-castes on every hand, the pure Polynesians a mere sprinkling among them. I have roamed this island and it's all the same. But you are a vagabond, have wandered amid these islands; maybe you can help me yet to see my dream come true. I want no half-baked sample, but so far as possible what the early voyagers saw. I fear I have been born too late in Time." I assured him that I could in one measure help, that there were still islands so cut off that their inhabitants were largely uncontaminated by present day civilization, and named one — which shall be nameless for its own future peace — within fairly easy reach of this Garden of the Pacific. His thanks were profuse. I saw him off. He was far from empty-handed, both with choice food and gifts. His last words were, "Don't look for me for many moons." I thought otherwise for, by then, I had seen enough of him to know that both his Past and Temperament were wholly against success in his quest.

The weeks went by and the schooner, after making its many calls, was due to return. I was on the quay. My friend, as I felt sure, was aboard. Landing, he made straight for me. "The unadulterated native! Heaven forbid that my lot should be cast among them! Eight hours between the anchoring and the sailing of this boat were enough for me. I am thoroughly disillusioned and thankful indeed that my Day is now." He kept to Papeete till he left. Later on I heard that he had suddenly dropped dead on the streets of his hometown in the State of Washington.

What he met with can more or less be seen by the story of the Long Ago as described not by Admirals and Captains of men-of-war, who had but scantiest time on their hands or knowledge of the language, but by one who got closer to facts than ever they could and who passed in and out among the natives, not for a few weeks but for nigh twelve months. I turn to a sedulously kept diary in Spanish, its date 1775. Its author a private of marines, young, strong and fearless.<sup>56</sup>

How came he hither and why? Of European nations, the first to sight Tahiti were the British. They landed at the northern end, had a look around, then sailed. Next came the French, who dropped anchor on the eastern coast, stepped ashore for a few days, and then were off. Now came Spain from its Viceroyalty of Peru, who made anchorage at the southeastern most end of the island. They came because His Most Catholic Majesty, Charles III, had heard of these British and French explorations, which, according to him, were gross intrusions, since he claimed on the authority of the Pope of Rome complete sovereignty of the whole 'South Sea'. He purposed occupying Tahiti for himself, and, as a good Catholic, spreading the faith among its inhabitants. The first visit was followed the next year by the arrival and setting down of two priests and two lay brothers, one of the latter as cook and gardener, the other the young marine, Maximo Rodriguez, as their interpreter. He came to that duty by rapidly acquiring the language from four natives who had been borne off willingly in the first ship. The priests were not of the stuff of which heroes are made. They rarely stepped outside of their fenced domain, kept the dreaded natives at a distance, and longed for the day of their deliverance, which within a year arrived and with the end of Spain's occupation, for His Majesty's power was on the wane.

Maximo was of different mould. He was out to see everything, went everywhere and was evidently a very popular young man. From him we gather much as to the untutored native. We might know much

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<sup>56</sup> See *The Grand Tour* above, and the references given in the footnotes.



more, for a Supplement to his Diary, in which he says he had noted more fully the customs, rites and usages of the natives, was unfortunately lost in some unknown way on his return to Peru.

Amid much of them wholly charming, he reports their welcome to be very hearty, even boisterous, but somewhat embarrassing. To be kissed by both sexes on each temple and cheek was right enough, but to be embraced had its disadvantages. Their bodies reeked of coconut oil, its rank smell but poorly concealed by sandalwood dust and other scents. Tears were always 'on tap', some through sheer excitement, others for seemingly no reason at all. Their clothing very scanty for either sex, save that of the Great Ones of the land, their bodies heavily tattooed, their ears pierced for a flower to hang from or a few pearls strung on a coconut fibre thread. Their huts most primitive and without partition as a rule; their chairs, the floor; their beds, dried grass or a woven mat; native cloth for bedding; concave stools of wood as neck rests of nights; and above them, suspended from the roof, baskets slung to keep their food and belongings, to the disappointment of rats.

Among other strange foods, dog was served, bred and fattened for the table. Raw fish was set before you, unappetizing in sound, but served up in native style, with lime and coconut milk, is in much request of white folk today. Fermented breadfruit, an appalling dish, a foetid, penetrating, overpowering odour enough to kill all appetite for the black concoction. Music on weird reed instruments, hideous to the cultured ear. Cock fights, a delightful pastime. To be sick meant strange herbs, incantations, much thumping of the poor body and massage. Theft as natural as breathing.

All this the young man saw, and much of it, my friend. For myself, I have seen enough; the untutored native of today holds no attraction.

## THE POMARE DYNASTY <sup>57</sup>

Till white men sailed into the waters of the Pacific Ocean, Royalty, as we conceive it, was unknown upon the islands. There were Great Chiefs and Lesser Chiefs; beyond that grade, ambition as a rule did not soar and when attempted, all combined to suppress the would-be superior and, except in the cases of Kamehameha of Hawaii and Taufaahua of Tonga, were successful. But to such men as Captain Cook, as Bougainville, Byron and many another, a King of every Group was a necessity. As there were none, they created them, only, however, to cause enmity, confusion and bloodshed. Such a case was Tahiti. It was by the sole support of white men and missionaries among them that the Pomare Dynasty arose. It has now passed and there are none to regret its demise. The name itself of this Island Dynasty was not a family surname. It was but a secondary name assumed by the first, meaning a ‘night cough’, with which he or one of his was troubled, but it stuck, to the obliteration of his real name, shortened to ‘Tu’.

### The First Pomare

#### Tunuiea’aiteatua

The date of his birth is uncertain. When Captain Wallis, in 1767, landed at Matavai Bay, he was a young man, a Chief indeed, but kept in the background at that time by an older and masterful neighbouring Chief Tutaha. He developed into a big man as to build, alike as all Polynesian Chiefs appear to have been. He was a savage to the end of his days, the first missionaries unable to make anything of him, but he — finding them very useful in procuring him not only supplies, but guns and powder either directly from themselves or their influence with visiting ships — was always their friend. From his birth he was the Chief of two Districts in the north of Tahiti, Paré and Arué, according to the Tahitian custom that the first born at once assumed his father’s position, the latter becoming his guardian. In time, he dropped Tutaha and stood alone.

Fortunately for Pomare, Matavai Bay lies in Arué. Here throughout his life, from Wallis’ day, ships dropped anchor. Papeete was non-existent as yet, and the narrow Pass into the lagoon was feared as unsafe for ships. True it is that de Bougainville dropped anchor at Tautira, but soon every vessel made for Arué, where Pomare made them welcome. He was ambitious from the very first, and when his spears were laid aside for muskets, he had a terrible advantage over the rest of the island’s Chiefs. He fought persistently and relentlessly, but not in his day was the whole of Tahiti subdued. He is, however, erroneously reckoned as the 1<sup>st</sup> of his Dynasty from Captain Cook’s recognition of him as King. On Cook’s first visit, the Captain was inclined to give the title to Amo of Papara, but when he returned, he found Amo crushed and Pomare on top. There simply had to be some King or other, so he fixed on Tu and, to the anger and disgust of all the other Chiefs, treated him as such. This savage had his reverses as well as victories. He was far from actually courageous. When things went wrong, he fled across the Strait to Moorea, till the clouds rolled by. He lived to see his son reach manhood, a worse and even more cruel savage than he, and died in a canoe as he made his way to a visiting ship then anchoring in Matavai Bay in September 1803.

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<sup>57</sup> For information regarding the Pomare dynasty, see also Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*; Part VII, *Articles By and References to WWB in the Pacific Islands Monthly*; and Part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

## Pomare II

### Same name as his father's

Another, big of build, and determined at all costs to complete the work of his father. With this end in view, he gathered to his aid not only the white man's muskets, but white men themselves, deserters from passing vessels, wrecked marines, and — till H.M.S. *Pandora*, of evil fame, came hither to gather them in — those of the Bounty mutineers who had not fled to Pitcairn. But even with these, he could not master Papara. Beaten, he fled, like his father, to Moorea and the whole body of missionaries — save Nott,<sup>58</sup> the one time bricklayer — to Botany Bay. The crafty savage now tried a masterpiece of strategy. He decided to become, nominally, a Christian, and, forming a Christian party, proclaimed a religious war. It was to be Christianity against Paganism and a fight to the finish. His first wife dying childless, he further decided on another with powerful connections. He promised to marry a Great Chief's daughter from the Sous-le-Vent islands. Her younger sister forestalling her, he accommodated them both — there were thus two Queens of Tahiti. He sent his wives across to Tahiti to start the fight, but they and their followers fled before the Pagans. Then he gave out that he had done with fighting and promised to return to Arué and there live in peace. The Pagans took him at his word. He came and quietly gathered round him all the Christians, not only on Tahiti, but on the neighbouring isles. Suddenly he swooped down on the hated Papara, massacring right and left. Opuhara, the Pagan Leader, fell and with him went all opposition. Pomare was King and the 1<sup>st</sup>. Later, through the efforts of the missionaries, he had a Code of Laws drawn up and, as a sign of conversion, raised a Temple in Arué of cathedral size, determined to outdo King Solomon of old. It was 712 feet long and 54 feet wide, had 29 doors and 133 windows. It had three pulpits and three sermons were delivered at the same time. It held over 2000 natives at a service; a hollow farce, as the missionaries' letters prove. He died in 1921, leaving a daughter of seven years of age and a son, an infant in arms. He passed his sovereignty to his boy.

## Pomare III

### Teriitaria

His story is soon told. A baby in arms, it was not till he was nearly four years of age that the missionaries went through the formal ceremony of crowning the child — the first coronation in the whole South Sea. As there is no record of a jewelled Crown or even one of tinsel, it is to be presumed that he was crowned with flowers, a Tahitian custom with all today for pleasure alone. He was robed in the house of a missionary; they headed the procession, one of them leading with a large Bible in his hands. The Crowning was performed by the missionary Nott, who handed the infant the Code of Laws of his Kingdom. They then bore him off to their School, the South Sea Academy, recently opened on Moorea. There he was taught till he was nearly seven years of age, when he fell ill, and being carried over to his mother and aunt in Papeete, died in 1827.

## Pomare IV

Hers was a long and troublous reign. There was fighting, too, but not Tahitian with Tahitian, but Tahitians against the French. She was but thirteen, this girl Queen Aimata, 'Devourer of Eyes', brought up by the missionaries, though at times very wayward, and throughout her life devoted to the

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<sup>58</sup> [Henry Nott \(1774–1844\)](#). See *The Missionary Henry Nott* in part IX, *Old Time Tahiti*.

English. She was a contemporary of our Queen Victoria, to whom she appealed for aid more than once, but in vain, for protection against France's hunger for possession. Her incongruous name is to be explained by the ancient custom of presenting the High Chief at the time of human sacrifices with an eye of the victim being then offered to the gods, the head being held to be the sacred part of the human body and the eyes as its most precious possession. This was formally presented by the priests and pretension made to eat. When only eight she went through the form of marriage with the youthful Chief of Tahaa, but when twenty-two she discarded her indifferent husband and married her cousin, by whom she had a numerous family.

In 1836, two Roman Catholic priests arrived at Papeete from the Gambier Islands and were refused a landing. One Creed was thought sufficient for Tahiti. Once again, they tried and were again turned back. The next year, the Vicar Apostolic of Western Oceania arrived and was courteously received, as he made it plain that he was opposed to settling missionaries where others were already, but this was not the policy of his Home Government. In 1838, Commodore du Petit Thouars <sup>59</sup> arrived from Valparaiso in the French man-of-war *Venus* and presented an Ultimatum. Any and all Frenchmen were to be received, or he would blow Papeete to pieces. Defenseless, the Queen surrendered. A French Consul was appointed and the Commodore left. An appeal was sent to England, but was turned down; Tahiti was too distant and England's hands were full. Thouars now turned up again and declaring that the handful of French upon the island had been harshly treated, threatened hostilities unless now a Protectorate was accepted. It had to be. Again he left, but returning in 1843 to report the official acceptance by his King of the Protectorate, he fell foul of combative missionary Pritchard, <sup>60</sup> who was Acting British Consul, and decided to annex the island. Hauling down the Tahitian Flag ashore, he raised the Tricolor. Again an appeal to England and once again a refusal. But the Sailorman had gone too fast; the French Government, with its King, turned him down. The Protectorate must suffice for the time. A Commandant was appointed and soon he had his hands full. The Queen had fled to her mother's isle in the Sous-le-Vents and refused to return under the Protectorate. The natives rose; French soldiers and Tahitians clashed; lives were lost on both sides. The only hope of Peace lay in the Queen; long she held back till definitely assured that England refused to interfere. She finally, in 1846, gave in, landing at Papeete, where a Royal Salute awaited her, and was conducted to her palace with every mark of respect. She had bowed to the inevitable, but till her death, in 1877, remained loyal to her upbringing. Her eldest son dying when but eighteen years of age, she was succeeded by her second son Tera-tane.

## Pomare V

Big of build and a thoroughly dissolute man from youth up. He married for his second wife the half-caste daughter of Salmon, an English Jew. There were no children by him and he secured a divorce. In 1880, he handed over his Sovereignty to France, complacently giving away at a handsome price his birthright and his people. He died in 1891, and with him the Pomare Dynasty expired.

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<sup>59</sup> [Abel Aubert Du Petit Thouars \(1793–1864\)](#)

<sup>60</sup> [George Pritchard \(1796–1883\)](#)

## PAPEETE'S WATERFRONT

It lies along a half-moon shaped lagoon. The straight edge is the Barrier reef, with but one break therein — the Pass. No matter how the waves thunder on the reef, within all is peace. Rarely are whitecaps seen, and never waves. The ends of the half-moon do not touch the reef; the lagoon waters sweep between the reef and the land to pass out of sight to other similar lagoons. The widest stretch from waterfront to Barrier reef is some four hundred yards, with an islet covered with coconut palms hard by the reef. This was a Royal possession till Sovereignty went to France; its buildings of today are seen peeping thro' the trees.

No part of the grand sweep of the shore is wasted ground. On the extreme right as one faces the sea are the shipbuilding yards, a miniature dry-dock and marine railway, all half buried from sight by the palms. Now comes the coaling wharf, not a thing of beauty, and hard by what Papeete is rightly proud of, the Quay, where the steamers lay alongside, no construction of mere piles and wooden flooring, but piers of reinforced concrete, as is its surface, with many large sheds for storage. So much is business.

From the Quay onwards clear round the rest of the curve is where Charm lies. In years gone by, the shore doubtless shelved gradually to the sea, but today the grade has been filled up and a retaining wall built, its top level with the ground on which one stands, with the result that there is deep water enabling schooners and yachts to tie up all along the front. One of the peculiarities of Tahiti is that there is practically no tide; a foot rise and fall, that is all. It is, of course, unnoticeable against this low wall, and can only be seen where the shore has been allowed, at the far end of the curve, to slope down to the sea as of yore.

The made ground has been well used by the Authorities. A stretch of grass runs along the front, with giant shade trees at regular intervals, veritable huge umbrellas to ward off the sun from the concrete seats set in two and two between them. Here one can sit in comfort and gaze out to sea, watch the combers dash themselves into spray, and the schooners making the Pass. Natives are to be seen fishing in their outrigger canoes; motor boats are careering about on business or on pleasure; and men, women and youth of all ages are disporting themselves in the warm water. One special spot appears to be sacred to these unrobed Sun Bathers and their thus exposed anatomy seems to call loudly for it.

Back of the grass and the trees runs a road, not of concrete, but kept immaculately clean with broom and scavenger cart, and across it rise a line of homes, businesses and hotels, boarding and private, a mixture of architecture, but none wholly out of keeping. The American Consulate is here and the Post Office, with a charming little park alongside, with abundant shade trees and moveable seats, whilst far along, past many a little bungalow,<sup>61</sup> one comes to the native Church and the British Consulate, where the waterfront proper ends. All this sounds peaceful indeed and hardly likely to harbor thrills, but that is where a mistake is made anent these so called Isles of Dreamland.

I have seen instances otherwise. Let two suffice. The mail steamer had whistled to be off; the crowd had gathered for the parting, but there seemed a hitch. Rumours flew fast; police were seen coming and going; the ship's officers and the Agent were in eager converse on the wharf. Soon after, there

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<sup>61</sup> This may have the location of the bungalow on Papeete's waterfront in which WWB lived, after residing in the Hôtel du Diadème in Papeete and prior to moving to Pirae. Regarding the Hôtel du Diadème, see *Tahiti and Historical Research* in Part I, *Notes On the Life of WWB*, and the footnote in Chapter II of *Across Tahiti Afoot* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*. Regarding the bungalow on Papeete's waterfront, see *La Maison de Santé* above. Regarding his residence in Pirae, see *Tahiti and Historical Research* in Part I.

came trooping down the gangplank every Steward of the ship, next came the stokers and next came the neat-capped stewardesses. They formed a compact mass and by no means a silent one. Now we learned the reason. One of the crew, off for the day, had dined and wined, not wisely, but too well, and on his way back to his ship felt game for anything. Spying a shirt hanging out to dry, he walked into the yard and annexed it, tying the arms round his neck for very joy. He paid no heed to the protestations of the native laundress, who raced off for the police. They gathered him in; his drunken joke had taken quite another turn. The Charge was Theft and a cell held him. The ship's company took the position that their companion sailed with them or the Captain sailed without them. The police and the Governor took the position that a thief was a thief, and refused to hand him over. The hours passed and neither side would give way. Suddenly there came marching upon the wharf a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets. The idea was to herd the whole lot of malcontents back upon the ship. Real trouble was now very close. The men were in ugly mood; they openly averred that if a bayonet was lowered against them, they would throw the whole lot of soldiers into the lagoon, and they certainly could have done it for they outnumbered soldiers and police ten to one. The Lieutenant held his hand; the police Superintendent did likewise. The steamer had to go; it carried the mail; the officers alone could not take the vessel to sea and the crew were now clearly out of all handling. It had been long dark when an auto arrived and out of it stepped the Author of all the Trouble. A huge cheer broke the still evening air; "God save the King" rang out; the malcontents filed back; the lines were cast off; and as the mail boat left the wharf, "Rule Britannia" burst forth from a hundred throats.

A wire had come from faraway Paris to the Chilean Consul here to send with haste a schooner to Easter Island, nigh two thousand mile away to the east, to succour and bring off a Cinema Company who were stranded there. Tahitians are cinema fans of the deepest dye. Their hearts went out to the unfortunates, especially to those of the weaker sex. Off with a rush went the *Valencia*. Long weeks we waited till at last the schooner was seen making thro' the Pass. Excitement ran through the little town. As the boat drew up alongside the wharf, all eyes were on the passengers on deck. But where were the Ladies, those fair ones with the golden locks to be seen in the movies? Men only were visible. Down the gangplank walked two men of most soldierly bearing, Colonels at least, and a middle-aged one who seemed badly in need of a barber, these followed by a younger man, all smiles. The whole thing was a hoax. All but the younger man were Chilean revolutionists, who had been exiled to Chile's Easter Island, the smiling one being sent along with them as a Governor of the island, with orders to shoot the three if they attempted to escape. But the three had converted their gaoler. Their Junta in Paris had concocted the Cinema story and their rescue was as much a surprise to them as to the *Valencia's* Captain. The gentleman with the abundant hirsute <sup>62</sup> growth was a Chilean lawyer who, by his defence of the two of soldierly bearing, got the same sentence. One was a General; the other ranked as a Colonel. As they had no passports, there was great talk by the Authorities upon the wharf. Police took them in charge, but never a cell for them. Everything was lovely from the first. The Colonel was immensely wealthy, with Paris at his back; their stay was a prolonged picnic, not only for themselves, but for the friends they made, and they — most certainly, the Colonel — were extremely popular. Into port soon after came a Chilean man-of-war. Though nothing would induce the Exiled to set foot aboard, they fêted and feasted ashore, every man aboard from its Captain down to the cabin boys. When at length they sailed for Paris, by way of Panama, the wharf rang with cheers for the 'mutton chopped' whiskered Colonel, <sup>63</sup> as the undoubted future President of Chile, which,

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<sup>62</sup> *Hirsute*: hairy

<sup>63</sup> [Marmaduke Grove Vallejo \(1878–1954\)](#) was exiled to Easter Island in 1930 and returned to Chile, via Tahiti, in 1931. He was never the president of Chile, but was responsible for the military coup of 4 June 1932 that established the [Socialist Republic of Chile](#). The Socialist Republic lasted only twelve days, after which Grove was again exiled to Easter Island. See [Chile: Progressive Socialism](#) in the 20 June 1932 edition of Time.



though seemingly so hopeless a project, became, before many months had passed, the accomplished Fact, but alas! only for a while. Chilean politics are erratic things.

## RAMBLING AROUND

Papeete for the most part has raised itself from a few fishermen's huts to the Capital amid a natural harbour. There are those who would cut down the abundant trees; there are others who as stoutly defend them. True, the mangoes, with their delicious fruit, are untidy fellows, dropping the full ripe fruit helter-skelter on the road beneath, alike with those great trees which run to flowers, which have no thought where their lovely and oft fragrant blooms fall to earth. The French, too, since taking over the Sovereignty fifty years ago, have this to their credit, that in laying out the streets and roads of the town, hitherto lacking any order, they lined them on either side with trees, thus adding to the harbour. There are some broad fine avenues and ill the day when men for mere tidiness, or to clear the way for wires, shall lay those giants low. It is there where I often stroll and keep my eyes open to learn of things. The very street names talk, each well lettered on a white background. They deal with the Far Past or the Near.

Here is the Rue de Jean d'Arc appropriately leading to the Catholic Cathedral, who have made a Saint of her. And now jumping the centuries, here is the Rue de Queen Pomare IV, the one respectable member of the Sovereigns of Tahiti, who ruled in her own right for fifty years, accepting the inevitable with faithful adherence to her word of honour; it leads from the site of her onetime Palace, no vestige of which remains. Here is the Rue named after her arch-enemy, Du Petit Thouars, called in his Report to his Government by the American Commodore of that day, a rank Bully of a defenceless people. Here are Rues named after his ships or those of his underlings, with which he threatened to blow the little town to pieces unless his demands were granted: the Rue de Zélée, the same name as that of the little gunboat which the Germans shelled and sank at the wharf side in August 1914 and set fire to the hapless town; the Rue de l'Artemise; and others. The broad and handsome Avenue Bruat recalls the first Commandant of the Protectorate, who had no easy time with the Patriots.

As to the Near Past, there is the Rue du Maréchal Foch, whilst his fellow marshal, Joffre, gets a delightful little park to himself, with a bandstand where visiting warships of many nations play to the huge enjoyment of the citizens. Paul Gauguin, <sup>64</sup> the Erratic One, whose grave is in the Marquesas, but who resided in the countryside a few miles from Papeete, gets a Rue. I enjoy the stroll along the Rue des Poilus Tahitiens; it is only right that they should be remembered, who, despite the Treaty with the last Pomare, that they should not be drafted to take part in France's outside quarrels, volunteered — but with no great enthusiasm — for the Great War and did their bit. There is one fine avenue, a half-mile back from the beach today named Cours de la Sacrée Union. It is broad, straight and long, bordered on either side with magnificent trees, which, in places, well nigh meet overhead. Till the Race Course proper was made, this Avenue Fautaua <sup>65</sup> was used for the pony races. Its present day fantastic name commemorates the unity of the French people in 1914–1918.

So much for the roads. Of Statues to the Great, whether of leading Chiefs of old time, of the Pomare Sovereigns, of efficient Governors, there are none. Naturally, there is the War Memorial, well set in

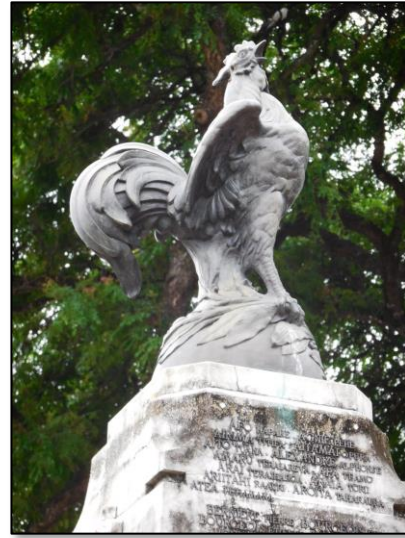
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<sup>64</sup> [Eugène Henri Paul Gauguin \(1848–1903\)](#)

<sup>65</sup> The previous name for the Cours de la Sacrée Union, since it is near the Fautaua River.

the Avenue Bruat, a pleasing piece of statuary, with a Gallic Rooster surmounting all.<sup>66</sup> There is a small obelisk on the waterfront, one of its base sides inscribed “The First Mixed Battalion of the Pacific”, which at Caumont<sup>67</sup> on October 25, 1918, did itself renown. A light above each of these gleams throughout the night. Prominent further along the Beach, there is a Bust of de Bougainville on a pedestal with railings around it.<sup>68</sup> He was indeed a great navigator, but this Bust leads inevitably to a false impression upon most visitors, who know nothing of the island’s history. They infer from it that he was the first of white men to sight Tahiti. There is no Bust for Wallis (or for Cook), whom

<sup>66</sup> The War Memorial, Papeete, with rooster:



<sup>67</sup> [Vesles-et-Caumont, France](#)

<sup>68</sup> Bust of Bougainville in Parc Bougainville, Papeete. The guns of the *Seeadler* (left) and the *Zélée* (right) are also shown; regarding the *Seeadler*, see *Mopelia* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*.



every native will tell you was he who led the way. So there are errors all round. I am weary of leading both residents, visitors and natives to the truth.

Back of the Beach lie the shops and the market. Tahitians are not a nation of shopkeepers. Very far from it. The constant attendance on counter and at desk is quite beyond them. Apart from the few French and outside companies' stores, the whole business is in the hands of the Chinese. They swarm and have secured a stranglehold on the shops of Papeete. The French welcomed their coming; now they would fain be free of them, but their going is by no means an easy matter. One cannot help admiring these Chinese shopkeepers. They are tireless; they despise Public Holidays, save their own and the Sabbath day. The white man closes down at 5 p.m.; the Chinese keep open well into the night. Where all their stock goes to is a mystery. The shirt makers and tailors keep half a dozen sewing machines going steadily all day; the boot makers, apart from repairing, turn out enough for an army, when half the population much prefer going barefoot. Cabinet makers turn out the most delicate work. Their grocery shops are full to repletion; their dry goods stores are wonderful to gaze at, with shawls that entrance, but are beyond the purses of most. They run the restaurants, where white man's food, natives' food, Chinaman's food are procurable just as the fancy calls. Papeete would fare ill but for the Chinese.

The market is one of the 'sights' of the town. It is large, airy and ever spotlessly clean. It is the daily gathering place at day break the whole year round of many nationalities, a Babel of voices, a Covent Garden and Southfields<sup>69</sup> rolled into one, where everyone is full of cheer and chat and laughter. Then off all go for morning coffee and for another day, whate'er it brings.

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<sup>69</sup> [Covent Garden](#) and [Southfields](#), in London, are both known for their markets.

## WHEN WILD WINDS BLOW

The sun was setting in a blaze of glory when the engined trading schooner, the *Teriora*, set out from Papeete's harbour for Raiatea in the Leeward Islands, one hundred miles away. She was lightly ballasted since she sailed for a heavy load of copra (dried coconut) there awaiting shipment, and was due to return in a couple of days. The weather was ideal and a happy party were aboard, the Captain taking his wife along and she, her friends with their children. Once through the Pass, the sails were hoisted to add to her speed and soon she was lost to sight.

Not half the night had passed when the wind rose, the sea following suit. It blew, then harder; terrific gusts raised the waves so that they contemned our Barrier reef, taking it in their stride, and hurling themselves against our low lying banks on the northwestern side of Tahiti, tore yards of it away. Those whose bungalows hug the shoreline had an anxious night. Sand was hurled ashore till the grass afront the dwellings was wholly lost to view and the foundations themselves invaded. The coconut palms which hug the shore — for nearer the sea, the more abundant the palms — fell beneath the blasts, the sea undermining their roots; inland giant trees everywhere came crashing down; no easement came with daylight. All day it blew, all night too, then its fury abated, its strength gradually lessened, slowly it died away, but the sea took longer ere it ceased its tumult, and normal times returned. Men claimed that it was the outer rim of a hurricane; perchance it may have been; I know not of winds' vagaries.

And what of the *Teriora*? That is what is still being asked and remains for aye unanswered. The well found, shapely vessel disappeared, nor left a trace behind. That one hundred miles is a lonely run, no islands on the way to run for safety. Quick work was instituted, lonely islands in all directions visited, if haply those aboard had got ashore. But no. Old salts affirm that she capsized. She had a heavy whaleboat hung on davits at one side, as is the custom in which to make landings when close approach is impossible. Some mighty wave may have careened her half over and swamped the whaleboat, a drag too heavy for her to right herself; another wave sent her clean over and there and then she foundered. It is to be hoped that the agony for that happy picnic party was quickly over, and not prolonged, as would be the case if, braving the elements, the schooner had been driven into that vast lonely sea, which stretches eastward and westward for one thousand miles and more, for she was provisioned with water, food and oil for but a three days' jaunt, and slow death then the only solvent. Unlikely, this, for sails and masts are oft flimsy things in a gale.

Those wild winds had other victims before they had spent their force. The R.C. mission cutter set sail from Nukutavake Atoll (in the 'Dangerous Archipelago') for the Gambier Islands, which lie at the southernmost tip of the Tuamotus, five hundred miles from their home. The Polish priest aboard had a crew of six and a native woman went along. They took their time and called in on islands on the way. It was fine sailing weather. Then as night fell, the wind rose and soon reaching hurricane force, made that night's hours a nightmare. There was nothing to do but sail before those furious gusts and take chance whither the cutter drove. That day seamanship won out, but on the next the mast went and the cutter capsized. Clinging it to it for hours, and the wind lessening at last, the eight unfortunates righted the craft, climbed in and sought to bail it out, but the waves were still high. Now exhausted and chilled to the bone, the priest and one of the crew died, their burial place the sea. The five men and the lone woman at last mastered the waterlogged cutter and set a course, with such means of propulsion as they had, for an island they gauged was nigh and on which the writer in his wanderings



had landed some years previously.<sup>70</sup> Here they dropped anchor and the two strongest men of the party swam ashore, with the last two knives abelt, and sought water. They had two tins of rice aboard that had survived. Water was sought in vain though the Atoll — one of the few uninhabited ones, save at the season of pearl shell diving — was traversed completely around. Returning to where they had landed, they found that the cutter had disappeared. There was still a fresh breeze and evidently the anchor had dragged and the boat had been driven out to sea, those aboard too weakened to resist. The cutter disappeared like the *Teriora*. Six gone out of eight. The two men constructed a raft, no difficulty to these natives with their long knives, strips of bark taking the place of sails, and set out for a neighbouring island, for they knew where they were. They were well on their way when the government boat, the *Tamara*, returning from the Gambiers, sighted them, took them aboard and landed them at Papeete, eight hundred miles from the port for which they had set sail.

#### Addenda — August 1941

Six months had passed since then, when those aboard the power schooner, the *Denise*, returning somewhat out of the usual course from the Gambiers to its home port, Papeete, saw a fire upon the small atoll Paraoa, known to be uninhabited. Curious to know the reason of so isolated a spot having visitors, the schooner was headed for the atoll and drawing nigh, four figures were seen waving welcome. The whaleboat soon reaching the reef, the four were found to be the three men and the woman given up as dead. The breeze had carried them to the spot, their boat striking the reef, still lying there, a hopeless wreck. They were in perfect health, the usual atoll fare at their command, coconut and fish. Ingenuity had supplied their needs, knives from the shellfish, hooks from the underbrush wood, water from the milk of the nuts. The *Denise* bore them home. Great was the rejoicing in Nukutavake when those for whom masses had been said for the repose of their souls were restored to them hale and well, none the worse for their tragic experience.

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<sup>70</sup> Possibly [Maria](#), which WWB describes in *The Tuamotu Islands II* in Part XIII, *Roamings In the Great South Sea*. He writes “With no water on Maria, few nuts and ships but rarely in sight, a wrecked crew would be here in sorry plight.”



## MULCTING THE STRANGER

Papeete in special and Tahiti in general were hard hit financially when, a few years back, the regular monthly passenger service from Vancouver, B.C., south, and Sydney, N.S.W., north, was discontinued and a freighter service with extremely limited accomodation and irregularity of arrival took its place. Gone were the hectic hours, sometimes days, whilst the crowded steamers were in port, the passengers ashore for a 'real good time'. Money flowed in all directions; bars and garages, shops of French haberdashery and Curios were inundated; Papeete hummed, raking in the dollars and the pounds with delight.

Tourists were not entirely a floating crowd; there were always those who remained for a stay, sometimes of weeks, sometimes for months, renting bungalows at high rates or crowding the few hotels scattered both in Town and Countryside. The vast majority of these were a noisy, blatant lot; appearance counts for nothing; the more bizarre, the better; the quiet white folk of the island the while shocked and ashamed at their half nude fellow men and women, as they walked the streets or autoed hilariously along the one and only Highway. The Government made effort to curtail excess, but it was beyond mere appeal to decency. The Entry fee was raised, so was that of the resident stranger, but the flood continued unabated. There were deportations, not alone of men, but money talks, so that those who swept in the cash turned a blind eye to the grossness, and those who loved quiet had to make the best of things.

Then the blow fell. It had long been rumoured that the steamers, for lack of freight, lost heavily on every run. Now the Shipping Company threw up the sponge. They quit. The decent folk rejoiced, but gloom rested in the shops and bars. Tahitian life, the stream of Tourists dammed, resumed its former placid way; the daily routine had again its charm and normal business sailed its course on an even keel. Only the 'get rich quick' complained.

And now came the news that two large Luxury Liners of another Line, crowded with Tourists only, all on pleasure bent, would arrive at the same time at Papeete, one heading south, the other north. The little Port of Call was thrilled. Here once again would be rich pickings, not for a few hours, but for a full three days' stay. Papeete prepared for the invasion; the shops brought out their store of things long hidden for such a hoped for day; every counter was loaded to its capacity; the bars laid in huge stocks of wines and liquor; and the Chinese merchants led the van. The Government, foreseeing, urged moderation, but Papeete took the bit in its teeth and were out to mulct the Strangers. They arrived, a huge swarm, the Tourists with their crews numbering over two thousand, and more Tourists loaded with cash, which they were quite as determined to squander as Papeete's bars, garages and stores to gather in. Those three days were hectic. Prices rose fabulously. What the Tourists wanted, they got, no questions asked, drink or fabric, local jewelry and pearls, curios of no intrinsic value, perfume till the supply ran out, hats which cost us four francs but sold at forty. Both Town and Countryside was in a whirl; quiet folk stayed closely at Home, the streets and roads unsafe as the wild crowd rushed around. Every auto was called into use, private owners hiring out at a fantastic figure. The bars in special did a rushing, rousing trade; champagne, a gin fizz or a rum punch — whatever they mean, for I know them not — rose 100 to 500 per cent, even a glass of water had its price. The few hours tour of the island rose from its customary one hundred francs to One Thousand.

When the Luxury Liners sailed away, the left of a certainty 100,000 Dollars in Papeete and the island, possibly more for the Chinese are no talkers. Tahiti had mulcted the Stranger to the limit, and withal both sides were well content. Where, before, the wide world over, has such a record been surpassed?

## A TRIO OF FREAKS

One cannot dwell long among the pure bred Tahitians — and there are, still happily, far from a few of them — without noticing some more than strange characteristics, which produce actions not only surprising, but intriguing, to the observer. These actions have come down the centuries and appear likely never to be eradicated. Herewith reference is made to but Parentage, Theft and Anger.

Motherhood and Fatherhood are not as with us. We cling to our bairns; they are ours alone; their upbringing, our charge and duty. Not so with the Tahitians. They pass their children along to others, not only to relatives, but friends, without the slightest compunction or feeling of loss. It is not that they do not care for them, that they are glad to be rid of them, yet the regret at parting that we would expect to see is not there in the smallest degree. Folk drop in to see the new arrival; they express delight at the little bundle of humanity. They may have half a dozen children of their own at home, but “Oh! the darling. Can we have him (her) as our own?” As often as not the answer amounts to “As soon as weaned you can call him (her) yours.” Sometimes the families dwell far apart, off on different islands, but that makes no difference. If close, the fledgling runs in and out of both homes, the heads of each his (her) ‘parents’. He (she) grows up oblivious to any sense of incongruity or of confusion as to whom to look to. Years may pass before children meet their real parents, but there is no lack of love on either side, nor has there been through the oft long years, forgetfulness. You, a white man (woman), are warm friends of a native family. You know the young folk well. You think you know the entire circle, when one day you meet there a young party never seen before and you are told, “This is my son (daughter); he (she) is home from his (her) parents for a little change.” It is the Custom and that’s the end of the matter, but it seems all upside down to us.

A Thief is a thief, in our view, and to be dealt with accordingly, but not so with Tahitians. Thieving is a natural propensity among them and the record is unbroken as far as records go back. The first white residents, in 1800, found it rampant and had a fearsome time because of it. There was a god of Theft — Hiro, his name — in their gallery of gods and his priests were well served by those who sought his blessing on their proposed raid on the possessions of their fellows. There is no Hiro now and the thieves are all Xtians, but their Bible commandment goes by the board. They are thieves and even brazen ones at that — happily not all of them — but one can never be sure, save the very elect. The principle they appear to work upon is that ‘What is thine is mine if I want it’. They purloin aught in house, in grounds, in store room that takes their fancy. Money, once unknown, is an overpowering lure. We white folk suffer, alike with their fellow natives, despite every precaution taken.

As to food, there is no asking; it disappears when your back is turned. You know the thief and he (she) knows you know it, but no accusation or even insinuation is considered proper to be made. Such is the Custom, the invaded home still wide open to him (her), the loss accepted as inevitable and a forlorn hope that no more will be spirited away.

But there is a theft that is unpardonable. Thieve to your heart’s content far and wide, but never from your Family Connections. That is absolutely outside the Pale. Repentance has to go full and deep before a semblance of forgiveness is secured, but the wound is there for a lifetime; it never fully heals.

Tahitian anger is an ephemeral thing. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath is very close to true with these strange folk. Two men (women) will quarrel; high, furious words will pass; insults offered that, with us, would cause a lifelong break; charges made recklessly; passion and hatred have full swing; a ‘get out and keep out’ stand announced as a finale. And yet a few days pass and all is forgotten; they are cronies as of yore, chatting together as the warmest friends who had ever existed.

Such is the Custom. To bear enmity is absolutely against the Code; lasting anger or sense of injury is unthinkable.

A strange people. The ‘simon pure’<sup>71</sup> natives have their freaks of character and action, but none the less, they are winsome and charming to those of us who have broad minds.

A tale when Hiro got the worst of things may fitly end these freaks of character. Before Laws and Orders ruled Tahiti, Henry Nott, the stoutest hearted member of the earliest band of missionaries, had preached one Sabbath Day strongly and sternly on the crime of Theft great and small. The next morn at break of day, Nott opened his door to behold a large concourse of natives sitting afront his dwelling and weird assortment of articles around them. Inquiring the cause, they said that his words of yestermorn had gone home. “When we were pagans, we thought it perfectly right to take property we coveted. Our god used to assist us. But Jehovah says to us Xtians that we must not, and all these things we have here are stolen goods.” Here were chisels and axes, hatchets and saws, knives and tools beyond measure precious in their sight, stolen from ships and the unfortunate missionaries themselves. “Why bring them to me? I do not want them,” said that stolid pastor. “Take them home and return them back to their owners who are ashore, and to the ships on their return.” But of no avail. They protested that they could not take them back to their dwellings and the pastor perforce had to become ‘the receiver of stolen goods’, which he had denounced alike with the thief, till he could return one and all to their owners or their kin. No easy task with those ships infrequent in their calls.

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<sup>71</sup> *Simon-pure*: of untainted purity or integrity, alluding to a character impersonated by another in the play [A Bold Stroke for a Wife](#) (1718) by Susannah Centlivre.

## THE PRINCE OF TAHITI <sup>72</sup>

His title, according to continental Europe's heraldic laws — not British, in which the title lapses with the third generation from the Sovereign — Ariipaea is a good-natured, unassuming fellow, a cordial smile seems a very part of himself. Though Prince and Head of the Pomare Family, he carries these honours lightly. To many a visitor, he remains unknown, and it was research on the writer's part that brought us together. He seemed uncertain of the full line of his pedigree, which was sought and which, of a truth, is somewhat confusing. It was a pleasure to trace his exact position and make clear to him and his, and his fellow natives, his rights in that tangled skein. It may interest others also, since it gives a view of the family life of Tahitians under French influences and clears the muddle caused to many minds, both Tahitian and outsiders, by the surrendering of the sovereignty to a Foreign Power by the last of the Pomare Kings.

Tahitian names not only make reading difficult to those who know nothing of the language, but carry no special value in themselves, so we will dispense with them. We start with Queen Pomare IV, who reigned from 1827 to 1877, which gives a date for her descendants generally. She had a numerous family. Her eldest son died a young man, without issue. Her second son became heir to the Throne. He was twice married. The issue of his first marriage died young. He had no 'recognized' issue by his second wife. Her third son had as numerous a family as his mother. Her fourth son had issue, but died young. Her fifth son had issue, a son who grew to manhood. That leaves her third and fifth sons alone in the line of descendants.

Her third son's issue was as follows: his eldest daughter died a child; his second daughter and his third daughter had issue; his fourth daughter died in her 'teens; his only son died an infant; his fifth daughter married, but issue died in infancy. That leaves two daughters in line of descendants of Queen Pomare through her third son. Their cousin, the son of her fifth son, was also in line. No one else. Two young women and a boy, all in their 'teens. The young women married early; the second daughter married a Brander; the third daughter married a Salmon; so the only Pomarre left was their cousin.

He was still but a boy when Queen Pomare's second son became King Pomare V, who announced on his ascending the Throne that his successor was to be his eldest living niece, that second daughter of his next brother. But her marriage ran counter to his wishes and he formally and legally 'adopted' as his son and his heir, the boy, the only child of his youngest brother. Then followed the surrendering of his sovereignty to France. His niece was therefore doubly out of the picture; there was no Throne to succeed to, and another had become the heir in place of her.

That nephew till his death was accepted by all — by the French authorities as well as all the natives — as the Prince and head of the Pomare Family and House. He first married his cousin, that fifth daughter named above of the third son of the Queen, but, as noted above, their issue died in infancy, and he had issue by another of high rank, who were not only 'recognized' by him as his own, but made legally so by French law. That issue was an eldest son, a second son and the youngest, a daughter. The daughter married a Cowan and is out of the picture. The eldest son dying without issue, the second son became the heir of his father's position and rights — the Prince and Head today of the Pomare family and House. Such is Ariipaea, who is the last and living son of the 'adopted' son of the King and the direct descendant through his father and grandfather of his great-grandmother, Queen

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<sup>72</sup> See also *Pomares of Tahiti and Heraldic Law* in the 15 December 1938 edition of the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, pages 38–39, in Part VII, *Articles By and References to WWB in the Pacific Islands Monthly*.

Pomare IV. As he has twelve sons and daughters, the name of 'Pomare' seems likely to last upon Tahiti for many years to come.

The two unmarried daughters of King Pomare's Consort,<sup>73</sup> whom he refused to recognize, bear that name; however, since, under French law, a wife's children, be their fathers who they may, must bear the husband's name till a divorce separates the two. This after the second daughter's birth was granted the King and his Consort's later son bears the name of Salmon, his mother's maiden name.

Ariipaea's father, Prince Hinoi I, had great possessions through his uncle, but he was a free liver, great hearted and generous to a fault. His elder brother, Prince Hinoi II, was no less fond of good living, nor was prince Ariipaea less so in his younger days, if report speaks true. He still has much good property, but the calls of a dozen children are heavy and he works like his fellow Tahitians for his living, without complaint. With seemingly cold and callous indifference to the Past, he is employed by the French authorities as one of the postmen of Papeete!! One fails to understand it.

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<sup>73</sup> That is, his second wife.

## THE PRINCESSES OF TAHITI

Princesses were extremely and strangely numerous when I first took up residence on Tahiti. They were to be seen parading the streets and the shady waterfront of Papeete, yet none seemed to be in the least interested in such high personages, save the Tourists of those days, or gave them the usual courtesies towards the gentler sex. Naturally I was curious to secure the explanation of so strange an anomaly and of so numerous a Royal Family, seeing that Royalty had long been pushed into the background. I had no desire to listen to gossip among the white folk, but would seek the solution by a careful study of the Past. This took time, for I was a total stranger to that Past and knew not where to put my hand on literature thereon. But perseverance won.

The result was certainly surprising. All but a handful of these Princesses — and those still children, never to be seen — were the grand nieces of the ex and divorced Consort of the last Pomare King. They were, in chief, not even of Pomare blood, but their Grand Aunt having once been a Queen, they were of necessity Princesses. Which is as if our present English Queen, <sup>74</sup> a Bowles-Lyon, brought through her marriage to our King, all her nieces and grand nieces and those yet to be born to the rank and title of Princesses. It transpired that the parents of these so called Princesses had never made the claim. It was their daughters who did so.

One can excuse the native Tahitian for ignorance of the Laws of Heraldry, but the half-castes have all a good and sound education locally, some even going outside to complete it, and the history of kings and queens and their succession, which is part of that course, should have made clear to them the absurdity of their claim, though Heraldry's definite laws might never have been their study.

One tries to find excuses for these Princesses. Maybe the temptations were too overpowering to be resisted. It was something to be a Princess among the local swarm of women folk. They could hold their heads high among their fellows, and Tourists fell to it, especially, one regrets to say, the Americans, who without Titles themselves as a nation seem attracted to Titles elsewhere as moths to a candle. Not all, happily, but many. It was not everyday that one dines and wines with a Princess; nothing was too good for such a divinity; gifts, no matter how costly, were a pleasure to present. Some even were seriously considering marriage, bearing off to their faraway homes a Princess, to the astonishment and fearsome jealousy of their friends.

As to Princes — and there are brothers of these pseudo and exalted maidens — a word is due. They know that the claim is preposterous. They take the line, Tahitian-like, if the women like to fool themselves and others, let them. It usually hurts no one, save the gullible Tourist, and if he is such an ignorant fool as not to be able to see things through (with us as patent evidence of its absurdity), let them pay the price in good American dollars.

Another word is due to others. There are, besides the children of the present day Prince of Tahiti, the two unmarried daughters of that Grand Aunt. They must needs by French law bear the surname of her husband, King Pomare V, though 'unrecognized' by him as his. They bear the Title of Princesses only through French Courtesy, for the Laws of Heraldry lay clearly down that no Title can be passed on by a female unless she be a Sovereign reigning in her own right, as was Victoria, our Queen, and Aimata, Queen Pomare IV. A Consort of a King has no power to do so. It is true that a Sovereign reigning in his or her own right can raise a man or woman to Princely rank, as George V did our

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<sup>74</sup> [Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon \(1900–2002\)](#)



Queen upon her marriage to his son, but Pomare V never did so to the ‘unrecognized’ children of his Queen.

Besides the above named Pseudo Princesses and Courtesy Princesses, there are those of the daughters of the Royal Family of Queen Pomare, who married Commoners. Those daughters were Princesses in their own right, but their daughters fail to carry on the Title, though some of Tahiti’s ‘Princesses’ do that very thing. Our own Princess Royal’s <sup>75</sup> case should convince them of their absurdity, who, marrying a Lascelles, <sup>76</sup> their two sons, <sup>77</sup> though a real and intimate part of our Royal Family, bear no Title of Prince.

Years have passed since my settling down on Tahiti. Some of these pseudo Princesses have relinquished their absurd claim; there are, however, others who still cling tenaciously to a rank they know full well is not theirs. The Tahitian has learned the facts and is silent. There is no harm in such child’s play and a new generation of those Princesses’ children will lay aside for all time such a farce.

The Princesses of Tahiti will ere long be only those fully entitled by birth to the Rank: Ariipaea’s daughters, <sup>78</sup> and this only according to Continental Europe’s heraldic laws, not British, which drops the Title after the second generation from the Sovereign they descend from. <sup>79</sup>

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<sup>75</sup> [Princess Mary \(1897–1965\)](#)

<sup>76</sup> [Henry George Charles Lascelles \(1882–1947\)](#)

<sup>77</sup> [George Henry Hubert Lascelles \(1923–2011\)](#) and [Gerald David Lascelles \(1924–1998\)](#)

<sup>78</sup> See the photo of Prince Ariipaea’s daughters in Tale #12, *Of Nomenclature* (2), in Part IV, *Tales of a Romaing Grandfather*.

<sup>79</sup> See also *The Numerous Princesses of Tahiti* in the 15 December 1938 edition the the Pacific Islands Monthly, pages 25–26, in Part VII, *Articles By and References to WWB in the Pacific Islands Monthly*.

## TOMORROW

Folk not gifted with patience should avoid the islands of the Great South Sea unless they are prepared for a nerve wracking time. Time is of little account to the native mind, both watches and clocks are rarely to be seen amongst them, and hurry is an attitude unknown. To leave things till Tomorrow meets the case appropriately nine times out of ten. The exception is, naturally, Food. Whilst all other things can wait, the native oven is an insistent call. But that matter does not affect us outsiders. It is not the hired labourer who plays fast and loose with Time, but the foot-loose native who one calls upon for some minor need. That need plainly stated, no excuse is offered of other calls upon their time, but you are given calmly the reply, Yes, Tomorrow it shall be done. Argument is useless, so also is it to show an impatient annoyance; the inevitable has to be accepted as final. Things have now reached such a pass with us that we drop the native's name, be it man or woman, and bestow upon the party a new name, viz. 'Tomorrow'. They smile nor feel slighted or insulted.

This weird policy of life reaches further than mere home calls, and probably none is more exasperating to the impatient foreigner than that connected with the sea. A schooner is announced as scheduled to sail 'at 4 pm today'. Warning my friend, whom I would see off, of possibilities, we arrive at Papeete's wharf in good time, where all is bustle and a crowd is gathered to say their farewells to those departing. The hour is drawing near; the first whistle has been given of notice to be off, at times even the second whistle, when word is passed round that the Tahitian Captain announces that the boat will sail at the same hour Tomorrow. Loud imprecations escape the lips of the foreigners; not so with the crowd, who are full well used to it. Quiet reigns again on the wharf. We who are of patient mind hope for the best for our friends.

Once again we are there and await with eager hope for that third and final whistle, but No! Word is again passed from the schooner's side that the Government has an important despatch in the making that must go by this particular schooner on its way amid the islands, and Tomorrow all will be right. My impatient friend goes right off the handle; he is mad, intolerant and I fear the upset to his nervous system. I do my best to soothe him. But he is fortunate if at the third essay some Chinese exporter does not hurry down to inform the Captain that he has had a sudden demand for a large consignment of goods that must go without delay and they will be on the wharf Tomorrow. Freight charges are not to be lightly rejected.

By this time my impatient friend has lost hope. Anyway, he will remain in his quarters till the second whistle has gone. My warning is of no avail; he refuses to be publicly fooled again. The second warning has sounded some good while back as we saunter heedlessly to the wharf. I urge a faster pace, without avail. And lo! the final whistle goes. He quickens pace; in fact he runs, but alas! just too late, in time to see the schooner's hawsers being hauled aboard from the sea. There is no chance even for a jump. She has sailed at last and impatience has met with its reward.

## REBELLION

No! this is not a case of civil war on our fair, peaceful island of Tahiti, yet still is an account of constant war waged between Life and Death. The medical profession has no easy time with the native patient. Though ill informed of the intricacies of medicine, one fact, in long years gone by, was impressed upon my mind, that Diet is inseparably bound up with it. It is, in fact, I believe, more than half the battle with sickness, be it of what type it may. Medicine waits on Diet, not Diet upon medicine. Food can greatly aid or can equally greatly destroy the effect of the physic taken.

Now that is what no native can understand, or seems willing to allow. They will consume any drug, pill or other noxious aid to health the doctors order, but when the all needful Diet is spoken of and ordered, there is Rebellion. Touch the 'tummy' of a native and there is trouble. Sometimes it is open rebellion; more often it is subtle. The doctor worries and wonders why his patient is so slow in recovery or changes so oft from better to worse. The sick one and all around affirm with perfect assurance that orders have been carefully observed, but that poor doctor knows better. He has means unknown to us unlearned folk of learning the sad truth. He has two courses left; either to drop the case and let natives use their own peculiar medicines and their methods, or plod on, handicapped to a degree, past bearing at times, to a cheering cure, but more often to a disaster not his fault, though on him will surely be laid the blame.

Of course, it must be hard and irksome to change the habit of years. To one who knows nothing of sickness, who is free to eat what taste desires, it appears a fearsome sentence for one to be told "This is good for you; that is poison." Salt, for instance, may be pronounced as absolutely forbidden to one, and fish to another; meat must be cut out; coffee or tea you must banish as a refresher. The very fruits of Mother Earth are differentiated, some good, others destructive to health. One's usual diet is cut to pieces; the pleasures of the table vanish; and this often not for a time, but for good and all. Doubtless doctors know best, but it must be and is hard nevertheless. The native rebels, cost him what it may, and he has sympathizers all around his bed to aid and to abet him.

That virulent fever known as typhoid is all too common here and tests, as few other illnesses do, the patient's courage and endurance of small fare. Indeed, there is a period, so I am told, when the patient, having passed the crisis, hungers for food, yet to give it means relapse and even death. It takes courage not only of the patient to endure the lack, but of those around the sick bed. Some of the attendants are firm despite appeals that wring the heart to refuse; there are others who rebel against so drastic and, as they put it, needlessly cruel an order. If not they, then other relatives or friends step in surreptitiously and give the forbidden food. Quickly follows a condition which calls for the medicine man in hot haste. Some die; others learn by added suffering what it costs to rebel. Not even in hospital is the patient safe; there is but one thing for the physician to do, to close the door and set a guard before it. 'Tis a drastic course, but drastic measures are ever needed when rebellion raises its ugly head. Doubtless one's 'tummy' is a tyrant; when it feels a vacancy, it makes the fact known all too clearly for comfort, but the wise patient endures. That tyrant lives for the present moment; its wiser owner looks ahead to the day when once again upon his feet, he can make even that tyrant smile as hunger is abated and all thought of Rebellion becomes but a memory of the painful Past.

## AN OUTSIDER'S WITNESS

*The following Excerpts appeared in an Australian magazine of date August 1939. The article is from the pen of a prominent and roaming correspondent of a U.S.A. newspaper.*

Having returned to Tahiti after eight years, the thing that surprises me most is to find Tahiti, and especially Papeete, so lively and active — far more so than when I was here before, despite the discontinuance of the mail boats. This is, of course, partly due to the fact that the European residents, especially British, and Americans have greatly increased in number. You see new houses, mainly bungalows along the various beaches, and on boat days, Papeete offers you a really fascinating cosmopolitan picture.

The foreign colony is certainly the most extraordinary one of its kind in the world. Its nucleus and foundation is the group of real gentlemen of Tahiti. It is not necessary to mention them specifically, nor would that at all please them. Some have acquired fame and fortune since I was here before, and that is almost as much satisfaction to their friends as it is to them. Others came here, originally possessed of means, which have been worthily used. Others had neither fame nor fortune, but are of the character that is of equal richness.

There is, unfortunately, another group. They were lured here in the main by journalistic liars, who publish far and wide that once in Tahiti, all your problems of whatever nature are immediately solved, that you can live on next to nothing, and at once acquire a companion of the opposite sex who will satisfy every mortal need, from laundering to the most exacting demands for 'romance'.

The scenic and climatic charm is, of course, unaltered. The island peoples are contented, and there is practically no poverty. It is no doubt true that the lovable, kindly-dispositioned Tahitians are easier to deal with than such as the truculent Samoans. But the difference between Papeete, with its blend of almost every European race, natives, half-castes and what-have-you from all over the world, is, in its rarely-marred orderliness and friendly atmosphere, a marked contrast to Apia, with its unpleasant incidents of one kind or another. There is no doubt at all that Tahiti is unique, and as I am more than ever convinced, the best place in the world to live in.

### Another's Witness

*From the "American Mercury". Excerpts. <sup>80</sup>*

The legend of the South Seas has persisted for generations. Almost everyone has been touched by the alluring vision of an island paradise, particularly when modern life becomes most oppressive. It is strange that only the merest handful have realized their dream. But there have been a few.

Some time ago, my wife and I decided that we were not getting as much out of life as we should, so we packed up and followed the sun. We lived for nearly two years on the island of Moorea, twelve miles across the channel from Tahiti. Our home was in a setting of exquisite beauty — green mountains towering at our back, cocoanut palms around the house, and a stretch of white sand and

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<sup>80</sup> The text below is from *Escape To the South Sea Islands* by Philip Aquila Kempster (1900–1988), which was published on pages 403–410 of the August 1938 edition of *The American Mercury*. The complete article is available online [here](#).

turquoise water in front. The house consisted of one large room, about thirty feet by twenty, built off the ground on stilts. There was a little verandah in front, facing the beach, with overhanging eaves of palm thatch. The walls were plank for three feet, and above that, young bamboo reeds through which sunlight and fresh air filtered constantly.

We partitioned off the place with curtains. From packing cases we built bookcases, shelves, etc. Two beds, a table, a few odd chairs, a gasoline lamp and a second-hand oil stove about completed the furnishings. We lived in what would probably be called a primitive style, but I wonder if you in the big cities are, despite the convenience of your so-called civilization, any happier. In our island home we had just about everything we wanted. They were the happiest two years we have ever known.

The Polynesian natives are a lovable, charming people. Treat them right and they are your friends for life. Their ways may be different from yours but — look around and see which is happier.

You may hear lurid tales of the rainy season. A lot of water falls in December, January and February, but it is not too bad, and there is fine weather between rains. The rest of the year is magnificent.

Life in the islands is simple and satisfying — if you are the right person. If you cannot do without all the little conveniences of the machine age, stay at home. But if you are another sort, you will find in the South Seas a happiness that is pretty hard to put into words, something real and vital that you will never forget as long as you live.

## THE LONE VOYAGER

From my verandah on Papeete's waterfront there could be seen, for months, a small black-hulled sloop at anchor in the still lagoon. It rested on the quiet water — alone — far from the congestion of schooners, launches and cargo ships along the quay. Its name, the *Alain Gerbault*, one man alone its crew and visitors unwelcome. Not that Alain Gerbault <sup>81</sup> himself is morose. Far from it. Ask the natives wherever he has touched in his globe encircling journey of a few years back and in his present roaming in the Great South Sea and they will tell you how this tall, gaunt, but lithe white man of Brittany loves to converse and to romp and play among them. But of his fellow white folk, be they of what nation they may, he will have little or nothing to do. He is 'taboo' to them and their civilization; they are an offense and he has cut himself adrift from life ashore among them for good and all.

He played his part in years not long gone by and with success. Before the first Great War, he was a prominent French lawn tennis star; he served in the Lafayette Squadron as one of its finest air men. But the sea called him and, possessed of the gift of being 'At Home with oneself', be surroundings what they may, which for us who possess it is the antidote of all sense of loneliness, he sailed alone into the Great Oceans — the Great South Sea his aim at present — his sloop his only home. It is not his first great venture. Single-handed, as one of at most a trio who have thus circumnavigated the globe, he had brought his sloop, the *Firecrest*, home to the French port from whence he had sailed to be acclaimed as a hero against his wish, and to his disgust, his very boat's name was seized upon and used for commercial ends.

But the *Firecrest* had reached the end of her career for him. He would have another — with experience added in the building — and it should bear none other than his own. So was it. He is a qualified engineer by profession. This sloop took long in the building. Money was no object, perfection for its purpose was the aim. It is a double-ender, thirty-four feet long and seven tons in weight.

Its sails are rust colored. No motor lends its aid; its owner is an old time sailorman, true to type. It is owing to a privileged visitor that here can be chronicled particulars of what is within that black-hulled sloop. The decks are of teak, the rigging of hemp. All fittings are of bronze and below deck all furnishing and finishing is of mahogany. Forward is the galley, with its 'primus' stoves, amidships is the library with a store of some two hundred books: pilot and navigation books, of course, Polynesian research volumes, books of others' travels and his own books translated into a dozen languages. For this lone voyager is no mean author and his writing desk, aft, beside his bunk, has always something on hand. Woodcuts from Gauguin — that erratic artist another Frenchman who fled his Homeland to make Polynesia his residence and lies buried on the Marquesas — adorn the cabin's walls, and treasures he has gathered on the way are around in plenty. There are spears and idols, bowls and earrings, all stored with care and the sloop throughout is neat and clean from stem to stern.

With such a roamer there gather round him many a fantastic tale, but the lone voyager sails on from isle to isle, unmindful of what the world may say. He has won what he sought in chief — the hearts

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<sup>81</sup> [Alain Jacques Georges Marie Gerbault \(1893-1941\)](#)



of the natives and a name, Terupa, that speaks volumes: the ‘Chieftain who encircles the Lands of Light’.<sup>82</sup>

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<sup>82</sup> The photograph below shows the grave of Alain Gerbault (1893–1941) in Vaitape, Bora Bora, in November 2014. The text reads: “Alain Gerbault / seuls sur le Firecrest / a fait le tour du monde / 25 avril 1923 – 26 juillet 1929”.



## DARLING, THE NATURE MAN

From *Letters Magazine*, April 1937

Among the many eccentrics who have sought Tahiti as an escape from the woes of civilization, Ernest Darling<sup>83</sup> was one of the most sincere. Twelve years before London's *Cruise of the Snark* (1907–09), Darling had resigned himself to death at his father's house in Portland, Oregon. Over study had caused a breakdown during which he had twice contracted pneumonia. Apparently nothing could save him. His mind was giving way; he had lost faith in doctors and literally couldn't stand the sight medicine.

But one day, in a fit of desperation, Darling escaped from his bed and the house and crawled four miles through the bush. Finding peace in the silent woods, he built a primitive house of leaves and grasses, roofed with bark, spent his days lying naked in the sun on the warm earth, ate only fruits and nuts. His shattered nerves soon strengthened, but after three months, heavy fall rains forced him out of his solitary retreat back to his father's house. There he had a relapse which brought him again close to death.

This time his mind did collapse. He was tried by alienists<sup>84</sup> and found insane, given to a sanatorium, where, his request for a diet of fruits and nuts granted, he soon not only regained his health, but recovered his sanity and was allowed to leave. Seeking a warmer climate and the outdoor life, he bicycled to San Francisco, where he studied a year at Leland Stanford University, wearing as little clothing as the law would allow. San Francisco weather was still too cold for his needs, so he travelled farther south, was several times arrested for insanity because of his strange habits and scant clothing, each time acquitted. Since the California authorities continued to annoy him, he went to Hawaii, but even there was hounded, given the choice of jail or deportation. He left, travelling farther west from civilization and reached Tahiti, where the French authorities let him alone for many years.

He had always embraced socialism and he now peacefully expounded his views to the natives and to visitors who came to see 'the Nature Man', who compiled his own Ten Commandments, written in the phonetic spelling of his own invention. Two of them, "Thou shalt not eet meet," "Visit troppickle cuntriz."

When Jack and Charmian London, who had met him years before in California, arrived in the *Snark*, Darling, wearing only his loincloth and waving his red socialist flag, paddled to meet them in his outrigger canoe. Since the Londons knew and understood the tawny, gold-bearded nature man better than many others with whom he came in contact, *Letters* asked Mrs London for information about Darling's life in Tahiti and thereafter:

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<sup>83</sup> Ernest Darling (1871–1917) is the subject of Chapter 11, *The Nature Man*, in *The Cruise of the Snark* by Jack London, which was published in the September, 1908 issue of Woman's Home Companion magazine. The article, with photos of Darling, can be found [here](#). Statements that Darling made about his life, which were published on page 7 of the 20 January 1911 edition of Grey River Argus of New Zealand, and page 3 of the 6 June 1911 edition The Mercury of Hobart, can be found [here](#) and [here](#). For an account of his life, see *Pambu* No. 14 (September, 1969); *Pambu* is the monthly newsletter of the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau, Research School of Pacific Studies, Australian National University, Canberra. Darling died of the same [Influenza Pandemic of 1918](#) that struck Samoa, as mentioned in Tale #66, *The Exile's Return*. See also *Darling, the Nature Man* in Part XIV, *Tahitian Vignettes*.

<sup>84</sup> [Alienist](#) is an archaic term for a psychiatrist or psychologist.

Sir,

Ernest Darling had found a way out of sickness and death: to keep his health with a 'Return-to-nature' life kept strictly. If you will remember he had got hold of a tiny holding, a mere bit of shelf on an almost inaccessible mountainside in Tahiti where we climbed one day. He tilled the bit of land and was an asset to the careless community because he improved whatever he laid his hands on. He lived mostly from what he raised, bananas, coconuts and other vegetable products. And, of course, he fished. The French are poor colonizers and did not appreciate him because he was 'queer'. So they made life so hard for him, finally even closing his way to his perch, that he had to leave Tahiti. I should have imagined he was around 38 or 40 at that time (1913). And he lived like the man whom he was supposed to resemble. He was Simple, his mind had been slightly touched, but was Right in everything and lived as nearly a Christian existence as it is possible for one to achieve.

A few years after we knew him in Papeete (1908) he left, practically driven out, and returned to California. He came up here to the Jack London Ranch several times. He had on a few necessary clothes, which he mostly discarded in favour of a loincloth he brought with him; he also brought his chosen food and sat outside the house on some wild grass. Then he faded out of the picture and wandered again into the South Seas region. He finally wound up in the Fiji Group, in Suva, I have heard, the capital. He was ill there and died there.

... He was piteous about the treatment he eventually received in Tahiti, but never censured his tormentors. I enclose two letters from darling... Simple he was, but no fool.

Charmian London

From Darling:

Tahiti, Society Islands [no date]

My dear Jack and Charmian,

I'm xpressing a bx dried bananas prodused and pakt by self on mountain. Let me know in just what kondishun they r on arrival... I'd like 2 make a little bklet 2 sel, out ov that artlikl u rote about me in Tahiti. I mite hav it illustrated with colored plates and sel for 25c thus releevng me sumwhat from pedling bananas around town on bike at 10c a basket. Wood it b alrite with u if I'd make the story in a litl bklet? If so I'l b grately pleased.

Plase gowing well. Pamz waving, 2 greet u again. Much fine froot now and a good man with me. Hope 2 get several naturists up here this yr. Each buys a 3 acre lot and is independent. I've bot about 300 cheep bklets on Socialism 2 sel.

Darling

In a letter to London at his Ranch from Darling, then at Berkeley, California, he explains why he came from Tahiti thither. His great desire was to reach Ernest Haeckel,<sup>85</sup> the famous naturalist and biologist, one of the most scientific men in Germany. He writes, not phonetically:

I couldn't wait to advertise my plantation. A colony-seeking French naturalist was looking for land whereon to locate his Parisian naturist friends. In my 6 months acquaintance with him, I judged him a good man, then gave him my plantation which to me was worth 2000 dollars. He has a solid title.

Note. He was unable to raise sufficient funds to carry him to Europe, so turned him again westward to roam and to die.

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<sup>85</sup> [Ernst Heinrich Philipp August Haeckel \(1834–1919\)](#)

## A CHARACTER SKETCH OF A SAVAGE CHIEF

An estimate of the first Pomare by those who knew him. He was the most dominant figure in Tahiti's early history, but, owing to Papara District, was never 'King' as we would understand the title. He died September 3, 1803.

Entry in Journal of the pioneer missionaries, September 10, 1803:

It may perhaps be expected that we give some account of Pomare's character, as far as it came under our cognizance, which we do as follows.

Respecting his family, his father was a Tahitian, but his mother a Raiatean. He was born in the District of Paré, where his corpse now is, and was, by birth, Chief of that District and no other. The notice of the English navigators laid the foundation for his future aggrandisement, and the runaway seamen that from time to time quitted their ships and His Majesty's ship *Bounty*'s crew, which resided here, were the instruments for gaining to Pomare a greater extent of dominion and power than any man ever had before on Tahiti.

We suppose the deceased Chief to have been between fifty and sixty years of age. In person, he was the most respectable man we have seen since living here — tall, stout, well proportioned, grave in countenance, majestic in deportment, and affable in behavior. As to his morals, he was a poor untaught heathen, under the dominion of a reprobate mind and, according to his religion, nothing was sin with him but neglecting praying and sacrificing to his gods. In these things, he was exemplary.

Satan surely never had — and we pray God he may never again have — another like him among these heathens, who supported his (Satan's) interest with his whole power and whose study, from the servile fear of death, was to gain his favour whatever it might cost. The maraes built and the altars reared at his command all over the island are not a few on which hogs and fish were profusely offered, and several hundreds of his subjects he has in his time caused to be murdered and presented as costly sacrifices to the powers of darkness, besides the innumerable canoes, cloths, etc., etc.

As a Governor, if we may judge by the complaints everywhere made, he was oppressive, but it is probable that with the Tahitians' present sentiments of right and wrong, those who have complained would not have been less oppressive. He was a peaceable man and it is generally agreed that the island has enjoyed a far greater degree of tranquility during his reign than it had even while every District was an independent state.

He was an active man. If every subordinate Chief had followed his example in this respect, Tahiti would have exhibited a much more pleasing prospect than it now does. Erecting houses, building canoes and cultivating ground were employments in which Pomare appeared to take great delight and for which he deserves to be well spoken of. It is surprising, all things considered, how he was able to carry on such works as he did, works that an inconsiderate Englishman — accustomed to behold the labours of art of his own country — would look upon with contempt, but which, not understanding, are such as bespeak the greatness and power of a Tahitian Chief beyond any of his predecessors and which will perpetuate his memory to long succeeding times.



Pomare always showed a fondness for foreigners, especially Englishmen, so that he was sure to give encouragement to any seaman that would elope from his vessel, and he often inveigled them himself, but this proceeded from policy. He supposed that every Englishman was expert in the use of firearms, the engine of destruction that carries terror with it all over the island and he hoped so to engage them on his side as to have them at his command, to come and go as he desired.

The characters that he has had to deal with, since we have been on the island, have generally been the most abandoned and they have disappointed his hopes and expectations. But had it been otherwise, the Chief was not a grateful man; he could forget the services of those who had obliged him and take no further notice of them.

His behaviour towards us has always been friendly, which without doubt was regulated in a very great measure, if not solely, by the pecuniary advantages he has derived from our residence on the island. The vast acquisition of wealth that he gained at our first coming, and at different periods since, served to bind him to us. But latterly he did not, we think, behave as well to us as he did before the arrival of the *Royal Admiral*. Perhaps the great and unexpected calls that he has had upon his attention, by the confused state of his own affairs and the frequent arrival of vessels, may be some reasons for this change. We have also, many months past, been enabled to open our commission and have given him and his countrymen to know the true reason why we quitted our relatives and friends to come and live with them. We are certain that the Chief could be no friend to us on account of our religion and that he ridiculed our preaching and counted it foolishness. We have heard that he did so.

Upon the whole, as the Tahitians conceive Pomare to be the greatest King they ever had, so we believe that he has not left his equal on the island.

Entry dated September 3, 1803 — The manner of his death

He was paddling with two others in a single canoe towards the *Dart* and was not far from her when a sudden pain seized him in the back, which occasioned him to cry out and to catch himself up and put one of his hands behind him to the place where he felt the pain. This he had no sooner done than he fell forwards with his face towards the bottom of the canoe and his hands over the sides, dropped the paddle out of his hand and never spoke more.

Note.

The Pomares of New Zealand derive their family name from the celebrated N.Z. Chief Whitoi, <sup>86</sup> whose 'pa' was at the junction of the Waikare and Kawakawa rivers. He assumed the secondary name after hearing accounts of 'King' Pomare of Tahiti. <sup>87</sup>

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<sup>86</sup> [Whetoi, Pomare I \(d. 1826\)](#)

<sup>87</sup> In 1920, WWB was offered the job of teacher on Niue by Sir Maui Pomare, then New Zealand Minister in charge of the Cook Islands. See *The Good Work of Late W. W. Bolton* in Part VII, *Articles By and References To WWB in the Pacific Islands Monthly*.



## TAHITI'S HEART

The highway round the island for the most part hugs the shore. It has to. The mountains run so close down to the sea that there is only a narrow strip of flat land between the two. On the eastern side, in some portions, there is none at all and the road, perforce narrow here, hugs the cliff, with an ugly drop to the reef below if accident befall. In the days when the natives numbered many thousands, the humbler folk had to make their homes up the valleys and on the sides of the mountains, the Great Ones monopolizing the shoreline. But those valleys are often broad and beautiful, each one with its river hurtling to the sea, and the mountainsides gave both room and welcome shade, so all were content.

Inland Tahiti is deserted now, save of necessity, maybe to cross the island, to gather the wild fruits for home or market, or hunt the wild pig and cattle which have strayed from the haunts of man. But to some, the writer among them, that tangled mass and maze of mountains makes strong appeal and truly it is well worth knowing.

Long years back — Can it really be Fifty! — it was my happy experience to traverse another isle from end to end, Vancouver Island off the coast of British Columbia, clear and skeer down its heart from Cape Commerell, its most northern tip, to Victoria, its most southern, taking everything in my stride.<sup>88</sup> When mountains barred the way, they were climbed straight up and down; when lakes stopped 'footing' it, a raft of saplings, with stout straight branches for sweeps, bore me on their waters to their end.

As I have roamed inland Tahiti, that other isle has forced itself upon my mind; there is so much alike in them and yet there are many striking differences. The islands are alike in that they have no real backbone. Nature had cast her mountains higgledy-piggledy all over the land, the valleys one tires of counting, each covered with rich verdure and each with its cooling but oft rushing stream. And further, both are covered heavily with timber; there are few wide open spaces to be found, save where man has been at work with axe and plough.

But there to the north, the woods are ever resonant with birds' songs, their chattering and their twitter, whilst in Tahiti's heart, all is silent; bird life is conspicuous by its absence.

There a chain of lovely lakes dot the isle from end to end, ten, twenty, even thirty miles in length, whilst here there is but one, a lovely sheet indeed, hidden amid precipitous mountains, each contributing to its waters by waterfalls large and small, its length but half a mile, but ever icy cold, as I and unnumbered others know full well who have plunged in and swam it.

Up there wildlife is abundant; I met the lordly wapiti not singly, but in bands; the black bear who always treed himself at once for safety; the stealthy cougar and the wolf; whilst every sheet of water was the home of ducks and loons. Ahead of me, the fleet-footed quail ran for cover, but the ptarmigan, white of plumage as the snow they dwelt in, greeted me unafraid on the snow-capped mountain tops. Here, naught but straying intruders fleeing from the hands of man.

But the balance is not always to the northern island. There Vancouver Island's Heart was unknown to its natives. To them it was — maybe still is — their ghost land. There they had never dared to wander, nor could money persuade them to join me. Its wild beauty had no attraction for them. The venturesome white man might go, but the seashore was enough for them.

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<sup>88</sup> See Part XV, *Exploring Vancouver Island*.

Here, however, even to the fastnesses, men, women and children have lived and thrived. You can hardly get away from their stone house platforms and their maraes — local shrines for their gods and their worship. Life was abundant in Tahiti's Heart. And methinks that those wild hills and valleys may well also have been veritable 'Cities of Refuge' when a ruthless Chief or an avenger's hand was after their blood. There are caves to be met with, carved out by the waters or 'quakes of past days, serving the hunted ones of nights even as they have served me, though the wild hog finds them a ready-made and welcome sty, which is not always to one's liking, but roaming inland Tahiti, one must be prepared to rough it.

Tahiti is called, and rightly so, the Garden and Bower of the Pacific. If one would see the full beauty of the isle, leave auto, road and trail behind you; climb to its mountain summits and look around you. You will have won your way into Tahiti's Heart and will have rich reward.<sup>89</sup>

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<sup>89</sup> See also Tale #81, *Of Tahiti's Heart*, in Part IV, *Tales of a Roaming Grandfather*.

## PART XV

### EXPLORING VANCOUVER ISLAND

BY

REV. WILLIAM WASHINGTON BOLTON, M.A.

#### PREFACE

The texts of *The Province Exploring Expedition of 1894* and *The Province Exploring Expedition of 1896* were originally published in *The Province* newspaper. Typed transcripts of the text are held in the British Columbia Archives as Volumes 5 and 6 of Call Number MS-2777. The text was transcribed from scans provided in a PDF file. This was a collaborative effort; Lindsay Elms kindly provided a transcript covering WWB's notes from July 13, 1896, to August 14, 1896, as well as information regarding certain place names, graphics and many of the footnotes.

The three articles on *Exploring Northern Jungles*, by WWB and John William Laing, were originally published in *Overland Monthly* and *Out West Magazine*. The first, *Across Vancouver, from Alert Bay to Tahsis Canal*, was published in Volume 28 (December 1896), pages 621–637; the second, *The Central Crags of Vancouver*, in Volume 29 (March 1897), pages 265–278; and the third, *Great Central Lake and the Alberni District*, in Volume 30 (November 1897), pages 387–397.<sup>1</sup>

See also *Exploring Vancouver Island* in Part I, *Notes On the Life of William Washington Bolton*, and articles in Part VI, *References to WWB in the Victoria Daily Colonist*.

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<sup>1</sup> The three articles can be found in the University of Michigan MLibrary Digital Collection [here](#), [here](#) and [here](#). Page 272 of the second article is missing from the MLibrary Digital Collection, but it can be found [here](#).

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## THE PROVINCE EXPLORING EXPEDITION OF 1894

### VANCOUVER ISLAND BY LAND AND WATER

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An Exploration undertaken by the Province Publishing  
Company During the Months of July and August, 1894

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*The Province, August 25, 1894:*

A letter was received by us on Wednesday, via Alert Bay, <sup>2</sup> from the Rev. W.W. Bolton, commander of The Province Exploring Expedition, dated Woss Lake, August 11. The following is an extract from Mr. Bolton's letter: "The country, though magnificent, is simply terrific and the weather has all along been against us, not four fine days since we started. It has taken us one month's hard going to get from Cape Commerell <sup>3</sup> to Woss Lake, and we had to tramp over 190 miles in order to make the 70 which is the actual distance between the two places. You can gather, as can the public, what the next hundred miles on the map can mean. We have not yet been at fault or had to retrace our steps, though maps have tried their utmost to entrap us. There has, so far, been no sickness in the camp. Game is not abundant in these parts as feed is scarce, but we have seen great bands of elk and have shot for meat. Bear also it has been our pleasure to meet and overcome. Birds are few and far between, as ducks are still north in the breeding grounds. We fear there are many failures amongst the photos we have taken as the weather has been so bad. I wish that Victorians and the whole province generally knew the real loveliness and grandeur of this island, which it is their privilege to call their own."

So far, so good. It is very gratifying to receive such satisfactory accounts of the Expedition and to know that though it has as yet accomplished but a small portion of the arduous task undertaken, it has not, in spite of the formidable obstacles encountered, diverged from the original route mapped out for it; this route will be adhered to till the island is traversed and Victoria reached, "Colonist" notwithstanding. In the above letter Mr. Bolton does not attempt to fix a date for his return, experience having doubtless shown that it is hard to get ahead of time in the mountains. There is no reason, however, to anticipate that the original estimate of three months from the time they left Victoria, i.e., July, should be exceeded. The fate of the carrier pigeon still remains shrouded in mystery.

*The Province, September 1, 1894:*

Just as we go to press, we learn that the Province Exploring Expedition has arrived at Alberni. <sup>4</sup> Further particulars will be given next week.

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<sup>2</sup> [Alert Bay, British Columbia](#), on [Cormorant Island](#), was named after the [HMS Alert](#).

<sup>3</sup> The northerly extreme of Vancouver Island was named Cape Commerell by [George Henry Richards \(1820–1896\)](#) in 1862, after [John Edmund Commerell \(1829–1901\)](#), but the name Sutil — which was given to it by the Spaniards in 1792 — was restored by the [Geographic Names Board of Canada](#) in 1909.

<sup>4</sup> [Port Alberni](#) was named after [Pedro de Alberni \(1747–1802\)](#).

*The Province, September 8, 1894:*

The Province Exploring Party returned to Victoria safe and sound on Sunday evening, 2<sup>nd</sup> inst., having accomplished as nearly as possible half of the journey mapped out at the start. The remainder was not attempted for the simple reason that the party, on arriving at Woss Lake, found that it was too late in the season to attempt it. With every indication that the country between Woss Lake and Alberni, the next objective point, was of a character similar to that which lay behind him, Mr. Bolton calculated that it could not be explored under a period of three months at the very least. This meant winter travel, with its enormously increased difficulties, for certainly part of the time, for which the party was neither equipped nor prepared. Mr. Bolton therefore determined to postpone exploration of the country between Woss Lake and Alberni, and made for the coast by a new route whence he took canoe to Alberni, from which point he reverted to the original course laid down, thus completing the journey to Victoria. It is our intention to take up the expedition next spring at the point at which it was left off this year. The experience gained will of course be of immense value in the projected trip and if less has been accomplished on this occasion than was anticipated at the start, it is at least satisfactory that the hitherto unknown parts of the island, covering the country between the government surveys and Woss Lake and representing 190 miles of actual and arduous travel, have been thoroughly explored. Speaking briefly and from a typographical point of view, most important errors have been discovered in existing maps of the northern portion of the island. Of these, correction will be made in due course. Many mountains, rivers and lakes, all of which have been duly named by Mr. Bolton, have been added to those already marked. Several hundred photographs and water-colour sketches have been taken, and observations of all descriptions made, the publication of which will doubtless prove of very great interest. We commence this week to publish in serial form Mr. Bolton's account of the expedition.

On Wednesday evening, July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1894, The Province Exploring Expedition Party — consisting of the Rev. W.W. Bolton, commander; J.A. Magee, timber cruiser and guide; T.B. Norgate, <sup>5</sup> artist; Pierre de Loriol, hunter; J. Cartmel, prospector — left Victoria for Shushartie <sup>6</sup> Bay by the C.P.N. Co.'s steamer 'Danube'. <sup>7</sup> To this party were added at a later date J.J. Skinner <sup>8</sup> as cook, and W. Rudge, F. Maloney, <sup>9</sup> J. McCartney and H. Huston as extra packers.

The objects of the expedition may best be gathered from the following extract taken from the agreement made on June 29, 1894, between the Company and the original members of the party:

The Parties of the First Part (The Province Publishing Company) agree to organize and equip, under the Party of the Second Part (Mr. Bolton) an exploratory expedition to be known as 'The Province Exploring Expedition', for the purpose of exploring certain parts of the western interior of Vancouver Island from Cape Commerell to the city of Victoria; the said expedition to start from Victoria not later than the 10<sup>th</sup> day of July next, and to proceed by water to Cape Commerell and thence by foot or inland waters to Victoria aforesaid, the time to be occupied in which is not expected to extend over a period of

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<sup>5</sup> Thomas Burroughes Norgate

<sup>6</sup> Multiple spellings of names in the text have been standardised; *Shushartie* is also spelt *Shusharty*. Shushartie is derived from the Indian name of the bay, meaning *where the cockles are* in Kwakwaka.

<sup>7</sup> The [Danube](#) was an iron, single-screw steamer, 216 feet in length, of 887 tons, built in [Govan, Scotland](#), in 1869. It was purchased in 1890 by [John Irving \(1854–1936\)](#) of the [Canadian Pacific Navigation Company](#).

<sup>8</sup> Jephther James Skinner (1868–1934). Born in Dundas, Ontario. Died at Shushartie Bay, where he was store owner and postmaster. Married Eileen Excene Godkin (1903–1983) in 1921. Jephther Point and Skinner Creek were named after him. Sources: Email from Jane Hutton, Curator, [Port Hardy Museum](#), to Lindsay Elms, 8 February 2017, and [Jephther Point](#) in *The Encyclopedia of Raincoast Place Names*.

<sup>9</sup> Also spelt *Meloney*.



three months; the said route to be varied or abandoned in the discretion of the Party of the Second Part.

On Sunday, the 2<sup>nd</sup> instant, the expedition returned. The results will be best made known from the commander's journal.

### Introductory

By Rev. W.W. Bolton

An ardent admiration for the Island of Vancouver, fed by a prolonged absence therefrom, led me, on my return for a vacation, to endeavour to learn more thoroughly what it holds for man and what, in parts heretofore untrodden, Nature has for so many centuries been storing up in forest, lake and stream. It was therefore in strict keeping with my own resolve that, the request of The Province Publishing Company being made to me, I should attempt for the public what my own private inclination led me to think of as possible and full of rich return. I have made the attempt and now, as I look back upon it, I can but regret that I had not months more of time and suitable weather at my disposal to go forward in my search and revel in the grandeur that promised to continue with me from end to end. I would that all did know the loveliness, even in its loneliness, of the island they are privileged to live on; the woods interminable, the mountains countless and magnificent, many rivers never losing their robe of white; creeks, streams and rivers, never slow of pace but ever rushing at headlong speed down canyons, over rocks and boulders, looking for less restraint, heading for lake or arm or the great Ocean, engulfer of them one and all. But lovely as it is, there should be no pretence that things are otherwise than adverse to a great farming settlement or an endless wealth in first class timber, or plenitude of mineral and game. There is indeed considerable of each, but it is in the lower not the upper half. As the fact has ever been, so still it does remain, that Indians are the white man's guide; they are always in possession near some one or other of what the white man is in search of, and no Indians go into the upper half to make home nor attempt the great ranges over which 'Snowsaddle'<sup>10</sup> reigns as king, nor ply the placid waters of the endless inland lakes which my eyes have seen. The timber is light and, even where of second grade, impossible to handle; the mountains so close that valleys exist only for a torrent to pour down; the peaks all tell the same tale — of hard rock, not mineral; the scanty feed, save in certain patches, keeps away the game. I do not hesitate to say that there is more arable land around Victoria, alone, leaving the Cowichan and Comox valleys out of the calculation, than in all the upper half of the Island. The undergrowth, fed by an almost ceaseless rain, is nearly impenetrable in parts; rocks are flung here, there and everywhere; streams which meet one on every side have brought down from the mountains stones that form for miles a veritable pavement between their ways. Evidence of mineral there is, and it might richly repay some ardent spirits to follow up our lead and prospect carefully, but the evidences are far between. And game there is, but it is not general, being found only in certain locations; deer are scattered about, and a grouse is met with now and again; the rest one must know the lay of the land to find, and this it was my duty to search for and make known. A sportsman not knowing could easily waste a season hunting with scarce a shot. Those who are wise and willing to be told can find in short order all that a true sportsman needs. Despite all this that is adverse, which things Truth demands of me to say, yet for Nature in its wildness, for scenery and health-giving properties, from end to end this fir-clad, sea-girt<sup>11</sup> land is to me still unsurpassable. I trust that many others will follow up what The Province has

<sup>10</sup> Snowsaddle Mountain was probably named in 1862 by [Philip James Hankin \(1836–1923\)](#) of the HMS *Hecate*, who made an exploratory trip across Vancouver Island from the head of Tahsis Inlet via Atluck Lake to the Nimpkish River; the name appeared on the British Admiralty Chart 583, published in 1865.

<sup>11</sup> Surrounded by sea.

recommended, after long years of resting from research on the parts of governments or groups of men, and soon the land be known from end to end, with a map that is worthy of the name. How maps and charts have played dangerous tricks with me, the following pages will give full proof of. Surely if some of those having authority were to issue call and request that everyone who knows aught of the interior should of his kindness bring his knowledge as to location of creek, stream, lake and mountain to one given spot, true lovers of their island home would not be found backward and soon a map would be in the hands of all that would prove as true and helpful to travellers as is the coastline chart of the Admiralty Office. As to future exploration, let my experience count for something when I say that though to walk from end to end is not in the very least impossible, but merely a question of time and season, and a matter that any man of average strength can do. Yet as there is so little certainty of meeting with game for food, full supplies should be sent ahead. Packing and exploring may go together, but packing and hunting certainly do not. If supplies cannot be sent ahead, then I would suggest that men cross from west to east coast, starting up the various sounds and arms, and carrying on their backs food to last them for much shorter trips. It will take years yet before our task is done. It will repay any and all who are engaged in the work. Let only those who can smile at every difficulty and know not the word 'defeat' think of undertaking it. To me it has been a summer's pleasant outing that I should be right glad to go all through again, even though it means aches, weariness and cold and lack of food. I return, however, to my calling in another land, nourishing an ever greater admiration of this wee spot in the western hemisphere, giving gladly to the public any knowledge I have gained, and throwing myself upon their indulgence in that time would not permit me to do much more.

### The Report of the Commander

The following notes were made by the commander as the party made their way around and through the island:

On **Wednesday, July 4<sup>th</sup>**, at 9 p.m., we left Victoria onboard the 'Danube' after bidding farewell to a small but enthusiastic band of friends. It was expected that we would reach Cape Commerell by Friday, where would be begun our overland journey.

**Thursday, July 5<sup>th</sup>** — With break of day we found ourselves alongside the wharves of Vancouver, where for hours we awaited the convenience and pleasure of an election officer, whilst to go ashore, as some wished to do, would have been at their own peril. By 9 a.m. we were off again, a fine run on a glorious day, the Gulf as still as a mill pond. Passing Texada Island,<sup>12</sup> of forbidding aspect, with Mt. Arrowsmith<sup>13</sup> on our left, ever snow-clad and beautiful in its ruggedness, we ran up Baynes Sound,<sup>14</sup> dotted on either side by homesteads and clearings, to heave to at Union,<sup>15</sup> where coal was added to our already heavy freight. By this further delay, night came upon us before we passed Cape Lazo,<sup>16</sup> greatly to our disappointment, as we had looked to see the Seymour Narrows<sup>17</sup> with full advantage. Some of us, however, prolonged the day and in the semi-darkness enjoyed the dash through the rushing whirl of waters. Considering that our duty was to make known the hidden secrets

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<sup>12</sup> Named in 1791 by [José María Narváez \(1768–1840\)](#), the commander of the small exploring vessel *Santa Saturnina*, after [Félix Ignacio de Tejada y Suárez de Lara \(ca. 1737–1817\)](#), a Spanish rear-admiral.

<sup>13</sup> Named by Captain Richards in 1853 after [Aaron Arrowsmith \(1750–1823\)](#) and his nephew, [John Arrowsmith \(1790–1873\)](#), noted English cartographers.

<sup>14</sup> Named by Captain Richards in 1859 after [Robert Lambert Baynes \(1796–1869\)](#), commander of the [Pacific Station](#) at Esquimalt from 1857 to 1860.

<sup>15</sup> [Cumberland, British Columbia](#)

<sup>16</sup> [Cape Lazo](#) was named *Punta de Lazo de la Vega* by José María Narváez in 1791.

<sup>17</sup> Named after [George Francis Seymour \(1787–1870\)](#), commander of the Pacific Station from 1844 to 1848.

of the island, it was interesting to recall the fact that at this same passage of the waters it was that Vancouver<sup>18</sup> first learned the land to the west of his stout ships was girt all around by sea, and made the fact patent to the Indian mind. Till then, the Northern Indians held that the narrows led up to the source of a river and rarely, if ever, attempted to pass through them. The Indians south of them, not knowing the straits, held that the only way to the sea was through the Narrows. Vancouver, like the bold man he was, promptly put his knowledge to the test and settled the question for all time to come.

**Friday, July 6<sup>th</sup>** — By 7 a.m. we were at Alert Bay, where are some very interesting totem poles and where a large cannery and successful sawmill are to be found. Around these parts we saw several clearings, the last to be seen for many weeks to come. We had hopes of securing from this place some Indians to assist in packing, as also to take a canoe ahead of us to meet us at the head of the West Arm,<sup>19</sup> but the fishing season doomed us to be left without such aid, from this point at least and at this time. Shushartie Bay was reached by noon, passing without stopping the two picturesque spots of Fort Rupert and Hardy Bay. We had heard much of Shushartie, but found the town not large, consisting as it does of about fifty square yards of clearing, on which stands McGary's<sup>20</sup> house and general store, together with one log building with the high-sounding title, painted on a board, of 'The Hotel of Gary'. Whilst dinner was preparing under the skillful hands of a kloochooman<sup>21</sup> (possessor of a perpetual smile), some of us strolled up the Shushartie River, which empties in two streams into the bay. This river rises in the Lakes of the Mountains close to Shushartie Saddle and is very far from being at unity with itself, for again and again in its short course it parts company, each streamlet following its own sweet will. We soon had a foretaste of what was coming as we pushed our way through luxuriant undergrowth. Returning, we were shown on an island across the Strait the large Hope Island Indian Rancherie,<sup>22</sup> nearby to which lies the wreck of a man-of-war, still to be seen at extra low tides after twenty years of resting beneath the waters that engulfed it. Adding some flour, rice and dried apples to our stores and taking on as additional member of our party, J.J. Skinner, chief cook as well as packer, who was found ready there and then to go, with outfit most modest — the clothes he stood in and a blanket — we hired McGary's large canoe and paddled the eight miles up the coast to our objective point, Cape Commerell. This we reached by 7 p.m., paddling over placid sea with but one large swirl of waters difficult of passage, and passing 'Old Woman' Rock, so-called because of its close resemblance to an ancient Siwashee.<sup>23</sup> We had learned that the Cape was the home in former times of a large tribe of Indians, reported at a thousand and even more, and certainly the site does them credit for their choice. A beautiful bay, full sheltered, with a long sweep of sandy beach facing the east, a peninsula at the end running boldly out, a large mound of earth and rock stands sentinel at its head, looking as if especially and with pains built for a fortress, and such the Indians evidently made of it. Upon the summit still stand the pallisades, bending outwards, made of still timber and of great weight each, that stood off their foes, and which succumbed only to the guns of the English man-of-war, which came up from the south to avenge a white man's death. It requires such a stiff climb and much pushing through the growth of weeds to reach the top. Though its former glory is departed, it is not left wholly deserted, for a miner, J. McCloy, has built a shanty beneath the shadow of the citadel and every winter men camp — where once Indians held high carnival and fought their battles — to wash and gather up the gold that lies hidden on the sandy shore. No one was there when we arrived, but soon we were camped down under shelter, opening the packs and regulating our household effects. As evening wore on, we saw what we were told to expect and found

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<sup>18</sup> [George Vancouver \(1757–1798\)](#)

<sup>19</sup> Holberg Inlet

<sup>20</sup> William McGary

<sup>21</sup> Chinook jargon for *woman, female*.

<sup>22</sup> A [rancherie](#) is a Indian residential area; the term is an adaptation of [ranchería](#), a Californian term for the residential area of a [rancho](#).

<sup>23</sup> [Siwash](#) is Chinook jargon for an Indian, derived from *sauvage*, the French word for *savage* or *wild*.

again and again traces of along the Western coast — the deer coming out of the timber and wandering along the beaches for frolic and lick of salt. The smoke of our campfire was too much for them, however, and they were gone before any of us had a chance to add fresh meat to our larder. Nearby the Cape, within a day's easy paddling, is Cache Creek,<sup>24</sup> where the Indians of Hope Island get many bear, and at Cape Scott<sup>25</sup> in the winter there are veritable multitudes of wild fowl of every kind.

**Saturday, July 7<sup>th</sup>**, opened with torrents of rain, a forerunner of what the weather was to be whilst in the northern end, but it did not keep us from giving closer study to the citadel nor dampen in the least our ardour to commence our homeward tramp. About noon we decided to move down to the Nahwitti River,<sup>26</sup> where, we had been told, a trail had been cut through the dense sal-lal<sup>27</sup> to the 'open' lands above the low coast range and which would set us forward on our line to the West Arm of Quatsino Sound.<sup>28</sup> It is not easy to see the river until one is almost on it, but walking along its banks as best we could, we found it a swift stream of fair size and not without fish, some of which — mountain trout — were caught for supper. Our camp was made close to the mouth, and around, plenty of sign of deer and bear were visible. From Skinner, who had been up to the source of the river, which is one of the 'Lakes of the Mountain', i.e., lakes about Shushartie Saddle, a landmark thereabouts, I learned that some four miles from the sea it passes through a canyon over 200 feet high of precipitous rocks and is all along difficult of ascent through numerous waterfalls.

**Sunday, July 8<sup>th</sup>** — With daybreak we were around camp making ready for a start. As to weather, it still continued wretched, but we considered this no cause for stopping and at 8 a.m. we tied our letter to the carrier post and watched with interest her action as soon as let free from the leader's hands. With the instinct of its kind, we saw the pigeon circle once, twice, over the mouth of the river and then fly straight off in the direction of Victoria. If it never reached its goal, we felt that it would have become the prey of more rapid hawk or eagle, both of which abound in the northern end of the Island. Buckling on our packs, which ran from 45 to 80 pounds, we took the trail, which at once led straight up a mountain, testing our wind and strength of limb. With the brush loaded with rain, we were soon drenched to the skin. We travelled for a few miles in a southwesterly direction, progress being slow with logs to climb and rests to take. Lunch was taken standing in a pouring rain on the edge of what was told us 'open' land and suitable for farming, but is really nothing more than muskeg. It runs for miles on the high ridges, with breaks of timber every now and then. At every step we sank deeply in and progress was little quicker than in the brush. Lunch over, we followed a southerly course till 5 p.m., when I made camp, thinking it wise to go easy at first, breaking ourselves in to the packing and clambering. It was a lovely spot down by one of the tributaries of the Nahwitti, clear of undergrowth and timber not too close. It took us all the evening to dry clothes and stuff, for the rain had been pitiless and had reached everything — save the matches, which were carefully ensconced in tin — despite the most careful packing and outer coverings. We were this day, and for several succeeding ones, in a part of the northern end that had been surveyed, a fact which rendered us much valuable assistance and greatly lessened our duty of exploration. Our course on this day was, starting on Sec. 20, we passed to Sec. 17, then intersected the line between 17 and 18 near quarter post, then down the line, blazed only, to the corner of Sections 5, 6, 7, and 8. On the outlook for game, we saw nothing, nor life of any sort. Our artist being unable to practise his varied accomplishments during the day,

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<sup>24</sup> Stranby River, named after a coastal village in Denmark.

<sup>25</sup> Cape Scott was named after [David Scott \(1746–1805\)](#), a Scottish merchant and director of the [East India Company](#), who had backed a fur trading voyage to the cape.

<sup>26</sup> Originally, the name Nahwitti was a native place name for Cape Sutil (formerly Cape Commerell) and the name of a Kwakiutl chief; however, by the mid-1800s, Nahwitti was used to describe the three tribes and their village.

<sup>27</sup> [Salal \(\*Gaultheria shallon\*\)](#)

<sup>28</sup> [Quatsino](#) is an adaption of the word *Koskimo*, the name of the tribe of Indians living there; on the Admiralty chart of 1849 it was named *Quatsinough Harbour*.

turned his fingers to some very fine needlework round the campfire. Buttons had given way, rents had been made, clothes needed tightening up generally and neither thread nor string was spared. At 9:30 p.m. I turned in, it still being light enough for me to write inside the tent, though we were in the timber. A straight course from the Cape to Quatsino Sound is sixteen miles; we made but two for all our travelling, having in the doing to cover slightly over four.

**Monday, July 9<sup>th</sup>** — Broke camp at 8 a.m., and till 5 p.m. travelled forward through the same ‘open’ country, almost mireing in the bogs from time to time. It rained with relentless perseverance all the day. Climbing all morning, by noon we gained, through a short and most opportune break in the clouds, a splendid view of the seashore we had left, with the Scott Islands in the far distance. We came across sign of both bear and deer, but not till we neared the end of our day did we see a living thing. Suddenly, across a gentle ravine to our left, we sighted two black bear, and eager already for fresh meat, every pack, which to the novice seemed to weigh before at least 200 lbs, was cast off from shoulders as if but feathers, and two of us made haste to head off bruin. But bruin would not ‘materialize’ despite careful and prolonged search along the valley. The location being a good one, we here made camp and soon had the fire going and supper taken, flavoured by good spirits. On what we termed ‘Skinner’s Meadows’ — owing to his glowing eulogy of the large tract of ‘open’ country, but which none other could enthuse over — there is scattered about an immense amount of jack pine and hemlock, with yellow cedar, but all of specially stunted growth. Our course was as follows: Travelling in a southwest course, we crossed Secs. 6 and 31, intersecting township line at corner to Secs. 25, 30, 31 and 36, thence south along section line to quarter post, between Secs. 13 and 18. We made six good miles with but slight detours, so were halfway to the Sound.

**Tuesday, July 10<sup>th</sup>** — With break of day, three of the party started off for a small lake seen the previous evening by one of us, and not far from camp. They were rewarded by shooting three geese. Lorient acted as retriever, performing his morning tub at the same time as bringing the game to land. Their advent home was hailed with delight. Breakfast over, we started afresh, traversing under less moist conditions the same swamp lands till lunch, after which we entered timber land, very wild and picturesque, with no heavy undergrowth. We shot a grouse on the way, so that our larder was full for the evening meal. Though we had neither morass nor sal-lal to contend with, yet rotten timber and steep climb, with streams to cross and waterfalls to get round or over on slippery logs, made the going somewhat hard for the ‘new’ hands, and we camped after making four miles, soon after 5 p.m., thoroughly tired out. We had cut down the 16 miles by 12, and had made detours of but 2 miles in doing so, owing to Magee’s cool and accurate workmanship. Travelling in a S.E. direction, we crossed Sec. 7, Township 33, also Sec. 6, thence south across Sec. 31. We had another beautiful spot into which we came with almost reckless speed, despite danger of broken limbs, and every now and then an unpremeditated toboggan slide, with a rocky surface to glide over, or thereby to come to utter grief.

**Wednesday, July 11<sup>th</sup>** — Bending our backs to our burden, which day by day was lessening, owing to that ever present disease of the woods, consumption (of food), we crossed by 7:30 a.m. the little stream which flowed hard by the tent door and at once started on a climb. This took us through great patches of that most unpleasant of all undergrowths, ‘devil’s club’,<sup>29</sup> with its multitudinous prickly and barbed points, eager ever to hook on and leave lasting impress. Then there were the rotten cedar logs to look out for, which ever and anon, when depended on for support, would crumble away and send man and pack into indescribable confusion and predicament. Gaining at last the mountain height, we kept it despite all obstacles till lunch and a little after, then abruptly came out of the timber to find ourselves upon the edge of a steep ravine. Beneath we saw a rapid stream of considerable width and

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<sup>29</sup> [Devil’s club \(Oplopanax horridus\)](#)



though to go down to it took us out of our course, I felt at once that we should make the descent to learn what this strange river meant and contained. We reached it on the slide, some members of the party thinking it wise to send their packs ahead of them, but so injurious was this to the packs and the comfort for the rest of the day for the packer that the frivolity was never again indulged in. Cooler heads were fortunately carrying the food and valuables. Descending to the bed of the river, we found it well worthy of the name. At the spot we first touched it there was a good gravel beach and our prospector at once got to work, but without results, as also along the banks and among the rocks sign of hidden wealth was sought for, but not found. We felt sure that it flowed out at the head of the Arm, but where it came from, we were at first not quite so clear about. We made a good attempt to follow the stream down to salt water, but it quickly entered a series of canyons, which drove us up again and caused us to re-enact the unhappy scenes and startling episodes of the morning. Slowly but surely, we reached the summit, anxious to get a view of what course the river took, whether it would be the quickest route or throw us too far west. But timber shut us out. This was but a passing difficulty, soon made to vanish, for Loriol, with sailor-like agility, swarmed a good-sized tree and reported from his lofty perch that two valleys lay before us, and that the one lying to the S.S.E., which did not contain the unknown river, was the best by which to reach the ‘chuck’.<sup>30</sup> We were eager to get through, but knowing well that it was impossible to finish before darkness set in, I thought it wiser to defer the event till tomorrow, and dropping down, in more senses than one, we made camp in a very limited amount of space, having covered five miles during the day, which meant that we were two miles nearer the Sound than in the morning. Practically, we were walking where no ‘lines’ had been run and, consequently, the surveyors had missed the river, for no river appeared upon the tracing we had been kindly supplied with of their work. We were agreeably disappointed at finding the hills not so terrible and impassable as we had been told when leaving Victoria. We passed through Sec. 32, Township 32, also Secs. 20 and 19, and camped in Sec. 24, Township 37. All through the day, we saw signs of deer and bear. There are large patches of ‘skunk cabbage’<sup>31</sup> in this country and the feed is fairly general. Elk were said by some on the east coast to be in this district, but no sign was come across. More probably they run between Cache Creek, Cape Scott and San Josef Bay.<sup>32</sup> We saw no timber of any great size, nor was the growth of fern very luxuriant. Very few flowers are to be met with between the Cape and the Sound. In marshy places, however, we found one specially plentiful and pretty, the size of a primrose, but purest white with sometimes black and sometimes yellow centre. There seemed to me to be an extraordinary lack of insect life. As to ‘Skinner’s Meadows’ and the possibility of turning them into grazing or general farming land, concerning which grave differences of opinion exist amongst those who have seen them, I would suggest that the government send an expert to report on them. Neither surveyors nor men like ourselves are always authorities on farming land, and if the meadows be really arable, then a very large tract is at the government’s disposal and settlers can be invited with perfect confidence. A way in will be somewhat difficult, especially from the northern coast of the West Arm, but if good land — and I should indeed be glad to hear an expert farmer say so — it would be well worth a great deal of expenditure to throw it open for settlement and so break up the desolateness of the northern end.

**Thursday, July 12<sup>th</sup>** — Here was the fifth day’s travelling and yet the Sound was not gained, though no effort was spared and we kept steadily at our work. This was the trip that, when in Victoria, we had been led to expect could be run over in a single day. “Only sixteen miles of ‘open’ country; even with good packs you can make it in a single day.” And if this, then what of the rest of the 250 miles, and we starting with the best of the summer going or gone? But one thing we had determined on: to

<sup>30</sup> [Chinook jargon](#) for sea or ocean; also salt chuck and skookumchuck.

<sup>31</sup> [Skunk cabbage \(\*Lysichiton americanus\*\)](#)

<sup>32</sup> Named by [Francisco de Eliza y Reventa \(1759–1825\)](#), commandant of the Spanish post at Friendly Cove, Nootka Island, during 1791–1792.



reach the West Arm this day. It was lovely in the woods, giving evidence at last of real warmth, and a roasting for us on the shore at the head. We were expecting a thicker undergrowth, which is almost universal when one gets near to water, but instead we found things getting easier, so pressed on, taking nature's hard knocks with equanimity, and stopping at the lunch hour for but half the time. One hour more and we struck the West Arm, coming out exactly at its head, the first stage of our journey being a thing accomplished. We camped at 2:30 p.m., having had to cover but three miles. The 16 miles from the Cape had taken us over 22 miles of country, and it was considered by us to be fortunate that the detouring was so slight. We came out of the timber at the very best spot that we could have, for at any other we would have either had to cross streams or clamber down steep hillsides. The river which we had seen the previous day came out, as we had thought, at the head of the Sound, making a tremendous sweep from where we touched it. The Admiralty charts give two streams entering the Arm. I found one to be this broad and rapid river, known to the Indians as the Wayhowaykah or Rapid Waters;<sup>33</sup> the other, which is but a creek, known as the Makee Mallesh. From the former's course, I should say with some degree of certainty that it must have its rise in Round Lake, shown on survey of northern end as being Township 25, and flows westerly through Townships 32 and 37, reaching the Sound by a journey first south, then east, then northeast. Our own course this day was all in a southeast direction, crossing Secs. 13, 7 and 8 of Township 37. We found it fairly 'roasting hot' outside for some time. The head of the Arm is a wide grassland cut up by the tide and the waters that come down from the mountains at the back. We selected a camp in a grove of trees close to the Wayhowaykah River, then began to search for lumber for a raft to take us down the Sound. For supper we had duck, shooting the birds from the river bank, and Lorient and Norgate acting as efficient retrievers. Perceiving that we had been skirting for the last day and a half a mountain range — the first touched as we made our way down to Victoria, those that skirt the sea coast by Capes Commerell and Scott being really nothing but hills — I named it the 'Premier' range, which is a pleasing title to bestow, both because it conveys a truth and at the same time a loyalty of the party to the reigning government in the person of its chief. But politics had soon to be eschewed, for I found so wide a divergence of opinion prevalent and so many nationalities represented that the political horizon became befogged, and we were fast becoming bankrupt by anticipation as we wagered our all for our country and our side.

**Friday, July 13<sup>th</sup>** — We searched in vain for a canoe which we thought it just possible that some Indian might have stowed away for some future use. We also kept a close look out for Siwashes, but none appeared. The day was exceedingly warm, but we turned out early and went to work building the first of our rafts, this one to bear us down to Coal Harbour,<sup>34</sup> where on the map a store was marked, and where we hoped to obtain a canoe. Had we been able as we thought to do, viz., send Indians from Alert Bay to meet us at the head of the Arm with canoes, we should have saved much time, but such arrangement could not be. The Indians at this season of the year all go to the canneries, none but the old ones and enfeebled are left behind, and though there are some thirteen villages or rancheries on the east and west coast, and adjacent islands from Cape Commerell down to the Seymour Narrows, which when all are at home contain some 1500 Indians, yet we found but a handful and most of those unwilling to work even if able. So a raft we built measuring 20 ft. by 8 ft., for to take six men and their outfit over waters of which we had no accurate knowledge demanded a commodious vessel. Not a nail nor rope was used. All the timber was dovetailed together. Not an instrument required in the building but an axe. Two large logs selected, cross pieces were let in and firmly wedged, then three more logs were set loosely between the firm outsiders and the transport ship was done. The rowlocks were two young trees with forks in them, which likewise was dovetailed and wedged at the sides. Whilst four were thus engaged all morning under a blazing sun, two others

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<sup>33</sup> Goodspeed River

<sup>34</sup> It was named Stephens Bay in 1927, but the original name of Coal Harbour was restored in 1947.

went hunting, but found no game. The artist, however, thirsting for slaughter and determined to bring meat to camp, laid his pencil aside toward sundown and going forth to conquer, attacked and slew an eagle with number 4 from a 20 bore gun. Its wings from tip to tip measured 7 ft. 3 in. Some were already hungry enough for fresh meat to consume it, fried, and pronounced it passable, but none save its victor enthused over the pottage, the American of the party indeed considering it a gross indignity to his country. The tide now coming in and the weather cooling, we crossed over on a tree thrown across from our little grove, now become an island, and set to work floating our ark and setting extra logs. We had found all along difficulty in getting proper timber, as the Indians had been ahead of us and taken or cut up the best. Loriot and Cartmel rode logs like old-timers, though before they were through they were standing up to their armpits in the water. The timbers secured and a flooring of loose wood laid without regard to pattern or stability, the commander started for camp ahead of the rest to rebuild the fire, the light now growing dim and the night air chilly.

Walking as he thought upon terra firma, he fell of a sudden into a water trap caused by the tide and went in not by halves, but wholly, completely, gun in one hand, firewood in the other. A long drawn “ough” vibrated o’er the hills around. The firewood was lost, but the gun was saved. Two others rowed the raft round from the seashore up the river for a while and moored her at the island, so keeping dry-shod, but all the rest fared a different fate. Their last difficulty was their worst. The fallen tree was now found floating; Cartmel rode it, but alas! when just halfway, it rolled over and he likewise took a bath. Wet and sorry, he reached land and seizing the end nearest to camp, held bravely on whilst the others crossed upon it, but none scatheless. The condition we all arrived in was deplorable and the air ‘blue’ for a time, but an extra supper and big fire soon made amends.

**Saturday, July 14<sup>th</sup>** — Finishing touches having been put to our ark, which, after its designer and builder, we named ‘Maggie Mac’, and the long sweeps made useful, but not things of beauty, we waited patiently for the turning of the tide. At noon we cast off the stern line, drew in the gang plank and, pushing off, soon reached the deep water. Here we found a good stiff breeze blowing fair, and this we shortly utilized to great advantage by rigging up the fly we had with us. When the wind dropped, we again took to the sweeps, two and two in half-hour turns, and made such excellent progress that by 7 p.m. we had run over 13 miles. We were very well pleased with the raft, which throughout behaved in exemplary manner. Coal Harbour was our objective point, but the tide turning, we were forced to make port opposite the ‘Five Sisters’ or ‘Straggling Islands’, making camp close to the water’s edge, but just inside the timber. Here we found a most lovely bower, the gem of all our sixty camping grounds — ferns growing luxuriantly, deep moss for a carpet, and silver beech throwing their arms, all interlaced, far and wide over our heads. The West Arm is worth a long journey to see. High mountains on either side, dense timber to the water’s edge, a creek running in through a valley here and there, small islands dotting the broad sheet of water, long stretches of sandy beach on the north side, and in the far distance to the south, ‘Twin Peaks’ and ‘Snowsaddle’ looming up, both tipped with snow. Between us and the east coast, nothing but mountains, but a much larger strip of country to the west, where lay the Ta-Nass valley, Koprino and Winter Harbour.<sup>35</sup> We passed no stream of any size worth throwing ourselves off our course to explore. We trolled as we came down, but caught nothing, nor were there any ducks to be seen save Siwash, which are uneatable by the white man. We paid a price for our bower, for the mosquitos kept us exceedingly busy, and escaping from them by leaving the timber for the beach, the sandflies gave us in full measure knowledge of their presence. Snipe were fairly numerous, but not approachable. Sign of deer and bear was seen, and of the latter, I have been told by an Indian that around the shores of the West Arm, they are entrapped in plenty.

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<sup>35</sup> [Winter Harbour](#) was also known as Queenstown and Leeson Harbour; the original name, Winter Harbour, was [restored in January 1947](#).

**Sunday, July 15<sup>th</sup>** — Despite all our care, the morning beheld our ark both high and dry, and we had a great task getting it back into the water. The tide threw us late in starting and until it was at the flood, we found it hard work pushing ahead. Then a breeze springing up in our favour, we hoisted our sail together with a second one in the shape of the artist's blanket and made fine way to Coal Harbour. The seas washed our decks again and again, and made things lively for us keeping our packs out of danger. About 5 p.m. we sighted, by the aid of the chart, the haven where we would be, though some of the crew were ready to wager heavily that the navigating lieutenant was wrong. The matter was soon settled, for turning a point of land into a long and pretty bay, we saw three shacks as signs of man's ownership and residence. We had hoped to see William Hunt,<sup>36</sup> who has charge of the place for the company interested in the coal which crops up so plentifully hereabouts, but he was at Fort Rupert, some eight miles off, where his sister runs the former Hudson's Bay store. So there was none to greet us, save the inevitable dog, whose viciousness was only pacified by food supplied him. The three buildings look as if they sadly needed repairs and a touch of paint; one has its roof half gone. The patch of ground nearby, where an attempt has been made at growing potatoes and other vegetables, is overrun with weeds both strong and high. The dwelling house was locked and barred, but through the windows could be seen arrangements for a number of men, good sleeping bunks and tables, and plenty of tin and crockery ware. One thing was clearly lacking, and that, a woman's hand. There were plenty of stores, though it is no longer kept up as a shop — tins of many kinds, smoked fish and venison, flour and rice. The third building held a boiler, iron wheelbarrows, and the many other articles needed for working coal beds. We visited one of the shafts where a boring of some 60 ft. had been made, but which was full to the brim with water. Nearby there lies an old and dilapidated scow, which spoke of great hopes not, for the present time at least, fulfilled. The harbour is surrounded with small timber; the hills thereabouts are but slight, but the game must be plentiful of the bear and mink order, by the number of 'dead-falls' and traps of many kinds set all about the place. Looking west and south, a magnificent view of snow-capped mountains is to be seen, 'Snowsaddle' and 'Cathedral Spires'<sup>37</sup> looming up far above all the rest. It was unfortunate that the caretaker was not in residence, for I had planned to secure fresh supplies at this point. We had been able to carry only what would bring us a little beyond the Sound and with what was left, we could not hope to reach Woss Lake, distant about fifty miles. Here were supplies, but a door barred between us and them. Some might have suggested breaking in and repaying at a later time, but it is risky work to do so even amongst one's friends, without grave provocation, and the half-breeds and Indians in the district might have heard of it in an ugly mood and given the whole party much and serious trouble. I further realized that more packers were required, both because of there being so little chance of procuring game, with men crashing through the undergrowth as crash and fight men must, and also, with but three months and the winter ahead of us, we had no time for slow progress.

**Monday, July 16<sup>th</sup>** — After careful consideration of the situation, I decided to divide the party. I, Magee and Skinner making for Quatsino Narrows on our raft to where some five miles from our present harbour another store was marked upon our map, there to get supplies sufficient to carry us three through to Woss Lake, and those supplies would mean all we could carry with an unknown land ahead of us; the rest going over a trail supposed to have been cut from Coal Harbour to Fort Rupert, thence down to Alert Bay, procure sufficient supplies to last to Alberni, and perhaps to home, and also hire packers; the whole party to then go up the Kla-anch<sup>38</sup> and through Nimpkish Lake to the head of Woss Lake, there to await my coming, which I thought would be certainly by August 1<sup>st</sup> and might be earlier. This would allow me time to reach Alberni before the season was too late. But I had many things to learn yet about the Island, as will be seen. We knew of the old trail that starts to Fort

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<sup>36</sup> Possibly a brother of [George Hunt \(1854–1933\)](#).

<sup>37</sup> Possibly Mount Wolfenden

<sup>38</sup> Nimpkish River

Rupert from near the head of Rupert Arm, <sup>39</sup> about five miles off, which is constantly used by the Indians, who by it cross from the Sound and the west coast to their brethren on the east shores of the Island, but the three men chose what we all thought the nearer route and started off about midday, carrying only a small quantity of food, thinking to make the Fort in a single day, and leaving the tent with us. Lorient was given command and full instructions of their movements, Norgate to photograph what would prove far more likely beautiful scenery and matter than what we should meet with going through what we saw ahead of us, range on range of mountains, covered with snow or densest timber.

I append here an account of their journey to Woss Lake, written out from notes kept by one of their party. Bidding them farewell, we three waited for the tide and then set out once more on the main to meet with events, which shall follow in due course.

### Mr Pierre de Lorient's Lieutenancy

**Monday, July 16<sup>th</sup>** — Leaving Coal Harbour about noon, we three — Cartmel, Norgate and Lorient — soon struck the trail, heading off in a N.E. direction, that we had heard of as going through to Fort Rupert. The whole countryside seemed covered with dense undergrowth, sal-lal, huckle and salmon-berry <sup>40</sup> brush. The cut pathway unfortunately very soon came to an end, never having been finished, a portion from each end having been cut, and then the work for some reason, either want of funds or Coal Harbour not answering expectations, being abandoned. We had, therefore, to depend upon the compass and hope for the best as to what sort of travelling we should meet. Numerous creeks had to be crossed, and we camped in an open patch some quarter mile long, where mosquitos kept us awake all night, the tent being left with Mr. Bolton. Several very beautiful orchids were seen on the way.

**Tuesday, July 17<sup>th</sup>** — In disgust we broke camp very early and moved forward still in a N.E. direction, over meadow land netted with little streams, thickly covered with marsh grass and jack pine. We then entered timber land, where are some very large cedars. After a steady walk all day, we made camp near survey mile post 31–32–5–7, having picked up a little while previously the quarter mile post.

**Wednesday, July 18<sup>th</sup>** — At breakfast we finished what little bacon and flour we had, and now had no prospect, unless the gun was successful, of better fare than the soup we had with us and some cocoa. We followed the survey line for some distance, then took again our proper course, hoping to reach Fort Rupert the more quickly. This, however, led us into thick undergrowth and some heavy and slow climbing. Then we struck some patches of meadow land, until we reached really open land, in the centre a small lake. Tracks of deer were seen. Sometime after, we saw what appeared to be a light ahead and pressed eagerly forward thinking it to be the sea, but soon came to what was but a large swamp, into which we sank up to our knees, and one of us got in so deep that the other two had to haul him out. Tired out and hungry, we turned into the timber at last, lighted a large fire and, burning the ground around, lay down to rest and, if possible, keep warm.

**Thursday, July 19<sup>th</sup>** — Fort Rupert began to seem a myth. Having struck a stream the previous evening, we followed it until it led off to the south, when we had to turn into the bush and fight our way through sal-lal seven feet high. Again the marsh lands, which, with heavy packs and light food, were hard to get over. Ready to eat anything, we shot a heron at long range, which stuck in a tree, which after much trouble was secured, plucked, cooked and eaten on the spot. This same bird proved our turning point, for to secure it we had to leave our course and one of us going a little further than

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<sup>39</sup> Rupert Inlet

<sup>40</sup> [Salmonberry \(\*Rubus spectabilis\*\)](#)

where the bird fell, came across the well-beaten trail from the head of Rupert Arm to the Fort. Pressing ahead now, as we were desirous not to be benighted again, we covered about four miles when we saw ahead of us Fort Rupert. On our arrival, we were hospitably received by the Indians, half-breeds and two white men who happened to be there from Haddington Island. We were housed within the Fort itself and showed our entertainers what consumption of food meant. The place is very picturesque and retains its old appearance, the houses built of logs and the old palisades still standing.

**Friday, July 20<sup>th</sup>** — We spent the day around the Fort seeing the sights, arranging the meantime our transport to Alert Bay. Norgate secured sketches and photos. There are interesting totem poles before some of the Indian dwellings. The Siwashes were greatly interested by the kodak.<sup>41</sup> The Hunts,<sup>42</sup> who own and conduct the store, dressed up in full war costume and showed us the skins they had secured from trading. The Indians are still very primitive there, going without much clothing and following their old customs. The women's heads are especially hideous, being pressed out of shape whilst young. The trees about the Fort have boards nailed to them on which are cut names of their deceased chiefs. The two men whom we found on our arrival, Rudge and Maloney, we engaged for the trip to Victoria and to take us to Alert Bay in their boat.

**Saturday, July 21<sup>st</sup>** — Starting for Alert Bay, we soon found the boat leaking abominably, but made Haddington Island, where we put the two men ashore — they to follow after us — whilst we continued our journey. The wind being favourable, we enjoyed a pleasant sail. Arriving, we took us our abode in a cabin we hired, and purchased provisions to last during our stay.

**Sunday, July 22<sup>nd</sup>** — We engaged two more packers, J. McCartney and H. Huston, and with an old trader and provisioner, calculated what supplies would be required to carry the whole party through. There is much interest at Alert Bay, the totems and graves being well worth close inspection.

**Monday, July 23<sup>rd</sup>** — From the storekeeper, Mr. Spencer,<sup>43</sup> a large canoe was obtained, and from an Indian we purchased a smaller one. Then putting in supplies, we crossed over from Alert Bay to the mouth of the Nimpkish River, to where Hammond's<sup>44</sup> ranch lies, whom with his brother-in-law, Mathers, were engaged as experts at poling, to take us up to Woss lake. We camped at the ranch for the night. The river is broad at all times, there being an immense drainage of lakes down it, and at the wet seasons it is a raging torrent almost impossible to make headway against.

**Tuesday, July 24<sup>th</sup>** — Three men in the small canoe, six in the large, we started the ascent and from the very first had rapids to ascend, which meant jumping overboard and pushing and guiding the boats. Sometimes ropes had to be used. For amateurs, it is extremely difficult to keep one's footing on the rocks with the water rushing so fast against you. The longest rapid we ascended was a quarter of a mile long. We camped at the entrance to Nimpkish Lake, which lies almost due north and east. The river is about six miles long and abounds in salmon and trout.

**Wednesday July 25<sup>th</sup>** — We paddled up the lake all day, camping at the head, ready on the morrow to ascend the Kla-anch River. The lake is about sixteen miles long, certainly not more, and three miles broad, appearing much narrower than on our chart. In places it is said to be 80 fathoms deep. It has on the side furthest from salt water, tall mountains, some of which are snow-capped. 'Castle

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<sup>41</sup> That is, the camera.

<sup>42</sup> [George Hunt \(1854–1933\)](#)

<sup>43</sup> Stephen A. Spencer and Annie Spencer of the Alert Bay Canning Company. See [C.J. Williams, Framing the West: Race, Gender and the Photographic Frontier in the Pacific Northwest \(Oxford University Press, 2003\)](#).

<sup>44</sup> John Latimer Hammond (1866–1941) married Mary Mathers (1873–1945); she had two brothers, John Mathers (1875–1949) and William Mathers (1879–1898).



Mountain’<sup>45</sup> was first passed, lofty and thickly covered with snow and, when we saw it, enveloped about its peaks with clouds. On the other side are low hills with slightly higher range, the Hankin,<sup>46</sup> behind. Excitement raged high as a black bear was sighted on the bank, but the guns were not handy and it escaped with its life. We lunched on one of the islands that stand about halfway up the lake. The Kla-anch has a custom of moving its course, sometimes emptying in at one point, sometimes at another. The new mouth was to be found about half a mile from the one Hammond knew.

**Thursday, July 26<sup>th</sup>** — We made five miles up the river, the bed of which is different from the Nimpkish, it being pebbly whilst the latter is sharp rock. We found also much less water. The rapids, however, are very swift and the canyons dangerous. We came upon the beautiful marble that we had heard of as lining the shores. It is of varied colour, mixed up with a red and white granite. We rowed and towed; we paddled and we waded, and were not sorry when camp time came.

**Friday, July 27<sup>th</sup>** — Much the same as the day previous. We passed the Gorge, which is a narrow pass with very deep water and a stream running at 20 miles an hour. It requires both nerve and skill to get through. Here boats were unloaded and packed for a quarter mile, then each boat was hauled through by all hands on a tow line, save one to keep it steady in the canoe.

**Saturday, July 28<sup>th</sup>** — Not long after starting, the smaller canoe stuck on a rock and split, quickly filling and making it lively work to get the supplies to shore. Some were afloat, for a 6 ft. rent leaves a canoe in bad shape for rushing waters. Six ribs of yellow cedar were put in, having to be shaped by fire and carefully nailed. Rags filed the cracks. Our fine weather departed at the time of the accident and rain came down in torrents. We soon made camp and rested over Sunday.

**Monday, July 30<sup>th</sup>** — The river narrowed considerably. The rapids, though silent, were very swift. We came across walls of grey clay of excellent quality. The timber was taken up and surveyed into limits. Towards evening we sighted the ‘Forks’, where the Woss River and the Kla-anch meet, and making for it past one stiff and deep rapid, where the tow line had to be used, camped for the night. The member of the party who wears eyeglasses had the misfortune to lose his best pair in the midst of a sharp struggle for supremacy with a long and shallow rapid.

**Tuesday, July 31<sup>st</sup>** — Up Woss River. This was the hardest work, perhaps, of the whole journey, as it appeared to be but one continual rapid. Out of the five miles to the lake, we could not have poled, much less used the paddles, for one mile. The bed is rocky, sharp-edged and piled up, making it difficult for footing. Only one bad timber jamb was found. This was a double-trunked tree, but by a little axe work and the removal of the figurehead of the large canoe, we were able to creep under and advance. We arrived at the entrance to the lake in time to make camp. We had been more or less in the water for six days.

**Wednesday, August 1<sup>st</sup>** — This was the day set by the commander for the two parties to meet, but we did not expect to find the others upon our arrival. We paddled up the lake, which is very beautiful, till by noon we reached the head, which is hook-shaped, making a good place for a camp, sheltered as it is by the grand Rugged Mountain, nearby our camp a glacial stream running into the lake of milky-looking water, intensely cold. We raised our tents and prepared to wait for the commander.

**Thursday, August 2<sup>nd</sup>** — Hammond, Mathers and one of the Packers, Huston, started back to Alert Bay to bring the rest of the supplies up. A deer was shot by one of our party.

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<sup>45</sup> Mount Karmutzen, the highest mountain on the west side of Nimpkish Lake.

<sup>46</sup> Named after [Phillip James Hankin \(b. 1836\)](#).



**Friday, August 3<sup>rd</sup> to Friday, August 10<sup>th</sup>** — Spent the time as best we could, climbing, hunting and sketching, the weather breaking towards the end and heavy rain setting in. During the afternoon of the 10<sup>th</sup>, the commander arrived.

### **The Report of the Commander (continued)**

**Monday, July 16<sup>th</sup>** — With my party now reduced temporarily to three, I waited for the tide and then, going aboard of our good raft, bade farewell to Coal Harbour and its solitary inhabitant, and made our way across the Arm to the Narrows, which lie exactly opposite to Hankin Point, from which spur of land the two Arms, the West and Rupert, run their various courses. Had we not got the Admiralty chart, we should have found great difficulty in making out just where the Narrows lay. Not until we were very near could we detect the break in the land through which the waters rush to the sea. We made good headway until nearing the opening, when we found currents running every way, the waters from both arms being altogether of too great volumes to get through in seemly order, surging back and causing currents that made headway with a raft extremely hard work. The men at the ‘sweeps’ were, however, equal to the emergency. Though for some time we did nothing better than stand still, at last we forged ahead by creeping along the shore. Finally we caught the proper current, which swept us round a bend and into the mouth of the Narrows, when we at once set up our sail, a blanket, and fairly flew through. The pass itself is very picturesque and we saw it to great advantage owing to fine weather. The narrow lane with its rushing waters takes a sharp turn to the west about half the distance, which caused the steersman some anxiety, owing to the ark being somewhat slow in its movements and the rudder being but a whittled tree. I should judge that the distance is well under a mile; low timber is on either side, whilst a deeply timbered mountain stands a little back on the south side like a sentinel keeping guard over the pass. At the east side there was evidently at some time a rancherie, for still the spot is green and levelled off, the spot selected being an admirable one, somewhat raised and commanding the approach on every side. At the west end a fair-sized island, Quatsino Isle,<sup>47</sup> blocks the way, forcing the waters into two channels, and beyond, a much larger island, Hecate or Limestone,<sup>48</sup> covered with heavy timber opposite to the southeast arm.<sup>49</sup> Quatsino Isle was not noticed on the map we had. As we neared the site where we had been told a store stood, we kept close watch, but to no purpose. No store was there, nor had there ever been. It was a rancherie, the winter dwelling of the Koskeemo<sup>50</sup> Indians that we saw. It lies in a cove at the west entrance, and from the very large number of houses, there must be a fairly large band that congregate there when the fishing is done and ‘potlatches’ are in order. We saw no one about, but of course there was the usual Siwash dog. By the look of those poor creatures, it would that they must have a pretty hard time looking after their own and their masters’ interests. An occasional mink or squirrel would be their food. But perhaps they are fishermen as well and do not despise the tasteful clam. We could see no canoe, but death must have been very active during the last season for there were many graves, readily seen by the flags and blankets stuck on poles that stand by the resting place of the departed. Here, too, are totem poles. We were greatly disappointed at finding the second store but a myth, for now there was nothing for it but to run down twelve good miles to Koprino Harbour, where on the map a store was marked as existent and of which we felt pretty well certain. With a canoe this would have been but a small matter, but it meant days of delay with a raft and the tides to be considered. We should have turned into the southeast arm without going out of our course had there been any chance at finding food at the rancheries as we went up, but this was so clearly

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<sup>47</sup> Quatsino Island

<sup>48</sup> [Drake Island](#)

<sup>49</sup> Neroutsos Inlet

<sup>50</sup> Koskimo

imaginary and we had so little with us that we felt Koprino Harbour it must be. The tide now failing us, we were forced to camp within a half a mile of the Narrows. We had not sufficient time allowed us to find a stream or pleasant resting place, but fortunately we had brought a tin of water with us and this we made use of to cook both our supper and breakfast with, at the same time. Then arranging our couch on an incline, with a good drop for the unaccommodating hip bone, we soon rolled up in our blankets and slept as tired parties should.

**Tuesday, July 17<sup>th</sup>** — Crossing in a morning's stroll a low promontory to our left, we saw the S.E. arm stretching far away, but there was nothing for it but to turn our faces another way, so with slackness of the tide we pulled out and down the Sound past Hecate Island, then past a lonely shack, evidently a resort for fishing parties when driven by stress of weather. Then a good breeze springing up off the land, we ran up a large sail and ran down some miles to an island, Brockton, not marked on our map. Here the wind left us and we had to take to the sweeps, another pull of two hours just across from the haven where we would be, but, unfortunately, the tide would not permit us to arrive at. This was another excellent run for a raft, for we covered a full twelve miles. It took us nine hours, and altogether we enjoyed it so much that we did not attack our small larder from early morn till our day's work was over. Existence on a raft has the sound of romance about it, but in reality, it is extremely practical. To shove it along with heavy sweeps is no joke, and to keep one's legs from becoming paralyzed and yet out of the water requires the most constant attention. A floor that rolls about, and an uncertainty as to which log will hold you, and which will not, increases the difficulty of a promenade till it is safest to remain cramped and stiff. Quatsino Sound is well worth a summer's visit to see, low hills near the water, backed by higher ones with snow-capped crests lying further back. Innumerable inlets shoot off on every side, and the highway is not easy to make out, so twisting and curving runs the main sea. Our day nearing an end by reason of the tide, about 7 p.m. we sighted a clam beach ahead and making for it, pitched our tent close to its edge, exactly opposite to the 'Small Islands'.<sup>51</sup> By reason of the clam bed, together with the crows and ravens which flitted about, we felt we must be near Indians and a canoe, so decided to be up and about early to keep watch on the preserve.

**Wednesday, July 18<sup>th</sup>** — Sure enough, our theory was correct. Up and out of our tent by 4:30 a.m., we saw the tide out and two Siwashes, or rather a Siwash and a kloochman, diligently digging for clams. We were not slow in making their acquaintance, though neither of them could speak Chinook, nor did we long hesitate to follow their example and dig mightily for the toothsome mussel. But our efforts paled into nothingness beside the progress of the woman. She seemed to see right through the sand, and with a shell in her left hand and an iron rod in her right hand, she had the clam up in a trice. We had but stick, but still were rewarded with an excellent breakfast — clams roasted, boiled and raw. When food is very low and supplies are felt to be fairly high, I suggest clams as a pleasant food for travellers along a coastline, but as a rule, they need a 'follower' and this we did not have, save plenty of salmon-berries, which grew up a little stream that empties close to the clam's home. Magee endeavoured to get the Indians to cross over to Koprino Harbour with him, but they put us off, first by saying that they must use the tide for getting clams, then that they must bake them at a little camp they had not far away, then that the tide was too strong for them. So with the tide scarcely in our favour, we floated out raft once more and boarding her, dispensed with our new found but not over-obliging friends. We had learned from them the certainty of a store and the position of the harbour and that 'Ned'<sup>52</sup> was at home. We ran up our sail, Skinner's beautiful white blanket, and an hour's run brought us within sight of the settlement, a fair-sized harbour with a large and a smaller island in

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<sup>51</sup> Possibly Koskimo Island.

<sup>52</sup> [Edward 'Old Ned' Frigon \(d. ca. 1917\)](#)

it. On the larger, Plumper,<sup>53</sup> stands the store and house and workshop of Ned Frigon, together with some Indians dwelling-places. The smaller was the former citadel, as at Cape Commerell, but now all covered with shrub, a flag-post rising high in the centre. Today a potato patch is to be seen on the banks of the fortress that, before the days of guns and powder, was probably impregnable and could tell still deeds done on it, both great and stirring. The rancherie proper is on the main island and almost directly facing the entrance to the harbour and behind the citadel. Our arrival brought the inhabitants down to greet us, two white men amongst them, both French-Canadians, Ned Frigon being the owner of the store, fur trader, general dealer, packer of salmon bellies and a cooper to boot. For some time before we had touched land, we had been an object of great interest to the residents, opinions being divided as to whether we were a log or a sealing schooner loaded down, and when human beings were seen aboard of the floating log, whatever could bring three men in such a rig? We were received most cordially and all hospitality offered to us. The Indians with their usual curiosity scanned our ark and our possessions and their jabbering was continued for hours. Though taken unawares and after his midday meal, Frigon was equal to the occasion and soon had his table loaded with food for our refreshment. We would not listen to his apologies for plain fare and must have astonished our good host by the width and length of our appetites. Never did bread taste more delightful, nor potatoes nor beans more sumptuous. A pipe discussed, we set out to look around the isle and found that the Indians, after their fashion, had left the reserve across the way and made their home near the white man and his store. He had fought against it as long as he could, but first one then another came and begged the right to build, till all were soon settled down about him. There are not more than thirty Indians at Koprino, the Koskeemo reserve<sup>54</sup> being a large one, probably containing all told some 150. We made the acquaintance of three women — gorgeously painted, but one dying of consumption, with Frigon acting as medical adviser — a few children and four old men, the latter utterly regardless of decency in the matter of clothing, but all seemingly utterly oblivious of the fact. The rest were far off, as everywhere else, to fish at Rivers Inlet. Frigon's stores are replete with delicacies to the Indian mind and travellers such as we. It did not take long to take in our supplies — bacon, flour, beans and rice — all that we three could carry, and just sufficient to carry us through to Woss Lake, allowing for a day or two's delay. We would have taken more had we been able to pack it; as it was, we loaded ourselves down to the fullest extent and trusted to the map and chart being correct as to location and distance, whither we aimed at. Then began the delicate handling for the hire of a canoe to take us up the Sound and so to the head of the S.E. arm. It is always a question of who, the white man or the Siwash, is the best at 'beating down' and neither side ever commences at the price he is prepared to pay, but Frigon came to our side and sent to their shacks for a pow-wow as to what they would do for the strange white men. We had our ark hauled up nearby and gave them to understand that if they did not come to terms, they would lose a job and we would sail away on our good 'Maggie' once more, though none of us at all relished 28 miles more of rafting work. The afternoon and evening we put in resting and learning many interesting things about the place and its surroundings. The main body of the Quatsino Sound Indians have their home at the Narrows, all the other rancheries being but fishing resorts. The band is dying out very fast, consumption playing the same havoc among them as it does everywhere with the Indian where he comes in contact with the white man's food and mode of living. Nothing will keep the young women from paying long visits to Victoria, some to never return, all to be dissatisfied with the surroundings of the rancherie in the North. The only places where Indians can usually be found on the Sound are Queenstown,<sup>55</sup> at the mouth, Koskeemo, at the entrance to the Maad River,<sup>56</sup> Koprino, and Quatsino in the winter. There is a small store at Queenstown, but none else in the Sound, save at Koprino. The latter place is about

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<sup>53</sup> Schloss Island in Koprino Harbour. See [HMS Plumper](#).

<sup>54</sup> Mah-te-nicht Indian Reserve

<sup>55</sup> Winter Harbour

<sup>56</sup> Mahatta River; the name is derived from a Kwakwaka word *melade* meaning *having sockeye salmon*.

five miles distant from Koskeemo and they lie on opposite sides of the Sound. The Ta-Naas or Cedar Park River <sup>57</sup> empties into the harbour, rising near Premier Mountain and running through lowland, where elk are shot in the fall by the Indians. Along the valley of the Maad River, which empties out near Koskeemo, elk are to be found, as some Victorians know from personal experience, and taking Koprino as a centre, there are geese and duck in winter, and at all times, bear, land otter, beaver, racoon, mink and marten, with occasional deer. One Siwash alone brought in, last season, twenty large bear skins. About the middle of August, the salmon commence to run up the streams and they are of a large size in these parts. For three salmon caught the day of our arrival, the sum of 25 cents was paid and the Indian was pleased. As a stamping ground for sportsmen, this seems most excellent, and if it be somewhat difficult to reach Koprino on the west side, there is no great difficulty in going to Fort Rupert, thence following a good trail to the Arm and there taking canoe down through the Narrow's to Frigon's place. I should have much liked to go further down the Sound and see the Island's future Liverpool, but time was pressing and we had an unknown land ahead of us. We learned that Queenstown has town lots for sale, though at present a lone white man <sup>58</sup> holds empire over the place. It is known by those in authority to possess an excellent harbour and being nearer to Japan and China than any other spot on the Pacific coast; it is not unlikely, once a railway touches it, to become an important place. A day full of interest drawing to a close, the question arose where we were to sleep. We had the choice of a store built over the water, with cracks ominous of cold and draught, our tent reared hard by the Indian shacks, redolent of smell, and the use of Frigon's one-roomed abode. Nothing would but that I must sleep in what looked like a huge box nailed on the wall some three feet from the ground, with a hole to get in at. A tempting feather bed overcame all objections that rose to mind, if not to the lips, and with Frigon in another box on the opposite wall, his associate on a pile of biscuit cases, and my two men on the floor, lights were soon out, and we in the land of dreams.

**Thursday, July 19<sup>th</sup>** — An attempt to make the run of 28 miles to the head of the S.E. arm, and a failure was our record of this day. But the failure was through no fault of ours. After the pow-wow of the previous evening, we were deemed by the morning to be proper persons to be taken at the price we offered, and perhaps this conclusion was arrived at quicker by the arrival of a Siwash and his klooch who were going most of the way after cedar bark and who much desired both our company and our coin. As a fact, they would have been better parties, but we could not break faith with the original party, so told them to hurry up and get us on the way. Then came out the Indian nature — the canoe was stranded; the tide was not just right; food had to be got ready; there was all day before them. A long hour was spent waiting for the crew. At length, we ourselves took the canoe to water, the captain of the craft coolly giving us orders to heave her along. Packed into a small canoe were we three, our supplies and bundles; a Siwash, his ancient helpmate doubled up so much (after their fashion of handling themselves from childhood) that when she squatted down, she could not be seen over the side of the canoe; their daughter Nannie, who lays claim to be the Queen of Quatsino Sound (not beautiful by nature and this day made more horrible by being highly daubed with intensest vermilion), her little girl likewise bedizened <sup>59</sup> and such an outfit as put ours to the blush. It would appear that they were going away for a year — pillows and blankets, sleeping mats, pots galore, fish and bannock, pots filled with what we knew not and feared to ask, and a huge pail of water. Bidding farewell to our worthy host, and taking a last fond look at our solid ark, the 'Maggie', which was already being taken possession of by the Indians for firewood, we set out for the main and found a stiffish breeze in our favour and running with the tide. We flew along for full seven miles, the little craft shipping seas, the captain, unmindful of his obligation for himself and family to do the work,

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<sup>57</sup> Koprino River

<sup>58</sup> Jobe L. Lesson (d. 1915) arrived in 1894, with his wife Anna and son Ben, and ran the salmon and clam cannery located on the opposite shore.

<sup>59</sup> Dressed or adorned in a showy or gaudy manner

giving us orders ever and anon to bail her out. Then alas! the wind dropped and paddles had to be taken out. We had thought we were to be passengers, but soon found differently. The old woman never so much as touched a paddle; the child occasionally toyed with one; the old man lay back and steered; and Nannie, Queen of Quatsino, was the only one who paddled at all seriously. But even she was from being a worker, for after a few strokes, she would ease off to play with the youngster, add a little paint, eat a little and talk a great deal. Then came another difficulty; the captain would steer us up to the Narrows, whilst we wanted to go up the S.E. arm. He got into high dudgeon when we insisted on going our way and dug our paddles in to keep our head in that direction despite him. We made for the pass by Hecate Island, then a stiff breeze sprang up, but it was a dead head wind and finding paddling hard, the Captain and Nannie the Queen suggested as it would pass away soon, we might put into a cove of Hecate and take lunch. To please them, we did so, and landing, lit our fire, expecting to see them do the same, but the Queen was not at all bashful and as if her right, put her kettle on almost to the total destruction of ours. They squatted on the hot beach; we sought a shady nook. Lunch over, the captain looked exceedingly wise and suggested that as the wind was still strong, we had better run before it back to Koprino, to leave for another day the going further. This move was no good and, with a scowl — and such an one as showed the savage in him — we all again set out. Politeness fails to charm with some. With the utmost courtesy, we had helped the women out and in, and lifted their baggage for them to the beach, but all we got was peals of laughter and a jabbering that monkeys could not beat. The tide by this time was strong against us and after rounding Pender Point, on entering the Arm, the wind was so strong that even we, the crew, agreed to put into another cove <sup>60</sup> after a hard paddle of some five miles. Anchoring in still waters, Nannie informed us that the captain said that there we must wait till the slackness of the tide and the falling of the wind. Hour after hour we waited, till our patience was worn threadbare. The captain, after going ashore to tear off some cedar bark for his dutiful spouse to keep busy with, rolled up his blanket and went to sleep, the little girl the same. The old woman was really and, for the only time, interesting, as she wove her rope. She worked at the bark with teeth and hands, for former acting as both knife and scissors. Deftly she wove the three strands until, in wonderfully quick time, she had made ten yards of strong and beautiful looking rope. Then she awoke her lord, who set to work tightening it all, yard by yard, between his teeth and toes and hauling at it with all his strength. Nannie was loquacious, then opening her treasure box, she produced two musical instruments, which she could not play, but made hideous noises with, then attacked her vermilion box for more paint — a little of which she graciously bestowed upon Skinner's nose as a mark of special favour — then spent a long half hour in looking at her own charming face in a small hand looking-glass. Quiet for a while, I turned to see what she was at, lest she might be sorting our packs, when I beheld her capping the climax as she coolly pared her beautiful toes with Skinner's elegant hunting knife. We were all struck dumb, but fearing the consequences of impeaching a queen, we grinned and bore it. The only excitement was when a mink appeared on the bank. Then all the 'cargo' were at once awake, and I was begged to shoot, which I did not do. The old woman, long after the animal disappeared, making a peculiar sound through her fingers to attract it back, failed to induce a second visit. A little later — we had waited on their pleasure for five hours by now, and deep timber with steep mountains ran down to the water's edge, preventing all chance of spending the time in a more useful way than sitting in the boat — the bushes nearby moved. Nannie said a deer was near; the canoe was loosened from its moorings and we dropped down to the spot. I saw the old man smile at Nannie's eager look; the bushes waved and bent and broke; up went the rifle; forward went every head save one; and out on the beach skipped a couple of lively squirrels. This had given us our chance, and determined not to let the canoe go back to repose without attempting something in the way of progress, we began to move out of the cove into the Arm's broad waters, the cargo loudly protesting and insisting that if any move were made, it should be to run before the wind and sea back to Koprino. Slowly we three moved her out, the captain forced

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<sup>60</sup> Smith Cove, on the west side of Pender Point.

to steer, but turning out of the sheltered nook, we saw ahead of us dark forbidding clouds of wind and mist, and the whole aspect of affairs was dead against us. The captain smiled, and when we said that though we would have none of Koprino, yet we would go back to the cove's anchorage, he actually laughed. We told them that both they and we would camp for the night there. Then he looked exceedingly mad. It was now 8 p.m. We went ashore to light a fire and cook supper; they sat in the canoe and ate theirs without ceremony. Our packs were in the canoe and my rifle was close at hand, if they dared to put off when we were not aboard. Nothing daunted by their non-appreciation of our politeness, we made our soup and took a pot thereof with a spoon down to the dusky ones. Nannie, though a queen, chuckled and fell to; the older couple went slow at first, but very shortly the old man took the lot and we beheld with sorrow our one and only gravy spoon ladling the soup into his capacious mouth. Supper ended, we were just going to put up our tent when they — seeing that their efforts to get back home were useless — complained that the rocks of low tide would be too much for the canoe and there was no place for them to sleep. It was said that there was a good shelter not far off in the proper direction and that they were willing to make a dash for it. So in we got and our possessions. It was after 9 p.m. and dark and blowing hard with an angry sea when we turned our faces once more to the goal. For an hour and a half we forced our way ahead, Nannie now really working, Magee and Skinner toiling like beavers, I in the bow, drenched to the skin as I scooped out the water with a wooden ladle. Looking down the canoe in the dying of the day, the old captain made a striking picture. His atrocious hat was put away, leaving his long black hair to flow and float away behind his dusky features. He sat in the stern with his face set and hard, whilst his eyes had a peculiar gleam in them, both alert and defiant. Onward we sped, close to the rock-bound shore, no beaches, but the trees towering up from the water's edge, the waves rushing against us, and our little cockle-shell breasting them in knife-like shape. Ever and again some waves larger than the rest would sweep down on us, and empty itself over cargo and crew, but not a soul would stir. Their haven of rest was a myth. Site after site was jabbered of, but absolutely out of the question when arrived at. Again and again we sped along, making for some dark headland round which would surely be found, but only to meet with disappointment. Till near 11 p.m. we fought the elements and then came to a sandy beach out of the wind, where we right gladly hove to, weary, wet and disappointed. Again we helped the women out, the captain thinking other things more necessary, then lit our fire three yards from the water. We wondered why the old fellow gathered sticks but struck no light, but found out his long-headedness in short order, for no sooner was our fire a-going than he coolly took out our six best glowing sticks and with them set his own aglow. They told us that they would go ahead with sunrise or maybe wait till 8 a.m. for the proper tide, and soon they were jabbering again and eating, which lasted I know not how long, for we fell asleep to their sound, lying under the trees with no cover but a blanket and our feet as close to the fire as could be.

**Friday, July 20<sup>th</sup>** — At 3 a.m. I awoke to find them jabbering still and hoped that we might be allowed to rest for the tide's turning, but at 4 a.m. the Queen came over and woke us, saying that we must get into the canoe at once. Scrambling our things together, we got in, but half awake and wholly damp and cold, and breakfastless, to find that they meant to go home, come what they might. But we had secured the paddles and showed them that they had best trifle with the white man no more. Had they been men, we would not have been so handicapped in dealing with them from the first, but we were getting positively savage by these delays. The captain was mad and the painted Queen looked very sad. Then they asked how much we would give them to go ahead and we told them we would give them nothing, but we would carry them whether they liked it or not. So the 'cargo' submitted and we pushed forward in the cold, raw blowing morning. We passed two rancheries, but they were empty. At each there flowed out to sea a fair-sized river, <sup>61</sup> marked and named on the chart, and occasionally on the western side there was a cascade and waterfall, very picturesque. Skirting round

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<sup>61</sup> Teeta River and Cayuse Creek



the lee shore of Long Island at 8 a.m., we saw our goal. It has a pretty approach, much narrower than the head of the West Arm. Two streams run in here, thus forming a grass flat, on the west side the Neeta <sup>62</sup> and on the east side the Cayeghle, <sup>63</sup> the latter dividing near its mouth, but when high tide is up it forms a noble stream. Paddling up the river Cayeghle, we saw at some distance from the mouth some shacks and were told that owing to the lowness of the tide and the swiftness of the stream, the canoe could go no further, but that no difficulty would be found in carrying our packs along the shoreline. We believed them and thought that, anyway, they would stay for a meal, so that we could get their help if needed, but no! they were treacherous to the last. No sooner were we out of the canoe and had paid them than they turned their nose to Koprino and soon got out of sight. It did not take long to find out the fix we were placed in, knowingly by them.

The shacks were indeed on the same side of the river as we, but between us and them there was a bold, rocky headland along which the river ever sweeps and over which it is not possible to pack. We all managed by creeping along slippery rock and hanging to trees and brush to gain the shacks, Magee alone carrying anything, and had to leave our goods to the mercy of the rising tide. The shacks once gained, we soon lessened the amount of timber in them, for we quickly tore down the best and broadest boards to make a raft, laying them two and two across each other, till the food would be out of the water's reach. Then Skinner manned the ship and poled down to the supplies and clothing. The stuff could not be taken all at once and it was hard work to pole alone against the current. Alas! before he could reach the last of the things, they were afloat and when brought to the shacks much both of food and clothing were badly spoiled. This was serious, for there could be no more supplies obtained until Woss Lake was reached. But being all easy tempered men, we made light of it, raised out tent — the shacks were too forbidding to enter — lit our fire, and soon had a good breakfast, closing thus our experience with the Quatsino Indians and their Queen, only too gladly. I was grateful in not being saddled through the whole trip with any of the tribe, coming so close to being so as I was, for on the recommendation of Frigon, I was thinking seriously of adding a dark gentleman with the euphonious name of Koomoonawqness to my party, who himself was anxious to go, though he dreaded the unknown section, but was prevented by the dictum of his wife and young son, who stoutly objected to being left alone to look after themselves. With the readiness to please their children that is one of the most marked characteristics of Indians generally and often compels them to give up much at great personal loss, he complied and I was saved from what might perchance have been a great source of worry when stout hearts and willing hands were sorely needed as to the lay of the land we had been passing through. At the entrance to the southeast arm opposite Pender Point and for at least eight miles down the south side, there run four gigantic mounds of earth and timber. They are mountains, but one cannot apply the term to them with much propriety. They look as if built with the spade; all are the same size, catching each other up with a slight overlapping at the base towards the sea. Their tops are almost perfectly straight, and I should judge them to be not far from 1800 ft. high. They are well named the 'Giant Mounds'. Then across and looking down upon them, 'Cathedral Spires' Mountain, 2500 ft., stands at the extreme north end and back of the short and low ridges that run down to rock and the water for some three miles down the arm. I could learn of no open land back of the ranges on either side of the arm, but we were told, and later on saw for ourselves, the two valleys, the Maad and the Tsa-site, <sup>64</sup> that the two rivers course through on their way from their sources to the sound and sea. We learned from the Queen of the Sound that the Tsa-site River salmon were immensely large; the Indians throughout the North knew of none larger. This river enters into Marble Cove almost opposite Rupert Arm and on the east side of the narrows. What I learned for the first time, though doubtless every fisherman knows perfectly well, is that according to the Indian's theory,

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<sup>62</sup> Colonial Creek

<sup>63</sup> Cayeghle Creek, and not *Cayeghle River*, as labelled on British Admiralty Chart 582 of 1864.

<sup>64</sup> Marble River

all salmon return to the particular stream where they first saw the light and tasted life. This and much more, but most of it was too frivolous to make note of, we learned from Nannie, who was able to speak Chinook, a jargon spoken with much ease by Magee, and who thus acted as our interpreter with the captain and his klooch. Tired from our previous day and having had but little sleep, we spent the day resting and drying packs. We needed to start fresh, for now at last we had come to where we were to be real pioneers and the outlook did not appear very captivating. Look which way we would, we could not see anything but mountains and the thickest undergrowth. With the morrow, we were to make the first plunge, with Snowsaddle Mountain our first objective point, from which to gain knowledge of what, in general terms, this part of the Island consisted.

**Saturday, July 21<sup>st</sup>** — We woke to find it raining heavily, but soon it turned to showers, and by half-past ten the sun had conquered. Saddling our packs, we once again faced the timber, not altogether sorry to leave the ‘salt chuck’ and its tides that meant delays, and headed towards the southeast. The first thing to be done was to wade through the Cayeghle River, as its western side was our line, then into the long rank grass that abounds at the head of every sound and inlet. Not 300 yards from the start, we shot a choice yearling buck, just suited to our needs; it dropped in its tracks and though this caused some delay in cutting out the meat, yet it was far from time being wasted. Adding, therefore, the venison to our well-loaded packs, we pushed on and into the deep underbrush, hard to push through and involving any amount of tumbles and headers. We found an immense amount of salmon-berries, exceedingly large and of a prime taste. So we took dessert there and then, for we knew not how long it might be before we touched fruit again. Finding the brush too much, we took to the river and made lunch, venison and the purest, loveliest mountain water being our fare. A fine sawbill going upstream was too much a temptation for us, so we included him in our bill for supper. We waded up to our knees for about a mile after lunch, then, finding the woods looking more open, we re-entered them and kept going till we had made five miles, when we camped hard by a small canyon, where a slight stream ran down into the Cayeghle. We kept steadily to the southeast all day. There was abundant sign of bear, and deer cannot be over-scarce. The timber is fair-sized hemlock, with occasional spruce and cedar. Jerking venison and drying clothes kept us busy all the evening.

**Sunday, July 22<sup>nd</sup>** — We covered five miles this day, working eight hours to make it. We stuck to our course despite very difficult country. Huge rocks running hundreds of feet high had to be got round, canyons to be avoided, streams to be got across. We saw many lovely waterfalls, but none of any very special size. Not a yard of arable land; not room to set a house on. Walking tested our ability to keep on our proper base to the utmost and I, for one, fell headlong a hundred times. Towards evening we struck the Tsa-site valley, having got over and around the divide between it and the Cayeghle, and beside the river itself we camped in a salmon-berry patch of many acres. Here were the largest bushes and berries I ever saw. Of course, there was much sign of bear and deer, too, and what pleased us more, the track of an elk told us we were getting to their run. The same timber as the day previous, but the spruce larger. We struck the river about 25 miles from its mouth, and that it is a large river we could easily infer from the volume of water that was then passing camp and the dry riverbed of its winter overflow.

**Monday, July 23<sup>rd</sup>** — When night fell, we had made camp 3000 feet above the sea, under the shadow of peaks of Snowsaddle Mountain. A beautiful sight from our tent door, despite the rain, which fell all day most steadily and far on into the night. Every way we looked we could see mountains, and every valley was hidden by densest timber. Snow very plentiful; indeed, we camped on a snow flat, and waterfalls abundant all but just where we were. Across from where we stood there dropped down from the very top of Snowsaddle one very picturesque cascade. From a great mass of snow, it came creeping out at first, then as it dropped to lower ridges, it gained in bulk till, as it shot down into the darkness of the canyon across from which we stood, it was a volume of water that could play havoc with aught that might oppose it. The tramp this day brought us into view of and across more waterfalls

than I have ever seen before in a whole week's mountaineering. It was a hard day's work and we were completely tired out when it was time to halt. We had hoped to gain the summit, but the climbing was very difficult and slow. All day we followed up the Tsa-site River, having it at last far below us in the valley to our right. To get round Snowsaddle, we tried our best, but no 'pass' showed itself, so up we had to go, and encouraged ourselves with the knowledge that from the high peak we should, if fine, gain a view that would lay the whole country bare to our eyes. Across the valley, from where we fought our way through dense undergrowth and obstructing rocks and trees, there ran a similar range of mountains and at the head stood Snowsaddle. The average height of these two ranges would not be under 3000 feet. No insect life was seen, no flowers, no mineral and no large timber. But we came across a great deal of beaver work soon after leaving camp, and for the first time came upon the trail of elk. They seemed to have lately been in the valley, for their marks were fresh, but though we followed carefully for miles, we caught no sign of the great beasts. They probably have a run from Marble Cove to the head of the Tsa-site River. Our packs, heavy in themselves, and made more so by the rain, made climbing a great labour, and as we neared to top, it was a question whether we should be able to get up, for the rocks were exceedingly slippery, and what earth there was stood no strain upon it. It became needful at last to give each other a helping hand, and frequent 'rests' were called for. Despite disadvantages in the shape of but limited level space for the tent, poor timber and nothing but snow water, we decided to stop before it became too dark, so lit a huge fire and tried to dry our things. Our guns were in a pitiable state.

**Tuesday, July 24<sup>th</sup>** — A day not easily to be forgotten by any of us three. At 5 a.m. we were about and thought we saw evidences of a clearing sky. Hasting over breakfast and packing, we were ever ready to reach the top of Snowsaddle, up which we had climbed all the day previous, from the top of which to gain the coveted views and plan our future movements. But the rain got ahead of us, and as if rebelling our intrusion upon parts of which nature had heretofore held monopoly, came down in sheets and torrents. We took an east course and climbed 700 more feet, drenched to the skin and very much chilled. There was snow everywhere now and we found it easier walking than over rocks and pushing through the short bush. But had we slipped, we would have shot down to the depths unknown and deadly. Just as we gained the summit, we had a glimpse of what lay to our left. It was well we had not attempted to reach Snowsaddle by any valley that way, for perpendicular cliffs of rock would have faced us, which would have been impossible to climb. I believe that we came up the only possible way. To our right was just the other side of the range we were now on; we were permitted just a peep and then all was gone for the day. But such a view! Down at a great depth below us lay the inevitable valley and in it a beautiful lake, its water still and like a mirror, surrounded completely by heavy timber.

The drop into the lake looked anything but inviting, a series of short precipices, seemingly being the only ladder of escape, and across the valley there rose another range of mountains, the grandest of all I met. They rose up sheer rock from the valley to tower as high as the mountains we were on, yes, and higher still, peak vying with peak to break off in fantastic shape. I could think of nothing these resembled more closely than the noble El Capitan of Yosemite. Indeed the entire valley put me strongly in mind of that world-famed and exquisite spot. There are few more noble mountains of rock on the Island, and I venture to say on the Mainland of British Columbia, than this superb range, which in the commemoration of one who was so instrumental in making it known to the public, I named the 'Bostock'.<sup>65</sup> Now the rain came down upon us in pitiless style, and a mist swept up from the valley so that we could not see ten yards ahead. The wind, too, increased in force till it blew a very hurricane. Do what we would, we could not get warm, nor could we find decent shelter. We were determined to get another view, and a good one, and prepared to stand the storm as long as we could. But should

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<sup>65</sup> [Hewitt Bostock \(1864–1930\)](#)

the storm not cease by afternoon, it seemed our only course to try to get down to the valley for shelter and re-climb to take the observations. By dint of perseverance we made a fire between a huge saddle formed by the rocks, and there cooked our lunch, taking it standing with the rain running down our very skin, and the side nearest the fire frizzling whilst the other side of our poor bodies was freezing. For over three hours we waited, stretching our limbs by taking a run over snow banks and an unpremeditated toboggan slide, but neither rain nor wind ceased a jot. Then we went forth to seek a camp, so as to avoid a descent down the precipitous mountainside under the existing conditions, but none even pretending to decency could be found. Then we felt we should have to descend, so shouldering our packs we set out by selecting the ridge that seemed to run down furthest into the fog. Creeping down by rock and crevice and canyons filled with snow, we descended some 1000 feet to find our way blocked effectively by sheer falls of hundreds of feet. We were surrounded now by grave dangers; ahead we could not go; back we should have to climb up snow banks; to right and left was no whit better. We could see, at best, but a few yards ahead. The afternoon waning, feet were so chilled that we could scarce grip rock and bush for footing. Three times I shot away from the others, and but for a reserve force of harlequin agility would have shot over the precipice to land in the lake below, ahead of scheduled time. There was nothing for it, however, but to get back to the summit, and there put the night in as best we could. It was with the utmost difficulty we regained the height, Magee with the axe having for many yards to cut steps in the well nigh perpendicular snow banks. Despite the freezing welcome, we were uncommonly glad to see the summit again. We got back to almost precisely the same spot we started from. It did not take us long selecting a campsite. There could be no thought of decent shelter. The timber was of the most miserable description, and exceedingly stunted and twisted, we could not find a ridge pole for the tent, hunt where we would. We tied a piece of cord from one small tree to another and hung our tent thereon. This made it hard work for tall men to get in and out, and standing inside was an impossibility. The wind soon showed that it meant severe work with us, for it blew in every direction, lifting the tent until we thought it would fly off the mountain and driving rain through the canvas. Slowly we conquered over wood and wind with our fire and made supper. Realizing the necessity of keeping a fire going all night, Skinner, all soaked as he was, kindly volunteered to stay up and bravely keep watch till 4 a.m., when Magee took turn. The heaviness of the storm passed away at 2 a.m., but with morning there was still a blustering wind, a fine rain and an impenetrable mist. So ended our ascent of Snowsaddle, and it is not likely to be forgotten by us whilst memory lasts. We came across some blue grouse during the day, but dared not add to our packs. As to flowers, we found heather, both pink and white in abundance, also a beautiful white-petaled flower with a yellow centre, which grows luxuriantly in the water-courses made by melted snow as it makes its way to the sea.

**Wednesday, July 25<sup>th</sup>** — The morning wore on with the same impenetrable mist, and we were captive of the elements. We simply dared not venture down. It would have been at a risk that we were not called upon to undertake. So we made ourselves content in our greatly reduced tent and passed the day as best we could trying to keep warm, trying to get enough wood cut down and water out of our abode. One of us sallied forth about noon with murder in his eye, but neither beast nor bird was seen. Towards nightfall we could discern signs of a better morrow, and rolled up in our blankets with hope in our hearts.

**Thursday, July 26<sup>th</sup>** — Our hopes were not disappointed. The morning broke with a clear sky, and hurrying forth to a good and bold vantage ground, we beheld a magnificent panorama. As far as the eye could see, on every side, was range on range of mountains, scarce one without its quota of snow. The valleys were very narrow and everywhere were mantled with timber. The South East Arm was hidden from view by the range we had skirted to strike the Tsa-site valley, but we could plainly make out where our path had been. It looked forbidding enough at a distance; Snowsaddle itself looked very imposing, the front and back of the saddle being of a dark-coloured rock, and the seat itself was a snow bank of ungetatable depth. On three sides it is extremely precipitous. It would be no easy

matter to trace the ranges on a map, as they are so thick that they run into one another in a kind of hopeless confusion, in places making the valleys very short, but never an one without its stream. The finest sight, however, was that which lay in the direction we wished to go. The range seemed made of granite for miles, whilst the peaks in the far background looked black as ink, save where they had a mantle of snow. Behind these again we could see another range, and we knew that both of these lay between us and Woss Lake. To attempt to go in a straight line would have been absurd; there seemed one pass that might be taken up a canyon leading to the summit of the range, but what might be beyond that point, we had no means of knowing. The valley seemed our best course for, though it ran too much south, yet we could discern a valley running into it some miles down and this would bring us back in a line to where we then were, and behind the Bostock range. We were right eager to get off our mountain, so hurried over breakfast and soon stood ready to make a second attempt to descend. And we succeeded, but what a descent! We descended over 2000 feet hanging on to small shrubs and trees, creeping along on our hands and knees, our packs unsteadying us, baffled again and again by sudden drops of great depth, but no turning back this time. It took three hours of incessant effort to reach the bottom, and right glad we were when we stood by Mirror Lake and looked up as free men to our late prison house.

There was but one way of getting down, and this Magee's keen instinct for mountaineering showed him. No blame to us for not finding it before, when well nigh a London fog hung over us. There were places crossed that day by us — ledges of rock without a shrub to hold to — that few men in cold blood would tackle, but not a slide did we take, nor did we have a more serious accident than Skinner's leaving our lunch — which we always carried in a small tin pail, to prevent having to undo packs — at one time on the way. But this was overcome and, after a stiff climb, the 'muck a muck' was secured. Down by the lake we ate it, in a lovely spot with little undergrowth, but huge cedars well apart. We found this lake to be one of two, though not till later on did we see the Upper Mirror Lake. The lower is the smaller, being some third of a mile long. It seemed as if nothing could ruffle its placid face. At the south end there is considerable timber fallen and this, piling itself up at the outlet of the lake, forms a dam that helps to keep the lake waters up, but prevents the stream that flows out from being of any great volume. This river we determined to learn more of and, after lunch, followed it down, purposing to keep with it to at least where our valley should turn off. But an episode happened that prevented us from reaching that point on that particular day. Finding the banks hard travelling, we kept in the stream itself, but even this became rather hard work, for streams came pouring in from both sides, and soon its volume and pace were greatly increased. It is a lively stream from its inception and runs over a rocky bed, in which we picked up specimens of what was close to purest marble. This was especially the case about one mile from the lake, where 'Marble Creek', <sup>66</sup> a broad stream from the Bostock range, joins issue with the river. A little further on, we found the river totally disappears for some quarter of a mile, then, resuming its natural course, begins to take the inevitable leaps downward. Along the dry bed we walked, though in places it was anything but dry, by reason of pools caused by the late heavy rains. We were making good time, despite a drizzle and breeze that had now set in, anxious to know more about this river that was making its way to the sea, when a bear upset all calculations. We were trudging along, just within the timber some fifty yards from the river, when Skinner's quick sight spotted bruin. Packs were off in a trice and, throwing a cartridge into my express, I drew a bead on the big black beast and put a bullet into his neck that dropped him then and there. No fight in him, though I confess to leaping a prodigious log and putting in a second missile, ready for emergency. We measured him and found him from nose to rump 5 feet 7 inches; weight, about 370 pounds; not fat, and with very fair skin for this time of year. We wanted fresh meat and were glad of this, though we well knew that it would be tough. The sirloin and the liver are the

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<sup>66</sup> Price Creek

delicacies of the beast, and, desirous of taking the skin out with me, I made camp and set to work on our victim. We had changed our course on reaching the valley from due southeast to due south.

**Friday, July 27<sup>th</sup>** — Another day of drenching rain, making progress so slow that I decided to remain in camp and make up for the delay in better weather. We occupied ourselves with bruin's skin. What caused us some anxiety (and was to cost us much more) was the fact that we had been able to bring only sufficient supplies to keep us for a straight run through to Woss Lake, eked out with game found along the way, and here were days of inaction caused by the bad weather. Magee climbed in hopes of seeing the meeting of the valleys, and what sized stream came into the one we camped by, but failed to make wither out. We had dropped into poor timber again, which meant, of course, poor fires. Of open country we had not seen a vestige since we left the grass flats at the head of the Southeast Arm. To the river we had followed down from its source, not seeming to have any place or name on maps and charts, I gave the name of my efficient assistant, and none who know him could refuse him the compliment. The river empties into Kokshittle Arm.<sup>67</sup>

**Saturday, July 28<sup>th</sup>** — We reached the meeting of the two valleys by camp time, and we found the stream we surmised would be there, running down to add to the waters of the Magee River. From what occurred later, we named this new stream Elk Creek. The rains of the previous days had added greatly to the volume of water in each stream. Navigable they are not, and in places they are not fordable. Leaving Bruin camp, we made along the river and bank for a little way, only to find our progress blocked by a sheer perpendicular rock running hundreds of feet straight up from the river. We could not get around it, for the water was too deep, nor over it without climbing a mountain, so packs were taken off and a large tree that stood most opportunely was hewn down and dropped across the river just below a very beautiful waterfall. Crossing over on improvised bridge, we made some distance, the sun now mastering the rain clouds and giving us fresh spirit after hours of rain and gloomy weather. Then it was very evident that the side which we had left had become the best for travelling, for there we could skirt along the base of the mountain range, whilst on the side we then were on, we were more in the river than out of it. So, again, the axe was brought into play, and another bridge made and crossed on. It was comparatively easy travel that now lay before us, though there were occasional climbs that put bootnails and grip of fingers to the test, and when six o'clock came, we stood by Elk stream and felt that a good day's work was done. Our course was S.W., then S.E., then almost due E. Within a stone's throw of our camp flowed the stream, which about a mile below joined issue with what, where we left it, may be termed a good-sized river.

**Sunday, July 29<sup>th</sup>** — Though rain was falling heavily, we sallied forth, keeping the stream we had camped by on our right hand, and at once struck the track of elk; by the size, we judged them to be full-grown beasts, and by the freshness, that we could not be very far from the band. Bruin being in summer condition, we were in possession of but little grease, and further, had not thought it wise to add to the weight of our packs with poor and strong bear meat. It would, therefore, mean a great deal to us if we could just there and then secure an elk or deer. The tracks led through the bush and timber directly in the east course we desired to take; up hill and down dale we went, the light increasing as we journeyed, giving evidence of more open country ahead. Not that we could expect anything else but mountains and ravines, with rushing streams, but we expected and we found the timber more scattered and thickets giving place to acres of alder and salmon-berry brush. Noon had just passed when we came upon such a place — a large vale, on both sides of the stream, with acres and acres of salmon-berries. Magee was in the lead as we dropped over some rocks and fallen timber, and reached the more open country. Noticing straight ahead of him, some hundred yards, the tops of the tall bushes wave, he beckoned back to me to move quickly up, and as I did so, we saw what we had come so far

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<sup>67</sup> The name was changed to *Kashutl Inlet* in 1934.



to find. There were but two in sight. Dropping my pack as if had been a feather, I threw a cartridge into my express and put a tree between the elk and self.

One had become uneasy and came up and out of the bush to some rocks, and began to move away upstream. I was about pulling the trigger on the great beast when, straight in line, there came up and out of the bush another and a larger one. Standing broadside on, the noble animal turned its head to look toward fancied danger, thus giving me the exact spot I wanted for a death wound, the neck slightly bent. It was but a moment's work to draw a bead thereon and fire. Down to earth the elk came, dropping in its tracks. No need for a second shot, though, had we wished to, there was the first beast still in view, but to kill it, if a shot as it trotted off had been successful, would have been slaughter, and we had secured all we needed, meat and fat. When we turned butchers for a while, we found a splendid condition of things. Of course, all hope of going forward was abandoned for the day, and we were busily occupied 'rendering' lard and drying meat till nightfall. The latter we effected by cutting the meat off in long strips about a foot and a half long and three inches through; then, laying these strips across wooden bars supported by uprights, under which bars we kept a smouldering fire. For lunch and supper, we had sirloin of elk, than which we could not imagine a more tasty cut of meat. Then we found excellent firewood, and as level a camping ground as any man could wish for. We had met and secured both a bear and an elk in the same valley, and were well satisfied with our success, but to get in where we had found the game had been no light task. We realized that to pack much of the animals out would be an impossibility, the meat being the infinitely more valuable thing at the time. About the camp we saw what showed us plainly that we had struck the fringes of a large band of elk, and might at any time see more as we moved up to the head of the creek on our way through the mountains towards Atluck Lake.

**Monday, July 30<sup>th</sup>** — A day that any sportsman would ever remember with keen pleasure, not because of weather, for it was raining on and off all the day, nor because of elk seen here, there and everywhere. We had struck a veritable elk's paradise and saw what we could scarcely hope to see again the like of. As we surmised, we had on the previous day but touched the real elk valley and its herds. Travelling in a northeasterly direction, not fifty yards from camp, we came upon a broad, deep trail, as if herds of cattle had passed that way year after year; then came a veritable barnyard, great patches of ground trodden down like on a cattle farm. We followed the trail closely; no one could fail to see it, for at times it became a broad road, always in the best spots, always avoiding the difficult places, ever and anon coming out of the timber into vales and dales of salmon-berry brush, alder and grass. The way led down to the stream, and we crossed by means of a great tree that lay nearly across the whole width from one bank to the other. Not two hundred yards from re-entering the timber, we sighted a beautiful cow elk. She stood looking at us for some time, not a hundred paces off, then, after taking us all in, slowly trotted off in our direction. We tramped till noon, climbing almost all the time and following the stream to its head, and then suddenly came out upon a pretty vale, where two cows and three calves were resting and grazing. Though we came out on them within fifty feet, they did not move. We were slightly below them. One of the cows remained lying down for some time. Both parties stared long and hard at one another. There could be no thought of slaughter; all we wanted was to grasp that this sight was a fact, not a dream. The five beasts were perfect in their beauty and condition. Their rich colour was set off well by the bright-hued verdure around them. Back of where they stood there ran up a cleft in the mountainside till it lost itself in the summit. A thousand yards above us we could see the snow completely filling up the crevice, and reaching down till it touched the feeding ground. I profoundly regretted not having the camera. What a unique photograph it would have been — two cows and three calves, taken in their native haunts, and so close, too, that every detail in their symmetrical forms would have been reached by the kodak. For a full quarter of an hour they stood there; we at first sitting on our packs and enjoying a rest after our climb, and then cutting down wood and preparing our lunch. At last they moved off, not in the least terrified, the little calves — though each was as large as a good-sized three year-old black-tailed deer — trotting along by the

side of their mothers. We tried to make out which mother possessed the two, but it looked to us as if the three were community property, and neither mother insisted on proprietary rights. After lunch we took up one of the two trails that lay before us, but it happened to be the wrong one, leading us to the end of the run and placing us in a cul-de-sac. Precipitous rock, running mountains high, faced us ahead and walled us in on both sides, whilst we were walking over an immensely deep bed of snow. Turning back, we made for lower ground, and after a hard fight with the bush we struck the lower elk trail. Coming out into another vale, we saw four more elk grazing, one heifer so close that Skinner went forward with the determination to stroke it, and creeping up under the shelter of the roar from a mountain stream — a feeder of the Elk Creek — very nearly succeeded. But better was to come. Entering the timber again, we seemed as if surrounded by elk; seven great bulls stood together, facing and looking down upon us. A little way from them there were seven more, with cows scattered about, and calves making their peculiar squeaking, squealing noise on all sides. I confess it was hard to keep one's fingers from touching the trigger. But we came safely out of the ordeal. We stood still and again tried to take it all in. They did likewise; then, after a long and serious gaze turned and made up the creek. Keeping on their track — or better called a road — we made about a mile when we came upon a scene which eclipsed the other. How many were there of bulls and calves, we could not tell, but the land was alive with them. We did try and count them, but it was hopeless, for they seemed behind every bush and tree in sight. They cared no more for us than for the chipmunks in the trees. We sat and watched the great bands for a time, then striking out, we made for camp. As later on we sat by our fire eating supper, the elk came on the scene once more, and slowly passing camp, gazed long and enquiringly at tent and glow. To see what we saw in that one day was worth every bit of labour that it had taken to get in there, and made all the way ahead seem lighter. If we had been out for record-breaking and for slaughter, we surely would have piled up such a total of deaths that would have beaten all traveller's tales. The elk showed not the slightest fear of us; none were more than seventy yards from us and most were even closer. We were privileged persons, and the profound stillness of the woods was broken as yet by no sound of firearms.

**Tuesday, July 31<sup>st</sup>** — A hard day. We found the head of the creek gave no passageway in the line we had hoped, so we had to make a detour and then strike boldly up over a 'divide' that seemed to promise a way of escape from Snowsaddle and the Bostock ranges in the valley of which ranges we had been travelling so steadily. We were fortunate in being blocked, for we gathered much information that the other way would have kept hidden, whilst it would not have furnished — so I afterwards found out — anything like the same amount of data. It was a roastingly hot day, though this we gladly forgave, since it was the first really fine day we had had since we left Koprino Harbour, and we had a climb ahead of us of over 2000 feet from our camp, and then a descent to the valley which brought us to within 700 feet of sea level, or a drop of close on 3000 feet. The descent we shall not readily forget; it was decidedly more dangerous than Snowsaddle and more than once we thought we should have to climb back and seek some other and more accommodating 'divide'. We found elk in the valley, dropping almost amongst them as we reached the river at eventide.

They are evidently different bands, for there is no other way than that by which we came to reach the two valleys, the one from the other, and whilst the trails run high up on either side of the divide, they cease a long way from the summit itself, in either direction. An early breakfast over, we took up the trail we had seen the elk upon the previous evening and climbed steadily for three hours. Nearing the top, the snow as deep and very plentiful, and, as a finale, a very nasty place had to be crossed where a slip meant certain death in a dark canyon below. With the greatest care, we made the pass and then felt we were entitled to our lunch. Just where we rested there was heather and but little snow, but the hot sun was melting the passes above and everywhere was moist with tiny streams making their way to the valley by the shortest route. We had a grand view of the country, but a still finer one was obtained when, lunch over, after another hour's climbing, we gained the top. Here we saw a magnificent panorama and gained a knowledge of the whole lay of the land that an ascent in a balloon

could not better. The whole country, whichever way we looked, is but one endless mass of mountains. Ranges get all muddled up, breaking off here, there and everywhere. I counted, however, five clearly defined ranges between us and the sea, upon our left as we faced Quatsino Sound, and the range that runs between the Atluck and Woss Lakes, heading into Rugged Mountain, could clearly be seen. Without turning the head, we counted over one hundred distinct peaks. Some take most fantastic shapes; most of them are rocky with some light timber. We could clearly discern the sea in two places to the west, and, though at least twenty miles off, we saw the reef of rocks with the water breaking endlessly over them, known on the chart as 'Blind Entrance'. In the same valley as we had seen Mirror Lake, we saw its feeder, the Upper Mirror. It was a grand but disheartening view, for there did not seem, despite the beauty of the land, one spot where man could make his habitation. Anxious to keep along the backbone of the ridge for at least some distance, we essayed it, but found ourselves blocked by a mass of rock that looked as if built for a fortress. Skinner, dropping his pack, climbed it with much difficulty, but only to find other peaks far worse. To get around them on the other side was an utter impossibility, for they dropped off sheer and straight. There was nothing for it but to descend at once into the valley, and a hard-looking place it seemed to be to get at. It was 3 p.m. when we commenced to descend, and it was 8 p.m. when, wearied and bruised, we stood by the river. Magee here had a close call, his pack over-balancing and holding him for some time in a position from which he alone could extricate himself. Ridge after ridge we tried, but they were all false, dropping off suddenly. At last we struck one that we felt sure ran right down, but to get on to it from where we were meant to crawl down and crawl up where it could appear that flies alone could triumph. But the need was desperate, for a night on a mountain where snow and rocks and earth are constantly giving way and rushing down with a roar into the valley is not a pleasant situation. We got down and we got up, but it was the tightest climb we had on the whole trip, and to slip back meant extinguishment. Then we put on the pace and went at a jog trot down through the underbrush. This meant endless falls and slides and jumps into space, all of which we went through and came out of safely, save for a general shaking up and a bruise or two. Once we struck the valley and the river, we sought a camp and were soon enough through supper and off to sleep.

**Wednesday, August 1<sup>st</sup>** — We had set this day as the time for our arrival at Woss Lake, but we had counted upon finer weather and less tremendous ranges than was to be our luck. After a good rest — for the previous day had told upon us and repairs had to be attended to — we started down the valley. We made good time, for by 5 p.m. we had covered five miles. We kept a south-southeast course and sometimes were on the elk trail, sometimes in the riverbed. This is the most remarkable stream we came across. In a distance of five miles, it totally disappears, when of large volume, in two places, both over half a mile in length. This it does, as we saw, all its way down to the sea. It must be a very broad stream in winter, for immense timber is strewn along its banks and in its bed, and the distance between its banks is at times most surprising. Not finding it on any map or chart I had with me, and no Indians being able to recall it when I sought news of it from them later on, I named it 'Dry' River. Its valley is a far more respectable one than any thereabouts, and in it salmon-berries grow abundantly. The bushes were eaten low down by the elk. We came across sign of bear, wolf and black-tailed deer. We made camp close to a fir tree, a giant luxury, and a tree which we had not seen since leaving the Sound.

**Thursday, August 2<sup>nd</sup>** — Following the riverbed in the same south-southeastern direction, we made good progress for over a mile, and were proposing to do big things, when something small fell out that upset all calculations. After a dry mile, the river springs up once again, and some mile from where we knew another river met it — and which river the chart gives as the 'Atluck', but which is not correct — we found our path suddenly cut off by many streams that rapidly appear coming up from below. We did not want to go back, so chose a spot to cross, not very wide, but deep, and, throwing three limbs across, the only ones handy, thought to cross and gain the lightest timbered bank. Skinner crossed upon the limbs with safety. Magee, after some consideration, decided not to chance a bath,

so wading deeply somewhat higher up, got round the difficulty. I preferred Skinner's way, so, pack on back and rifle in hand, essayed the tight-rope trick and ignominiously failed. Weight will tell, especially on old and sodden limbs, and stepping on the weakest spot on the weakest of the three sticks, just when over the middle of the stream, I went down.

I am fond of diving, but I never before took a dive backwards, such as my pack compelled me to. I fought hard for my rifle, but the current was determined and took us all in — rifle, pack and man. In due course the bank was gained; then the rifle had to be sought for and rescued; then clothes dried — for our wardrobe was not over extensive. But a blazing sun and hot stones soon set everything to rights and, after lunch, we set out once more to reach the confluence of the streams. With 'False Ears' Mountain on our right, we knew from our maps that we must be near. Rounding a point which gave us not the slightest information, we came upon the stream, and found it to be a broad flow of waters, fairly deep, running between rocky sides. We were but a few miles now from the sea and near the head of Tahsish Arm, with a rancherie there, evidence of which we now saw by cedars cut for boards. But far from their dwellings, the Siwashes will not go, so the elk and the bear are still free to roam in the valley we had seen. The Tahsish Arm should not be confounded with the Tahsis Canal. They are some distance apart, though both on the West Coast. We were now at the former; we were canoeing down the latter some weeks later. Up the river — which the charts showed led to Atluck Lake and named as the Atluck River — we went, wading through it up to our waists three times in half a mile, so as to get past canyons. Then keeping along a ridge in an easterly course, covered some three more miles and made camp close to the river in a lovely spot. The mosquitoes and sandflies were here worse than any place else on the trip, but even then nothing compared to what we expected. We found an elk trail towards evening going upstream. The hills here are more open and there are patches without timber. Fir is fairly plentiful and cedar most abundant. Here would be a grand place for securing telegraph poles; they seem to stand together in thousands. We had hitherto found no fish in the streams, owing to their character, but now we beheld to mountain trout again. From the direction the river came, we felt instinctively that it could not come from Atluck Lake, but would not give it up until we knew more positively. We had counted so much upon this stream, so authoritatively placed upon maps, that it was a severe disappointment to us to see what we felt so sure of — that we should have more straight cross-country work to do. But once again, the falseness of the stream led us to find what otherwise still lay hid.

**Friday, August 3<sup>rd</sup>** — We made good headway this day, though it did not take us very much nearer Atluck Lake. We followed the river up steadily, mile after mile, going north till well on in the afternoon, when, finding it take a decided turn to the northwest, and thus taking us back to Snowsaddle, we turned, with regret anyway, and naming it 'False' River, headed southeast once more. Eight times we had forded the full river, and then its main branch, in the tramp, and the current was so strong that we had all we could do to keep on our legs. When in the woods, we followed another splendid elk trail. There must be a great band in this country, also bear, deer and wolves. The river is not navigable, for, though on the previous day it had shown no great difficulties, this day it evidenced that it was as bad as the rest of them. Falls are numerous and rocks are everywhere. There are signs of a good mineral district and we found excellent evidences of copper. The land is fairly low about this river and it would not be altogether out of the question as a cattle run. When we turned from the river and made straight to where we believed the lake to be, we had a network of brush to contend with, and brought up in the midst of it, with just enough room to camp and make a fire.

**Saturday, August 4<sup>th</sup>** — With the rain falling slightly, as if loath to leave us alone and dry, though for one calendar month now we had been uncomplainingly enduring it most of the time, we forged ahead. It did not take long before we were glad that we had been taken out of our way. When about 1300 feet above sea level, and in a fairly low and lightly timbered section, we dropped on two lakes, not very large, but most picturesque. Each would be over a quarter of a mile long. Not two hundred

yards of timber divides them. They empty in a southeast course. Being so similar of size, shape and general appearance, I named them 'Twin Lakes'. Wild flowers, especially violets, were growing luxuriantly around them. A long tramp, followed by lunch, filled up the morning. Then up hill and down dale till we came upon a third lake, but this has been spoiled by the work of beavers and cannot be called aught but a morass. Around this was the densest undergrowth; every inch of ground had to be fought for. After heroic effort and endless falls, by reason of the sinuous sal-lal embracing legs and feet, we came out towards evening upon another sheet of water, some 1100 feet above sea level, where much grass grew and salmon-berries were abundant. We had scarcely made 'camp' here — which name I gave it — when the rain came down in earnest. We heard loons flying overhead in our southeast course, which told us of more water lying ahead and gave prospect of Atluck being near. There was little or no life in the woods; an occasional squirrel and a solitary grouse were all we saw on the way.

**Sunday, August 5<sup>th</sup>** — With the underbrush loaded with wet, and a rain that kept falling more or less all day, we headed once more for Atluck Lake, determined to reach it by lunch, make a raft, and try to get up the northeast end by night. All this we were successful in doing, save that a pitchy darkness came on when some two miles from the end of our long journey and we were forced to camp in a clump of trees near to a stony beach. We discovered the fourth lake — Loon Lake — early in the day, in the same line with the others, some 800 feet above sea level and at least half a mile long. It has a crescent shape and is clear cut around its banks. Reaching more open timber, we clambered up and down in our southeast course, till at last we heard the splashing of the waves and knew that the big sheet was near. A wind was blowing, which, rushing down the valley in which the lake lies, soon stirs up its waters. We came out most opportunely, fairly at the head; as we saw later on in the day, if we had turned ever so slightly further north, we should have had the greatest difficulty in getting down. We sought diligently for the river which our map showed flowed out to the sea from the head, but though we walked around the entire head, not a trace of one could be found. Some little creeks run in, but it puzzled us sorely to understand how an official chart could place on record so great and dangerous an error. We were well pleased with the lake; its is beautifully situated, some 600 feet above sea level, the mountains on both sides being very rocky and precipitous, the water very deep, and two islands adding to the picturesque effect. We saw loons and beaver, and there seemed a quantity of trout. It was with no small pleasure that we stood by its shores, for we had worked hard to reach it, the distance from the Sound being but twenty-five miles, but we had to cover fifty-eight miles of the roughest and toughest country I have ever yet beheld.

Lunch over, we selected a spot where the best timber lay and at once set about making the raft. By 6 p.m. we had her ready to carry us, made on the same lines as the good Maggie Mac, without nail or rope, and making a hasty supper, started out again to make what headway we could before dark. The wind had dropped; the rain ceased; the water was smooth as could be; there was no tide to worry us and, had not night come, we should have made the record for travel thus far. By the aid of a good fir tree we had light enough to make camp, but our bed was a Siwash one, namely two small hillocks — one for the head, the other for the feet, with a resting place for the hip-bone in the valley betwixt. Rain now came on again and we were afraid of the morrow, for a view of the necessary pass we must have before setting out again for Woss Lake or we might be weeks getting there, climbing over range on range. Our supplies were now nearly out, for from Koprino we had only dared to take just enough for a rapid run, whilst storms delayed us so badly. Flour and rice were gone; cocoa was also a thing of the past; one mess of beans and bacon was still in the larder, and a little elk meat soup and tea. Things did not look very promising if the morrow should be wet, but Skinner's rule was accepted — "Take no care for the morrow; live whilst you can; only never run short of Tobacco!" Of this latter commodity we had enough for a few more days, and so, curling up in our blankets, we slept as if a store was safe at our side and all the delicacies of the season awaited us on the morrow.

**Monday, August 6<sup>th</sup>** — Which way the Atluck waters flow can no longer be an unsettled point. From one official chart with us, there appears a river flowing from each end — a most unusual thing; from another chart, a river from its southwest head, running down to the west coast. This day we found the outlet — and the only one, without doubt — at the north end and flowing north to the east coast. From a slight hill near could be seen, not more than three miles off, another lake, long and egg-shaped, which evidently is the Hoostan,<sup>68</sup> and into this the Atluck waters run, through a narrow and pleasing valley. From thence they enter Anutz Lake, to run on farther into the greater Nimpkish and through it to the sea. That they cannot turn and go to the west coast is evident from the fact that we left the stream — False River — which the chart showed as the river from the lake, at a higher elevation than the waters of the lake itself, and further, there exists a great batch of mountains, round which we would have to make at least a ten mile circuit before getting to where we last saw its broad flow of water. It is quite possible that the river we saw has its source in some other large lake lying southwest of the Nimpkish, and had we had time and food, we should have gone in search of it. We heard somewhat later that Indians reported a large lake as existing behind Karmutzen<sup>69</sup> Mountain, though none had been to see it. A pass across the Island from Alert Bay to Kyoquot Sound<sup>70</sup> could readily be found, first by way of four lakes — Nimpkish, Anutz, Hoostan and Atluck — all joined together by water, then skirting the mountains, as we had done, reach and follow closely False River to the sea. A valley running our way towards where the chart showed Woss Lake to be, giving promise of a pass through the range to the east, well rewarded us for the delay we had been forced to make. The morning broke in torrents of rain and, as no view meant no travel, we had to rest until noon. Then, the rain ceasing, we made our way on the raft to the north end of the lake, and pitching camp thereon — where a fire at some time had burnt up every atom of underbrush — set out to investigate the lay of the land and water. Later on in the day we used the raft again to explore a bay that we had passed, but it amounted to nothing, it being largely beaver work. A magnificent pile of mountainous rock, standing on the east side and almost at the north end of the lake, towering far above every other mountain around and running up into the heavens in four clear rocky peaks, at least 4000 feet high, I named ‘Province Mountain’.<sup>71</sup> We found copper this day, near to our camp on the east side, and it is likely to well repay a prospector to enter here and carefully look over the land on either side of the lake. We put ourselves on short rations today and were rewarded by shooting a willow grouse for supper.

**Tuesday, August 7<sup>th</sup>** — We discovered two large lakes this day, both lying in our course from Atluck to Woss Lake and directly west of the latter. Keeping as nearly as we could to our planned route, with — as we supposed from our charts — nine miles between us and the lake, about three miles brought us to the first sheet of water, which is some three-quarters of a mile in length, and, in its broken shape, a quarter broad. We first knew of its existence by a goodly stream which ran near to our previous night’s camp and which ran through our pass. This river evidently heads the same way as the Atluck waters and either flows into the Anutz or the Nimpkish Lake. I named them Scaife Lake and Creek. Not able to cross the stream, we had either to fell a tree or wade. To save time we chose the latter, and had a deep wash as a result. But when underbrush is heavy with moisture and a rain falling, the amount of wet upon one scarcely matters. Then a stiff climb, and through the timber we could see more water or fog. To ascertain this we descended, and there another goodly sheet of water lay. It is almost a circle and has more open appearance than any we had seen. Its waters flow northwest. I named it ‘Martin Lake’. Our light repast over, we headed again for Woss Lake, and hoped to escape a heavy ridge by skirting a smaller one. But we were doomed to disappoint, for after we had risen

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<sup>68</sup> [Hustan Lake](#)

<sup>69</sup> Also spelt *Karmutsen*. Karmutzen is an adaption of the Kwakwala word for *waterfall*.

<sup>70</sup> Kyoquot Sound; however, the early traders spelt it *Cayuquet*.

<sup>71</sup> Pinder Peak



some distance, we could see, through the fog, a great barrier in our path. However, we caught sight, lying to the north, of the Nimpkish, which spurred us forward again. By 4 p.m. we had climbed up 3000 feet once more, but see anything ahead we could not. Trusting that we were now on the direct road to Woss Lake, we made good running down the hill, but a drop of 700 feet brought us to a creek and another climb, which, through the mist, we could not calculate upon, nor now know how much it included. Fearing to be caught by the night ere we could get down if we attempted further, we made camp, though good wood was exceedingly difficult to get and space for the tent was at a premium. Though we had two guns with us, we had seen nothing on the way, and feeling exceedingly hungry, we scraped the flour sack and made 'minute' pudding, which though somewhat lumpy, tasted simply superb. We came across no timber of account, but found strong indications of coal around Martin Lake. Our general course was east, though we had to make a very zig-zag course to get around and over difficulties.

**Wednesday, August 8<sup>th</sup>** — This being a month from the day of leaving the Cape, we set our hearts upon reaching Woss Lake of the Kla-anch River by nightfall. The day was foggy and sal-lal brush thick ahead. Everything was soaking wet and our meals, till we could gain the head of the lake, were not of a kind to put staying power in men — consisting of a cup of tea and soup, both as weak as we dared make them to keep up strength for travel. We started up hill and kept going over and around our mountain of the previous day, till we struck a lake, so rich in lilies that I named it Lily Lake. It lies due west of Woss Lake. Keeping steadily to the east, we came out of the timber, hoping to find the lake below us, but no, a roaring creek swept across our path, with another mountain trying to cap ours for height, between us and our aim. With a rush we went down, this time no great difficulties meeting us, though we swung from tree to tree and let ourselves down by bushes. I never came down 1000 feet quicker. After resting for dinner (!) by the creek, we soon took up the march and kept our elevation for some hours. Then more streams intervened, which meant going higher to crawl round them, or lower to cross them. Their sides are, as a rule, so precipitous that to cross them is utterly impossible. Bending to the north, we came down and towards 6 p.m. we could see the valley in which the river and (from the chart) the lake lay. We were now leaving the heavy timber and entering small and closely compacted saplings. Often it was hard to get ourselves and our packs through, but fighting our way, we at length came to within 200 yards of the river, with the lake (so the charts showed) some mile or two to the east. We had had quite enough for one day, having been ten hours on the trail and falling 2000 feet, without counting the climbing. Making our humble repast, and knowing that breakfast meant our last meal, we heard the sound of an axe and of someone talking and splashing through the water up the creek. Skinner sighted a Siwash and brought him into camp. He was a stalwart fellow, pleasant and could speak English well. He told us that he and two others were camped just below, on their way beaver-trapping up the Davie River, a tributary of the Kla-anch, and that we were twenty miles away still from the lake, despite our charts. We told him of our condition and asked to purchase any supplies they could spare. He said he would let us have some flour and rice at a price, and would go down with one of us to see his chums about it. Incredible to white man as it would seem, his chums stood out against us having anything. We were ready to pay heavily, but a bad-looking, beetle-browed fellow seemed evidently ready to cinch us. Disgusted, we left them, and our visions for a brief half-hour of a square meal were gone. One hope, however, they gave us. They said they had passed a canoe an hour before, filled with supplies going up to our party at the head of the lake, but they had camped a mile below and would be along early in the morning. Our three men, they said, were awaiting us at the appointed place and, as we had taken so much longer coming across than they had expected, they had sent for some more supplies. This was good news, and with hope in our hearts, we made a big fire, smoked our final pipe and turned in to rest, determined to get up early to intercept the crew and grub. We crossed during the day one broad stream with no great fall, which runs into the Kla-anch; the others were torrents from the mountains. No game was seen, save a few bear tracks and an occasional one of deer, all old.

**Thursday, August 9<sup>th</sup>** — A day of experience, and not the least, a day of sunshine and warmth, after much rain and cold, as if to betoken that the worst of our journey was over. Rising at 5 a.m. we lit our fire, made our tea, and then in turn went down to the riverbank for an hour's watch, to see that our men did not slip by. Slowly the hours passed, our eyes upon the bend of the river. Magee had a hook in his pouch, with which he tried to catch the wily fish, but they would not rise to the occasion. Skinner finally took the gun, and though there was but smallest chance of seeing birds or deer, started down the river and thought perchance to meet and hurry up the boat.

Five hours had gone and no boat yet, but we knew that poling took long and the rapids were heavy. Suddenly a cow-horn rang out below the bend. It seemed as if it could not be really true, but long and loud it rang, and then shooting forward came the black, snake-like thing, four men poling as if they were in for a race. They had seen Skinner below and had learned that we were above. They so little expected to see human beings that they took him to be some wild man of the woods; a life such as we had led does not tend to give a man an urban appearance. Then they could scarcely believe that it was the party which had actually accomplished that walk across the Cape, for it seems that most people up north thought that we should never get through. All that Skinner asked was the simple question, "Have you any grub?" to which came the query, "How much have you?" "A little pinch of tea and some salt, with appetites sufficient to eat a horse and chase its rider," was the answer. Drenched by their river work, the good fellows only thought of us, and not till we had eaten as we never ate before did they begin to dry themselves. Then we learned many things — how our men were waiting us since the 2<sup>nd</sup> at the head of the lake; how well they had carried out their errand; how the boat that we had come across was completing the stores sufficient to carry us through to the end, with four more men added to the party as packers, for everyone saw that without provisions in plenitude, we should never reach Alberni. We made them stop for their lunch whilst we put our things together, and then, as the boat was heavily loaded and the river was falling rapidly, the two men walked along the river bank, or just within the timber, whilst I became part of the cargo. I found that large as was the canoe I was in, there was a still larger canoe above. How it got up I could scarcely understand, for the work that these men did that afternoon for five good miles was wonderful. None but trained hands could attempt the work. Paddles lay useless, poling wherever they could, with the water rushing hard against them, then the hills of water tearing over rocks that lay before them. They dashed at them, never at fault; it seemed as if this rock must crush us in as we shot up to it, then the leader's pole dived low and we shot around it untouched. Into the rapids the men plunged up to their waists, sometimes even to their armpits. They seemed perfectly at home in the water. Each seized a thwart and with a "Heave ho," "Now then all together," "Once more," we were through and into smooth water again. Sometimes so strong was the rush that ropes had to be taken, and then I was permitted to take a hand. Below us they had had to take out all the cargo and even then had hard work to pull her through. One hundred and thirty rapids from the mouth of the Nimpkish to the entrance of Woss Lake and by 5 p.m. we had but thirty left as we pulled up at the forks of the river, where the Kla-anch and the Woss Rivers meet. We soon learned why we had struck the river and not the lake. Had we not come down, driven by the gulches and weariness, but kept on to our east course, we should have had at least two more days' travel, and then — for I think we would have got there even if my boots, hanging by threads, had had to be eaten — found ourselves on a ridge of mountains at the foot of which lay the lake, but which would have been almost impossible to get down. For Woss lake, instead of being nearer Atluck Lake at its northern end, as we supposed, is very much nearer at its southern end, and instead of nine miles, it is far nearer nineteen. According to the chart, we had not gone a yard out of our way, but we could not tell the chart was wrong, and came near to paying very dearly for our ignorance. But all's well that ends well, and we had found genial friends and good supplies and a way up to the lake's head by an easier mode of travel. The Kla-anch is by far the largest stream we had seen, though its width is not so great as the strange 'Dry River', which for miles runs underground, leaving evidence of some period in the year of bearing a greater volume down to the sea on its broad but now waterless bed.

Very naturally, I looked eagerly for the morrow, when I had so much to learn and to decide our future movements. I cannot forget to add one comment on one, Will Mather, who is but a boy in years. It was wonderful to see him working alongside of grown men, never flagging for one instant, quick as any of them, never flinching, though the waters almost covered him in places, as plucky and strong a boy as any father could wish to call his own.

**Friday, August 10<sup>th</sup>** — Before 7 a.m. the canoe men were at it again, a stiff five miles lying before them on the Woss River before the still waters of the lake were reached. This short river seemed to be but one continuous rapid. There was more walking in the water, by far, than poling. The thirty rapids had to be tackled and in three hours we were at the entrance of Woss Lake, drying up and getting an early lunch. The river winds east and west, some of the lands on either side being very picturesque, though closely wooded. We entered the lake under exquisite conditions. The sky was cloudless and azure blue, the waters like a mirror, and every mountain stood out clear against the sky. The length of the lake is not given correctly on the chart; it is not more than ten miles long, nor is its general course properly marked, for it is not northwest and southeast, but north and south. It also has a peculiar head, turning almost abruptly into a hook-shaped bay, and it was here that camp was made. The mountains on either side are not so forbidding-looking as on the Atluck, but Palmerston looks in a lordly way down upon it from the north, whilst Rugged Mountain with its double cascade and beautiful glacier — its Indian name, the “Kowse” — gleaming green and white, keeps watch from the south, the lake waters lapping at its foot. Rapidly we glided along, looking forward to surprise our party, who had, of course, no knowledge of our coming. They did not expect the canoe before Saturday, and as to ourselves, we were supposed to come another way. Gaining the last turn, we suddenly let fly, rifles cracked, horns blew, tin pans rang again. They could not believe their eyes and ears till they had grasped hands and saw remnants of well-known and decent clothes. We were soon ashore, on a sand spit, where two tents and a shack for their provisions stood. When we had put up our own and the canoe men theirs, we looked like a logging camp. There was much to be heard and said; what they had heard has already been told; what we heard has been given under the name of *Loriot's Lieutenancy*.

**Saturday, August 11<sup>th</sup>** — At 8 a.m. I held parliament, the members of the house sitting around, I with maps and papers spread before me on our bark table, slated on a box put up on its end. We traversed the whole situation and clearly saw that the time limit and the lateness of the season were hopelessly against us. We could not, unless we lived on air and flew, make through the heart of the island under three months more. I felt that we had fairly fulfilled the intent of the expedition, viz., to lay bare something of the widespread unknown regions of the island, so decided that we should at once commence to pack supplies over the divide and cache them there, then when the rest had gone, break camp and move beyond the cache. Whilst packers were busy, I would endeavour to learn of the region of the Tahsis to the south. We would then work down the Tahsis Canal, and there building a raft, if we could not secure a canoe, float down to Nootka Island, where lies Friendly Cove and Indians; there get canoes, if not already obtained, and make along the coast, putting in if necessary where aught of interest showed up; then paddling on till we should enter the Alberni Canal and reach the settlement. From thence, foot it once more into Victoria. Should we fail to get canoes at the head of the Tahsis Canal or at Friendly Cove, we would push on to Hesquiat,<sup>72</sup> where there was almost a certainty of getting what we needed. This was agreed upon by all as the wisest course to pursue, and all were ready to throw themselves heartily into it, so that the winter should not catch us, the agreement should be kept and we come in on time. After an address on the Sunday labour question, and explaining the terms to the new men, I dissolved parliament and we went about our work. Four packers took flour, four others accompanying as axe-men to cut a trail, with Magee as guide to locate

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<sup>72</sup> An adaption of an Indian word meaning *to tear asunder with the teeth*.

both trail and cache and future camp. They returned about 6 p.m., having accomplished their task in a satisfactory manner. They reported the sea as clearly visible from the cache and the way to get down seemingly of comparative ease, the forks of the Tahsis to be our next camp. Two went hunting and found on the south side of the lake no game, but three lakes some 2000 feet above sea level, one entirely frozen over though half a mile in length. I named them from the men who climbed there — Hammond and the (2) Mathers Lakes. Others stayed at home sorting the supplies, arranging details and getting food ready for the hungry ones. The evening being very blustering, we kept close to our tents with a bright fire glowing before each.

**Sunday, August 12<sup>th</sup>** — To make time, five men were sent forward to the cache with fifty pounds apiece of supplies, and were back in time for lunch; the rest fell to darning and repairing, writing letters and resting. The midday meal over, the rest of the day was spent as those who know Sunday camp life well understand. Photographs of the family group were taken around the canoes and about the campfire. Arrangements were completed for breaking camp early in the morning.

**Monday, August 13<sup>th</sup>** — The canoe men were off by 7 a.m., then down tents and packs made ready. Our canoes not being able to hold us all at one time, some went ahead, the rest following and caching the canoe, covering it with brush and doing our best to keep it in preservation for the use of those who should come after us. If only Siwashes do not purloin it, it will be extremely useful to have a boat for use in this beautiful mountain lake, for surely the time will come when parties will find their way thither for summer outing. The travel by way of the lakes is interesting and picturesque, and even by way of the west coast up the canal and the Tahsis River not over difficult for strong limbs. We made over seven miles by 4 p.m., reaching the top of the divide, a 1300 foot climb, by noon, and having lunch at one of the two streams that in the valley beneath become Tahsis River. In places the trail led up so quickly that we were as flies crawling up a wall, but though loaded well down, we all got up and then had a clear run to the level of the sea. We fell 1500 feet in about three hours. Shortly after restarting, we struck an Indian trail mixed up with an elk trail — of which there was sign about, also of bear and mink — which led straight down the backbone of a ridge with a deep canyon on either side and towering mountains beyond. Doubtless this trail goes over the same divide as we had crossed and is the way that the Indians of the west coast have of getting over to their Alert Bay fellows. We had missed it, but had not lost much through doing so. The way we pushed ahead down the valley spoke well for the trail, though we had to cross and follow streams in many places. We took to the rocks for some distance. The valley of the Tahsis is not long, but the great mountains shutting it in closely give it a very picturesque appearance. Our artist longed for delays, but time was precious. One view of Woss Lake from the mountaintop — the last glimpse of where the party had met again, and the stay at which had been so interesting — we were able to take. Our chart shows the Tahsis River as connecting with the lake. This, of course, is entirely wrong; its streams head up the mountains of the lake, one at least coming from the Mather Lakes. The timber in the valley is not of very great value, but evidences of minerals are to be found in plenty. The cache having to be brought down, I halted in an open glade at a distance that the supplies could be got at and brought down in a day, and as we thought, but later found out to be wrong, some five miles from the canal and half that distance from the full stream of the river, which near camp had now become a fair-sized stream.

**Tuesday, August 14<sup>th</sup>** — Sending most of the party back to the cache to bring down the remainder of the supplies, I, Magee and Cartmel went ahead to look over the way and see what the valley contained in timber, game and mineral, and whether there was any chance of getting into the district to the south without climbing the great ranges that were hemming us in menacingly on three sides and which would demand too much of our time; we found a wide valley cut up by a multitude of streams that together formed the Tahsis. We tried the brush and we tried the water, and by lunchtime had decided that the latter was the preferable, indeed the only way most of the time, as the growth of the salmon-berry and other bush made it a fighting match at every step as to whether man or vegetable

should conquer. There is some large timber in the valley, and there must be a mighty volume of water at certain seasons for the banks are high and the great trees lying in the bed of the river evidence its strength. The ranges on either side rise very abruptly from the valley and some splendid peaks tower up into the sky, especially one which stands at the very head of the canal, of bare rock shooting up like a spire some 4000 feet, named Tahsis Mountain. It was a very fine day, so that the usual clouds were lifted from all the tops and the view of the peaks was exquisite. Desirous of reaching the saltwater, we trudged on without getting there till it was nearly time to return if we were not benighted. Thinking it just possible that there might be a rancherie at the head of the canal, which would expedite matters extremely should they possess a canoe on the spot large enough for us, I requested Magee to go on and find out, arranging with him to meet us on the morrow with canoes or without, and leaving him with our lunch pail with one mess of beans and bacon, we set our faces campward and he, with his usual readiness, went off into the unknown. Fording the river and wading straight up it, sometimes near to our waists, we arrived at camp just as the other party was coming in. All down the valley were signs of Indians, as the traps — or dead-falls — for bear were numerous. We cut one to see how it worked and the wonder is that after the mass of stones and heavy timber has fallen, there is anything left of the animal worth preserving. We thought, when in our blankets, of Magee, perhaps hungry and lying in the open, but as it happened, he was in clover all the while.

**Wednesday, August 15<sup>th</sup>** — Starting in good time with full packs, and leaving Rudge, who had the misfortune to break one of his fingers, in charge of camp, or rather that part of camp that had yet to be brought down, I headed down the river anxious to get to Magee.

Making our way as best we could, we had been out an hour and a half before a bend of the river brought us face to face not only with him, but with two river (small) canoes and four Indians. The explanation thereof followed. Magee had not gone more than a mile before he came to the mouth of the river, which empties out in two places and where there is much long grass land, espying a rancherie a short distance off, but not accessible save by climbing precipitous rock. He was caught sight of by an Indian lad, who came over in a canoe and landed him among a gaping crowd. There were about twenty in possession and learning of his want of canoes to bring a party down, they assented to his proposition and promised to go up in the morning. They asked with some concern if there were any Chinamen in the gang; whether they would have refused to help us if there had been is still a moot point among us, but the query itself was strange. They seemed, however, relieved to know that though we represented many nations, we had no 'pig-tail' with us. Not only had they river canoes, but they had two, each capable of holding a dozen men and a ton or two of stuff. One of these he provisionally secured. Acting very differently from the Quatsino Indians, they seemed only too desirous to make him comfortable. They cooked him bannock; they gave him a bed; and the boys would have him go and see them swim and dive, both of which they did extremely well, leaping off a rock thirty feet high with delight and skill. About the same time as we, they left to meet us and had just arrived where two log jams — of which they had overcome two — prevented them going further, when we came upon the scene. I sent all the party back, Magee alone staying with me, to bring all the rest of the supplies down and meet the canoes at 4 p.m. at the same place. Then putting all the packs into the tiny canoes, the Indians commenced poling down the swift stream, we walking. Two old men and two lads were the pole men and extremely skillfully they did it. Twice we had to carry everything, canoes as well, over jams, but a short half mile brought us to where they invited us in, each in a canoe, and from thence we floated down under the most enjoyable conditions, save that to me it seemed inevitable that a collapse must come as we shot under fallen trees and ground over stones with the canoes so loaded down that a few more pounds would have sunk the little crafts. Our arrival was looked for and all the inhabitants turned out; their attire was most grotesque, but their attitude most friendly. One could see that some influence extraneous to their Indian nature had been upon them. I presume that the good work done by the Roman Church at Hesquiat is at the bottom of it. They brought us wood and water; they found us poles for the tents. They did not hang around and poke

their fingers into our possessions, but they went their own way after seeing that we had what we wanted. In all our trading with them, they did not show that usual Siwash habit of ‘grab’, but asked a fair price and even made a ‘potlatch’ of some things. I arranged to purchase one of the warships, together with some of the finest paddles any of us had ever seen, and all at a most reasonable price. Their attention to our guide was not forgotten, and the kloochmen were profuse in their thanks. After their meal, the same parties started again up the river, and we, having many things to see to, thought that it would be alright to send them without a guard, but here, alas! their Indian nature showed itself. They evidently argued that as we had been met in the morning coming steadily down, the party above would again do the same and continue on downstream until they met the canoes. But I had given orders that where we met before there the men were to wait, and had thought that we had got the knowledge into the heads of the canoe men. Alas! without us they deemed it too much work to carry the canoes over the jams, and so whilst our party was waiting above, they coolly lay down to smoke and play and wait likewise before the first jam. So both parties might have waited till nightfall had not three come on down to see what was the matter. The aspect of things quickly changed and the canoes lifted over the obstacles and then sent forward. The three continuing downstream reached camp, and the rest helped the polers; themselves walking at length, as darkness came on, arrived in camp, where a good warm supper soon refreshed them and absorbed all memory of a fatiguing day. The head of the Tahsis Canal is very pleasing to the eye — mountains on either side, with the low pass of the river in the centre and back of it standing Mount Tahsis, the same beautiful mountain of rock we had seen the previous day. The Indians report and can show evidence of very excellent marble close by the rancherie. Their specimens of ore were not thought much of by the experts.

**Thursday, August 16<sup>th</sup>** — The big craft, old but seemingly staunch, was with the early dawn brought over and made ready for its cargo. It requires some knowledge to arrange such when heavy seas are looked for, and ten men are the complement. The weight of men and supplies exceeded a ton and a half, but it rode the waters well and was not seemingly overloaded. Bidding farewell to our friends, we at once took to the paddles, with the tide and wind both against us. Relays of an hour each took us rapidly down the canal, which is much wider than we expected and well wooded on both sides. We were soon alongside of Nootka Island and pushed on till we came to a rancherie, where two kloochmen and a Siwash held possession. Whether they were scared at such a band coming down on them or not, they were profuse in their wishes of ‘good-day’ and goodwill, and the old fellow, after retiring clad in a blanket, came back arrayed in white man’s attire, minus hat and boots. Lunch over, which we took on the little beach, and our artist’s work over, we took to our paddles again and crept on, with the tide now in our favour, but a headwind, till time to camp. Rancheries appeared in several places and islands in plenty; the canal was steadily widening out and the waves bigger. We ran first into Kendrick Arm and then into a cove, Mariner’s Bay, <sup>73</sup> well sheltered, after a full twenty miles of paddling, and finding there a shack and water near, made camp for the night. Three of us preferred a tent, the rest sleeping where we cooked, inside the dingy-looking house. From the canal on, we found the Admiralty chart of the greatest value and interest, and could place ourselves as to position at any time with the utmost accuracy. With so excellent a guide, and Magee transferred into a navigating lieutenant, the waterway was easy, Magee having traversed before from Friendly Cove to Barclay Sound. The travelling promised to be still better, as experience of these waters teaches men many needful points. We saw some good timber along the canal, but nothing special in the way of stream or river. There were plenty of salmon about, but we had lost our spoon baits. We also saw a fair number of duck and snipe, but these kept at a safe distance. A heavy fog lay over the landscape, so that we could discern not the ranges that lay back of the canal banks. We had hoped to reach Friendly Cove by night, but not liking a late camp, I stopped short some five miles from it.

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<sup>73</sup> Possibly Plumper Harbour



**Friday, August 17<sup>th</sup>** — The morning broke with heavy mist, then to rain and wind which continued all the day. We cut a mast and had the tents ready for sails, but could not get any save a headwind, and a stiff one at that. Paddling for a couple of hours, keeping close to shore, we reached Friendly Cove, well-named, as outside the waters of the Pacific Ocean lashed themselves into a fury, whilst inside they lay like a millpond. We found a dozen houses, a little church and a store, kept by a white man named Goss,<sup>74</sup> which had been running about four months. The chief came down to greet us and showed us much civility. He and a few others understood Chinook, so that we could get our wants attended to. We needed oars and knowledge of some spot where shelter could be found by evening. He took us across the spit which forms the cove, and from Yuquot Point pointed out to us the way through the rocks of Escalante Point<sup>75</sup> to the spot marked on the chart as ‘good for boats’, known to the Indians as Pacista Cove. Then he found an oar, but we needed more. However, going to another house, painted a brilliant red, we secured the only other oar in the cove and had to be satisfied with only a pair. The Indians had some months ago found a boat, with oars, floating up the sound, evidently belonging to white men, and had brought it into port, but not long before we arrived, some men in a sloop had camped at the cove and carelessly let their fire run until it set fire to several houses, burning them down and with them, boat and oars. The ravages of the fire could be plainly seen. We were satisfied as to totem poles of the west coast, as a large one of a man and a whale adorned the front of our house, whilst opposite another, there was a remarkably clever one of a Siwash lad standing on the shoulders of a man sitting down. This lad was well-carved and his face bore a broad grin. It is life-size and we took it, till we were in close proximity, to be a living being looking at us. A relic of olden days was seen at Friendly Cove in the shape of an old Hudson’s Bay cannon, which lay in front of the chief’s house, no longer dangerous nor needed, now that the head of the rancherie wears elegant grey trousers of the latest style and boots like our own good “K’s”.<sup>76</sup> The chief’s house is adorned with the sun of an enormous size. The entrance is in the centre of the orb, reached by steps. Two hideous-looking fish are painted thereon, and above the door another fish, probably a crab. The residences in the cove are houses of immense size. We measured the chief’s and found it be 120 by 70 ft. Inside it is like a great hall, benches round the walls, with sleeping mats in some parts. The owner showed us some otter spearheads of steel that he was working on when we arrived, and very beautifully they were done. His coat for state occasions hung nearby. It is one of the finest bear skins I have ever seen. It has no sleeves, but it is thrown over his shoulders and tied with a thong at his throat. His canoe is a monster and most elaborately painted. Goss reports them a quiet crowd, at times much more numerous than when we came on the scene. They congregate to over 300 when not engaged in fishing. Two canoes loaded with dogfish came in as we strolled along with the chief, and he told us that where we should camp at night, Pacista Cove, where a kloochman and a blind Siwash were busy with halibut. Like as with the Tahsis Canal Indians, we met civility from all and freedom from inquisitiveness. Their friends further north should learn a lesson from them. Goss told us of a visit not long ago paid by these same Quatsinos. Knowledge of their coming being given, the Friendlies — known also as the Nootkas or Yuquots — arrayed themselves in full dress, their largest canoes being brought into use, and everyone dressed alike with garment striped black and white. A man in the prow of each canoe beat a drum and at each stroke, the paddles struck the water, the canoes thus bounding forward by great leaps. The Quatsinos were ahead of time and as the final preparations were not completed for the guests, the Friendlies took them to camp some little distance off. Early next morning, all being ready, the whole band entered the cove, first the Friendlies, fifteen canoes abreast, kept in line by men in each prow holding hands, drums beating, flags flying, firing and singing. Then came the guests; arriving near shore they went through ceremonies that kept them full two hours. A large canoe was lifted upon the heads of thirty Indians and into it first climbed the chiefs,

<sup>74</sup> John Goss, manager for Stockham & Dawley, traders

<sup>75</sup> Burdwood Point

<sup>76</sup> Possibly a mid-calf, lace-up army boot.

then others, one by one, to make their speeches. Goss was invited, but declined the honour. This over, all landed and merriment held sway. Being told of caves where they buried their dead, some of us entered one. A long chamber six foot broad by twelve feet high, and there, in boxes piled one on another, were the bones of the departed. There are three of these in the cove. The Indians claim to have one of value on the reservation, but are very chary of letting white men see it. Marble is good and, not far off, a white man is engaged in quarry work. Lunch over, we took to our canoe again and went out to meet a stiff headwind and heavy swell. By hard rowing and paddling, we reached in two hours and a half the Escalante Rocks, having in so doing crossed the mouth of the sound and tasted of the roll of Pacific waters. The rocks from the point to Hesquiat are numerous and dangerous; many are blind and a great surf rolls and roars all along the coast. Keeping out to sea as far as we could with surety of seeing our shelter through the mist and rain, we ran down till 5 p.m., when we espied a little smoke on a green patch ashore. Heading for it, we found the shelter, not much at that, but still the only place along the reefy coast, not twenty yards of quiet waterfront and this all of rock, with a sandy beach a little distance off, but such a heavy surf rolling that effectually prevented us from landing. We got into shelter, jumping out onto the rocks, unloading and then carrying the craft over the obstacles until we reached a pebbly beach. Here we found the Indians busy drying halibut; the stench was awful, but we had no choice but to bear it. On the grass land, where we learned a white man had cows and horses, and which might have without much trouble been made into a farm, we made camp, built our fire and had halibut for supper, the rain pouring down and the surf roaring as it plunged over the rocks, which seemed everywhere in sight.

**Saturday, August 18<sup>th</sup>** — We essayed the task of rounding Estevan Point and failed. Seeing the heavy work ahead of us and desiring to make sure of the canoe not splitting, we put in a couple of ribs, then carrying it down, as the tide was pretty well out, we brought our goods and chattels and, heavily laden, set forth. For over two hours we battled with wind and tide and a heavy choppy swell, but could make no headway. We had to go out to sea to escape the reef which runs out a great distance from the beginning of the point, but the sea was steadily getting heavier, and even had we been able to round this headland, there was still a worse one waiting us, known as the ‘Hole in the Wall’, and after it, ‘Boulder Point’. Both these are more dangerous than the first, so after doing our very best and knowing that discretion is the better part of valour, I decided to go back and wait for a better chance, lightening the load also in some way and putting in still more ribs. The old craft stood the tumbling about splendidly, but apart from shipping seas, leaked rather too much to be pleasant. It had lain by too long, but was still good enough for us if we watched and properly repaired the gaps. We made camp in the same spot and busied ourselves the rest of the day cleaning up our guns and things, which the water had somewhat damaged.

A Siwash coming on the scene towards evening to visit the old couple, still busy with their fish, I learned from him that there was a cattle trail from camp to Hesquiat and distance not more than five miles. I decided, therefore, that I and some of the party should walk across, which would lighten the canoe and let me see this neck of land at close quarters, and letting the crew rest over Sunday, have them come round on Monday or the first available day. The whole coast of Nootka Sound seems, both by chart and what we saw, to be a mass of rocks and reefs, dangerous at all times, but especially so with such weather as we had. The fog was heavy, so that we could not at times see the shore at all. Halibut hanging so near to us that we could not resist having another supper thereof, so I traded with the kloochman, giving her some tea and boiled rice. What all her gibberish meant, I could not learn, but anyway we secured what we wanted and relished it exceedingly.

**Sunday, August 19<sup>th</sup>** — A bad day as to weather, but notwithstanding, I and three others set out for Hesquiat, leaving the rest to while away their Sabbath. We thought perchance to hit the cattle trail,

but it was not a fair and square one, but very many, all broken up. The priest at Hesquiat <sup>77</sup> owns a considerable amount of cattle, also some horses, and these wander about, even to where we were camped, after food, which is fair in summer, but uncommonly sparse in winter. We had a tough fight of it most of the way, for when we had conquered the sal-lal, we came upon open marsh land, which let us sink in places nearly to our knees. The rain came down steadily and the bush was loaded with wet. So were we, for we were wet to the skin all day and our boots were filled with water. We passed one fair-sized creek running north, and we struck the survey line of the Sayward timber limit running east, but our course was east-southeast and this finally brought us about a mile from the rancherie, but quite close to a store run by an Austrian, Antoine Lukovitch, <sup>78</sup> and his wife, who received us most cordially. They could not imagine where we came from, coming overland as we had. The supposed cattle trail, we learned from the storekeeper, was as we had found it to be — a phantom — and the Indians rarely, if ever, cross, preferring waiting for days for a fair wind and canoe to making a shortcut through the bush. Anxious to get dry and be near a good larder — for we had brought but little provision, not wishing to struggle along through dense bush with heavy packs — we decided to make camp near our newly-found friends, who lent us every assistance. Hesquiat will always be pleausurably remembered if only for one reason — the friendship we formed with the couple that live so lonely a life there, with their three bright little children — Agnes, Hilda and Austin. The harbour is too well known to call for description or comment from me; it came up fully to my expectations. Along its shores appear Indian houses standing alone in little patches of cleared ground, all telling of prosperity and civilization. By reason of weather, we could not see either of the two mountains of the district, Leading Mountain <sup>79</sup> and Round Saddle.

**Monday, August 20<sup>th</sup>** — An incessant rain, with a wind that raised the waters even in the harbour to foam, effectually prevented any attempt at progress by either party. We at Hesquiat remained under the shelter of the store and passed the time as best we could. I learned from Luckovitch of a lake that in winter attains to some mile in length by half a mile in width, Hesquiat Lake, lying behind the Indian village, which is an excellent place for duck, in season. They come in multitudes, as do geese; the latter keep, however, more to the upper end of the harbour itself and afford a steady feast to the Indians, especially during the months of October and November. At the head of the harbour, Boat Basin, there runs a valley in which are two lakes, one so near the sea that at high tide, saltwater enters and widens its extent; the other is a little further back. They are both of fair size, about a mile and a half long by half a mile broad. Back of Round Saddle Mountain, there is reported to be a very large sheet of water, and another between Hesquiat Point and the West Arm of Sydney Inlet. The Siwashes at this rancherie prefer sealing to any other occupation, and some are reported to be fine shots. When at home, they prefer saltwater to sal-lal, so few skins are procured by the trader.

**Tuesday, August 21<sup>st</sup>** — The weather continuing abominable, it was as impossible for us to go on the water to see for ourselves the lakes mentioned by Lukovich as it was to expect the advent of the men from Pacista Cove. We, however, sallied forth to the village about a mile and a half distant, walking along the shore and visiting the Roman Church, a pretty structure made almost wholly by Indian hands under the superintendence of the Father, whose long residence of twenty years entitles him to high regard by both whites and Siwashes. The village contains about thirty houses, some of them as good as white settlers could wish for — painted, framed windows and two-storied. Their possessors have given them high-sounding names; the ‘White House’ is well-named, but ‘Windsor

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<sup>77</sup> Auguste-Joseph Brabant (1845–1912) arrived at Hesquiat in 1874 to begin a mission that continued under his direction for thirty-three years, until 1908. See [Barry M. Gough, Father Brabant and the Hesquiat of Vancouver Island, Canadian Catholic Historical Association \(CCHA\), Study Sessions 50 \(1983\): 553–568.](#)

<sup>78</sup> Antoni Frederick Luckovich (1861–1944); see his profiles in the family trees on Ancestry.com [here](#) and [here](#) (registration required). [Immigrated from Austria in 1881](#). Also spelt *Luckovitch* and *Lukovich* in the document.

<sup>79</sup> Changed in 1934 to Mt Seghers

Castle' and 'The Capitol Buildings' are a trifle far-fetched. From the village we followed a trail to the 'prairie land', but anyone who has ever seen a prairie would find it impossible to call it aught but swamp. There is a great deal of burnt timber still standing on it. Then we made our way to Hesquiat Lake, but could not get very close to it, owing to the heavy rains creating a swamp some hundred yards all round. It is a fine sheet of water and what is remarkable about it is that it is the only one we could recollect on the island not surrounded by mountains. The land on the peninsula forming Estevan Point is all low, scarcely a rise to be met with anywhere. We could do no more for the day, so passed the time reading and studying the barometer.

**Wednesday, August 22<sup>nd</sup>** — Glorious weather, after such as we had been enjoying, brought the party from their prison about noon. They had a hard pull despite the sunny sky, for the swell was still very heavy. A far better cove was seen near the 'Hole in the Wall' than the one we had been kept so close in, but experience teaches. The previous day, one tent had to be moved, for a torrent appeared on the scene which was highly dangerous to bedding. The men were glad to get away. Putting into a bay for a rest, they learned from a Siwash that a trail ran across from that point to the village, but the canoe needed all hands. Our crew were too tired to make further, though I had hoped to make Clayoquot Sound before night, especially as a breeze sprang up as they arrived, which would have exactly suited us.

**Thursday, August 23<sup>rd</sup>** — Opening finely, we got off early, but the wind being absent, the oars and paddles had to be taken to. We chose to keep outside of Flores Island, for though the ground swell was heavy, the distance round, up Sydney Inlet, meant a great expenditure of time. With much desire we looked for a fair wind when we should reach Rafael Point, Flores Island, that ran furthest of all the islands out to sea and somewhat sheltered us for some twelve miles. The day being clear, we had a magnificent view of the mountains that lay back of a fairly low saltwater range. Peak after peak came in view, running up into most fantastic shapes. One monster had a broad bosom of snow and another nearby it seemed as if painted with red with its rock formation. Back in them we knew lay Muchalat Lake and Gold River, and we realized that it would be a summer's task to get through and properly explore such a densely mountained region. Crossing the mouth of Sydney Inlet and rounding the point, we caught a little breeze and quickly put up stick and sail, but it was only a passing one and after half an hour had left us. Then suddenly there loomed up ahead heavy clouds; the sun disappeared; the wind began to blow stiffly; soon great raindrops fell; and we realized what it is to sail along the west coast of the Island. We were now heading for Vargas Island, hoping to keep outside and so make Clayoquot, thirty miles from Hesquiat, and with a fair wind to even make Uclulet, twenty-five miles further on, in the one day, but we soon saw that the latter was wholly out of the question and the former but a chance, and that nothing was left but to run inside and try to get round Vargas and a hundred rocks and islets. Very fortunate it was that we used discretion. Paddling and rowing, we kept along Flores Island on its western face, looking for a spot where, after six hours' hard pulling, we could take a rest and have our lunch, but nothing showed up. The west coast offers few opportunities for shelter and way ports; it is rocky and a whirling mass of surf almost without intermission. Now the rain came down in earnest and reaching the southeast extremity of the island, we saw a small bay. Into this we turned and beheld a shack and a potato patch, but neither was for us, as the surf was altogether too bad. Spot after spot we tried, then pushed out again to try just round the point. Gaining it, we came into Whitesand Bay, with four large Indian houses, deserted but for a cat that ran along the sandy shore. Thither we pulled and taking chances, one of our precious oars snapping in two at a critical moment, we touched land, sprang out and hauled canoe and supplies safely out of danger. Not a moment too soon, for we had scarcely got our breath when the wind became a hurricane and whitecaps appeared everywhere and big waves dashed upon the shore. We could not have lived in such a sea, for our craft was very rocky and leaked badly. It seemed hardly possible that a day opening so calm and beautiful should in seven hours' travel become so tumultuous. Sunshine and calm, forked lightning and thunder, wind, rain and a heavy sea — this is the experience

in a single day on the west coast, a risky place for travel at all seasons of the year. Not a chance for further progress the whole of the afternoon or evening. We were but ten miles off our first goal, but we could do nothing else save prepare for a wild night and trust that the storm would pass away with the tide. Twenty miles under such circumstances was not bad travelling. One of the features of our camping ground was the unusual sight of a well dug by the Indians, another was the absence of smell, and a third a host of unmentionable insects.

**Friday, August 24<sup>th</sup>** — No holding up of the weather. The rain still strong and dead against our course, the rain coming down in sheets. We were prepared all day long to start at any time, but the hours sped by without a chance. To lay by thus, able to do nothing yet anxious to make up lost time, was exceedingly trying to us all. None were sorry when the day came to an end and as with the evening the wind began seriously to mend its ways, we believed we should get away with daylight. Near camp we found three boxes, ordinary travelling trunks, in trees, each being the burial place of a Siwash, the bodies being crunched up, not even cut to fit.

**Saturday, August 25<sup>th</sup>** — The morning broke fine and with still waters, so by 4:30 a.m. the bugle rang to wake the camp and all were soon busy getting things together for an early start. The Siwashes were already busy fishing, and with their usual curiosity came close to us to see what all those white men meant. Ten miles of paddling brought us to Clayoquot, through Hecate Passage, looking beautiful in its stillness, with rocks and islands dotted everywhere, great mountains on the main islands backed by towering peaks that ran towards where we knew Buttle's Lake<sup>80</sup> lay. Every now and then a rancherie appeared, always well chosen, always well havened. Ahousat, which in early days had 200 inhabitants, now is represented by a single large shack. But beautiful is Deception Channel with New Rancherie at the base of a mountain. This settlement is certainly the most picturesque of all the Indian abodes I have ever seen. Not long after passing this spot, we ran into the harbour of Stubb's Island, where Jacobson has his store. This lies apart from the village, which is across the channel and is a large settlement. Indeed, all around one sees Indian houses and it would seem that Clayoquot sees a much larger gathering of Indians than Hesquiat. Few men were at home, nearly all being engaged in sealing. After luncheon I decided, having compassion on them, to take Lorient and Skinner overland to Uclulet, whilst the rest should sail, and a good sail it appeared likely to be as the wind outside Templar Channel was evidently a fair one. Starting them off, I learned afterwards that once in the open sea, they had all the wind they wanted and made excellent time to Uclulet, reaching there about 6 p.m., having made altogether some 35 miles. Securing the aid of a couple of kloochmen and a small canoe, in which we all had to sit in the bottom, we three had a delightful sail of about 12 miles up Browning Passage, at the head of which was a cutting some quarter of a mile long that led from the head of this arm to Schooner Cove on the open sea. The usual experience with Indian women was our lot, desiring potlatches of all they saw we possessed, and several times ere the journey was concluded requesting to be paid. When we saw them making attempts at stopping before the head of the passage was reached, we took out the paddles and just pushed ahead. The journey to Uclulet we undertook is the one postman's regular beat, and a fine trip it is. There are three large bays, with sandy beaches easy to walk on, Schooner, Long and Wreck Bay. Then a trail leads across for about a mile to the head of Uclulet Arm. Starting somewhat late to make in an afternoon what the post generally takes two days over, we came out at Schooner's Cove to find splendid walking. The whole country near the sea in these parts is low, with low timber but dense underbrush. To escape the headlands we had to take to the postman's trail, which helped us through. The heavy rollers came dashing up on the beach, but we had plenty of room to travel on. We pushed ahead until darkness came on, then found ourselves at the head of Wreck Bay with no chance of

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<sup>80</sup> [Buttle Lake](#) was named after John Buttle, geologist and botanist from the Kew Gardens, London, who discovered the lake and mapped the area in 1865.

finding, much less of keeping, a trail through the timber. We had nothing with us but a biscuit or two and a tin of meat, no tent and but one cup between us. The night was starlit and lovely, so we built a large fire and laying some boards on the sand before it with a sort of pitched roof over our heads, we put the hours in till daylight as best we could. Watching the fire and sleep are not harmonious things, and we did not feel much rested at 4:30 a.m., when we started again hoping to make Uclulet quickly so as to push on again for Alberni. I found that to sleep on an inclined board, soaked in saltwater and sand, with a rough piece of timber for a pillow, is not conducive to rest. Whilst the feet are getting roasted, the head is freezing with the night air. We made 32 miles this day, 22 in canoe and 10 by land.

**Sunday, August 26<sup>th</sup>** — Unable to detect the trail across the arm, we crawled over the rocks around the point near our resting place to find another sandy beach, then on to yet another, then found a trail that led us to a disused shack in yet another bay. At the end of this was a mass of precipitous rock, which we could not get around and we were forced to take to the bush. Very fortunate this was for us, since after about three hours after our start, whilst making by compass as best we could through horrible sal-lal and morass, we struck the postman's trail not half a mile from the head of the arm, which we quickly reached. "Everything always our way," was Skinner's remark when on emerging from the bush, what should we see but, within hailing distance, a boat with two men in it. This meant a day's journey saved for, as we afterwards found, had we to tramp along the shore of the arm, we should have had an extremely trying journey, broken as it is by sloughs and rocks. Hailing the boat, whose voice should answer but Magee's. The storekeeper at Uclulet had given us the usual two days for the trip, but Magee knew we meant business, so with break of day he with Maloney had thoughtfully started out to meet us and were waiting for us, not knowing exactly where the trail started in. A row of about four miles brought us to the store kept by 'French', where I found the men having breakfast. I gave orders at once to have all ready to start by 10 a.m., which was done, and we found a delightful breeze awaiting us, which took us rapidly up Barclay Sound. Till lunchtime we sped along, threading our way through the many islands that fill both Ugly and Western Channels. Then entering the broad Middle Channel, we lost the wind for the remainder of the day and had to take to our paddles. But the sea was smooth as glass and altogether it was a delightful day for canoeing, despite warmth. Towards 5 p.m. we passed Tzartoos Island <sup>81</sup> and reached the canal itself, making camp in a small bay opposite San Mateo Bay and just below the entrance to Uchucklesit Harbour. We had run about twenty miles.

**Monday, August 27<sup>th</sup>** we made Alberni. Pushing off early, we got the benefit of the tide, but not the wind, though we knew that such would come later round to our side. So strong was it blowing that we had to put into a little cove to wait for it to moderate before attempting to pass through a certain part of the canal, known by the euphonious name of 'Hell's Gate'. This is not so narrow as might be supposed, but the canal twists and winds through the mountains here in such a way as to cause a considerable rush of wind and water. Here the path of the sea is very beautiful, but it is hard to say which is the best where all is so strikingly grand. The depth of the water is enormous in the canal, the chart giving over 100 fathoms for many miles. Steady paddling brought us up some ten miles to a creek just below Nahmint Bay, where we lunched and saw, as we did, that a strong breeze had sprung up in our favour. Making all haste, we got in once more and, putting up sail, had a magnificent run, flying along past Nahmint Bay and First Narrows up to within five miles of our goal. At Copper Mountain we were left by the breeze and soon had a headwind, so variable are these channels among the hills. We were not long, however, in reaching the end, for exactly at 5 p.m. we pulled alongside the wharf and were soon taking in the sights of the little town. It being a very fine day, the Beaufort

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<sup>81</sup> Tzartus Island



Range was seen to great advantage and Mount Douglas <sup>82</sup> glittered in a rich red glow. Previous to passing Second Narrows, we had sailed by one place well known to miners and all old residents of the island — the creek first known as Fallensby, but now as China Creek. A house stands at the entrance and up its course still go others than Chinamen, for lately discoveries have been made that have set men to both talking and working. The mountains about the canal are just such as promise mineral. We had seen here in the north scarce other than peaked and pointed mountains; here they are rounded and sloping. At the head of China Creek are two mines that are doing especially well and promise much to their owners. The Golden Eagle Mine, which has been worked for two years, assays at the rate of \$80 a ton, and rock twenty feet in on a lower tunnel has gone to \$105. But the King Solomon Mine has done even better, if what I learned at Alberni be correct, as there is no reason to doubt, and richly deserves its name, for its assays have reached again to over \$1000 a ton. I further heard of good finds made by individuals and we may yet hear of great things of this little settlement. In the valleys, especially those running from the lakes to the Nahmint River, there are plenty of elk, and sportsmen will find every accommodation ready to guide them to the proper places for game. I saw in the town some fine elk horns. There are plenty of bear reported around China Creek. The Sumas River is a fine stream as it pours itself into the canal, and not far from the mouth stands the new paper mill, with many natural advantages, only awaiting a market to become a success. There are some 200 Indians in the rancherie hard by the town, and they possess horses and cattle of their own. No totems are to be seen here, but there is one carving amongst the Shusharts of an Indian which stands in the centre of one of their large houses and holds in its hands the great beam of the roof. The Indians are very proud of this possession and claim it to represent their forefathers, and from time to time cause it to give a potlatch, when the Indians gather for the feast from all sides. Arriving in the town, my first request was as to whether pack horses could be obtained. Otherwise, rather than climb the mountains between Alberni and Cowichan Lake, I should have preferred to reach Duncans <sup>83</sup> by way of Nanaimo, because we could have made better time by taking to the road than fighting through the bush. But I found that two years ago, a road had been cut, and a year ago it had been finished to the satisfaction of the authorities, and though not often used, was supposed to be in fair condition, having some months previously been passed over and fallen timber, then found, removed. This was good news, and as it happened that Pinkerton, the possessor of pack horses, was in town, I was soon able to make arrangements to have horses ready for me in the morning. These, with the men, would carry all the stuff and we could thus make good time to the lake. In our short stay at Alberni, I was much struck with the evident future of the town, the enthusiasm of its inhabitants and the general look and tone of prosperity that pervades the place. I could have wished to have more time to spare to go into the settlement and see once more good land, after months of travel where arable land was utterly nonexistent.

**Tuesday, August 28<sup>th</sup>** — The delays of travel are many and tedious. The horses arrived two hours late, then putting on the packs threw us still later, so that it was after 8 a.m. before we bid goodbye to our new found friends and started up the Nanaimo road for some six miles to where the Cowichan road turns off. It was a roasting day, but once in the timber it took a cooling turn. At the switching off place, we found written on a tree that we had thirty-two miles before us. This was staggering news, for we had heard in Alberni that the whole way was but twenty-two miles. As a fact, there seemed utmost ignorance of the length of the road in the town, but twenty-two miles seemed to predominate. We found that the traveller had the true measurement of it, and that to go from Alberni to the lake means a walk of a long thirty-eight miles. For the whole of the way we found what might best be called an unfinished wagon road. There are stretches of miles where a buggy might be driven with ease, then again where it would be utterly impossible. We had but two difficulties to overcome

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<sup>82</sup> Douglas Peak

<sup>83</sup> *Duncans* or *Duncan's Station* refers to William Chalmers Duncan's farm; subsequently called [Duncan](#).

the first day, as we covered the first ten miles of the way — one a landslide, which left only a few feet for the horses to tread on, another a tree which had so inconveniently fallen that no way but an extremely difficult descent and climb were left to us. It was a road all the way and through easy country, though we reached an altitude of 1800 feet during the afternoon. About 5 p.m., arriving at a very suitable place to camp, we rested, intending to finish the journey the following day with an extra effort, the promise of a clear road being so good. The smallest of the pack horses showed the greatest and most remarkable intelligence, evidently being an old hand at the work.

**Wednesday, August 29<sup>th</sup>** — Sending ahead Magee and Cartmel to reach the lake and try to obtain canoes, or else build a raft to take us down, I and the rest of the party were off by 7 a.m. with full intent to camp at eventide by the well-known sheet of water ahead of us. We made gallant endeavour, but twenty-two miles is a long way, especially when one finds the road becomes but a trail for the best part of the way and fallen timber blocks the way for miles. We climbed for three hours and reached an altitude of 2700 feet, then came down a very steep place and struck the Nitinat River, which the road follows for a great distance until the river switches off to run down to the west coast. It was early in the afternoon when we came to the jams and then travel was very slow. The axes had to be brought into play and devious ways had to be arranged to get around what was unsurmountable. The horses leapt many a log that to us seemed impossible that they should even attempt. We gave them rests, then trudged on, getting lower and lower until we expected to strike a long, low valley to the lake, when suddenly, some eight miles from the goal, the trail — for road it cannot be called and much money will be needed to ever make this part into such — turned upwards. It was 5 p.m. and still we thought we could make it, so up we went, cutting our way through till we reached the summit, when windfall after windfall stretched across our path. At last we came to one jam worse than all the others, and as it was 8 p.m. and pitch dark, we could not see either what to cut at or how to get round. There was nothing for it but to stop and put in the night as best we could. Magee had left a note on the way to say that they would get through, and at another place we came across evidences of Cartmel's rifle in the shape of a black wolf, with a note nearby asking us to skin the handsome beast as they had hurried forward. They had come across two wolves walking toward them on the trail and had got to within fifty feet of them. We were so tired with our nineteen miles' fight that without ceremony, we ate what we could more quickly get at, and then laying out our blankets on the trail and hillside, had soon as sound a sleep as any men could wish for. For myself, I selected a spot between two roots of a great hemlock and found as cosy a nook as any resting place on the whole two months' trip. Some of the party saw a very fine buck very close to the trail, but the men were unfurnished with guns or it might have helped out our larder and been very tasteful to at least three of us, who for several weeks had not tasted fresh meat. Some five miles from the lake, a bridge had been washed away; this compelled the horses to go into the river and clamber up a very steep bank.

**Thursday, August 30<sup>th</sup>** — With break of day we were at work determining not to breakfast until we had covered at least three miles. For over two and a half miles, it was one continuous windfall. It would have been impossible to pass along in the dark. Little by little we crept along, the horses tiring considerably. When within a mile of the head of the lake, two men came on the scene. They were trappers going to the Nitinat to locate beaver work for the winter, which was correct, and told us that Magee and Cartmel had arrived the previous evening at 5 p.m. just as they themselves were arriving on a raft they had made to come up the lake. This was most timely and helpful, for not expecting us to camp on the road, my men had taken but a small lunch and were preparing to cook a squirrel and tighten their belts till we arrived. The raft was also just what we wanted, as Magee and Cartmel went off very early down the lake and soon most fortunately saw a Siwash and a klooch in a canoe fishing. It appears that 'Charlie' is the last of his race, all his tribe gone and his children dead also. He has the lake to himself and has left it but a few times in his life. Hailing them, it was learned that a steam launch might possibly be secured, but it was twenty miles down. After a talk over the situation, Charlie kindly agreed to take the party down in his canoe, together with two others that he possessed

and were cached close to where the trail came out. So that when we arrived, we had not more than begun to get breakfast, about 9:30 a.m., when the party was once more together. Whilst the canoes were being prepared for their load, the men took the opportunity for washing clothes. The manner thereof would astound many good housewives, for they went into the lake with their clothes on and soaped them there and then. Well in the afternoon we set out, the water still as could possibly be, the Siwashes catching some very fine trout as we sped along to Captain Warburton's pretty location in a bay where the lake is widest. No one being at home, I took the liberty of camping there, and finding open doors to his many log houses, I had the luxury of walls around me for the night.

**Friday, August 31<sup>st</sup>** — My intention this day was to canoe on down to Price and Jaynes' Hotel,<sup>84</sup> which stands within a mile or so of the river, and there securing some means of lightening the packers, press on to Duncans for the night. Reaching there, I could send off the telegram The Province manager was, I felt sure, anxiously waiting and which would be in time for the next day's issue, and we by Sunday afternoon would follow it up in person. The river, I was told by an Indian, was too low to go down, or this would have expedited matters considerably. But it is safest to travel not to count on too much ahead. At 4 a.m. I was waking the camp, and by 6 a.m. we were all in the canoes. We had to make a slight detour as we had agreed with Charlie to help him find his bunch of keys at a camp he had made two days previously, otherwise he would not have accommodated us at all. Three hours brought us to a pretty bay and to their camp, which those who know Indians know to be of a most primitive character. They commenced at once scratching up the ground, we presumed because they were in the habit of each night caching the keys of their possessions. It fell to the artist to make the discovery and from that moment he was placed alongside myself as a Tyhee.<sup>85</sup> By reason of large timber fires, we had our view of the lake hopelessly spoiled, and it would have been difficult for one who did not know the lake to find his way with promptitude. Paddling steadily, we reached the hotel just at noon, where a disappointment awaited us. There was no horse and trap to be got, neither would there be at the next hotel, a mile further down, for two men had left the lakeside for the purpose of taking the only one there to carry them to Duncans. This meant that we would not reach Duncans by night, carrying packs, for it is a twenty-two mile walk. The river was closed against us, so there was nothing for it but to stop where we were till the morrow, when the stage left for Duncans, which would lighten our loads, and we follow on after. Mr. Jaynes showed us every kindness, permitting us to make camp on his grassy front and accommodating the party with meals that caused the cooks to think that we had been starving for months. The telegram troubling me, Lorient and Cartmel most kindly offered to see it put through by the evening and without thought of themselves, took the road at 3 p.m. to walk the distance in time to catch the issue. Of the party that remained, some rested, others devoured the newspapers; I had plenty of writing to do, the manager in providing for our various necessities being exceedingly thoughtful for both our convenience and comfort.

**Saturday, September 1<sup>st</sup>** — We meant business this day, and certainly by nightfall we had cause for congratulation, for we had walked from the lake to Duncans, from thence down to the bay where we had secured a canoe, and then rowed up against a headwind for about nine miles round into Saanich Arm,<sup>86</sup> just beyond Mauley Point,<sup>87</sup> camping near a small rancherie. The day was just suited to a good walk; the road was grand, the one on which any man could make fast time. After lunch at Duncans we had to tramp on, visiting the rancheries one after the other in search of the needful canoe, for though there were plenty, and many fine ones, some Siwashes were clearly afraid of the gang of men, others wanted to start the following day. I learned from the two men who had so kindly gone

<sup>84</sup> The [Lakeside Hotel](#) was built by Frank Price and Percy Jaynes in 1893; subsequently called the [Cowichan Lake Hotel](#).

<sup>85</sup> *Chief* in Chinook jargon.

<sup>86</sup> [Saanich Inlet](#)

<sup>87</sup> Possibly Hatch Point Indian Reserve

forward the previous evening that they, after some fifteen miles' walk, secured a conveyance and made all haste to the town. They found, however, the utmost difficulty in getting their news off — as I afterwards learned, failed to do so — for a youth, evidently filled with his own importance, was the operator and was extremely uncivil and disobliging. We had left Cowichan Lake with regret, but when we were once again in the 'salt chuck' and could see our goal, we could think of nothing else but the morrow, which would bring us to the Queen City of the West.

**Sunday, September 2<sup>nd</sup>** — Up before daylight, we got to work early and pulled steadily to South Saanich rancherie. Here I unloaded the packs, for I could see by the headwind that our large canoe would have great difficulty in getting further up the Saanich Arm. Sending all the men, save Magee, ahead with the stuff to meet me near Victoria later on in the day, and paying off the Cowichan craft, I looked about for a small canoe and its owner to carry us to Goldstream. All save three men were away picking hops, but one of those remaining was willing to go, and we accordingly got into his extremely rickety canoe and dug out against wind and tide and a sea that drenched us through and through. At last we reached the flat land at the head, from whence a trail runs up to the railroad track, then made good time over the four miles that still lay between us and Goldstream House. The rest of the way into Victoria was a pleasure trip, enlivened by meeting friends along the way, and by 7 p.m. we all drew up at our journey's end, soon scattering to our homes.

FINIS

**Illustrations by T. Burroughes Norgate**

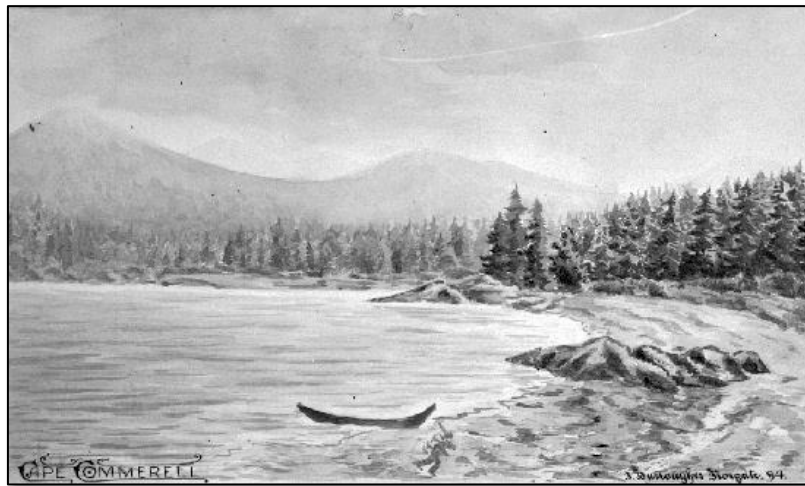


**MEMBERS OF THE PROVINCE EXPLORING EXPEDITION**  
[STANDING: MAGEE (LEFT), WWB (RIGHT). SEATED: LORIOI (LEFT),  
NORGATE (RIGHT). FLOOR: CARTMEL]



**CAPE COMMERELL**

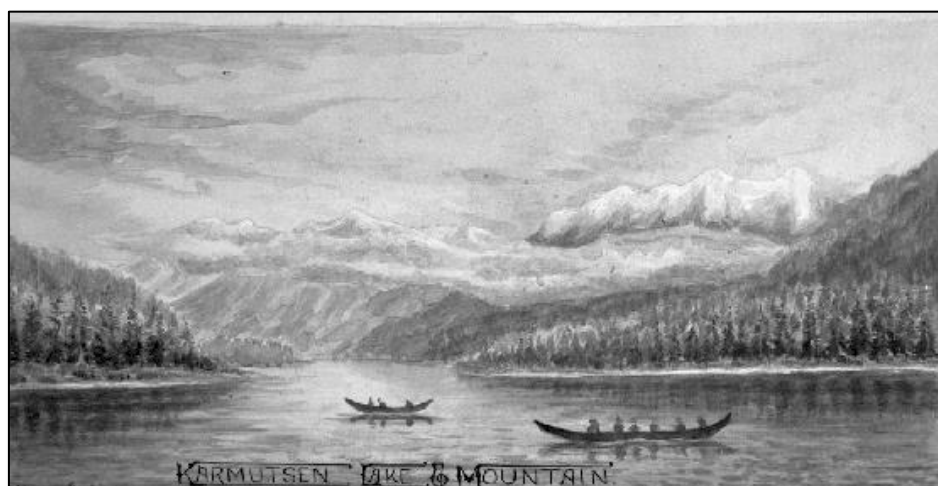




CAPE COMMERELL



HEAD OF WEST ARM OF QUATSINO SOUND

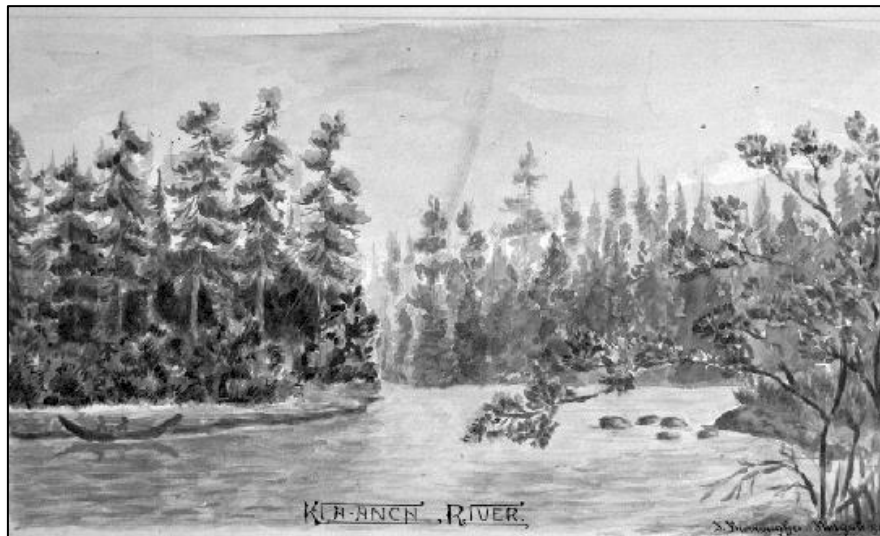


KARMUTSEN LAKE <sup>88</sup> & MOUNTAIN

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<sup>88</sup> Nimpkish Lake





KLA-ANCH RIVER



A RAPID ON THE KLA-ANCH RIVER



TAHSIS ARM - NOOTKA SOUND



TAHSIS ARM – NOOTKA SOUND

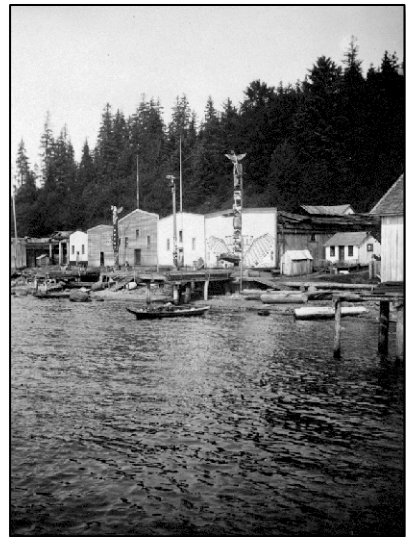


GLACIER CREEK – WOSS LAKE



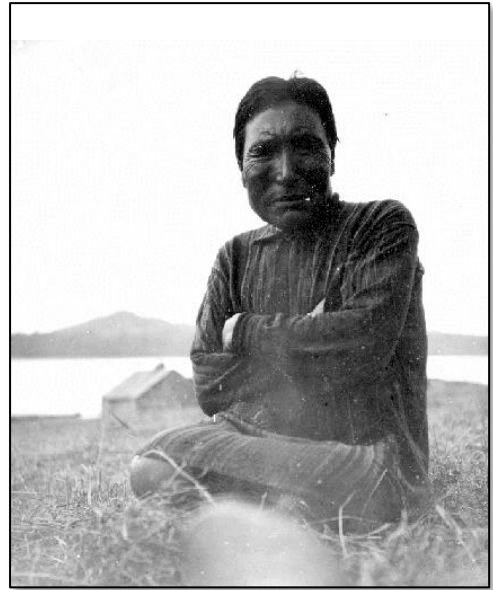
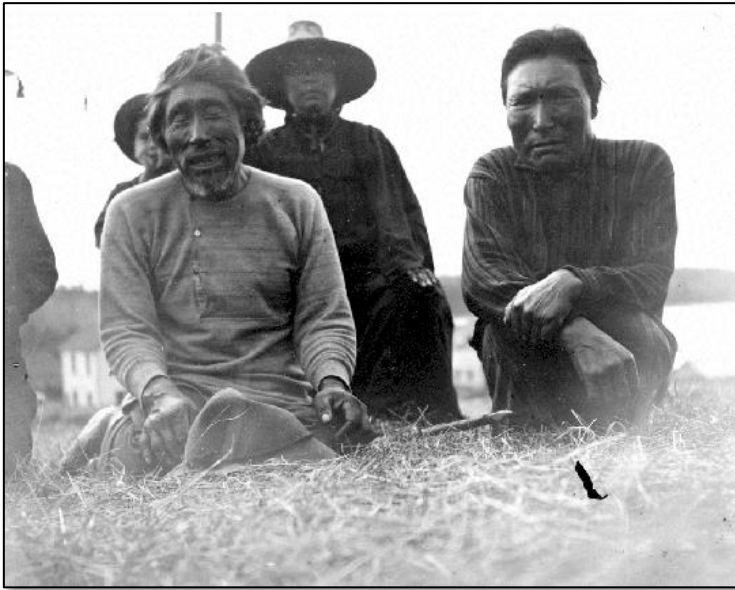
**Photographs by T. Burroughes Norgate**

**ALERT BAY**



**FORT RUPERT**





PART XV. EXPLORING VANCOUVER ISLAND





**SHUSHARTIE BAY**



**QUATSINO SOUND**

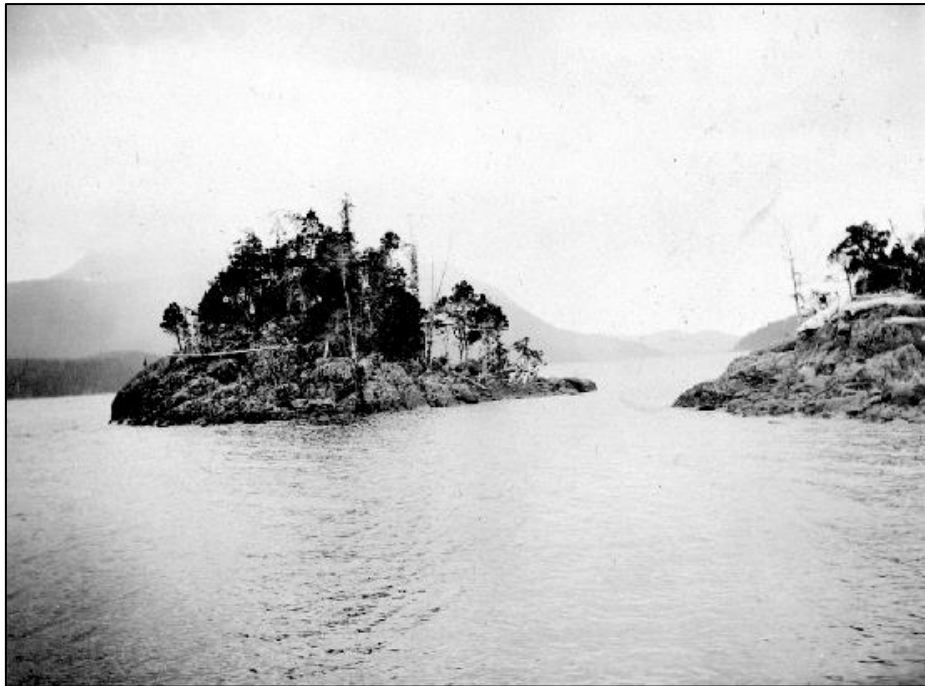


**HEAD OF QUATSINO SOUND**





RAFTING ON QUATSINO SOUND



VILLAGE ON QUATSINO SOUND

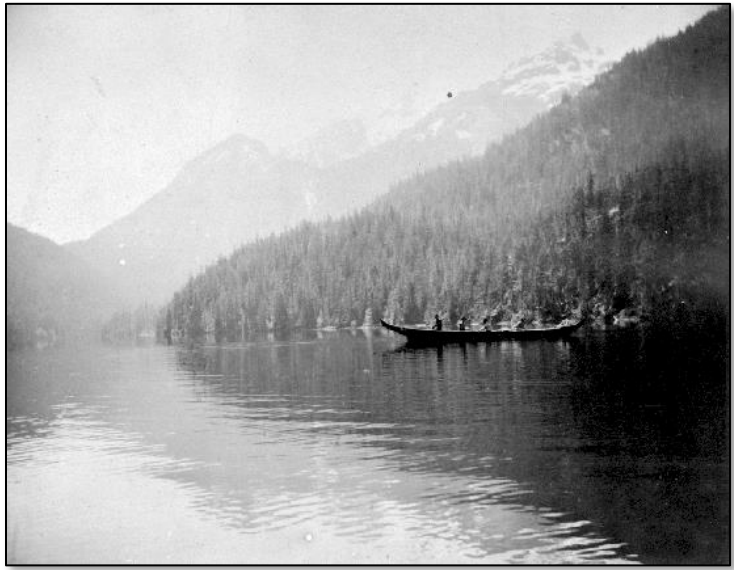
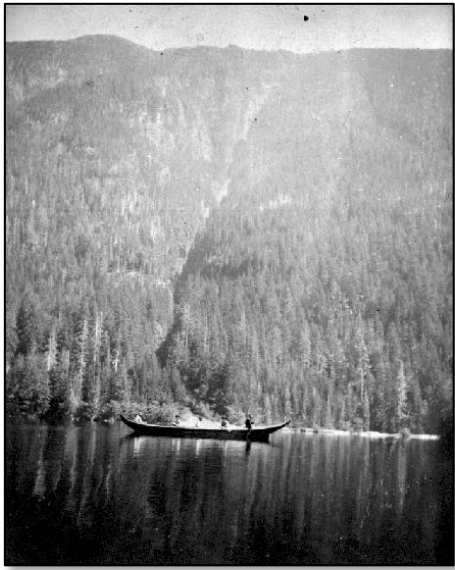
COAL HARBOUR



NIMPKISH RIVER AND LAKE



WOSS LAKE



FRIENDLY COVE



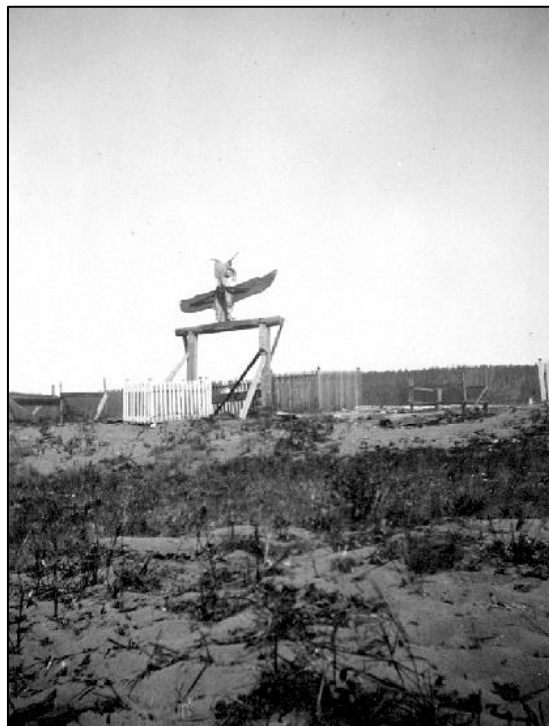
HESQUIAT





A. LUKOVITCH'S STORE AT HESQUIAT

CAMPBELL RIVER



INDIAN BURIAL GROUND



## THE PROVINCE EXPLORING EXPEDITION OF 1896

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*The Province, Saturday, August 22, 1896:*

With this issue we commence the interesting report prepared by the Rev. W.W. Bolton of the exploratory expedition in the central portion of the Island, undertaken by Mr. J.W. Laing.<sup>89</sup> By the kindness of the last named gentleman, THE PROVINCE has been granted the right of primary publication of the same, which thus makes complete the useful story which many of our readers will remember appeared during the months of September–December 1894, when an expedition of the northern and southern portions, undertaken by THE PROVINCE under the leadership of Mr. Bolton, had returned from its very arduous task. We feel sure that everyone who has the real interest of the Island at heart will appreciate the summer's work of these two gentlemen, and we take this opportunity of heartily congratulating the Rev. W.W. Bolton on his surmounting of every difficulty and standing today in the honourable and proud position of being the one and only man amongst us who has traversed our Island home from end to end. Mr. Laing's financial backing of the enterprise must needs be additionally appreciated by us all, when it is remembered that he comes as a stranger to our shores, and it is sincerely to be hoped that having taken an admiration of our Island from his friend, he will leave us for his southern home with an added admiration of his own.

THE PROVINCE very naturally feels well satisfied that its aim in 1894 is now a *fait accompli*, that what were theories are now either fully established or explored, that facts hitherto surmised can pass into the region of data, and that a bird's eye view of the Island can now be placed in every man's hands. We have gladly done our share in this work and are more than repaid by the testimony of conscience and our friends, that such knowledge as has been thus gained must sooner or later tend to the real and best development of the Island. Mr. Laing's effort in the same direction, now crowned with success, is every way praiseworthy and it will doubtless be an added satisfaction to him to feel that what his friend of California, the erstwhile rector of Esquimalt, desired to do for the Island that was for a while his home, he has been able to both see and help him fulfill.

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### VANCOUVER ISLAND BY LAND AND WATER

Two years had nearly passed, but not so the desire on my part to complete an undertaking that alone the matter of time prevented in 1894. How wise the resolution was to omit at that time traversing the middle one hundred miles has been abundantly shown this year, for it has taken six weeks of hard work under the most favourable circumstances of weather and assistance to cover it, which would have thrown the party in '94 into the middle of October before reaching home, when all travelling such as our course demanded would have been sheer madness, amid the great mountain ranges that lie in the central and Alberni portions of the Island.

No local man having taken up the task where left, it was with great pleasure that I found myself able to complete it with the aid of a personal friend and old Oxfordian athlete, Mr. J.W. Laing, who determined to see the matter through, cost what money, energy and personal labour it might.

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<sup>89</sup> [John William Laing \(1846–1909\)](#)

This time supplies were more under control, for we had learned that no men could carry on their backs enough for more than ten days without wasting time and strength. Relays were therefore ready at Nootka, at Muchalat Arm, at Buttle's and Great Central Lakes, which made the progress of the men actually engaged in working their way across country infinitely easier and swifter. In this, Mr. Laing, at a loss of much that he had wished to see, very materially assisted, thus helping our labours to success, and Mr. Bushby<sup>90</sup> had no small task on his hands in the part he took for the same end.

From Cape Commerell in the extreme north to Victoria in the south, the Island has now been traversed and much made known, whilst many an error has been corrected, but this is not to say that even in such a small area — 14,000 square miles — as the Island covers, all is yet known. There are still many portions awaiting careful travel, but they can be taken one by one and the hardships of our two journeys be largely mitigated and avoided.

What conclusion can alone be come to as to the value of the Island as a whole for man as a dwelling place is not hard to reach. It is the southern portion and around and above Comox, where already the white man has located himself, which holds for him land that, cleared of timber, he can till and live upon. The rest of the Island, with the exception of some portion of the northwesternmost twenty miles or so, the valley of the Tahsis, and scattered acres near the mouths of streams, is not for the farmer. And as to the central portion of the Island, which was the area of our travel this year, it is nothing but a mass of glorious mountains, shining, sparkling glaciers, perpetual snow, torrents, waterfalls, with lakes of every size, some bound the year round in ice. The timber is generally but of second grade and where it is first class, it is impossible to get it to the mill. Mineral-bearing rock is wholly absent. There are no 'Bottoms' to the valleys, where grassland would be found, for they run sheer and steep down to the creek or river's edge. It is a beautiful land, but only available for the artist, the mountaineer and the sportsman. It is theirs in particular and they should be proud of it, and many more of them should see it, but doubtless because of the great difficulties of travel, it will be left to the brute creation which for centuries has roamed unmolested amidst its rocky fastnesses, its deep forests and perpetual snow, and to those wildest of all wild beasts that infest it from the Tahsis to Buttle's Lake, the midget fly and the mosquito.

One the whole I should say that bear is more plentiful than any other animal in the central portion; the deer are very scattered, the long and trying winters dealing hardly with them. Birds, both duck and grouse, are very scarce. Elk are to be found in special localities, particularly about Crown Mountain, but often where one would surely expect to meet with them, no sign or trace of them is to be seen. As to the waters in the centre, the larger lakes have fish in abundance, but the smaller ones have such raging torrents pouring down deep canyons to the sea that it is out of the question to cast a fly with any hope of success.

Years ago, it was a matter of considerable doubt as to whether there were any Wapiti (elk) on the Island. This doubt no longer exists, but where the bands are to be met with is still knowledge much sought after. I do not pretend to have located every band, but I speak that which I do know when I say that they are to be found near Koprino, Koskeemo, Kyoquot, the Tahsis, Crown Mountain, the Nahmint, Comox and the Nitinat. Let others complete the list.

So also with the matter of glaciers. Eyes cannot be deceived when a milk-white stream pours down off the blue ice above. Let him who doubts go and look upon Kowse Glacier or stand upon the summit of the Divide between East<sup>91</sup> and Mosquito Rivers or climb into the hollow of the Central Crag. He

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<sup>90</sup> [George Gordon Bushby \(1868–1932\)](#)

<sup>91</sup> Burman River



will doubt no more. At the head of Marble River, he will see the largest of all, a great sloping mass that dares one to venture near.

The naturalist and the florist would be sadly disappointed where we spent this summer. Fauna and flora are meagre in the extreme, but ferns and mosses are, as elsewhere, in abundance. Heatherbell is more common than any other flower.

There is one sweet singer in these woods, a common-looking bird indeed, but its beauty is in its throat, whilst the hummingbird flits about you high up in the snow, and the old familiar frog croaks his welcome on every summit.

I think it is a statement hard to dispute that for its size, there is no other portion of the whole Earth where there are more mountain peaks, ridges, rivers, creeks, waterfalls and lakes than on Vancouver Island. We may well boast of our lakes, for in size and beauty they surpass most that other lands of similar proportions hold. There are Sooke, Cowichan and Nitinat in the south; Comox, Sproat's,<sup>92</sup> Great Central, Nahmint and Buttle's in the centre; Nimpkish, Vernon, Muchalat and Woss in the north.

As to the height of its mountains, we must not think that 7000 feet is the supreme notch reached. There are peaks which leave Victoria and Crown Mountain in the shade. In Central Crag we have them touching and surpassing 8000 feet and yet there seemed to me as I stood 7500 feet above the sea that there were still others which surpass them. But amid the highest and in the very centre and heart of the Island now waves the Union Jack, run up there by our hands, a sign set on high of the loyalty of the Isle.

Would it be worth trying to introduce mountain sheep and goats onto the Island? They have never reached here, although they are said to be across the Straits. It would be a glorious sport hunting them amid such fastnesses. The one doubt I have in my mind as to the success of the venture lies in the matter of the food which mountains provide.

We came across ptarmigan and the peculiar track of the wolverine, as if it possessed but three legs. We saw also otter and beaver and marten. Marble we came across in abundance and slate in great blocks, but they would need a fortune to move. We looked for gold, but found none and must leave it for Alberni to give the Isle renown.

One suggestion I would venture to make applicable to pioneers, hunters, settlers and map makers. It seems to me an error to call different portions of the same stream by different names. What are simply forks are given high sounding titles, as if they were entirely separate streams. This misleads a traveller and gives no proper idea of the length of a river. The case is different with the Indians. With them, every mountain, every creek and every band of a river is given a separate name because by such means alone can they give to each other the direction of travel. But with us the compass plays an important part. Because a man is the first to go up some portion or fork of an old stream is not sufficient warrant for him to cover it with his name or any other. I have tried both to avoid and correct this mistake in our goings.

The attempt to traverse the Island from end to end is now a fact accomplished and others may think to follow piecemeal in our steps or branch out on either side, but let me warn them that it is not easy work. There is no 'child's play' about it; it is the most arduous, exhausting and risky labour. It calls for stamina, considerable strength of wind and limb, much endurance and indomitable perseverance.

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<sup>92</sup> *Sproat Lake*

It is one thing to go for a day's shooting and climbing around Victoria; it is altogether another to face the wilds and untrodden forests, carrying food and clothing on one's back. It has been my part to do the latter from Cape Commerell to Victoria, and my deep admiration of the Island has not been a whit diminished thereby. I still believe that its future is grand, that many a farm will be carved out of its woods, that its true mineral wealth is as yet but touched, that its coal beds are inexhaustible, that its forests hold rich store for the lumberman and trapper, and its waters, with halibut and salmon, cod and herring, can help the old world to live. I would still invite capital to enter here and hardy sons of toil to pitch their tents to try their fortune here, rather than to face the blizzard of the prairie or the scorching heat of the summer lands. But what I have seen I will tell, be it welcome or unwelcome news, and I leave the unembellished account of our final effort to our readers, asking them to look upon it not as the notes of a pleasure trip, but those of honest, arduous labour, and here making public my grateful thanks to both THE PROVINCE and my friend, Mr. J.W. Laing, for having enabled a parson on two summer vacations to lead the way in such pleasant and hitherto unknown paths to what I trust will prove, to some, a profitable end.

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#### **Distances covered and made.**

Length of the Island: 270 miles. Greatest width: 70 miles.

##### *Expedition of 1894.*

Cape Commerell to Woss Lake, as per map: 70 miles.

Alberni to Victoria, as per map: 100 miles.

Distance actually made by party: 335 miles.

##### *Expedition of 1896.*

Woss Lake to Alberni, as per map: 100 miles.

Distance actually made by party: 315 miles.

Total distance actually made to traverse the Island: 650 miles.

##### *Weather report.*

1894 — 57 days out — wet days: 26.

1896 — 46 days out — wet days: 3.

Lowest temperature at 6 a.m.: 39 degrees.

Highest temperature at noon, in the shade: 90 degrees.

The following notes were made by Mr. Bolton as the party made their way around and through the Island.

**Wednesday, July 1<sup>st</sup>** — Once more, and this time for a finish, we sailed north on the steamer *Danube*, leaving Victoria late in the evening. We numbered this time five: Messrs. J.W. Laing, W.W. Bolton, E. Fleming,<sup>93</sup> C.W. Jones and J. Garver.<sup>94</sup> Our aim, to pass through the central portion of the Island, the agreement covering it much the same as before, save that Mr. Laing was the ‘Angel’, and not the Province company. The supplies were limited in quantity, as we could replenish at Nootka, and had arranged for a second party to enter at Campbell’s River,<sup>95</sup> so as to bring in further stores to the foot of Buttle’s Lake, whilst others would meet us at the head of Great Central Lake. Of the party, we looked to Jones to act as woodsman, Fleming as photographer, Garver to take charge of the cuisine department, Mr. Laing to be the fisherman, and Mr. Bolton was to be in command and chronicler. The make-up of the party was, therefore, wholly new, with the exception of Mr. Bolton, and two of the five had no previous knowledge of the Island, with its bold and rocky ways.

**Thursday, July 2<sup>nd</sup>** — Early morning found us at Vancouver with a while to wait, but this was pleasantly spent in watching a regatta taking place that day. Two men-of-war lay in the harbour and their presence, needless to say, added much to the enjoyment of the people. We were fortunate in seeing Indian canoe races; ten paddlers and a steersman in each boat made an effective sight to us who came from the south, as the five long snake-like canoes shot through the waters at every stroke. We had the misfortune to end one race abruptly, for our relentless captain left the wharf on schedule time and despite our warning whistle, a brave attempt to run us down was made by a four-oared outrigger, which effort was naturally followed by disaster and a cold bath for the scullers. An elderly spinster, who had boarded the steamer surreptitiously for a good view of the races, made her presence likewise felt as soon as the lines were cast off. She must verily possess a sporting soul, for so absorbed was she as we saw her sitting near the stern of the vessel that nothing but the swirling of the screw brought her from her reverie. Then there was a mighty hurry and a scurry, and threats and maledictions, until we put to wharf again and released our prisoner. Then we settled down for a steady run to Union, which we reached in the evening, and as we had lost tide at the Narrows, we rested there till break of day.

**Friday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>** — We were through Discovery Passage by breakfast time and then made our way slowly through the channels to Alert Bay, on Cormorant Island, which was reached by 4 p.m. Onboard we made friends with several who had much interesting and useful data to give us. One white-haired prospector, in particular, who talked about the ’60s as if they were yesterday, told us of a sufficiently unknown experience he had had those many years ago up the Gold River on the West Coast to warrant its repetition here. Several miles from its mouth, above the formidable first canyon, he had come across a rancherie consisting of half a dozen shacks or houses, the owners of which promptly fled into the timber and hills on the approach of his own party. The Coast Indians who were with him did all they could by signs to assure the timid ones of their peaceful intentions, but all was of no avail. What seems probably the explanation is the known fact that a wrecked English captain in the eighteenth century had built, up Nootka Sound, a new vessel for himself and he had Chinese workmen with him. These had intermarried with the fierce Nootkas and the result was much bitter feeling,

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<sup>93</sup> Edgar Fleming

<sup>94</sup> John Garver

<sup>95</sup> [Campbell River](#), named after Dr Samuel Campbell, the surgeon onboard the HMS *Plumper*, Captain Richards, which was sent by the Royal Canadian Navy to chart the area in the period 1859–1861.

ending in bloodshed. The few mixed bloods had fled back into the hills up Muchalat Arm <sup>96</sup> and there remained almost forgotten. All that is now to be found are the remains of the village.

As we passed along the East Coast, we felt that it was very much wiser to reach our starting point, Woss Lake, by way of the Nimpkish Valley, rather than as we first had suggested, by way of Adams' River. <sup>97</sup> Nothing could well be more forbidding in aspect than the fir-clad coastline passed this day. It is one continuous run of mountains and the country back of it we knew from official reports in our hands to be of a character likely to consume too much of our time in working our way over to the lake. There are passes to be found, where Salmon, Adams' and Beaver Rivers pour down to the sea, but there would still remain a cut across country, which by no means can always be said on the Island to be the shortest way. We noticed that the snow in the central portion still hung very low on the mountains.

Arriving at the cannery, there was a scene of commotion at once, as an effort was already being made onshore to induce a number of Indians to return to Rivers Inlet, where a strike had been going on and the fishermen had left in high dudgeon. Between those interested in the matter who were onboard and those onshore, who looked to the season's pay of the Indians as the means of repayment for goods long supplied, a large number were prevailed upon to ship. Then the fun commenced. Men, women and children laboured like beavers to bring their household effects aboard. Saratogas, portmanteaux in various stages of decay, handbags, bundles of prodigious size, mats, tin pots, dogs and babies, all taken along, the men rushing back and forth to their shacks for still more 'ictas', <sup>98</sup> the women walking as if for a funeral till there was enough freight for a hundred white folk. At last the final whistle blew amid a din of jabbering and excited calls upon the laggards. The very last to come was a serious-miened old woman who, despite the fact that the hawsers were cast off, walked at a snail's pace along the wharf, holding in her hands an iron pot with stew boiling therein. Unceremoniously, she was heaved aboard, kettle and all, and the steamer departed north. Curiosity demanded an explanation of the slowness of gait noticed among the women. We were told that according to the rank, so is the gait. The wife of a chief, whom we saw later on, creates an intense longing to set off firecrackers behind her, or do something equally desperate to increase her pace. She is said to have greatly increased her pace in late years, which makes it hard to imagine what her original gait must have been, the suggestion being freely made amongst us that it came near to a perpetual full stop.

We turned our attention promptly to making arrangements for ascending the Nimpkish and Kla-anch Rivers, and by the kindness of the Spencers, we were introduced to the chief, who, after due consultation with his people, arranged to have a canoe on hand in the morning, and himself and a chief of a neighbouring ranche go along with us. The water he reported as low and that it would be necessary for some of the party to do a good deal of walking to lighten the load. This we were glad enough to agree to, so as to get the men to go at all. We made camp in the cannery and cooked supper on the beach, then went sight-seeing and gathering information. We did the town, carefully avoiding from past experience entering the shacks, but looking into the pretty little church and walking out to the graveyard at one end of the place and the Industrial School <sup>99</sup> at the other.

We paid our respects to the chief as he sat industriously preparing poles for the morrow, and made him a 'potlatch' of a smoking cap. This he promptly donned with evident pride, and we trusted the bribe would work us good. His attire was wondrous, if it lacked any element of being picturesque. A

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<sup>96</sup> *Muchalat Inlet*

<sup>97</sup> *Adam River*

<sup>98</sup> Chinook jargon for *things*.

<sup>99</sup> [Alert Bay Indian Industrial School](#)

rakish cap, a red blanket, white duck trousers rolled up to the knees, grey stockings and heavy boots. But all the same, he is a chief and is looked upon as the proprietor and king of the Nimpkish River.

In Mr. George Hunt, one of the sons of an old Hudson's Bay factor at Fort Rupert, we found a most interesting person to talk with concerning Indian lore. With infinite patience and diligence, he has been gathering these many years information of every kind from the tribes around for publication through the Smithsonian Institute. He has learned the songs and the dance movements, together with many deep secrets of the Indians, only by identifying himself closely with them, just as his mentor, Professor Franz Boas,<sup>100</sup> did some few years back. In the writings of the latter can be gathered all that is yet known concerning the Indians of the Island and Mainland. To him and his able assistant, Mr. Hunt, great praise and heartiest thanks are due from all lovers of Indian folklore, and there should be far more copies of their labours circulating in Victoria than there appear to be.

We all know of the totem pole, but the key to the understanding thereof is not in everyone's hands. Without pretending to be certain that he is correct in every point, and being open to correction, the writer here ventures to give what conclusions he had come to on the matter after considerable research and enquiry. All visitors to Alert Bay will recall the prominent totem erected there. Let it suffice as an example. Commencing from the bottom, there is a fish, whose lower jaw opens and becomes the door to a shack. Then follow a bear, a man, a crane, a wolf, a whale and an eagle. The totem is the ancestral tree. It is the lineage of the owner. When he goes visiting other tribes, he takes along with him a miniature of his totem and presents it as his passport for recognition and a place among the honoured. According to the Indians, at first there was nothing on the Earth but animals, with fish in the sea. Then a being appeared who turned some of each tribe of animals and fish into men. The owner of this Alert Bay totem therefore claims that his first ancestor came from a fish, and in time, after marrying amongst their own tribe, his descendants intermarried with the eagle tribe. The lowest figure of a totem seems to be the first, then follows the highest, thence one read downward. The fish and the eagle in time branched out and took wives of the whale tribe, and these married into the wolf and so on, till the present owner appeared, whose mother was brought in from the bear tribe. Thus whilst the family tree is given, there does not appear any means of calculating the full generations of the ancestry, but this may yet come to light, the chief difficulty in the way being the evident reluctance of the Indian to give his knowledge to the passing white man.

**Saturday, July 4<sup>th</sup>** — This 'day of days' for those of the party who claim Uncle Sam as their liege lord was ushered in by the unveiling of the Stars and Stripes in our bedless bed-room amid our first camp. Strange to relate, the Indian chiefs were ready to start within half an hour of the specified time, 6 a.m. Clearly our potlatch had done its work, and to make sure of continuance of the favour, we made a similar present to Chief No. 2. This he immediately donned, discarding his ancient and ragged headgear, and forthwith assumed a most dudish appearance. Chief No. 1 dived into one of his numerous travelling boxes and brought forth his own, which not for a day could now be parted with. We paddled across Broughton Strait to the mouth of the Nimpkish and soon felt the rushing of the river, which in four miles falls seventy-five feet from the lake. It was here that Vancouver landed in 1792 after passing through the Narrows. It was then known as Cheslakees and was strongly fortified, some thirty shacks holding the inhabitants. Now it all overgrown with underbrush, but there are still the great beams of the houses standing as silent reminders of past glory. We were not the first band of explorers to enter here with the intention of crossing to the West Coast. Moffat,<sup>101</sup> of Fort Rupert, in 1852 had gone before us, coming out at the Tahsis Canal; Mr. Fry, of the party under the command

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<sup>100</sup> [Franz Uri Boas \(1858–1942\)](#)

<sup>101</sup> Hamilton Moffat

of Mr. Gray,<sup>102</sup> in 1888 had made his way by means of this route, first to the canal and then to Muchalat Lake and Gold River; whilst some of the party of 1894 had brought in supplies and joined the rest as we travelled over the Divide at the head of Woss Lake to Nootka. To the Indians it is a well-known way, and now once again it was to be traversed by white men. We knew what lay ahead of us in the way of rapids. From the mouth of the river to the foot of Woss Lake there are 130 rapids to be tackled, a good training of limbs and muscle for what afterwards remained to be done. The struggle was soon on and foot by foot we conquered. The enjoyment of this beautiful stream was sadly marred, however, by the horrible smell which proceeded from the Indians' camp supplies. Fish, both ancient and modern, were in the boxes, with a decided preference for the ancient. This necessitated a great and general consumption of tobacco, which inveigled at least one of the party into the bad habit all the rest of the trip overland. The river has been too often described to need any special pen sketch here. It abounds in picturesque scenery and long reaches of still waters, especially welcome after the rushing of the stream over the rapids. There was no sitting idle; if not working with the poles, we were ordered out to walk along the thick brush bank or to jump into the river and heave the canoe along by main force of arm. A little past noon we reached the lake and lunched. Then with a stunning breeze and a large sail to catch it, we fairly flew up the lake and arrived at the head where the Kla-anch River flows in, with time to make camp and have supper before dark. Opinions seem to differ as to the length of the sheet of water. We all agreed upon eighteen miles as its length and shall hold to it unless positive measurement is made. At the southwest end, there is the entrance to the series of lakes, the Anutz and the Hoostan, which culminates in the Atluck, whence an easy mountain pass leads one to the West Coast. The writer ought to know, for it was from the West Coast that in 1894 he reached Atluck Lake. Another stream, the Klas-silis, runs into the lake a couple of miles from the head of the west side. On the west side, the mountains are high and snow was on them; on the east side, they are very uneven in altitude. We saw no specially good timber, what there is being but a scrubby fir and hemlock. For game, we came across duck, coon and otter. Our photographer was kept busy and our fisherman made effort to add to the larder, but did not meet with success, although the Indians report excellent fishing earlier in the year.

**Sunday, July 5<sup>th</sup>** — Bright and early we turned into the waters of the Kla-anch River, which enters at the south-east corner of the lake, rising near Victoria Peak close on forty miles away, and for twelve hours fought our way upstream. We found the river low, as the Indians had forewarned us, but still it was as broad a stream as the Cowichan, and from debris lying along the banks gave evidence of rising as much as twenty feet in flood time. Riffles are numerous and necessitated continual pulling and hauling by rope, and at the gorge, Hell's Gate, just below where we made camp in the evening, everything but the canoe itself had to be portaged. At this spot there is a raging, foaming torrent pouring down between high rocks. It made a most picturesque scene as the canoe, tossed hither and thither, with an Indian in the prow and another in the stern, was forced through the narrow passage, we hauling on the rope with might and main. We noticed considerable marble, also red and grey granite. Fir seems the chief timber, but spruce and cedar lie a little back from the water, whilst alder is abundant on its banks. Timber limits exist here, as indeed we found almost up to Woss Lake itself. A good many gravel ridges fallen in with proved good footing for the rope pullers. We saw a few duck and grouse on our way up. The photographer was kept busy and stuck to his work manfully despite stiff climbing and a thorough acquaintance with the water.

**Monday, July 6<sup>th</sup>** — Another day's fighting with the rapids. This was one of our few wet days, but the heavens dealt so gently with us that we scarcely noticed the rain. The Indians had by now taken our measure and made utmost use of us. Chief No. 2 was a tireless worker himself, but the elder one

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<sup>102</sup> John Gray and Henry Fry. See [M. Layland, \*The Land of Heart's Delight: Early Maps and Charts of Vancouver Island\* \(TouchWood Editions, 2013\).](#)



reserved himself for special occasions. When, however, need arose, one could note at once the hand of a veteran. He evidently knows the river like students their favorite book; it was first this side, then that, and where the waters made various streams it was seldom that he needed to go ahead on foot to prospect. Those of us who could not pole were only allowed onboard when paddles could be used, and the younger chief's expressive "go ahead" when there was need of the rope meant at least volumes of water for the haulers. The Klan-anch has many tributaries, amongst them the Wah-ha and the Koon-Koomasitch below Woss Forks, whilst above there are the English-named ones of the Davie and the Vernon. About noon we came to the Wah-ha, where in 1894 Magee and the writer had come from Cape Commerell via Snowsaddle Mountain and Atluck Lake, and where the canoe of the party who had entered from Alert Bay had picked us up, half famished, and taken us to Woss Lake. So now one of us was on old ground, but time and water had so changed the appearance of things that it was hard to note old spots. New channels were made; high banks had gone; and spurs and gravel beds were wiped out of existence. There is something of a valley hereabouts, but very broken and nowhere looking to be much over a mile in width. Steadily we forged ahead and at eventide we reached the junction of the main stream and the Koon-Koomasitch, which flows in from the north-east, where we were right glad to make camp, despite wet ground and abundance of gnats and mosquitoes. The fisherman tried his luck at the forks, but was rewarded with one rise only. We found an abundance of wild roses in bloom along the banks of the river this day.

**Tuesday, July 7<sup>th</sup>** — A long, broad and low riffle necessitated at the very start our packing supplies and blankets some distance upstream, then in and out of the water all morning. We had not gone more than a mile when we came across an exceedingly heavy log jam. How the stream could have done such work seemed to us a mystery. The axe man had to get to work and cut a way through, no easy task amid cramped surroundings. By noon we reached the Woss Forks, three hundred feet above the sea, and expected that the Indians would enter that stream and land us at the lake itself. But they evidently had had enough and protested that the waters of the side stream would allow them to go no further with so large a canoe. We knew from previous experience that there might be some truth in this, for the run of five miles of the Woss River is exceedingly swift and an almost unbroken riffle all the way. However, we did our best to persuade them, but without avail, so paid them off, lightened the packs of everything that could possibly be spared, leaving by misadventure some supplies we could ill afford to lose, had lunch and were off to the lake by land. There is no very high land hereabouts, but the undergrowth is heavy and where one escapes the brush, there are swamps and beaver meadows to wade through. Not having our packing timbers in good shape, there was plenty of tumbling about and, of course, slow progress, and just before dark, finding we could not make the lake itself, we camped in a rough and most undesirable spot and made the best of the night we could. A fine deer hove in sight whist on the march, very red and with good antlers, but he was gone in a twinkling. About here was an abundance of signs of both bear and deer. Whether the Indians were justified or not in breaking their contract, it meant an annoying delay to us, for a raft would have to be made to take us up to the head of the lake, and the wind then might be against us for days, which would still further delay us. We had cached a canoe at the head of the lake on our previous trip, but we were at the wrong end for it to be of use to us, even had it not been found and carried off.

**Wednesday, July 8<sup>th</sup>** — The enemies of the night drove us from camp just as quickly as we could get our things together and a short half mile of burnt timber land, which those who know what such means will feel for us forcing our way through, brought us to the foot of Woss Lake, a beautiful sheet of water hemmed in on both sides by mountains, with a precipitous shoreline, especially of the west side. It lies almost due north and south, with a hook-shaped bay at its head, and is about ten miles long. Like all lakes on the Island, it is very uneven in width, jutting spurs of hills running far out and almost meeting in places. After prospecting for good timber, we settled down for camp and went to work raft building. Our shipyard was not the tidiest, being the receptacle of many old bones of trees, but Jones soon collected logs enough and by evening we were nearly ready to start. The 'Davy Jones'

consisted of four main logs, with a flyer at one side. These were held together by two crosspieces dove-tailed in. The rowlocks were similarly fixed. The only implements used in the building were two axes. Poles were made out of cedar, and a platform for the packs was constructed out of driftwood. Oars were left till the morning.

**Thursday, July 9<sup>th</sup>** — The day opened clear and calm, but before breakfast was done and the packs ready, the wind sprung up and blew with exasperating force all day. We made two attempts to go ahead after finishing the oars, but made so little progress against a headwind and at such a risk to our packs that we had to put ashore and wait for calmer times. One of the party took a couple of cartridges and went forth seeking fresh meat. A fleeing buck took his missiles and, of course, on his way back he almost ran over two others, besides a bear. The wind dying down a little, as soon as we had supper, we went aboard determined to reach the goal. Our only chance seemed to be to row during the night, and this we set to work to do. For the first two hours the waves washed our decks in a most unpleasant manner, but in time the swell died down and on we kept till 2:30 a.m., when in inky darkness we reached port. It was strange work feeling our way on the darkness. We poled as much as the coast would allow, and this made the course much longer. The navigating lieutenant with his pole stood to his post throughout the seven hours' work and steered us past many a snag and danger. As we rowed along through the winding path of the lake, there was an utter silence, save for an occasional waterfall or stream rushing down. Nature was asleep and before we were through, we felt very much inclined to follow in its wake. Arriving at the head, we lit a large fire on the shingly beach, hard by the milk white stream of the glacier above us, and laid down in our clothes around it to sleep out the few hours till daylight.

**Friday, July 10<sup>th</sup>** — A more glorious sight than that which welcomed our awakening cannot well be imagined. The sun was shining; the sky was cloudless and blue, Rugged Mountain looking down upon us with its glacier shimmering in the light, its waters leaping down by half a dozen streams to gather together at the base for a united rush to the lake. The photographer also was in his element. He also took the fisherman by surprise, who, asleep on the beach, tired by the exertion of the night, was awakened by the cry of "fish for breakfast." Sure enough, the early riser had landed six handsome trout, running up to a pound in two cases. After breakfast we went in search of our cached canoe, but the Indians had been before us and we found only the boards and branches we had so carefully covered it with. So we fell back for the day on our 'Davy Jones'. The old camping place was almost obliterated. The two streams pouring in had made new channels and all we found of the past were the tent sides of those of us who had camped in the brush. We now canvassed carefully the situation. Here was our starting point, and Alberni was the aim. We had to explore the unknown regions in between. The Government survey party of 1888 had followed up the Klahan to Vernon Lake and thence explored the region northeast of Woss Lake to Muchalat Lake and Gold River to within twelve miles of the west coast, whilst the country lying between the Tahsis Valley and Head Bay up the west side of Tlupana Arm had also been entered by white men.

This left us with the necessity of reaching as rapidly as we could the latter arm and there taking up the work from the arm's southeast side, making our way through the Conuma Peak district as far as the valley of Gold River, then crossing from the head of Muchalat Arm to Crown Mountain district, in which Buttle's Lake lies, and from there working across the country to Great Central Lake, whence roads would lead us to Alberni. All this we eventually did, and how we managed here follows. But first there came up the question of supplies. Food is a matter of paramount importance in the woods. We looked over the stores and found at once that we should have to replenish our supplies certainly once, if not twice, before meeting our supplies, which were to be at Buttle's Lake. The nearest place was Friendly Cove, thirty miles distant, from the head of the Tahsis Canal, which was our first objective point, twelve miles from where we were at present. Another store was at the new cannery near the head of Muchalat Arm. We decided to go down to Nootka (Friendly Cove), thus completing

a trip across the Island and securing a series of photographs, unique and touching all phases of the Island, and thence go by canoe up Tlupana Arm, where three of our party should enter that country, the other two meeting us with fresh stores up Muchalat Arm, and then leaving us again, make their way by water directly to Alberni, where after looking into the mining possibilities of the place, they should take in yet other supplies to the head of Great Central Lake in case what we left Buttle's Lake with were insufficient to carry the three to their journey's end. The possibility of any one 'cutting across country' in a straight line from Woss Lake to Tlupana Arm, there to begin the duty of exploring was as likely to us as we looked at the mountains of bare precipitous rock that close in the lake and run all down the Tahsis Valley to the river's mouth, as two years before we had looked to be going straight from Snowsaddle Mountain to the Atluck Lake. We then had to make immense detour, swerving to the south till we touched the sea, then working back, and after trebling the distance, reach the lake. Thus a straight line of seventy miles came to be in reality a travel of 215 miles from Cape Commerell to Woss' waters. But how to get down to Friendly Cove was the next question. We knew there to be a rancherie at the head of the Tahsis Canal and trusted that we might find, as we had once before, a canoe, a canoe that would be hireable or saleable. If not, we would have to face the building and slow progress of a raft. So minded, we moved camp in the afternoon from the spit we were on to where a start would be made in the morning over the divide of 1000 feet, which lay between us and the Tahsis River, and then went fishing, meeting with excellent success once more.

**Saturday, July 11<sup>th</sup>** — A stiff two miles' climb brought us to the summit of the divide. It was decidedly hard going. The undergrowth was especially thick, and a good deal of clambering hand over hand was required. This with two hands free is comparatively easy, but when one has a good pack on the back and a rifle or an axe, a fishing rod or a camera in the hand, it is a very difficult task. But all the same, we got there at last. The divide is a narrow gorge with towering mountains surely 5000 feet high on either side. We reached the snow lane, but above us there were more mighty banks of it. After lunch we began the descent and camped about as low in the Tahsis Valley as Woss lake is on the other side of the divide. We kept on the west side as much as possible and were rewarded for a somewhat extra climb than might have been taken by a bear hunt. Coming out of the timbers into an area of several acres of shrub running up into snow, such as elk love, we were on the lookout for such game — trails made by them being very plain — when the commander espied at some distance a very large black bear making hasty tracks ahead. Bruin was making for a shelving ledge of rock, and the commander, pack on back, fired, hitting him hard but not quite enough forward. A second shot fell short and by this time the Bruin had crawled into heavy brush. The sportsman, throwing of his load, ascended up a snow slide and sought to bring the beast face to face with diligence, but those below saw him cross just above a waterfall and enter shrub, which hopelessly hid him. As we descended into the valley by way first of an elk trail, and then of an Indian, and later on down streams and rock slides, we had a grand view of the Tahsis River, one of the west side, the other on the east side of the divide. Fine and picturesque waterfalls are plentiful here, and again the photographer was in his element. A white flower in shape like a star, about an inch in diameter and lying very close to its four leaves, was met with near the snow in great abundance — the clintonia.

**Sunday, July 12<sup>th</sup>** — The day opened with light rain, but soon ceased, and travelling was good through the fine valley, despite its being cut up by many streams and a good deal of salmon-berry and other bush. We noted large cedar and spruce, but very little fir. We made to nearly the head of the canal by evening, when we camped in a most lovely glade, one out of the very many, rich in ferns, the river flowing close by and the great cone of rock, Tahsis Mountain, towering behind us. The prison walls that hem the valley on either side run up to heights that, however much we might have wished to enter the land immediately beyond, gave us no chance. Down the canal we had to go. The temporary loss of the fishing rod in its tin case caused much concern for a time, but by dint of a long pole and perseverance it was eventually hooked and landed.

**Monday, July 13<sup>th</sup>** — We made our way down and alongside the river until we could get no further with packs. The mountain now came down to the water's edge, and the valley was well nigh ended. The commander and Jones went ahead, hoping to get a canoe, and after skirting the rocky banks and breaking a trail through the brush, came out at the river's mouth, driving a couple of deer ahead of them across the water. The rifle had been left behind. The rancherie stands on the northeast side of the canal, and to our regret we saw no signs of life thereabout. Wading nearly to our waists, first across the river and then through the long grass flat of the head, we reached the side on which the houses stood and climbed round and down to the place. All the shacks were deserted and there was but one tiny duck boat in sight, and that was worn and badly cracked. Necessity knows no law, so we found our way, by gentle pressure, into the building and discovered a fragile river canoe and a couple of much used paddles. Down to the water we bore our prize, and at first it was touch and go whether we would not both fall out. We had seen a frame building on the opposite side of the canal, evidently new and put up by white hands. By dint of great care the house was reached, but it was untenanted. Later on we found that it was a fishing house placed there by a new enterprise, the West Coast Packing Company, and removable at pleasure to where the salmon are expected to run. There being no other vessel in sight, we essayed the task of poling upstream for the packs. The writer preferred, after a very short experience, to pole himself alone on his underpins up the river, but between us we got to where the rest of the party were, had lunch, and then Jones went downstream alone loaded to the gunwale. He arrived safely at his destination and we followed along our morning's trail, making camp immediately behind the company's shack, the other side of the canal from the rancherie, dreaded by us as the likely stronghold of many small but powerful enemies. Out again, we two started looking along the shore in likely places for hidden canoes, but never a one was there. However, we came across a buried Indian woman, not hard as a sepulchre to be seen by the passer-by, for the body lies in a river canoe, the whole wrapped in a sheet, tied up in a slanting direction in a tree with all the party's wardrobe hung on separate branches. Her garments were never numerous, but such as they were they followed her to her place of rest. Above all these, and in another tree close by, was a box suspended, somewhat hidden by what might be taken for a drum. A feeling of reverence forbade us prying for more details. There was nothing for it but to make the journey to Nootka in the canoe at hand, and there secure one large enough to bring the party down. We decided, therefore, that with the break of day, the commander and Jones should attempt the long journey to Friendly Cove, a distance of thirty miles, in the slender craft, and that the others should commence on a raft to follow us slowly down, should we find difficulty in finding what we went in search of and be longer in returning than we anticipated.

**Tuesday, July 14<sup>th</sup>** — By 5 a.m. we two had cooked our breakfast and with the tide in our favour, both essayed and practically accomplished our task of reaching Nootka. The dangers we ran and the escapes we had during the run of seventeen hours are too numerous to detail, but are ever likely to be remembered by both of us. Our craft was a mere cockleshell, and to put our arms on the sides meant overturning it. But determination makes light of difficulties and passes over risks with a laugh. Lying down in the bottom of the canoe, we sped along with the paddles till we covered the first ten miles, then growing bold, we gladly welcomed a slight breeze in our favour and determined to chance a sail. As we had to leave both the axes in the camp for the raft builders, we had to get a mast and spit as best we could with the help of our jackknives. During this rest and whilst on a short spit, we came upon three deer (yearlings). They had no fear of us, but gamboled and played about us within a dozen yards. We had not dared to carry rifles, so we looked on at their enjoyment and sighed. Our supply was limited to cocoa, bread and beans, for at headquarters we had left a most impoverished larder. Our blankets we had wrapped in a rubber sheet and this we improvised as a sail, and a capital one it proved to be, carrying us for just another ten miles, when the wind turned against us.

We made the twenty miles by noon and thought we could get to the cove easily during the afternoon, but we counted without our host. It took us until 10 p.m. to make the last ten miles. The swell of the

ever-restless Sound was now rolling in and the wind soon stirred up things till the prospect looked very ugly. But get there we would. Point after point we rounded at the imminent risk of collapse. The little ship rode the waves bravely, but many times we had to run for safety. From a rock eminence that we climbed during one of our waits for the wind and the waves to still, we had a magnificent view of the district from the Tahsis Valley to Tlupana Arm, opposite to which we stood. It is simply ridge on ridge of mountains, largely rock, with heavy snow up to certain line, with here and there a specially fine mass of rock running up alone and sheer into the sky. Conuma Peak cannot be mistaken. It was nearly fifty miles from us, but it stood out alone, like a sugar cone pointed to a degree. Two canoes of large size passed one of our prison posts, but the Indians did not come to our relief, although they were within easy speaking distance and we pointed to our tiny ship and the big sea. But really they seemed to have enough to do themselves to get along and round the points of land. So little by little we crept along, rounding each curve at a rush, shipping seas till we were fairly drenched and working like beavers at the paddles. Jones was the navigator and kept splendid control of the craft. By 9 p.m. we were drawing near the cove and running among some small islands, lost the larger waves, but we had to come out from these friendly shelters and make one last dash. It was almost quite dark now; we could just make out where lay our goal. Close by the shore we crept along, just keeping out of the touch of the rocks, heading up to the waves, ploughing through where we could not get clean over. The last long beach of rocks was gained and passed, but there was still the inner cover to reach. We left that for the daylight. We ran up on a little beach, more rocks than shingle, hauled our canoe out of danger's way and crept up among the rocks and chaparral overlooking the Indian village. All was still there, for it was 10 p.m., so feeling unequal for more we lay down as and where we were to rest. It was no easy matter finding six feet of room for each man on the level. By 3 a.m. we were up and saw many canoes and the rancherie quite plainly. It did not take us long to be in our canoe once more, and despite a sweeping, swirling tide, force our way into where perfect shelter and an ideal cove held promise of rest and the crowning of our labour.

**Wednesday, July 15<sup>th</sup>** — The usual quoterie of dogs and crows saluted us as we stepped ashore, but otherwise the place was fast asleep. We whiled away the time as best we could till Goss, the general storeman of the place, arose, who promptly gave us the heartiest welcome. He had taken unto himself a wife since we last had met, and now a little child makes the home complete. Breakfast over, we were taken amongst the Indians and with a great deal of palaver an agreement was come to for two Indians to return with us in a commodious canoe. Whilst waiting their pleasure we were obliged to note that the cove is not a place where delicacy exists. The clothing department is decidedly scanty, and every man takes his morning bath in public. Towels are unknown, and the sun takes their place. It was a curious scene, with the little dark-skinned figures sitting along the pebbly shore drying off. They do not seem a healthy lot at the cove, especially the children. There is still the Indian doctor working his deadly work amongst them. Surely what is needed is to remove the sick wholly out of the power and reach of these quacks and to give them solid and wholesome food rather than the fish oil, which, when sick, they turn from to slowly starve. A hospital under proper charge, built in some central locality, would meet a great and crying need; that is, if it is the wish of those in authority to see the Indian race amongst them continue. After many delays and an endless amount of jabbering, we got away and with a large sail and a fine breeze, skimmed along for twenty miles. Then the wind went against us and we had a long and hard pull and paddle against both wind and tide. Such narrow places as these canals on the West Coast turn the wind every way. By supper time we had rejoined the rest of the party, who had by no means been idle but had nearly completed a raft, though very glad not to have to use it. As we rested that evening, the tug 'Alert', in the service of the West Coast Cannery, came up the canal to leave men to remove the house to a better spot, the cannery itself, where it was to be turned into use for the Indians. It was strange to hear a whistle in those waters, where all had been so silent and lonely, and to see the white man's vessel where for centuries only the paddle and the sail had been in use.

**Thursday, July 16<sup>th</sup>** — Before day had fairly broken, the house was being taken to pieces and loaded on a lighter ready for transport. By 8 a.m. we were off, and after taking our photographer to special locations for views, we came straight down the cove before a stunning breeze, making the entire distance before noon. From Goss we learned that 'Muchalat' is no longer at the mouth of Gold River, but though there is still a large rancherie there, the real settlement known by that name is near the entrance to the Arm of the north side. There is neither store nor mission at either place, although such were noted on our map.

**Friday, July 17<sup>th</sup>** — We sailed across the Tlupana Arm, winding in and out among various islands that are so plentiful in this sound. Again the breeze was with us, but not until the old Indian had worked his witchcraft, singing and whistling for it in a most peculiar and uncanny way. His face beamed when he saw it coming and when the two sails were full and we were flying along, he fell to singing, which seemed to be his normal condition. As one enters the Arm there is a marked change in the mountains; they lose their fir and show a great deal of bare rock, but this does not continue for more than a few miles. It is near here where Deserted Creek runs in and where marble quarries, once worked, now for a while lie untouched. We left Head Bay soon after and bearing to the east, entered by a sharp turn into the bay which forms the head. Here to our joy we saw a river of fair size pouring out and a valley leading into the Conuma Peak district, the new and unexplored country we had to traverse. This was our way, evidently, as towering mountains rose up on both sides to heights which men with packs have no desire, unless compelled, to climb. Here we made camp, finding the usual grass flat at its head, and prospected a little way upstream to find out what lay ahead of us on the morrow.

**Saturday, July 18<sup>th</sup>** — After seeing the two set off in the canoe to the cannery up Muchalat Arm, where we were all to meet in four days' time, we three shouldered our packs and started up the Laing River.<sup>103</sup> It is a most picturesque stream in its windings, and when the water runs high must be both broad and deep. It is not navigable by canoes, but stakes for salmon nets placed some distance up tell of the usage the Indians make of its waters. Its course is through a narrow valley without noticeable timber, what there is being spruce and hemlock. It is not specially hard to follow up its banks, although many crossings had to be made during our tramp of six miles. The last half mile was through a canyon which we could not escape, and had no small difficulty to make our way through. The sides run up sheer a thousand feet, whilst the banks are nothing but masses of boulders. These we crept amongst and crawled over, in one place having to take our packs off and hand them from one to the other, as neither stride nor leap would avail. We were hemmed in all day, and saw neither arable land, bird nor beast.

**Sunday, July 19<sup>th</sup>** — We followed the river all day as far as it would allow us. A mile above camp we noted an extensive valley opening towards the north, swamp land without any formal stream. Then we were forced to take to the hills. We entered almost immediately a second canyon, so kept up as high as we could on its sides, clinging to anything that would give us support. The undergrowth on the side of the mountain we were on was specially dense and troublesome, but there was still worse ahead, when after an almost perpendicular climb — forced to it by the course and sudden fall of the stream — we came to the lower source of the river's volume and rapidity, a small lake — Frisco Lake — half a mile long by a quarter broad, 2000 feet above sea level and evidently of considerable depth. We had to fight our way to its head, where, after our tramp of four miles, we were very glad to rest for the day. There is a good deal of Alaska cedar about this spot. Bear signs were abundant and we saw near camp in the evening one of the largest does, with two fawns, that any of the party had ever looked upon.

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<sup>103</sup> Nesook River



**Monday, July 20<sup>th</sup>** — Taking up the course of the largest of the streams that pour into the lake, we began at once to climb and after crawling hand over hand about 1500 feet, necessitating many a rest and much mopping of brows, we came to another lake — Cala Lake — slightly smaller than the one below. This lies within 500 feet of the top of the divide we were making for. On the way from the one lake to the other we came upon a large acreage of ideal grazing land for deer, consisting of patches of moss and grass, untimbered, and cut up with endless pools of still water. Sign was everywhere, but no head showed itself. From the appearance of the valley it runs southwest towards Muchalat Arm. Here also we noticed much heather, white as well as blue, and what would be very hard to discriminate from a violet. Cala Lake has rocky shores, so we had little trouble in reaching its head. Then at once we were in snow, and the trees became dwarfed and bent. Five hundred feet more, with a scramble and a haul, and we had reached the level ground of the summit, where we made our tea for lunch with Boulder Creek water. Standing between the ranges which shut us in, and looking back, we could note the arm we had left and the mountains that run all the way into the Tahsis Valley, whilst looking ahead across the valley we could easily discern the Gold River's course beyond. Not content, we left our packs and climbed yet higher on the mountain to the west. Then we had a superb view. The day was bright and clear of all mist, so that every peak showed up. And peaks and snow were everywhere. Such fantastic shapes, some sharp, some clear cut, others broad and many pointed. Ranges running every way, none of any length. They seem as if thrown promiscuously about; they cross and turn again; a valley running north is suddenly broken off short by another running west. Over where Buttle's Lake lay we saw those great central masses of rock, then looking towards Bear River<sup>104</sup> there appeared some with immense banks of snow, whilst what may very well be Crown Mountain stood up amongst its fellows. Conuma Peak was unfortunately hidden from us by another mass of rock. Altogether the sight was well worth climbing twice 4000 feet to see, and we were very loath to leave it. It is always well to see that which lies ahead and we took the points in carefully for future guiding posts, then turned our attention to getting down the many feet we had climbed up. About a quarter of a mile down, we came upon an immense rock slide that proved a bonanza. It ran from the summit down our divide, clear to the creek, a distance of two miles, and we clung to it desperately. We were three hours getting down, and thought ourselves specially fortunate in not striking a single long, straight drop *en route*. When at last we reached the creek, we found it a mass of rocks of every size, with a goodly stream working its way to the Arm. Looking back and up we realized what a fearful avalanche of granite rock it must have been as it broke away from above, leaving a great chasm and crashing down the water course to the valley. Some of the granite was beautifully marked and variegated. We had dropped 3000 feet and were four miles from the Arm. It was too late to push on, so we carved out a camp amid huckleberries and surrounded ourselves with smudges to keep off the enemy.

**Tuesday, July 21<sup>st</sup>** — Seeing no need for crossing the creek and climbing the one thickly wooded range that lay between us and the much exploited Gold River, we determined to follow the creek down and join the rest of the party, who were to be on the lookout for us on this day, the fourth from Tlupana Arm and the limit of our supplies. The nearer we got to the mouth, the denser the sal-lal became. Driven out into the water, we found it ever and anon tearing down a defile between mountains, which forced us up into the hills again. We crossed and re-crossed the stream; we followed deer trails and bear trails; we crept down waterfalls until by 2 p.m. we came into burnt timber, which soon brought us to the Arm. The creek carries its boulders to the very end. Here are the remains of some large Indian dwellings, but whereabouts the cannery and our men were, we could not tell nor see, for a forest fire completely enveloped the landscape. We fired a signal as arranged, but no response came. We waited hour after hour, thinking it possible the others might coast along the shore and drop upon us, but our only visitors were a seal and a whale. We could not, even had we wished

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<sup>104</sup> Bedwell River

to, make our way along the shore, for the rocky sides left no room for man. But after a while, out of the stillness we began to hear the sound of logging and then even the strokes of axes. These were in reality two miles away, across the Arm where the cannery stands. We waited until 6 p.m., when the sounds ceased and we surmised that the workers would be at supper, then we fired twice in rapid succession, and quickly there came not only the echo but an answer. We knew that all was right and that our men would soon be over and take us from what was anything but a desirable place of rest, stones, nettles and poor wood. Fleming shortly came out of the gloom and smoke in one of the cannery's boats, and it did not take long for us to be in the midst of a hive of workers. The manager, Mr. Hooper, showed us every kindness and attention. What with over twenty white men, forty Chinese and a bevy of Indians, men and women, the cannery looked very much alive. It is very pleasantly situated and the buildings are thoroughly up to date, complete in every particular. It was a treat to sit on a chair again, and when we climbed into our bunks in the main sleeping room, capable of holding twenty white men, we soon found sound repose.

**Wednesday, July 22<sup>nd</sup>** — We rested till after the noon hour, mapping out our next course to Buttle's Lake from the head of Muchalat Arm, calculating on nine days at the furthest and putting up supplies for that time. We could see nothing of the Arm itself, for the smoke hung thick and low. We could see, however, a fair sized island lying between the cannery and the mouth of Gold River. We went through the timber to where the Indian camp was and saw the commodious log house built for them and the man busy at re-erecting our Tahsis house. Then hiring an Indian and his canoe, and taking the photographer along in the hope of the smoke lifting and of his being able to secure certain views, we set out to the head of the Arm to where we were told a goodly-sized river ran in, coming down a long valley which headed the way we would go to Buttle's Lake. Eight miles of steady paddling brought us to the mouth of East River, <sup>105</sup> here as broad as the Nimpkish. There are a few Indians' shacks at the head, but we passed by them and went some distance upstream until poles were necessary, when we stopped and made camp, sending our native to his own to meet us in the morning and pull the packs up as far as the canoe would go. The sides of the Arm are very steep and almost wholly rock. The smoke prevented us seeing anything of the country beyond.

**Thursday, July 23<sup>rd</sup>** — Leaving Fleming to be picked up when the Indians returned, we set out on our way across unknown country to Buttle's Lake, where the party from Campbell's River mouth were to meet us. Near the mouth there is something of a flat, but it soon narrows and promises little as an arable piece of land. Devil's club thrives here in wonderful abundance, some of the leaves standing fifteen feet straight up from the ground. What we should have done with packs on our backs we had a taste of during the afternoon, when four hours took us but two miles upstream. The Indian and his co-workers poled up the various rapids, finding none specially difficult until they had gone some four miles, when a stiff rapid forbade further progress, the Indian protesting that he would get into trouble there on his return, being by himself. He had been a great help to us, but here we had to part with him. After lunch we tackled thick brush till camp time, bringing us at last near a deserted Indian shack, which had not been used seemly for many a year. The smoke had somewhat cleared so that we were able to see that precipitous mountains bound the river on both sides and snow-capped peaks looked down on us. The river is broad for its first six miles and has a gentle fall up to where the Indian left us. We saw a flock of ducks with their broods, and some deer were out on the beaches of stones, which are frequent up this stream. From the game traps we came across, there must be an abundance of bear about; some of the traps were very carefully made and built into regular drives, compelling the beasts as they came along the trail to enter the snare. Our native informed us that over the mountains to the south, in Bear Valley, there were elk and beaver in abundance.

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<sup>105</sup> Burman River

**Friday, July 24<sup>th</sup>** — We had made camp close to the first forks of the river, and the first thing to be done was to fell two trees to act as a bridge to carry us over the south fork to the main body of the stream, which still came from the east. This difficulty overcome, we found travelling good. The river canyons at the forks, and it continued in one unbroken gorge for four miles, which was the distance of our travel for the day. The sky was clearing of smoke, but the sun's rays had little chance of penetrating into the chasm or the heavily timbered valley we sometimes had to take to. Hemlock is plentiful here, with an occasional fir and cedar thrown in. The scarcity of bird life was most marked, and the monotony of silence was only broken by the sound of ever-rushing waters. Canoes can get no further upstream than the forks we crossed this day, and from there all sign of man ever having passed this way disappeared.

**Saturday, July 25<sup>th</sup>** — A day's hard going, and only a little over three miles covered at the end. It was steady climbing from the moment of hitching on the packs. About ten miles from its mouth, the river forks again, coming from the east and the southeast. The former is again the main stream, and this we followed, happily finding a fallen tree by which to cross the stream that here runs in. We were still in a very narrow valley, but there was nothing to be gained by leaving it. One specially difficult canyon took us a long time to get through. At times it seemed as if we could not possibly go ahead, but Jones' experienced eyes found ways of escape, even to creeping on hands and knees between rocks, and after finding a crossing over a stream, reaching somewhat easier country. It is a decidedly trying experience, after climbing up some hundreds of feet to turn a corner and find sheer, straight-up rocks ahead, forcing one down, only to have to clamber back to the same grade sooner or later. All sign of deer and bear were gone; they seemed to have settled it amongst them that such country was absolutely uninhabitable. We again reached the line of Alaska cedar, and nearing the summit by camp time, found all trees looking stunted and tempest tossed. About twelve miles from the mouth of the river there is a specially fine fall of water dropping down some 400 feet. We were now up over 3000 feet, yet the mountains on either side seemed far away above us.

**Sunday, July 26<sup>th</sup>** — A day of sight-seeing for the climbers. It was uphill all the time, but we were well rewarded. Taking up the same course, we travelled close on a mile and then came to a small lake — Iron Lake — about three-quarters of a mile long by a quarter broad. To get down to it was no slight task, for we were keeping high ground wherever we had a chance. Creeping along the southerly side we saw our river coming in, now from the north. It was the only way to go, for there were no passes to right or left. This little crater of water lies a little over 4000 feet above sea level. Passing on, we took lunch in a most inviting spot, mossy, open and warm, although the snow was close to us. Another 1000 feet up through slight and easily mastered bush, and not over half a mile, we came to a second lake — Otter Lake — considerably larger than the lower one. This has a natural dam of solid rock, the water leaping sheer over it, and when the volume behind is increased by the spring meltings, must make a very picturesque scene. Standing now on the dry portion of the broad dam and looking back whence we came, we could see peaks without number, and snow on nearly all of them; looking ahead we saw another bench, and then a mighty mountain with two towers, one at either side with a great level space between.<sup>106</sup> We judged the towers to be 8000 feet high. Still no chance for going east was offered us, so we had to keep straight on and tackle the bench ahead. We could note at the head of the lake, where two streams poured in, one from the west, the other from the north. But reach the latter we could not, nor, had we done so, would it have availed us aught, since it is but the outpourings of a waterfall far surpassing anything the writer had so far seen on the Island. This we found out when we stood 1000 feet higher than the lake itself and peered down the chasm from the jumping off place of the water. Clinging to rocks and roots and brush, using the snow beds wherever we could reach them, skirting forbidding juts and straining every muscle, we reached the top of the bench to find

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<sup>106</sup> The [Golden Hinde](#) and the [Behinde](#)

ourselves in a wonderful amphitheatre of granite rock, the shelving sides carrying great acres of snow and in the bottom, a sheet of water, solidly frozen for some inches, but pouring itself out towards the waterfall. Here was the supreme source of our river. We looked like mere specks as we stood in the great circle. We made camp, for we were thoroughly tired out. The river, which we had now traced from its mouth, we judged to be rather over twenty miles in its tortuous run. From start to finish it is very picturesque and we could not but regret that we did not have our photographer with us. Directly across from the lake ran a low range covered here and there with patches of snow; to the left were seven rugged and towering peaks, sentinels to the ocean shore; to the right there were three more keeping watch over Gold River and vieing with Conuma Peak and Tahsis Mountain for height and comeliness. We made three and a half miles this day, and after three days' climbing thought we were now fairly entitled to a little downhill grade.

**Monday, July 27<sup>th</sup>** — It had been a chilly night, for the wind blew cold through our snowy arena, and after 3 a.m. we slept but little. By 5 am. we had a rousing fire and sat around it mending garments, which had suffered badly the past few days. After breakfast we crossed the amphitheatre and climbed the opposite ridge, some 500 feet, to look upon a most wonderful landscape. At the base of the great mountain, with its two towers, and in the valley that divided us from it, lay a lake — Balloon Lake<sup>107</sup> — not less than a mile in width, with ice lying in patches over its surface. Everywhere was snow. The view gave one an idea of a winter's morn, with the sun shining brightly in the clearest and bluest of skies. To our right lay another crater of water — Ice Lake<sup>108</sup> — this of solid ice, and these two lakes are the headwaters of a river — Mosquito River<sup>109</sup> — that bore down in front of us, going north, with a perceptible turning off about ten miles down towards the northeast, where the foot of Buttle's Lake would lie. We had hoped to have a glimpse of Crown Mountain from our airy perch, but another high range shut the further district wholly out. We would have essayed climbing the twin peaks, only the deep ravine between us would have taken up too much time and our supplies required us to hasten on. Our course was straight ahead down the valley, keeping as high on the east side as we could. Away to the south we could readily discern the source and the valley of Bear River, and somewhat to the east of south we noted peaks which we were sure overlooked the head of the lake we were now making for and would show us a pass to Great Central Lake. But this way we could go up, as supplies were to be at the foot of the first lake. So down the snow we went. By dint of great care we dropped 1100 feet and reached where the waters of the two lakes meet. Here lies a pretty sheet of water — Clear Lake — which has the peculiarity of having no outlet. Down half a mile below the lake, we found the water oozing out in a score of places, soaking its way underground from above. Strenuous exertion on our part failed to prevent us going low down in the valley, for we could not possibly work our way along the rock mountain side. Each side presented numerous waterfalls rushing down from the snow-clad tops and gulches, while snow slides had cleared away hundreds of acres of timber, leaving alder bush to take its place. This seemed a likely place for elk, but we saw no sign, only those of bear, in plenty, and deer. Along the stream we found considerable marble. A few birds were seen as we passed down on the snow, very small and of a brilliant golden plumage. Our old enemy, the mosquito, greeted us on the summit and increased in numerical force and tenacity of purpose the lower we descended, until the fight became fast and furious. We camped after a four-mile tramp, three miles north and one mile east, finding a level spot close to the river. We had to cross the stream innumerable times, as the brush positively forbade progress in many places. From a map of Buttle's Lake in our possession, we saw a stream noted as coming in about three miles from the foot. This was the one we conjectured we were now on and it proved to be just what we thought.

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<sup>107</sup> [Burman Lake](#)

<sup>108</sup> [Schjelderup Lake](#)

<sup>109</sup> [Wolf River](#)

**Tuesday, July 28<sup>th</sup>** — Ahead of us down the valley where a mountain, heavily timbered, swerves the river to the northeast, a deep gorge to the west showed where another stream joins forces and nearly doubles the volume of the river. We plodded on, hour by hour, taking short rests and long hauls, ascending and descending, and often in the water as the easiest path of all. Twice the axe men felled trees by which to reach better paths and each time the work was neatly and aptly done. When we arrived at the head, we made our sixth and final mile by ascending, that we might get out of the timber and see what lay round the bend of our valley. We were rewarded, although we were not high enough to see the lake itself. The river headed the right way and a large valley betokened where the big sheet of water was. And what told us that we could not be very far off was smoke coming towards us. We had arranged with those who were coming in with supplies via Campbell River to light a fire, but now feared that it had got beyond their control and might shut out all view from us on the morrow. At present we were well above the smoke and it outlined clearly the route to reach our friends.

**Wednesday, July 29<sup>th</sup>** — We had camped on the hill, so started to climb still higher, hoping thus to cut off the bend, and in a large measure succeeded in so doing. It was slippery work, for the ground was very dry and even the moss was ready to tear away from the rocks. Here again we had to ascend by hauling ourselves hand over hand by brush up the steep side. By 2 p.m. we got our first view; it was of the range of which Crown Mountain forms a part. There is such a cluster of great towers that to pick out any special one is very difficult. We may have looked upon the Crown and yet not have known it, for a mountain looks very different from different aspects. It is from Cape Mudge that the appearance of a Crown is most vivid. A while later we worked over to the east, and then could see through the timber below a part of the lake itself. Across the water rose up another mighty range. Now the question was how to get down. It was delicate work, for a slip meant, more than otherwise, a drop big enough to knock the life out of one. We took to the gullies mostly, where, root by root, we lowered ourselves down. We travelled fast, but the bottom never seemed any nearer, so we left the final stage for the morrow, camping in limited space by the side of a torrent, having added another six miles to our credit.

**Thursday, July 30<sup>th</sup>** — It took all the morning to reach the lake, going down hill almost at a run. In such work deer trails are most useful, as like those of the Indians they are safe and sure. At noon we struck the great basin of water, coming out just where we surmised we would, some three miles from the foot, and where Mosquito River pours quietly after passing through a deep canyon. It is the largest of the rivers that feed the lake. The axe men went to work upon a raft and had nearly completed it by evening. We determined to get afloat in the morning and see what fate awaited us at the foot of the lake. As to walking round the edge of the water, which some may suggest the quicker way to make three miles, it was an impossible feat, for on the side of the lake which we were on there were mountains of rock running sheer down into the water. Rafting was the only means of progress, since no canoe came round the bend to meet us. Where we had come down to the lake there is considerable level land with open timber, but seemingly all under water for some way back to the hills when the waters of the river and lake are high.

**Friday, July 31<sup>st</sup>** — A few last touches to the raft and it was brought round to the camp, packs laid on and we were off. There were no oars this time, so we poled along as best we could and where the rocks broke the shoreline, swept the water with our rods. We came across the usual number of sawbill ducks, also the ever-present loon. Trout were very evident. The mountains carry little timber, the rock being bare and of a reddish colour. The lake is long and narrow, and keeps a straight course till near the head and foot, when it bends slightly from its general lay of north and south. From where we were could be plainly seen the tall peaks we had been amongst when on the divide between East and Mosquito Rivers. Poling close to the shore we came across the 120-mile cairn and post of the E. &

N. Railway grant, placed there by Mr. Ralph <sup>110</sup> and his party in 1892. This was a touch of the outside world, which we appreciated after days in the lonely wilderness. Till lunchtime the water was absolutely calm, but then a sharp breeze sprang up which made the last mile and a half hard going, the waves lashing our decks and making things very lively for us. Once, however, we turned into the bottleneck where the trail from Elk River comes out and the Campbell River commences, we were in smooth water again and a current to help us along, and reaching the foot we jumped ashore to find no one about, but only some remnants of the camp of surveyors of 1892, such as old boots and pans and tent poles. There was, however, one very useful, thing, a 'dug-out' large enough for three men; this was tied to a stake and a paddle attached, but the rafts made had evidently been carried down the swift Campbell River by flood waters, and such, we made up our minds, the eventual fate of ours would be though we staked it safe and strong to the shore. It did not take us long to make up our minds what course to pursue. With only a handful of food, we should have to make a rapid push down the valley, for going downstream in the canoe was out of the question, perhaps meeting our party with supplies *en route*, or else having to make clear out to the east coast before proceeding further inland. We were aware that the Campbell River has to be crossed in two places within five miles from Buttle's Lake by any desiring to reach the latter from the Upper Campbell Lake, and we knew from report that any trails hereabout were not easy to find, so took it for granted that one of these two courses had been too much for our men and throwing on our packs, started down the trail along Campbell River. Two miles brought us to the first crossing and also to a heavy downpour of rain, which had long been threatening. This was but the second time we had met with rain during the entire month. We found near the bank an old camping ground, with trails leading every way. We essayed several, hoping that they might lead us to some special fording place, but we finally had to come back to one, and face the question of how to get across. It was getting late; the rain was heavy; we had no time to lose, so we decided to take our chances there and then. We preferred to wade in our full kit, for the mosquitoes were furious, so tightening our packs and putting matches and perishables in our chest pockets, we marched in. We very soon found that without poles we would be carried off our feet, and with a pack this would mean something serious for he who should go under water. So with long staves we tried again, and got nearly halfway across, only to find the water above our waists, reaching our packs and getting steadily deeper. The rush of the stream made it hard work to keep from being lifted off our feet. Each step had to be fought over. We had made a good effort, but it was useless; we would have to cross on a raft, so the order was given to return, but to return in such a mill-race was easier said than done. With care and effort we got round and back to shore, sorry sights. Any further attempt to cross we left till morning. Our attire as we stood up for our frugal supper, with the rain coming down, will not allow of description. So ended one month of our outing. We had visited Alert Bay, ascended the Nimpkish and Kla-anch Rivers, entered Woss Lake district, gone down the Tahsis Valley, touched at Nootka, entered the Conuma Peak district, passed up Muchalat Arm, ascended the East River, and descended the Mosquito, ending at the most hidden lake of the whole Island. We had now to reach supplies, then work across country to Great Central Lake and Alberni, and so finish our journey.

**Saturday, August 1<sup>st</sup>** — The rain fell from morning till evening, drenching us again to the skin as we made our way through the bush. But across the river we got dryshod and crossed it yet again with the same luck, and each time on rafts which were of such a kind as to make the writer wonder whether the river would not after all be master of the situation. The first raft was made of six slim cedar poles, bound together with bark; there was no cross-bar as before. One man at each end, and one to look after the packs at the centre, we pushed off into the stream and began at once to rush down. By dint of hard poling and good judgment, we reached some slack water and thence got to the shore where we would be. There we staked our ship and pushed on to the lower crossing. Two miles further down

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<sup>110</sup> William Ralph. See [W.A. Taylor, Crown Land Grants, a History of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Land Grants, the Railway Belt and the Peace River Block \(1975\).](#)



we found the spot and inside of an hour we were over again. This time we cut off two logs from an old cedar lying conveniently by, and with a cross-piece in front and one at the stern, we pushed out again into the stream. This was a most rickety concern and it seemed inevitable that the whole outfit would go overboard. But Jones has known how to ride a single log and managed somehow to make three men ride on two. Reaching shore we were driven over, by the swampy nature of the country, to the Elk River, which is a tributary of the Campbell running down from a high range of mountains through a narrow valley and passing near the base of Crown Mountain. This river we crossed by a log-jam, and thence struck across country to where a trail made by trappers passes down to the Campbell Lakes. Here we found great beaver and bear country, and found it hard and wet work getting through. Resting for lunch we again plainly saw smoke coming up the valley, and we still felt sure that it came from our party who were detained by some unknown reason from coming further our way. We struck the trail and went along at a good pace for a couple of miles, but finally it led down to the swampy lands at the head of the upper lake, where rafts and canoes had been used to go down the waters, and as night was coming on and we were soaked through, and thoroughly tired out by our eight-mile journey, we got some sort of shelter under some large cedars and made what camp we could under the wet circumstances. Our cook provided tea and a piece of bread for each as supper, and promised to give us the same rations for breakfast, but that would clear the larder out, and unless we came across our party we should have three days' travel to the coast on nothing. This was not very cheering news, together with the wet, but none of us possessed faint hearts, and we turned in determined to start early and make as far as we could each day till better times dawned.

**Sunday, August 2<sup>nd</sup>** — Those better times were very near to hand, for we had slept within a mile of our men. The air had been so heavy that the others had failed to hear our cannon go off on the preceding evening, which we had fired if perchance they should be within earshot. But this day our broken firearm stood us in good stead. It more than likely saved us from passing the camp of the relieving party. Breakfast over, we started out for a day's big tramp, but had not covered a mile before we came upon the scene of the smoke we had noticed for a week past. It was not, after all, the work of our party, for they were across the swamp lands at the further side of the head of the upper lake, but it had burned down a large trapper's hut and many acres about it. How it started is one of these enigmas of the forest that will never be solved; the trapper, we found out afterwards, had left the place long before. The smoke, despite the rain of the proceeding day, was still curling up, and following the path of devastation we soon came to the head of the lake. Here we thought we would again chance a shot before proceeding to make a raft, for further progress by land was easily seen to be out of the question. To the first shot there came no reply, but a second and a third quickly brought the sharp report of a Marlin,<sup>111</sup> and then a shout rang out across the water and we knew that our men were there. What visions in that short moment passed through the mind! Best of all that there would be no need to go so far out of our course as would have been necessary to reach Nunns Landing.<sup>112</sup> A little later Bushby appeared in a small canoe and before long two trips had been made and ourselves and our baggage carried across to camp. Soon a rousing fire and hearty breakfast made everything look rosy. The men had made most strenuous exertion to get further up from where we met them, but had been misled by visionary directions.

For five days they had been camped at the head, and finally had built a cache, intending as soon as their own supplies fell short to leave for the coast, putting up signs all round the lake directing us to where the food was stored. It had been no light task getting upstream as far as they had, and a further attempt had ended almost tragically for the leader. Up by the trappers' trail along Elk River they had

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<sup>111</sup> [Marlin Firearms](#) was founded in the 1870s by [John Mahlon Marlin \(1836–1901\)](#). Marlin produced lever action rifles and pump action shotguns in competition with Winchester.

<sup>112</sup> Named after Fred Nunns, one of the first European settlers in the [Campbell River](#) area in the 1880s.

been told on no account to go, so as the only possible way to Buttle's Lake had been told them to be avoided, little wonder that they were not at the trysting place. They had been enjoying excellent fishing, and put in their long wait as best they could. We took a day off, mended clothes, looked over the supplies and made arrangements for the morrow. We found we had enough food with the supplies that were to meet us at Great Central Lake for us all to go back to the foot of Buttle's Lake, which would thus ease the packing and enable the relief party to reach the spot they had set out for before setting their faces homeward.

**Monday, August 3<sup>rd</sup>** — It took all the morning getting men and packs across and to where the trail commenced, as the little canoe could carry only a limited quantity and was rickety enough at that. Then we made a forced march, and by 5 p.m. were making camp at the lower crossing of Campbell River, where two days before we had jeopardized our lives on the two-logged raft. This camp was one of the prettiest of the whole trip. The timber was clear of undergrowth; there was an abundance of small trees; the mosses and grass looked specially luxuriant and verdant; and the broad stream flowing silently and swiftly by gave a finishing touch to the picture. We got through the swamp country better than on our previous effort, but hunters should note that Elk River breaks out in this valley into half a dozen streams, and trails of both men and beast run everyway. Some sportsmen left clear evidence of elk about here, for we came across a magnificent head bleached and dried out. It would be no great difficulty to get such a head out from these parts by way of the east coast, and hunters should note this valley for a season's outing after big game.

**Tuesday, August 4<sup>th</sup>** — The two crossings of the river took up the hours till noon. The two-logged craft had floated off, but in its place Jones and his assistants soon constructed a three-logged one on which we ferried over. First two men took the packs over, landing where the current swept them. Then Bushby came across lower down and the other four men went aboard. To keep the equilibrium was no easy work, and the river made merry with pants and boots, but there was no upset. At the upper crossing we found our five-cedar-logged ship, and loosening it from its stakes, three of us with packs went over first. This ended disastrously for the cook of the party, for as we swept down the stream near the opposite bank he bravely seized hold of an overhanging branch, which came mixed up with his poling beam and washed him off the deck into the river. He went clean under, but reached land safely. The rest of the party got across without a ducking. After lunch at the spot where a few days before we had dried up, after our efforts to ford the stream, we covered the last two miles to the foot of Buttle's Lake, where we made camp. We found the canoe could just hold three men and their packs, but it needed caulking, and a couple of paddles had to be made. (There is said to be another canoe cached three miles from the head on the west side.) These things done, we were all ready for the morning, when three would canoe up the lake and thence make their way over to Great Central Lake, whilst the others would return to the coast, where they had arranged for the steamer 'Danube' to call for them on a certain date. As a matter of fact, by some mistake, the steamer passed them by and the men had to foot it over thirty miles to Comox, where another steamer carried them home. Let their experience and witness count for something when they say that relief parties enjoy no 'easy snap', but are little, if anything, less arduous than what befalls those on the main line of travel.

**Wednesday, August 5<sup>th</sup>** — Buttle's Lake canoed from head to foot this day, gives ground for forming accurate knowledge thereof. It runs generally due north and south, though it winds somewhat in parts, and within four miles of the head takes a decided bend to the southwest. It varies greatly in width, but not in its widest part is it more than three-quarters of a mile. As near as we could compute by the pace and by time of travel, we judged it to be twenty-five miles in length. It is, so far as the writer's knowledge extends, the peer of all the Island's lakes in its scenic beauty. Banked on both sides by high mountains, snow-capped and rugged, there is a lower range still closer to it, covered in most parts to the water's edge with fair-sized timber. At the head there lies a mass of high peaks, a couple of them with heavier banks of snow than anywhere else we had seen on the journey. Numerous

waterfalls pour down on either side of the lake, and streams, some large, but mostly small, are in plenty. Little wonder is it that with so many and with copious supplies, there lies such a sheet of water. One of our maps shows a large island as the traveller approaches the head. We looked in vain for it. There are but three little rocks. A long neck of land runs out in this place, and probably looking down upon the lake from the hills above, this might have been mistaken for an island. It took us the day to 'do' the lake, and during the afternoon we had no little difficulty with the wind in a canoe which was laden down to the water's edge, but at first and last we had a perfect calm, and the long paddle was a most enjoyable one. At the little beaches of sand where we rested, we saw plenty of evidence that deer abound. We camped just inside the timber at the head, and the view looking down the lake from this spot is one that would entrance an artist.

**Thursday, August 6<sup>th</sup>** — The unknown stretch of land between the two lakes now faced us. We had been told to expect thirty miles, but for ourselves we put it down to under twenty. So we made up the packs, and getting into the canoe, paddled over to where the Marble River flows in. Hauling the 'dug-out' up amongst the brush for possible use by some future travellers, we took again to the woods. Here we had at once to make choice between two courses. We could follow the river up the valley and climb the mountains at its head, or we could at once go uphill, leaving the river on our right, and reaching the summit, get a view of our course after the river had ceased to be a guide. We chose the latter, which events proved to be far the best. We scaled walls all dry and managed to crawl by hand over hand to 4500 feet, into the snow again, where we camped on the summit of a ridge <sup>113</sup> which ran right into a crescent of crags, and from whence we had a clear view for many miles around. In a direct line we made but a couple of miles. It was good travelling, save that it was one constant ascent. The timber was open and the moss held us well, but with ten days' supplies on our backs, going up grade was heavy work. Lunch was taken in a spot where it required the greatest care to prevent food and ourselves slipping downhill. We could find no level ground all day. For the last thousand feet we were glad to use a dry watercourse as a staircase. All the way along we came across patches of an excellent gray marble. The timber is light, and birds and animals seemed non-existent. Once on the summit, we secured a fine view of the mountains. Absolutely no symmetry in the ranges, they run every way, and peaks abound, scarce not one clad with snow. Many just showed their heads above the clouds, which, from where we stood, had gathered far below us. Sunset under these conditions is very beautiful, but once Old Sol retires for the night there is call for a good lasting blaze. As we could find no tent poles, we made each our own bed under a balsam tree, making our mattress of twigs, which have a spring-like force and are really very easy to lie upon. The usual heather was around us, and the same small, white, diamond-shaped flower which we found everywhere on our journey.

**Friday, August 7<sup>th</sup>** — The thermometer fell very low before morning, and we were all glad of a good fire and a hearty breakfast. Then off we started along the top of our ridge towards the great crags that lay directly ahead of us. On either side of our walking ground, a valley ran, but so deep and timbered we could not see the bottom lands. Our path lay upward and by noon we had made another 2500 feet, and our ridge began to be lost in the lower crags of the Central Range. As we made our way over the snow, we had to be careful to keep in the middle of the gulch, for the snow run off in fearful gorges on both sides. Up a valley to our right we could plainly see a goodly-sized lake — Cloud Lake — a feeder of the Marble River. Ice Lake is also another feeder of the same river. Further on, and high above those lakes, amid tops of the crags, we could count half a dozen glaciers. There could be no mistaking them, and from one poured out a stream that forms the headwaters of the river we had left at the head of Buttle's Lake. We were now, so far as we could judge, in the very centre of the Island, and the writer here carried into effect the purpose of his mind — raising the Union Jack in the heart of the sea-girt land. There it floats today, and unless the winds tear it down or the snow buries the

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<sup>113</sup> [Flower Ridge](#)

balsam on which it flies, it should remain many a year, and alongside it, in honour of that country whence men had come who had done so much to make each expedition a success, there floats the Stars and Stripes. On a slight rise of ground we selected a tree clear of branches, save a small bunch at the top. Scaling some that stood adjoining, we made an even surface with the axe, then nailed to the flags with foot nails to our pole and left them floating before a gentle breeze. Let us hope that the elements will deal gently with them and allow them to remain as a sign and evidence of enterprise and loyal feeling. Amid the snow we found a little oasis of heather and balsam trees, where we had lunch, preparatory to pushing on a while further to a higher knoll, whence we hoped to get a good view of the country past the crags and on towards Central Lake. No sooner had we lit our fire than across the snow and rocks there tripped towards us five deer, all bucks, two specially large and all with goodly horns. Their curiosity was aroused and two, more curious than the rest, came within thirty yards. For a long time they hung around the camp. Our feelings can better be imagined than described, the rifle being non-existent and only bacon in the larder. The five coming towards us in a line made a most effective sight. Later on those were joined by two more, which makes a 'record' for a group of bucks at one showing. Lunch scarcely over, we noticed that fog was rolling up from the valleys, but thought it was only temporary. However, it grew steadily denser, so much so that we found ourselves unwilling prisoners just where we were, for progress, under the circumstances, would have been madness. So we called a halt until brighter times dawned. But room was exceedingly limited and poles at a premium. However, we carved out a space large enough for three men to lie down in, and made poles out of short sticks as crooked as rams' horns, and using shoe laces as ropes and balsam boughs as mattresses, we were prepared to stand any sort of weather. As the day drew to a close and we were absolutely enshrouded in the fog, it was somewhat awesome to hear the waterfalls thundering down the valleys about us, and the snow slides breaking away from the masses above, rushing down with a roar like artillery at practice.

**Saturday, August 8<sup>th</sup>** — Where we awoke in the morning, there we slept at night, for the fog gave us no chance of escape from our lofty perch. At times it would lift slightly and once we managed to make an excursion to the point of vantage beyond, but a couple of hours' wait there showed but little. For a few minutes at a time the sun would conquer and then we noted that no higher ranges lay ahead than the one we were on. We had a visitor to our plateau during the long wait — a ptarmigan with her brood of little ones — otherwise we were left to ourselves and hugged the fire, for the thermometer ranged closer to forty degrees than we either cared for or expected in August. With the close of the afternoon, a north wind sprang up and began to make havoc with the fog, giving us hope for progress on the morrow.

**Sunday, August 9<sup>th</sup>** — The sun rose in a clear sky and we were not long in starting to our point of vantage. For beside the desire to keep going ahead, we had by no means passed a pleasant night. We had slept with all our wardrobe on us, and the writer for a nightcap had even made use of his mosquito protector — a cotton meal bag unripped at one side — but nothing availed to keep us warm. The tent also came tumbling down upon us in the middle of the night, our boot laces giving way, but we got through the dark hours at last and very soon after were off. Arriving at the point of vantage, we found them but a spur of our ridge, with the real summit several hundreds of feet higher. So we worked along the backbone and clambered up till we touched 7500 feet, thus reaching our highest grade of the trip. Thence we saw what we expected, and a great deal more. There was an undoubted pass <sup>114</sup> ahead once we could get down from our height, and half a dozen great valleys, each with its stream stretched away to the east; best of all, away in the distance, nestling among the mountains, we could plainly see a portion of the waters of Great Central Lake. We were sure that it was the lake, for it was too broad to be any other, save some wholly unknown one, which was scarcely probable. Our surmise

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<sup>114</sup> Price Pass

was, we found afterwards, perfectly correct. Turning where we stood, we noticed the waters of Buttle's Lake, so from a peak amid Central Crags we could see at one and the same time the waters of both lakes. Great Central looked to be between ten and twelve miles off, with a good many ups and downs between us and it. Below us, at a great distance, we could see a lake of ice,<sup>115</sup> and beyond and below that another small sheet of open water. There was far more snow than rock or earth to be seen, look which way we would, and we counted a dozen unmistakable glaciers.

We could see the streams running off to feed the lakes which lie between Comox Lake and Great Central, and the range through which the pass from Alberni to Nanaimo runs. In the far distance rose the mountains bordering the Alberni Canal to the west, which run down towards Uchucklesit. Of all the many bird's eye views the writer has had from the mountain tops of the Island, he must give the palm to that of Central Crags. It lacked nothing to make it complete, and we left the summit with regret. Then came the serious task of descent. It took us all the forenoon to reach the Ice Lake, and many times we had very risky places to pass or crawl down. Finally we were locked on both sides by rocks, and the only way left was by a half mile snow slide. This we took to, and got down without mishap. We knew what awaited a slip, for below us great and small boulders bordered the lake. Once down, we walked around its banks partly on rock, more often on snow, which here was packed thirty feet deep. This we could tell, owing to the great fissures that occurred every now and then. Where a creek<sup>116</sup> led from the Ice Lake to the smaller and open one below, we rested and lunched. Then leaving the creek on our left, we kept up the pass using the snow as much as possible, as being the easier path, until we came to where a sudden drop occurs, owing to a deep gulch running north and south. We either had to go down and cross it or else work our way round two high peaks, so chose the former and let ourselves down hand over hand till we came out into the valley's flat lands. Here there was grass and heather, and many streams making towards a narrow pass out to the north. Groups of trees stood about and one group, raised above the rest, looked so inviting to wearied knees that we camped there rather than tackle the ascent at once, which had to be done if we would keep our direct line from one lake to another.

**Monday, August 10<sup>th</sup>** — Perseverance was rewarded. After ten hours' march, Great Central Lake was reached, our two companions found fishing, with a camp all snug and well-stocked with provisions. An early start and at once a stiff piece of climbing. But we felt fresh and in excellent trim, and in a little over an hour we were in our pass again, and could see the head of the lake clearer than ever. From thence onward it was one long down grade. There were six miles of descent carrying us down some 4000 feet. The time it took was out of all proportions to the distance, but then a long detour has often to be made to reach a lower level of only a hundred feet. Another snow slide came in handily, and this was the last of the snow for the trip, for afterwards the valley became much warmer. We found a waterfall useful and climbed down as far as it would allow us over its rocks and stones. Then we reached good, open timber and lunched. Noticing our waterfall poured itself into a stream running west, we followed such for a while, hoping to get more rapidly to the lake than by cutting across country. But we were led away from the lake by about two miles. However, we were rewarded for our detour by finding that the stream joins a much, larger one coming from the west<sup>117</sup> and, turning sharply, they together pour into the northern side of the head of the lake. Felling a tree, we crossed and followed close to the river till after a worrisome battle with brush and devil's club that fills the flat land hereabouts, we broke through the brush at the water's edge and came out clean at the head and directly upon the fishermen. Thus we had made the journey between the two lakes with comparative ease, which many had foreboded to be of so great difficulty. We found our party

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<sup>115</sup> [Margaret Lake](#)

<sup>116</sup> Margaret Creek

<sup>117</sup> [Drinkwater Creek](#)

had been making excellent catches of trout during the five days they had been waiting for us, and that they were not expecting us for another couple of days. By a coincidence, this was the same date of the same month that, two years before, the writer, his woodsman, and the cook, who had worked their way across the unknown country between Quatsino Sound and Woss Lake, came upon the rest of the party who awaited them at the latter spot. We now felt that the expedition was well-nigh over, for there only remained the lake of thirty miles, and a walk of little over ten miles from its foot to Alberni. In the hundred miles of tramping we had made, we had no trouble with our 'underpins' nor had any accident befallen us. With alacrity we cast off our packs, glad to think that the great drawback to enjoyment in the expedition was almost done with, and that the burden, once a thing of the past, would be forgotten in the remembrance of a successful and interesting journey. The distance between Buttle's and Great Central Lake we should judge to be not more than fifteen miles in a straight line. We had come by the quickest route, and one that is not at all hard to find, starting from either end. What lies in that district the reader will see to be nothing but a mass of rocky crags clothed with ice and snow. What flowers manage to exist are few and far between. Timber there is none to suit the cruiser, nor would the mineral hunter be any more satisfied. But if any man desires to see the very centre of the Island, the path thither is now made known to him, and if he be a lover of scenic beauty he can get there all he wants, together with more stiff climbing than most men care to do.

**Tuesday, August 11<sup>th</sup>** — We were a lazy crowd this day, taking one of our few days off duty. A thirty mile paddle did not look tempting quite so soon after wrestling with rocks and brush, so we canoed about and fished and washed garments and turned in early to be ready for a start betimes<sup>118</sup> in the morning in order to get a long way down the lake before the wind should spring up, which is its afternoon custom.

**Wednesday, August 12<sup>th</sup>** — A calmer day could not possibly be imagined. Our wind theories were all wrong. Starting by 6 a.m., we went down at an excellent pace with a heavily laden canoe, making the entire distance by half past three. Sundry waits were necessary by the way, the most interesting one being to examine what has proved a mystery to all the Indians hereabouts as much as to all the white men who have seen it. On the face of a sloping rock facing southwest, some three miles from the head of the lake, there are hieroglyphics in large size engraved, looking like music staves and fish tails, and logs and trees and seven-branched candlesticks combined. The memory of Indians does not go back to those of their race who carved these in the solid rock. It may probably have been the work of that lost tribe, which is supposed to have in past centuries inhabited the central portion of the Island. We took a photo and a rough sketch of it, and must leave its interpretation to abler archaeologists than ourselves. As to the lake, it cannot compare with Buttle's Lake for scenery, but it certainly is considerably larger and in general much broader. Cowichan being twenty-seven miles long and Buttle's twenty-five miles, leaves, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, Great Central as the longest on the Island. Its general course is east and west, but it has very devious path. Mount Arrowsmith is the most prominent mountain as one looks east when on its waters, and Laing's Neck as one looks towards its head. Some few streams pour into it, and one fair-sized river besides those at the head, but there is a lack of waterfalls, nor are there those rocky mountainsides running sheer down from the great height above to its edge, which have so striking an effect. Its low hills are thickly covered with timber; the higher hills lie far back and thus fail to give it the usual shut-in appearance. For one thing it certainly is remarkable. On the Admiralty chart it appears as possessing a depth ranging from fifty to one hundred fathoms deep. At its foot the Stamps River flows out, soon to become for some unknown reason the Somass or Alberni River, and near the river's outlet is a large lagoon difficult of entrance, at the head of which we cached the canoe and entered the timber. After supper, owing to circumstances over which the cook had no control, we decided to pack up and take the trail across to

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<sup>118</sup> *Betimes*: archaic, before the usual or expected time; early.



Sproat's (Klee-coot Lake), where Mr. Laing desired to secure some photographs and test the waters as to fish. Two miles and a half brought us to its banks, but finding no place to camp, we took the road towards Alberni, and in the dark covered another mile and a half, which brought us to where a log house stood possessed of windows, but without door or flooring. Here we put up for the night, leaving for the morrow whether we would seek another camp. We covered this day thirty-four miles and thus made our record journey of the trip so far as distance goes.

**Thursday, August 13<sup>th</sup>** — We spent the day by the lake, visiting some of the folk who reside there, gathering information of various kinds and photographing. We were told that excellent fishing can be secured at the foot of the lake. It was a pleasure to see arable land again, the hay being gathered in and stock grazing about. The lake is about twenty miles in length, very irregular in appearance, looking like a large arm and a short arm crossed. We did not move our place of residence, for we were now so near the final stage of our journey.

**Friday, August 14<sup>th</sup>** — As the sun rose over the hills that lie back of Alberni and the little town woke from its summer night's sleep, five lone travellers appeared, and as the Parson flung off his pack of blankets and depleted wardrobe at the door of civilization, he felt that he had fulfilled the purpose of his mind and the task he had set before him. By the kindness and help of many, he had traversed Vancouver Island from end to end.

What we found useful as an outfit:

An A tent 7x7; double blankets (grey); reflector for baking; three pails in a nest; one frying pan; two axes; ten-inch file; tin cups (one each); tin plates (one each); knives (one each); small spoons (one each); two large spoons; flour; rice; bacon; Germea; <sup>119</sup> salt; tea; saccharine; compass; aneroid; awl; Vaseline; two bandages; chlorodyne; matches in round tin; white navy beans; white lump sugar; Price's baking powder; dried apples; ship's cocoa; hard tack; needles and stout thread; nails for boots; Martin's boot grease; liniment for cuts; quinine pills; purgative pills.

Each man's wardrobe:

Heavy boots, one pair; light shoes, one pair; underwear, two pair; heavy socks, three pair; light socks, three pair; extra boot laces; handkerchief; blue jumper; overalls, two pair; flannel shirt; Mackinaw coat; corduroy hat; towels, two; washing gear.

Notes

One sack of flour will last three men a month if helped out with plenty of other food.

Loaf sugar keeps better than any other.

Butter kept pressed down and clean on the sides of the pail and placed in streams during night keeps for weeks.

Oiled paper keeps plug tobacco in good condition.

Saccharine is not nutritious, but sweetens, and is no weight.

Dried beef and cheese are useful supplies.

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<sup>119</sup> *Germea*: a breakfast cereal prepared from California white wheat sold by the John T. Cutting Co. of San Francisco and New York.

Paper bags are useless; in place thereof are small cotton oatmeal sacks.

Two small frying pans are easier to pack than one large one.

Avoid carrying square tine.<sup>120</sup>

Small extras become heavy weights in the bush.

#### CONCLUSION.

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<sup>120</sup> The scanned transcription has *square tine*, but this is doubtful. *Square line? Square tins?*

**Photographs by Edgar Fleming**

**ALERT BAY**

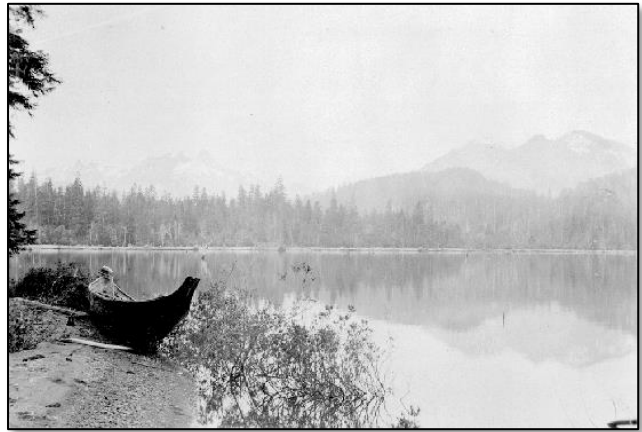


**WHARF AND CANNERY AT ALERT BAY**



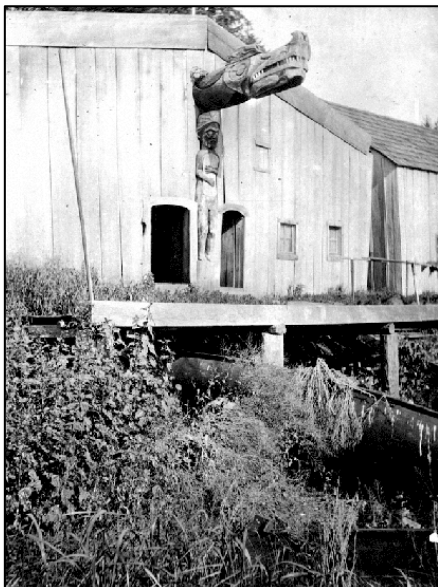
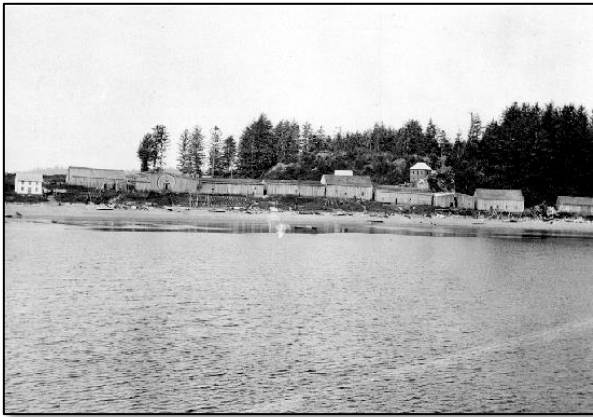
**GROUP IN FRONT OF MR S.A. SPENCER'S CANNERY AT ALERT BAY**

NIMPKISH RIVER AND LAKE

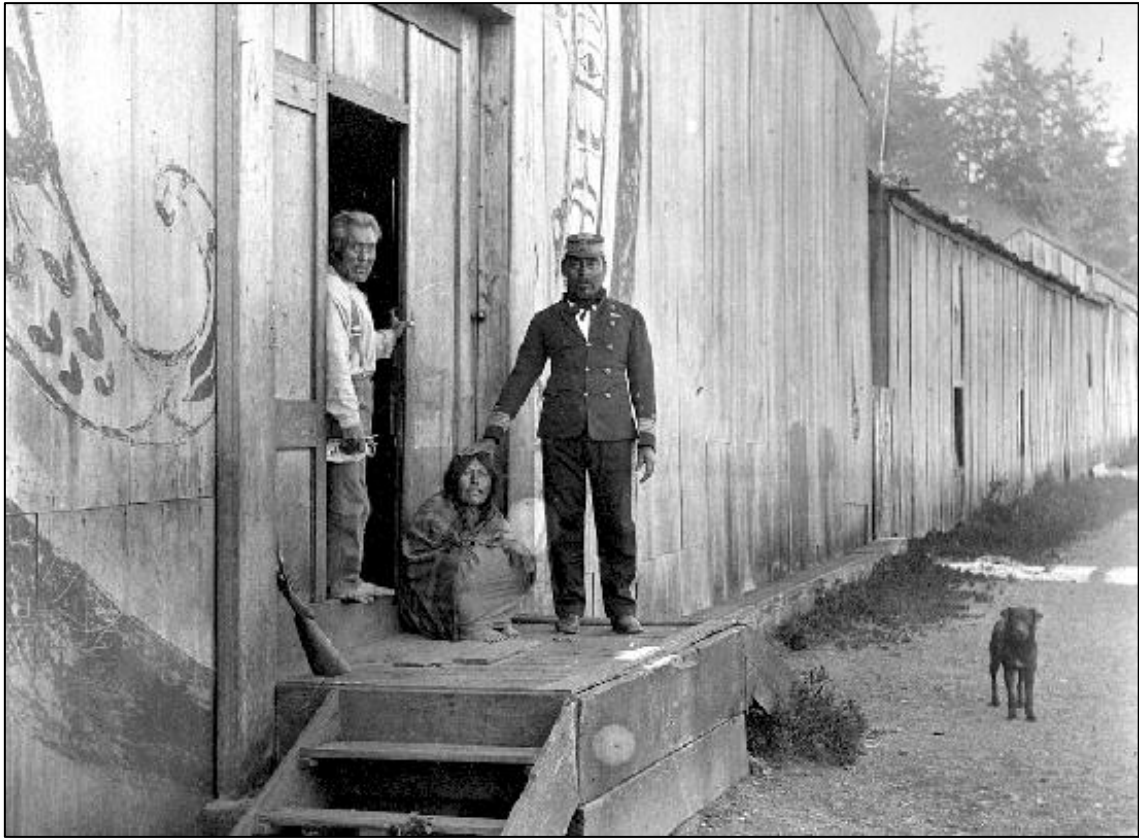


J.W. LAING [SEATED, MIDDLE] AND THE REVEREND BOLTON [SEATED, RIGHT] IN CAMP ON THE KLA-ANCH RIVER

FRIENDLY COVE







CHIEF MAQUINNA OF FRIENDLY COVE

MUCHALAT ARM







WEST COAST PACKING CO. AT MUCHALAT ARM

**GREAT CENTRAL LAKE**



**INDIAN PETROGLYPH AT GREAT CENTRAL LAKE**

**SPROAT LAKE**



**REEVE'S RANCH AT SPROAT LAKE**

ALBERNI



ALBERNI INDIAN VILLAGE



PRESBYTERIAN MISSION SCHOOL AT ALBERNI





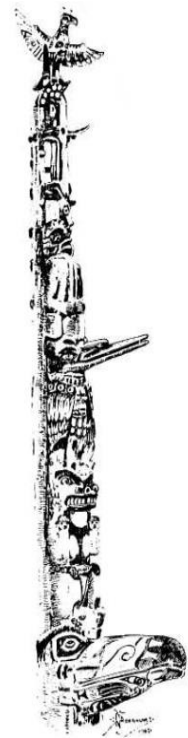
ALERT BAY, VANCOUVER ISLAND

## EXPLORING IN NORTHERN JUNGLES

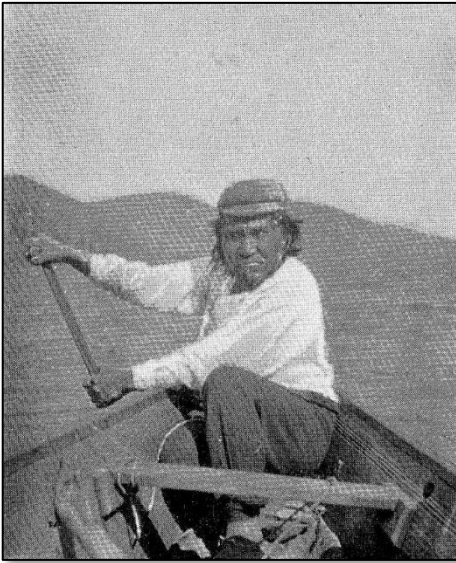
### I. Across Vancouver, From Alert Bay to Tahsis Canal

The fight was to the death. The place was a narrow gulch amid the heavy fir forests of Interior Vancouver.<sup>121</sup> A little stream, swollen by the rain that had fallen steadily all day, ran through the bottom of the gulch. The wounded buck that I had followed with the aid of my faithful retriever, Dick, through miles and miles of dripping forest had, stopped by a bank he could not leap after his weary run, at last came to bay. Still he had strength enough left to fight, and across the stream he faced the dog as I came up. What was to be done? It did not take me long to decide. The brook was no barrier to an active man, and drawing my hunting knife, I sprang over the rivulet directly at the beast.

He was ready and with a swift motion that I had hardly expected, he hurled me back across the stream. Fortunately his head struck me, not the sharp horns that branched from it, and I landed unhurt on my own territory.



<sup>121</sup> That is, Vancouver Island.



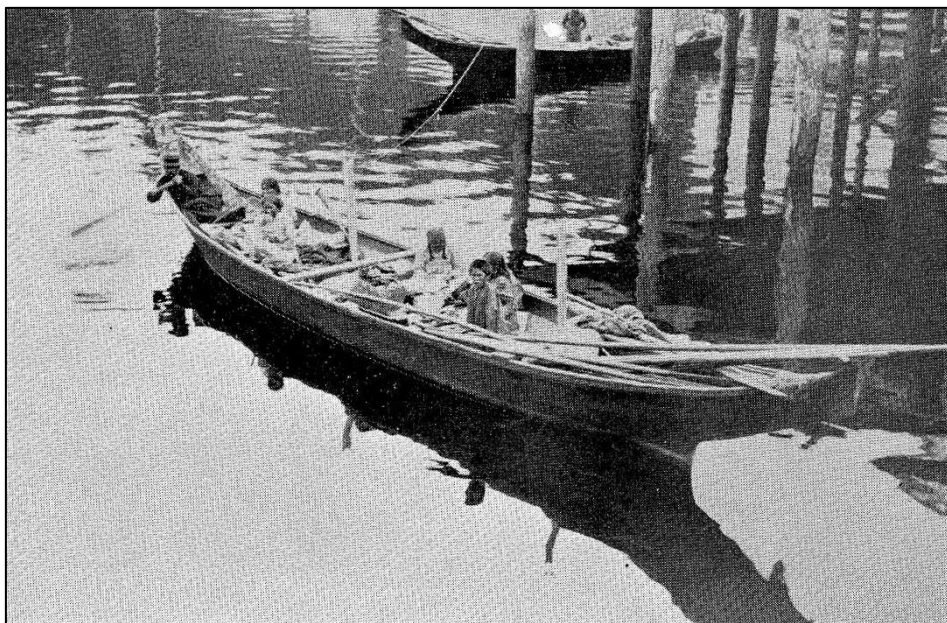
OUR NOOTKA INDIAN STEERSMAN

Again I tried, and with the same result.

I determined to use strategy. With a rush I sprang across yet a third time, but obliquely, and in a trice was upon the buck's back and had my left arm thrown under his head with a firm hold. But the buck knew how yet to defend his life. He rolled, and then came Death and hovered over us two, watching every movement as I struggled to keep my legs from being borne under the beast and my hand with the knife to deal a fatal blow. Not a movement from the dog; it was too fine a piece of sport for him to spoil. With an effort born of desperation I got on my knees, then heaved with a left arm that had been hardened by athletics for years, till the head with its antlers came back, leaving the throat bare for the right hand, which with one plunge did its work — and the gallant buck gave up its life with scarce a tremor.

I bore the body home in the dark, for it was growing dusk ere the fight was done. There were hills and dales to clamber through, and the rain still came pouring down, and the trees gave an extra drenching, but I thought little of such small discomforts, for from the fastnesses of the mountains of wild Vancouver Island, I was bringing back to adorn our rude camp yet another of the fleet-footed deer which make the island the delight of the sportsman.

Many a time since, when summer days were on and the rifle hung upon the wall, have Dick and I gazed at that head as it looked down upon us, having passed through the hands of the taxidermist, and longed for that day to come back when we three met face to face in a gulch of untraversed Vancouver.



UNDER THE WHARF AT ALERT BAY

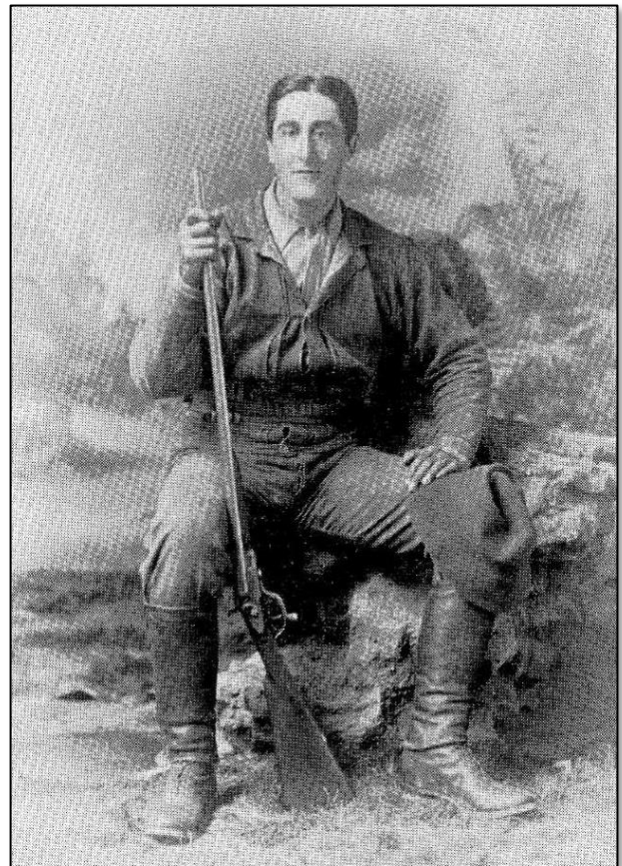


J. W. LAING, M. A. (OXON.), F. R. G. S.

The island of Vancouver is a part of the province of British Columbia and possesses its capital, the picturesque city of Victoria. The western shore of the island feels the full effect of the Pacific waters, which cause numberless inlets, fiords, and arms, cutting into the island in places for many miles. Such a cut is the Tahsis Canal, the continuation of the well known Nootka Sound. This canal runs up along Nootka Island until it leaves but thirty miles as the width of land between the western and eastern waters. It was from Alert Bay on the east side to the Tahsis Canal off the west that the trip was made which we now attempt to describe, a somewhat longer journey than a straight cut across country, since Alert Bay is some distance to the north of the Tahsis, so that the course of travel was south nearly half the way, then a bend to the west with a final run again to the south. Here it may be well to state the particular route taken and follow later on with incidents and description.

Alert Bay, our starting point, is on Cormorant Island, between which and the island of Vancouver runs

Broughton Strait. Crossing this, one arrives at the mouth of the Nimpkish River,<sup>122</sup> which we ascended to the lake of the same name, a large and long sheet of water. At its head flows in the Klanch River, which led us up to where the Woss River switches in. This followed, we came to Woss Lake, some ten miles in length. Then a mountain pass had to be climbed from the western side of which Tahsis River leads. We followed down through its beautiful valley to the head of the Tahsis Canal, which is practically the end of the trip across, but really Nootka Island with its Friendly Cove at the extreme southwest has every right to claim being part of the island of Vancouver, for a very narrow passage alone causes it to be other than the continuation of the Isle, and originally when first the land was upheaved from the sea, there seems to have been neither Tahsis Canal nor narrow gut. So we made down the canal and did not feel that the trip was actually complete until we turned into the cove, against which the mighty swell of the Pacific thunders and breaks the whole year round. A strait, three rivers, two lakes, a canal, were the forms the waters took to help us over, and it might seem at first thought that such a trip would be easy enough



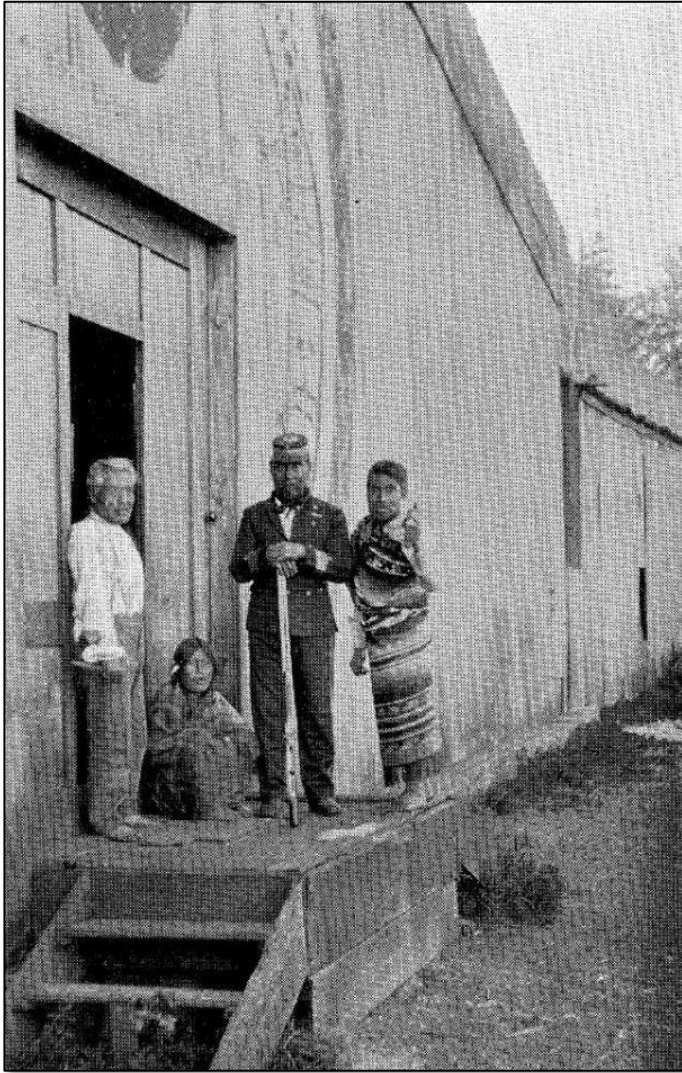
REVEREND W. W. BOLTON, M. A. (CAMB.)

<sup>122</sup> Also spelt *Nimpkeesh*.



for even weak ones to undertake. But let experience say that waterways have their difficulties and call for stamina and pluck.

We were a party of five — two Americans, two residents in California, and one Victorian. There was a woodsman, a cook, and a photographer among us. Indians were not taken, but we hired them as they were needed. The tribes which live around the coast are fishing Indians. They naturally take to life on the sea and rivers, but have no great love of land travel. When hunting deer or bear, they rarely



THE CHIEF OF THE NOOTKA INDIANS WITH ONE OF HIS WIVES AND TWO FRIENDS

go far from where their canoes lie, and get farther than a few miles from the coast on either side only when they determine to visit their fellow Indians who dwell on the other side of the mountains. The Island may best be described as being a mass of mountains thrown up every way, save that there is a distinct backbone, running north and south, of crags and peaks higher than those which run down each side to the sea. The northernmost thirty miles and the southernmost fifty miles are comparatively level, but this leaves 190 miles of the most rugged country anyone wishes to see. Between the ridges our waterways ran, and across the backbone we climbed by means of a narrow pass, so that the way we went and what we saw is a very fair sample of what Vancouver Island is.

Leaving Victoria by the steamer Danube late at night on July 1st, we made our way by the passage, touching at the city of Vancouver on the mainland, passing Texada Island with its mountains looking dark and forbidding as ever, taking in coal at Union, and after resting there over night found ourselves at the historic Discovery Passage by breakfast time on the 3rd. Here it was that the Spaniard and the Englishman met, more than a century ago, as they sought out nautical information for their home authorities. Vancouver's travels are

as good as the most interesting novel, and not the least interesting is his graphic account of finding that the land he was sailing by was an island. Discovery Passage, or, as it is now known, Seymour Narrows, was indeed a discovery. What it led to, neither the Indians to the north or to the south of it knew. Such a whirl and rush of waters was, in their minds, under the patronage of some evil spirit. It was left to those intrepid white men to discover in 1792 that the waters from the north and south here meet, and that once through, the traveller can make delightful way by strait and channel as far to the north as Alaska.

Vancouver tells us how the ships ran aground, how hard his officers and the Spaniards worked in the boats to make the passage, and with what sense of triumph they at last overcame all difficulties, and rested in the quiet waters above the narrows. Nowadays there is only need to catch the proper time of

tide and put on a full head of steam, and away one goes into the swirl. The steamer rolls and tosses and only just creeps ahead; there are ugly rocks here and there which makes the man at the wheel keep a wary eye, but steam triumphs, and the channel widens, and all is easy going till we cast out lines at the wharf of Alert Bay cannery as the afternoon wears to a close.



TAH-SIS MOUNTAIN AND RIVER. ALTITUDE 4,800 FEET. VANCOUVER ISLAND.

A splendid place for salmon is the mouth of the Nimpkish River, which pours out exactly opposite the bay. But like all such grounds, the run of salmon is very uneven. One year there are not enough cans to put up the catch; the next year the men are well nigh idle. This was a bad year here, but at River's Inlet, farther north, there were multitudes of fish. The cannery folk received us most cordially, and soon introduced us to the chief of the Indian village, with whom we had to deal for a canoe and polers to ascend the Nimpkish.



KOWSE GLACIER, HEAD OF WOSS LAKE,  
ALTITUDE 5,000 FEET

This arranged, we took in the sights of the town. It does not run very far back from the beach; a single line of shacks and houses fills the bill. At one extreme end is the Industrial school, where the children are taught the good traits of the white man and a trade, and the other end is the cemetery. The cannery building is the most prominent structure, but the English church is picturesque in its outlines and its site. The chief's shack is humble alongside some of the others, and the large totem pole adorns another house than his. There are two other poles, but they are uncarved save at the top, which takes the form of an eagle in each case.

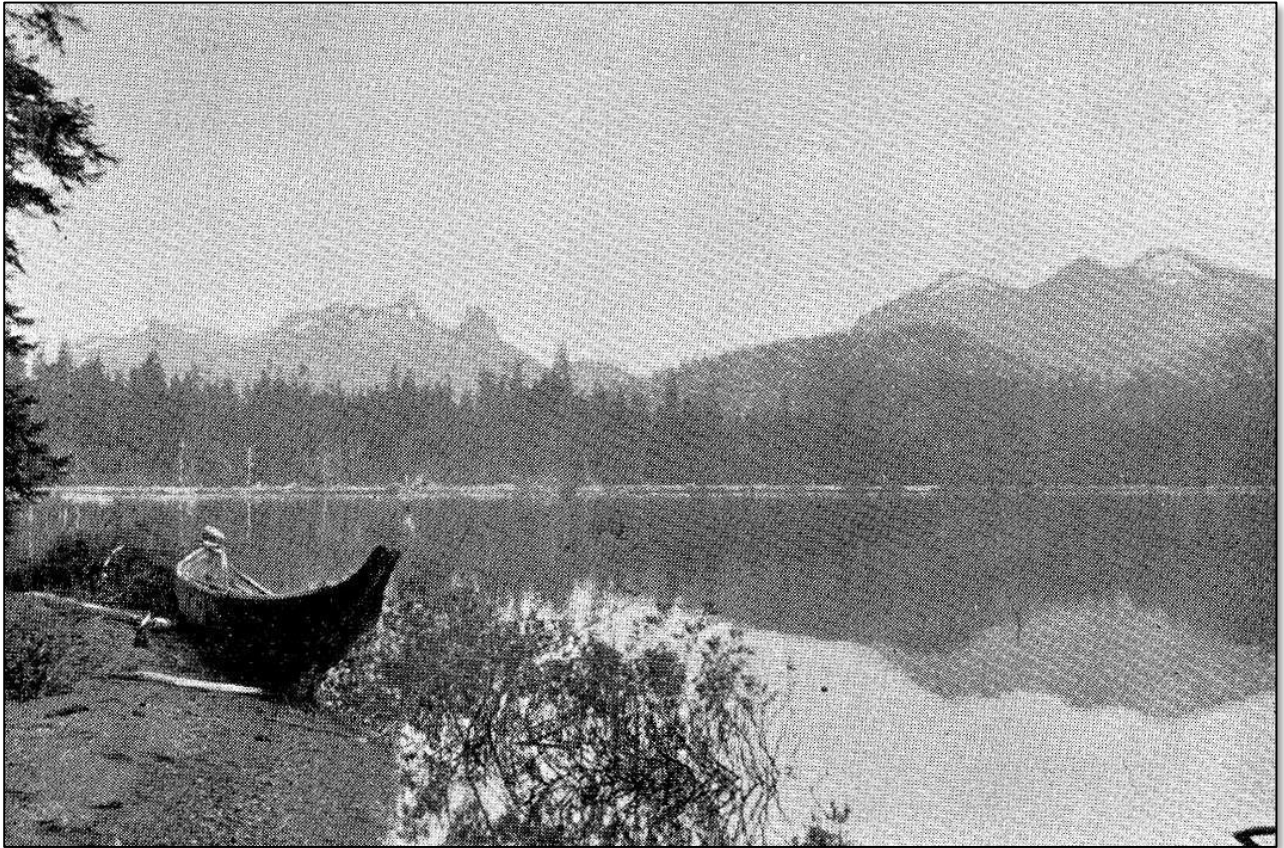
We were at some pains to learn the intent of these poles, as well as the wonderful works of the carver's art which the burying ground contains. Fish and fowl, biped and quadruped, trees and hideous features, all are made use of to adorn a tale. What that tale is, seems to be nothing more than the ancestry of the individual alive or dead. Take as an instance Alert Bay's large totem. Commencing from the bottom, there is a fish, whose lower jaw opens and becomes the door to a shack. Then follow a bear, a man, a crane, a wolf, a whale and an eagle.

This is the lineage of the owner. When he goes visiting other tribes, he takes along with him a miniature of his totem and presents it as his passport for recognition and a place at board or feast.

According to the Indians hereabouts, at first there was nothing on the earth but animals, with fish in the sea. Then a Being appeared who turned some of each tribe of animals and fish into man. The owner of this Alert Bay totem therefore claims that his first ancestor came from a fish, and in time, after marrying in their own tribe, his descendants intermarried with the eagle tribe. For although the lowest figure of a totem is the first, the highest is the second, and then one has to read down. The children of the fish and the eagle in time branched out and took wives of the whale tribe, and so on till the maker of the totem appeared, whose mother was brought in from the bear tribe. Thus whilst the family tree is given, there does not appear any means of calculating the full generations of the ancestry, but this may yet come to light as the Indian overcomes his dislike to give his knowledge to the white man.

It was 'the glorious Fourth' when the real journey commenced, and very early we made a start. Our canoe was much too large for river work at this season of the year, when the water is necessarily low, but one canoe was better than two small ones and it only meant a little harder hauling and much more

acquaintance with water. We were blest with two chiefs, the head of the village and a younger man from a nearby rancherie. They were capital fellows in their way, although they did carry most abominably stale fish as their food and the elder worked little save at times when a crisis arose.



NIMPKISH OR KARMUTZEN LAKE

Seven of us made the craft skim across the strait and then we entered the Nimpkish River. Here at the very mouth were the remains of the old village of Cheslakees, well situated and able to withstand many a foe. For in days gone by the Indian tribes were ever at war and would swoop down upon their enemies without warning. The traveller meets with a fortress nearby every place where now the Indian dwells at peace. Some of the sites are evidence of great strategic skill, and to what Nature has done, the warriors added till their stronghold seems to have been impregnable. Two especially remarkable fortresses are to be seen at Cape Commerell and Koprino. But Cheslakees was a good one in its day. Here Vancouver landed and was fêted by the chief and spent a pleasant time, as his book of travel shows. Now it is all overgrown with bushes, yet the great beams of the shacks still stand, silent reminders of past glory.

It was not long before the paddles had to be laid aside and the poles brought into use. There is so much art and knack in the use of these that novices were ordered out and had to make their way through the forest on either side. When a specially rough rush of water was met, we were made use of; a long rope attached to the bow was of great assistance with strong arms at the other end.

The Nimpkish is a swift, broad stream, very tortuous in its course, with some pretty 'reaches' every now and then. The old chief seemed to know the best way by heart and could tell us just the spot in a rapid where the bottom was best for poles to hold firm and the passage between the rocks the safest. To a new hand there seemed time and again no chance of escape from running on a boulder; with a rush we went at it and then, when but a few inches from a collision, a swift movement with a pole



and we swung past and above the rock. We passed the summer residences of the tribe — sometimes a solitary shack, at others a few combined. They combine by means of the immense ridge poles used for roofing. Three or four huge erections of wood with a hole in the top of each for a chimney form an ungainly looking row of villas. Cedar is chiefly used for the outside boards. These are nailed upright and not seldom have a goodly-sized gap between, good for ventilating purposes.

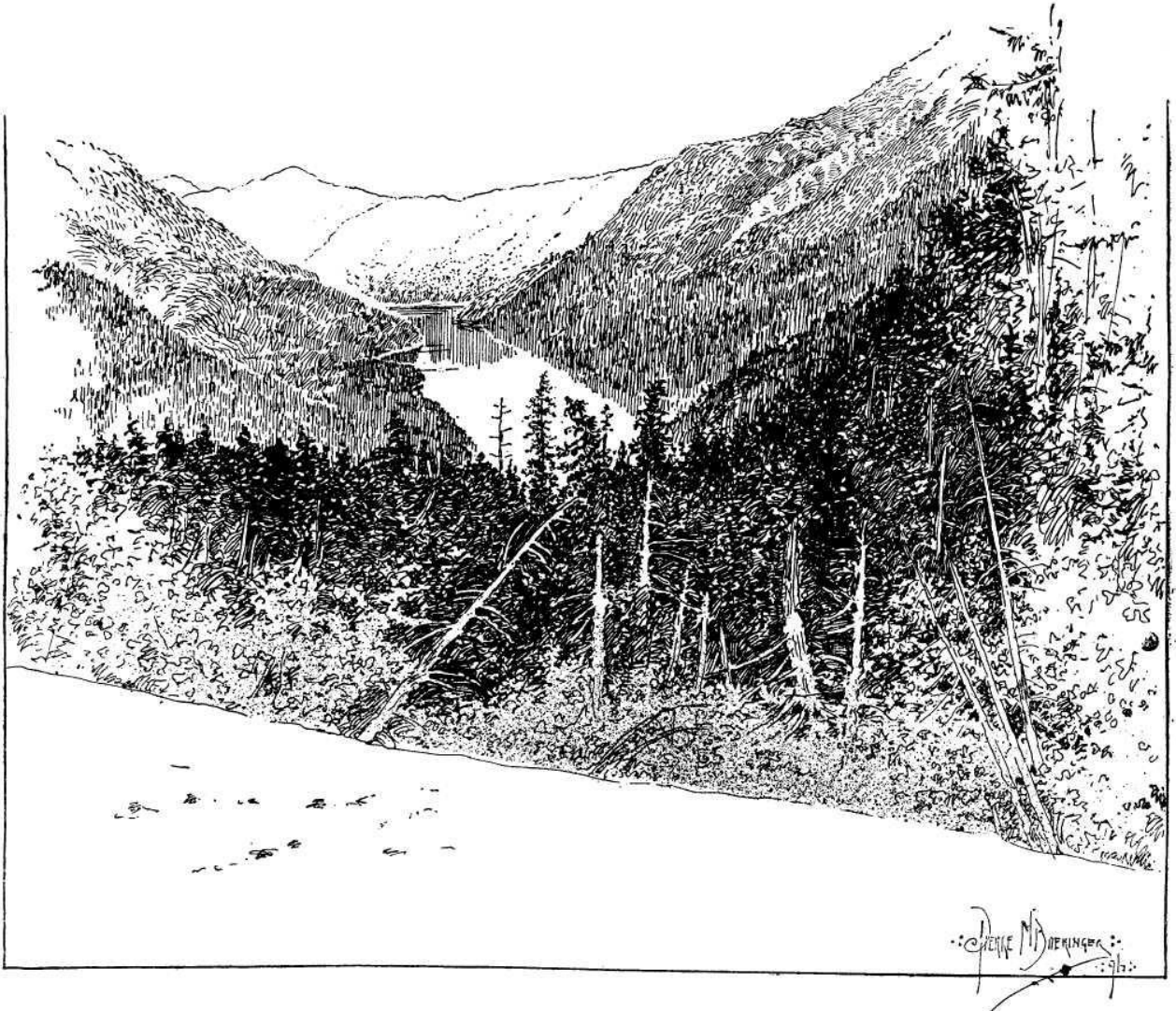


CAMP ON KLA-ANCH RIVER

We took lunch at the Nimpkish Lake, on a sandy beach under a roasting sun, then putting up a mast and a sail that landlubbers would have said was twice too large for the boat, we flew up the eighteen miles to the head of the lake, lying low down amidst our packs and grub. The wind is very variable in these mountain lakes. The towering hills on either side will change the wind in a trice, and the sheet must be loose and in knowing hands. The old chief made himself comfortable and went to sleep; the young chief did the steering. Only very rarely does one see a rudder on these canoes, but a paddle is every whit as good, though at times it is hard work on the arms. At the head there are rivers pouring in, the Kla-Anch, coming from where we meant to go, the Anutz, showing the way to a series of lakes, culminating in a beautiful sheet of water, Atluck Lake, which two years before we had rafted on as we made our way from an elk hunt to where the rest of the party awaited us.

We were inquisitive to ply our steersman with names for every stream we came across and not one but had its nomenclature. As neither white man nor Indian could speak the other's language, there was no end of gesticulation and endless times each name had to be pronounced until we could spell it out for the notebook. It is the way of Indians to have a separate name for everything that catches the eye of a traveller. It is their compass. Often they will leave game where shot, and going a long distance to camp, can be sure of another finding the spot and bringing in the quarry, for the name of the hill or the bend of the stream is enough. Their country is an open book to them and every child is trained to be well versed in it.

The next morning we turned our canoe into the Kla-Anch and had a good day's work making our way upstream. We spent far more time in the water than either on land or in the boat, and as we neared camp time, we came to the worst rapid of all the hundred we forced our way through. Looking at it from below, we did not well see how we could ever surmount it. The water charged through a narrow passage between rocks that ran up thirty feet on either side. Such a foaming, surging mass that seemed to dare us to try its strength and promise the liveliest kind of tussle.



WOSS LAKE FROM THE DIVIDE. THE VIEWPOINT IS 2,000 FEET ABOVE THE LAKE.

The old chief was wary; he made us lighten the canoe so that only he and his aide were left, then out came the rope, and scrambling over the rocky side, we hauled with might and main, those in the canoe steering it off the side with their poles, but shipping lots of water and jumping every way as the billows struck the craft. It was a goodly sight as we stood above the chasm. The roar of the waters drowned all words of command, but it was simply a matter of hauling hard and in due time we had the canoe by the bank and in quiet waters. Not till we had to portage our goods over these rocks did we realize how much stuff we had brought, and silently registered a vow that before we commenced steady packing, we would part with many things that at the start seemed indispensable.

Another day of similar experience we went through, wet to the thighs, the nails of our boots worn to nothing by the rocky bed, creeping along the banks, hauling at the rope the while, sometimes having



to cut our passage through the bush with the axe. Occasionally the canoe would answer all too quickly to the heaving and then there would be an utter collapse of those at the rope's end, much to the delight of the Indians, who love to see the white men 'bested'.

We grew to like these two, only they still would keep those horrible fish for provender, and at meal times would steal our fire. Nothing escaped their vigilant eyes. They would point our fish in the stream when we would have passed by; they would show you a twig moving, and there would creep out a coon; they could see a duck on the river when our eyes were dazed by the shimmer of the sun. As to making camp, they were through in a trice. The sand was good enough as a bed and the sail was their tent — no 6x8 for them; we could have jumped over their sleeping apartment with ease. We rested at the forks of a new stream with the high sounding name of the Koona Kooma Sitch, where mosquitoes held high carnival and a light rain added to the charm.



NIMPKISH RIVER RAPIDS

Partings have to come, and on the fourth day our dusky friends bade us adieu — taking along with them our bacon. Perhaps this was done by mistake; perhaps because we made them so many gifts by way of lightening our packs, they thought to add yet this charity to burdened backs that our weightiest grub should balance their canoe. Anyway, they got away with it and before we discovered our loss, they were whirling downstream miles below. If they knew not what they did, then we must forgive them, for it was not to be expected that they should attempt to re-ascend where seven men had found it difficult to creep along. But no more bacon did we see, that stand-by of the voyager, until the trip across the isle was done.

We had anticipated a log jam somewhere or other on the way up, and we came across one this day that fully satisfied us. First of all we sat upon it, then smoked over the situation, then cut our way through the great logs with our axes, and finally set it all afire. How the water could ever bring down such immense trees was a puzzle, and how ever they could climb up one on top of another remains a mystery. But Nature's wrathful moods in winter are no match for the axe in summer, and we left a goodly gap for the Indians to slip through on their way home.

By lunch time we were at the parting of the ways, and although there was the Woss River to be followed up before we could reach the lake, yet there was too little water in this side stream to allow our large craft to float. So packs had to be made up, and backs unused to bundles had to bend to the ordeal. We were obliged to make through the forest to the lake and keep away from the river, for the brush was dense by its banks. To the uninitiated, a pack is a most troublesome weight. A man will boast of the steadiness of his 'pins' until a sack of flour is on his back, then all his boasting is thinnest air. He totters, staggers, stumbles, rolls about, takes headlong falls, topples backward, groans aloud. He thinks everyone else has less burden than he; declares his whole journey a folly; calls himself names, an ass, a mule, a packhorse; wishes he had no insides demanding provender and that Adam's primitive wearing apparel could be his. He tries to creep under logs, but finds his hump jams him tight to earth; he essays to throw a leg over the log and goes headlong over, the hump pounding him when going down like the great bully that it is. His feet find every hidden twig and he is positive that his boot nails are worn to nothing; he lives only for the time when the long haul shall become the short rest; and when the order comes for 'camp', he heaves off his pack straps with an alacrity he never thought before he possessed, and straightway seems a yard higher and a dozen years younger than before. But we got there all the same, the tyros as well as the veterans, despite having to sleep a night on the way with myriads of mosquitoes to make the night hideous. We disturbed deer by the way, but gunning and packing do not go well together. And when on the morning of July 8th we stood at the foot of Woss lake, we were rewarded for the last few hours by the picturesque scenery on every side.

But whilst the photographer was busy with his kodak, there was something more serious for us to consider. Here we were with a lake ten miles long, no chance of getting along its sides and no canoe to skim over its waters. A raft had to be made and then the wind had to be favorable, which it might or might not be today, or tomorrow, or for a week. After prospecting for awhile, we selected our ship yard. It was not the tidiest, being the receptacle of many old bones of trees, but it answered its purpose well. Our craft consisted of four main logs, fourteen feet long, with a flyer at one side. These were held together by two cross pieces, dovetailed in. The rowlocks were similarly fixed. The only instruments used in the building were our two axes. Not a nail did we possess, nor a cord either. Poles were then made and a platform for the packs. Then evening came and we made a pleasant camp.

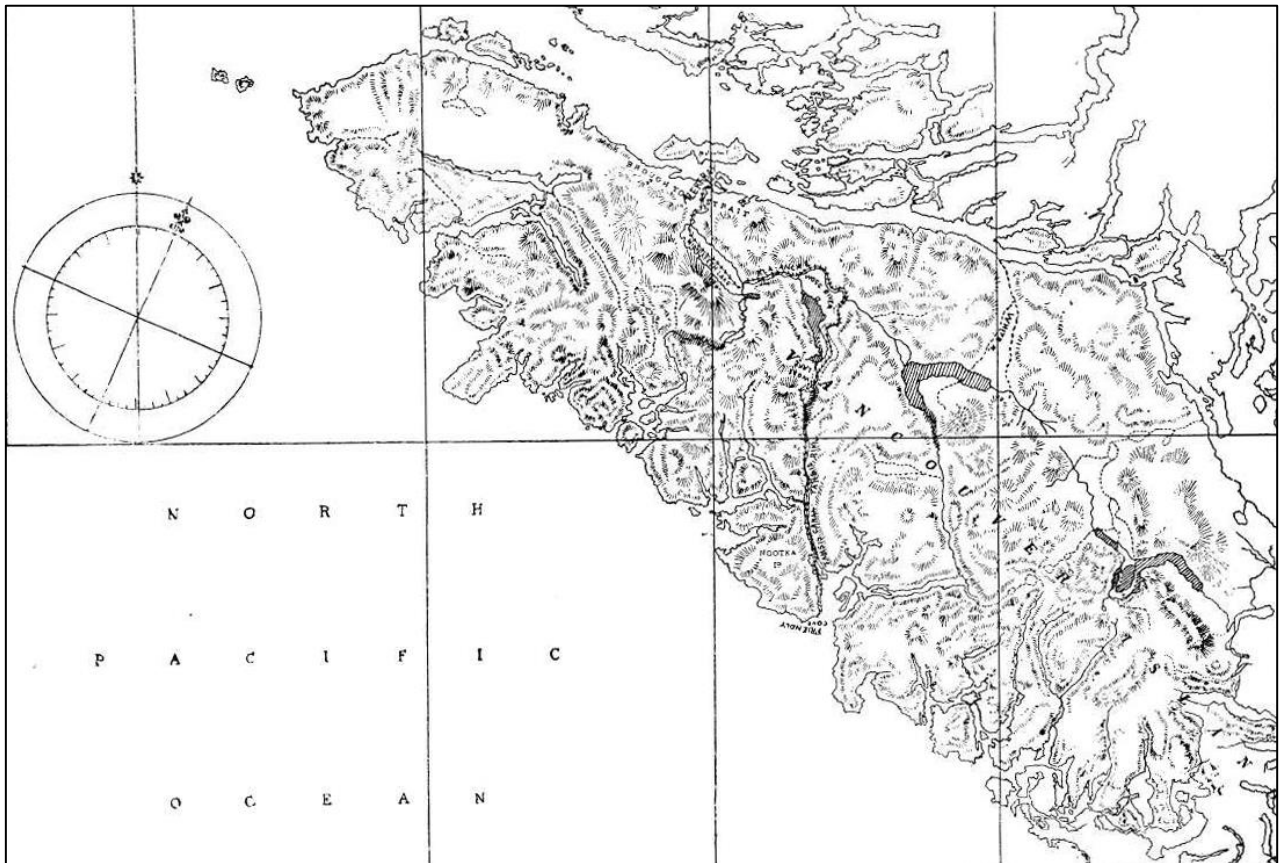
Early we were at work cutting oars out of stout limbs and shaping them off with jackknives. Then just when we were ready to push out, the wind sprang up and blew against us all day. It is worse than useless trying to raft against a headwind; it is uselessly dangerous. Twice we tried it, but soon found that it meant a foundering of our craft, so we whiled away the time till after supper, when just as the sun was setting, the wind fell and we went aboard, two at the poles and two at the oars.

Once off we found there was no chance to stop, for a mile from the foot of the lake the sides are so precipitous that there is neither landing place nor camping ground. So we worked on hour after hour, till darkness set in and Nature went to sleep. Still we rowed and poled, feeling our way along the western side, creeping around headlands, not venturing to cross the bay. Many a snag did our front poler ward us from; many a stream swept us out of our path. The night wore on, for rafting is slow work, and not till 2:30 a.m. did we reach port. It was inky darkness when we turned into the hook that forms the head of the lake, and so tired were the crew that after lighting a big fire and cooking some

cocoa, we lay down on the shingly shore hard by a glacial stream and slept as soundly as on beds of down.

Boating at night has its drawbacks, but it also has its compensations. There was a weirdness about this row that had its own charm. The splash of the oars and the swish of the poles were the only sounds that broke the stillness, save every now and then as we came near some great waterfall leaping down the mountain's side and tearing its way over a rocky bed to the lake.

The photographer got ahead of us in the morning and not only secured a picture of the sleeping beauties, or rather bundles, but taking the fisherman's rod and reel, caught a fine mess of trout for breakfast and then took in the sights. There is so much beauty in this little spot that we were glad to spend the whole day here. Kowse Glacier on the summit of Rugged Mountain is alone worth going many miles to see and then, added to it, there are the waterfalls, which seem coming down everywhere, joining at the base into milk white stream that was altogether too cold to sip even under the midday boiling sun.



MAP OF A PORTION OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

The dotted lines indicate the discoveries made by the Overland Explorers. The shaded portions indicate lakes and rivers on the official map that are not to be found. The route of the Bolton-Laing party was from Alert Bay to Friendly Cove.

Our camp was just inside the timber at the base of the mountain pass which we had to follow up and down to reach the Tahsis Valley. So on the morrow we shouldered packs again and began the ascent. It was a case of hand over hand in most places, and the undergrowth was so stiff that we made slow progress. We soon reached the snowline and here we had a bear hunt. Coming out of the timber into an open area of several acres of shrub, running up into the snow, such as elk love, we were all on the

lookout for such big game when we espied a black bear, an immense fellow, making hasty tracks along the farther edge of shrub towards a precipitous ledge of rock. He was on it in a trice, and the happy possessor of the rifle, pack on back, took no thought of the weight behind, but fired, hitting the beast hard, for he tottered beneath the blow, but not quite far enough forward to bring him down. Then off with the pack, but a second shot fell short and by this time bruin had got to cover. Nothing daunted, the sportsman hied him up the snow and along ridges on which in cooler moments he would have considered it madness to attempt to crawl, and sought diligently an encounter face to face. But all of no avail. Bruin was master of the situation and knew his home too well to get within view. Down below were the men waiting for their meat, and high above worked the hunter — but in vain. Sadly we pursued our journey and regretted wounding what we had not killed, and the suddenness of the whole affair which gave no time for the harmless kodak to take one lasting shot.

Soon after this we reached the summit, whence a delightful view of Woss Lake was obtained, and then we commenced to descend. We came down on the ridge that is bounded on each side by the sources of the Tahsis River. And such a coming down — we did almost as much sliding as walking, elk trails were useful, even the smaller deer trails were not despised, and by evening were at the head of the valley proper. Had it not been for the packs, the journey down this wide and beautiful valley, which took up a day and a half, would have been delightful. It is a valley of ferns and open timber with streams running everywhere, later on to join in one and pour out into the canal.

We were so used by now to water that we waded the streams as if they were dry land, and not until we were within a mile or so from the mouth of the river did we encounter any serious obstacle. Then we came to such precipitous sides that packing was out of the question, so two of us went ahead down to the mouth, making our way as best we could along the mountain sides and finally fording the river up to our waists so as to reach the Indian rancherie, where we hoped to find Indians who would bring the packs and the other men down in canoes. The rancherie was there all right, but never an Indian; they were all at Friendly Cove, thirty miles down the canal.

But something had to be done, so after prying through the cracks of the houses, we espied a tiny river canoe, and using gentle force, opened a door and committed burglary. Two worn paddles were pressed into service and then, carrying our prize to the water's edge, we got in.

It was touch and go whether we should not go out, for we were both tall men and somewhat weighty. But by lying down very low and being careful not to even wink an eye, we got some distance up the river, when the rapids commenced and we to pole. This was altogether too much for the balancing power of one of us, and he preferred to pole himself on his own legs upstream and did so, the other making the journey safely to where our men awaited our return. Then putting the packs in the canoe, the same good boatman swept downstream, the others making their way along the banks, and all reached the canal in safety.

So we crossed the Island, but as Friendly Cove is to all intents a part of the Island and it lies on the real western coast, we did not consider our journey done till we had sailed down the canal and entered the well known cove.

But how to get down? One little river canoe that could scarcely hold two, and five men with their stuff to go. We hunted everywhere for more canoes, but none could we find. So we came to the decision that two should go down to the cove in the rickety craft and secure one large enough to carry all, and the same two started out the next day at dawn.

We carried our life in our hands and nothing but similar need would ever make us take similar trip again. We were seventeen hours battling with wind and tide, although for the morning hours we had everything our own way.

Not half a mile from the camp and almost opposite the rancherie, we came across a buried Indian, and as it may sound strange that we should see a 'buried' party, we venture on a short description. About a dozen yards from the water, a small canoe was seen wrapped round with a white sheet and tied up in a slanting direction to a tree. The entire wardrobe of the dead Indian was hung around on separate branches. His garments never were so numerous, but such as they were, they followed him to his place of rest. Above all these, in another tree, was a box, somewhat hidden by what might be taken for the front of a drum. Reverence forbade any very close inspection, but inquiry at a later period elicited the information that this is a very common method of burial with the Nootka tribe.

For the first ten miles down the canal we use paddles, then were glad to be relieved by a slight breeze. As we had carried nothing that was not absolutely necessary, we had neither axe nor rifle with us; our only freight was a tarpaulin in which were wrapped our blankets, and our food consisted of a little cocoa, some bread, and beans. Determining to try sailing, we ran up on a beach and made mast and sprit with jackknives, then rigged up the tarpaulin as a sail, and a capital one it proved. During the delay, we had interview with three deer, which came so close that not a dozen yards parted us. They were out for their morning walk and frolic, and had a rare good time, gamboling about and playing a game of 'tag', every now and then coming over towards us and sizing up our intent. Pushing off, we were bowled along for another ten miles, having many a close shave of 'turning turtle', but reached a large bay by noon, where the wind turned against us. Now came the real work of the day. The last ten miles took us till 10 p.m. Once out of the quiet bay, we had to face the ever restless waters of Nootka Sound. We kept close to shore, creeping around the headlands at imminent risk of utter collapse and with an expenditure of muscular force that called for frequent halts. The cockle shell was not meant for deep sea work, and no one was more astonished at the journey we made in it than the owner, when she saw her little river craft had been pressed into such a service. But the Indian shakes his head when he sees white men tackle what he would never do, and there is a look in his eye, as much as to say, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Driven to shelter about 5 p.m., we had five o'clock tea (or rather cocoa), then pushed ahead again. Two canoes of large size came out from the bays and passed us on their way to Nootka, and despite our efforts to make them understand that we would like to combine forces, they either did not care to or really could not help us. They seemed to have almost all that they themselves could do to get round the points of land.

As the sun set, the wind began to fall and by dint of steady paddling, we ran behind some small islands into comparatively quiet waters. By 9 p.m. we passed the last of the islands, and in pitchy darkness had to come out into a heavy swell and make a dash past two more headlands, the last of which was the entrance to the cove. We reached the first, shipping some ugly seas and escaping many a rock by inches, and made a dash for the second, but it was no good; we seemed in a nest of rocks, and seaweed caught our paddles at well nigh every stroke. It was too dark to find the proper course and to go clear out into the sound would have been madness, so within sound of the barking of the dogs at the cove, we ran up on a little beach, hauled our canoe out of danger, and crept up amongst the rocks and sal-lal to find a resting place.

One might venture the remark that since we were so near the goal, a short walk would surely have been a wiser course than sleeping out in our blankets, but no one who knows the nature of the west coast of the Island will wonder that we did not attempt to fight our way through the undergrowth at ten o'clock at night. To find six feet of room for each of us was no easy task. One of us slept with his

feet hanging over a twenty foot drop, a rock sticking into his hip bone, and the tarpaulin sheet for a pillow. The other fellow lay hopelessly mixed up in chaparral and twigs. But we slept till the day began to break, then crawling down to our canoe, got away from rock and weed, and despite the tide that was now sweeping out of the bay, turned the last point and entered Friendly Cove.

The village was still asleep, only a few dogs and crows about, so to while away the time till the place should wake up, we strolled down the high street and took in the sights. Of course, we were also compelled to take in the smells. Fish everywhere, dead on the beach, drying on the rails. To smoke became a necessity and we kept up the fumigation until Goss, the white man, opened the door of his store. Then we got to work, first at breakfast, afterwards at securing Indians and a large canoe, and by 10 a.m. we were ready to start back to fetch the rest of the party.

It had not taken long for the Indians to know where we had come from, and soon we were surrounded by a crowd of jabbering ones, all demanding the purchase price of the canoe we had burglarized. Goss came to our relief and we found the real owner to be a young girl with a face besmeared with vermilion — used by the ladies to preserve their complexion from the sun's rays. Her father, mother, uncles, aunts and cousins all helped in the discussion that ensued. The duty of purchasing the canoe we scouted. Then \$5.00 was demanded as the hire. We offered seventy-five cents and it was gratefully accepted and spent forthwith in the store on apples and candy.

Our new companions were typical of the place, a young fellow, tall, muscular, who had laid off this season from sealing in the north, and an old man, wiry and efficient, with a light and singing heart. Up the canal we flew under two great sails and had a deer hunt on the way. We noted a deer swimming round a rock, and putting on the pace with the paddles, we got near shore just as the deer had shaken itself dry and began the ascent of the mountain side. The younger Indian shot wild at first, but finally brought the game down, and we hauled the carcass aboard and worked our way up, now against the wind, arriving at the camp in time for supper. There was rejoicing all round, for the Indians had deer meat and we had bacon, and the morrow would surely mean a delightful sail.

And so it proved. What had taken us, in the little craft, a long day to cover, we came down in under four hours — a fitting end to our trip across the Island and a most interesting place to bring it to a close.

The afternoon and the hours of the next day flew by as we gathered information, took photographs, bought curios, visited the shacks, and made lasting friendships. The Indian has so keen an eye to the main chance that despite his anxiety to be photographed, he was keen to know how much he was to be paid for the sitting. The chief is a study in himself; he is not endowed with good looks nor virtues that should be imitated. He is the last of the old time Nootkas, who were so fierce and cruel. Many a ship's crew fell before their rude weapons; many a pirating expedition ended for them in complete success. The book of one — Jewett <sup>123</sup> — who spent two years of captivity here reads better than most novels and tells of what wild stuff those Nootkas were made.

This particular specimen has eyes which bespeak an ugly nature, and woe to the man whom he should even at this late day consider an enemy. His palace is an immense shack, the front bedecked with the ornamentation of the sun, the inside barren of all adornment, with benches extending all along the walls, his own bench at the far end, whereat he works making the most beautiful sea otter spears. Outside lays an old Hudson's Bay cannon, unmounted, a relic of the past days of trading, and for our

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<sup>123</sup> [John Rodgers Jewett \(1783–1821\)](#). See [The Captive of Nootka. Or the Adventures of John R. Jewett \(1835\)](#).



benefit the chief arrayed himself in a naval officer's suit, a gift of long ago. He is a polygamist and the law does not seem to care to interfere with him.

But he and his kind are fast going to the wall before the march of civilization. The young men are all sealers on white men's vessels, and returning, they are not content with the ill-built shacks, but are building for themselves houses of brick. They leave blankets alone and despise the dogfish oil and dried halibut. But sickness is working havoc with them all. They are nearly all consumptive and nearly every house has need of the physician. The priest and the witch doctor divide this honour, and whilst the war goes on between these two, the sick drop off one by one.

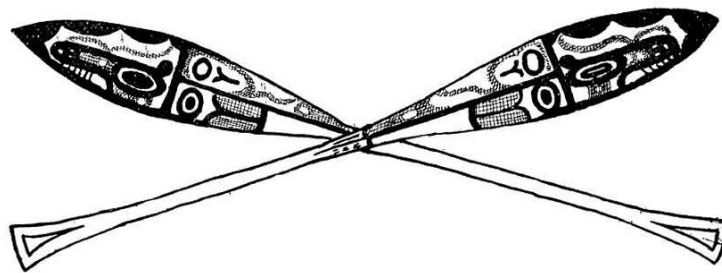
It was a strange sight in the morning hours to watch the ablutions of the cove performed. Nootka is not a place where delicacy resides. Every man takes his bath in public, and since towels are unknown, the sun is called in to take their place. It was curious to see the little dark-skinned figures sitting huddled up on the shore, drying off on the hot pebbles.

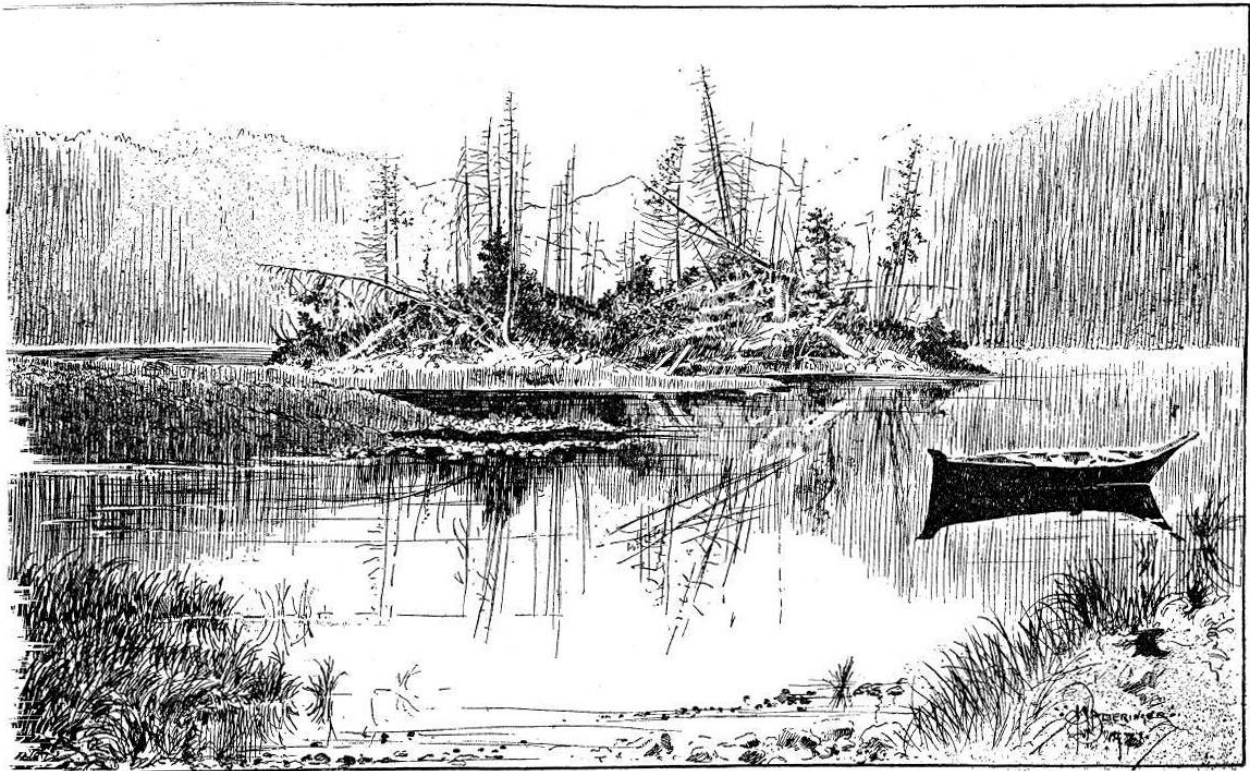
When the blanket, seemingly the only garment in many cases, has to be washed, it is taken into the sea, and after thorough soaking is laid out on the beach and beaten with a long stick. Then the owner lays it out in the sun and he and his await being dried by degrees.

There are no totems at Friendly Cove, but a really remarkable carving in wood of a lad, full size, stands before one shack, so lifelike with a broad grin on its face that until it is closely approached, a visitor is deceived into thinking it real and interested in his coming.

Of course, curiosity was mutual and we had to bear with a crowd gazing at our every movement, watching us cook and eat, overhauling our goods and chattels, and from the look on their faces and incessant jabbering, making joke at our expense. This we bore with equanimity, for we realized we were a strange and tough looking crowd and were glad enough to think that none but strangers saw us after our trip across the island of Vancouver, a journey of just twelve days, but filled with memories that we shall cherish for our lifetime.

*W. W. Bolton and J. W. Laing.*



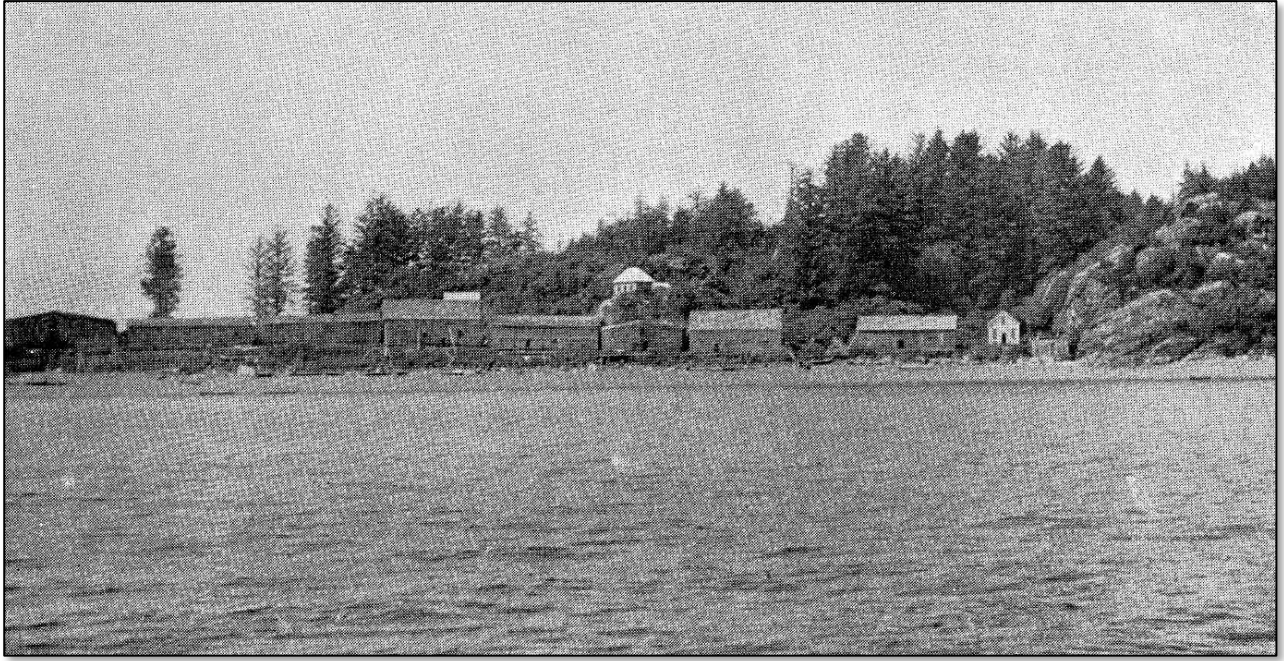


TLUPANA ARM NEAR THE MOUTH OF LAING RIVER

## II. The Central Crags of Vancouver

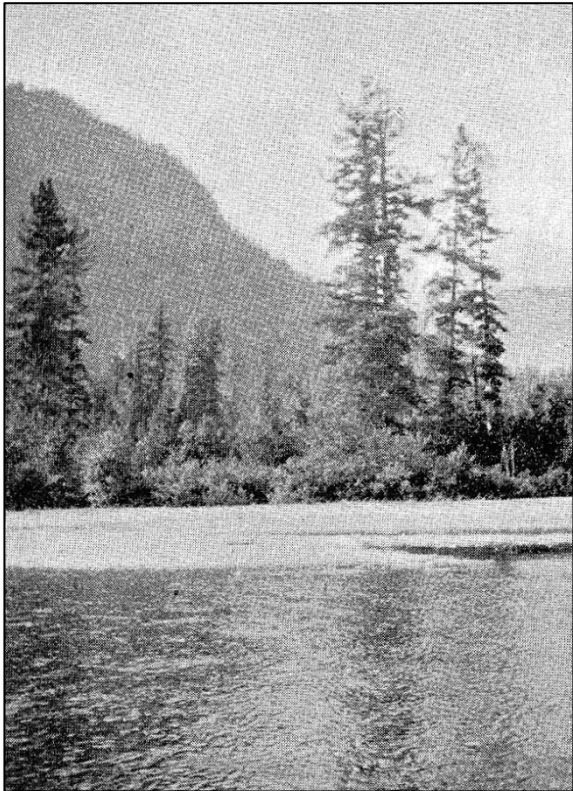
A map hanging in the Lands and Works department at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, gives the central mountains of Vancouver as rising to 8,000 feet and more, which leaves those peaks that have long been named, such as Victoria Peak and Crown Mountain, considerably in the lurch. This is not far wrong as we found out during the past summer; when we made our way through the district, and standing on the summit of the hills that seem to bunch up there in specially formidable manner, named them 'Central Crags'.

These mountains are a part of the Vancouver Range, the most westerly of the four great systems in British Columbia — the Rocky Mountains, the Gold Range, the Coast Range, and the Vancouver Range. They all run nearly parallel from the northwest to the southeast. The latter range is the northwest boundary of the continent of North America, as there is only a narrow sub-marine plateau extending beyond it, then a quick descent into the azure depths of the Pacific Ocean. The Island itself is 270 miles long; its breadth, from over seventy miles down to not more than ten miles. It seems naturally to divide itself into three sections, the first from Victoria at the south to Alberni, one hundred miles away; from Alberni and its lakes to Woss Lake and the Tahsis Canal, another one hundred miles; and finally from the latter to Capes Commerell and Scott at the extreme north. There is a marked difference between these sections — rain in the north, snow in the middle, and genial weather to a remarkable degree in the south. There are small timber, swamp lands, and good fishing in the north; nothing but mountains, streams and lakes, with perpetual snow, in the center; and large timber, excellent land, and good society in the south. From the sea, the central portion looks anything but inviting — mountains piled on mountains, peaks vying with each other which shall be the tallest and most pointed, huge banks of snow seemingly everywhere.



FRIENDLY COVE, NOOTKA

It was from Friendly Cove, the Indian rancherie on Nootka Island, that we made the start. This is a far-famed spot, the headquarters for centuries of a tribe of Indians who waged relentless war upon their neighbours and all whites. Here Jewett, an English sailor, was held in captivity for over two years, whose book concerning his experience was the delight of the boys of a past generation. But now all is peace, and a store of supplies kept by a white trader makes it a convenient place for a start.



TLUPANA ARM

Nootka Sound, soon after passing the cove, splits up into three arms: Tahsis, Tlupana, and Muchalat. It was from the head of the latter that our start inland had to be made. We reached there by canoe and found a broad stream flowing into the arm, coming from the east. There were three in the party, all white men; the Indian whose canoe we hired was to pole the packs containing our blankets, food and cooking utensils as far up as the riffles would allow and then return. We knew from the general appearance of the country that neither horse nor mule could act as beasts of burden for us; there was nothing for it but to turn ourselves into carriers, and we had provided ourselves with straps, which long experience had brought almost to perfection for ease and strength.

Our general course, as we planned, was as follows: to work our way, with supplies for eight days, across the Island through a tract of country never before trod, some thirty miles to a large lake named Buttle's, where we had arranged for men to meet us with fresh supplies. They were to come in from the east coast, following the Campbell River up to where the lake found its outlet to the sea. Then from the



head of Buttle's Lake, we planned to strike into the mountains once again, going straight if possible, and passing over the very center of the Island, come out at Great Central Lake, from which place an easy journey would take us into Alberni. In order that we should have light packs, we were to be met with further fresh supplies at the last-named lake, and a canoe, in order to avoid the tediousness of rafting over a sheet of water thirty miles in length.



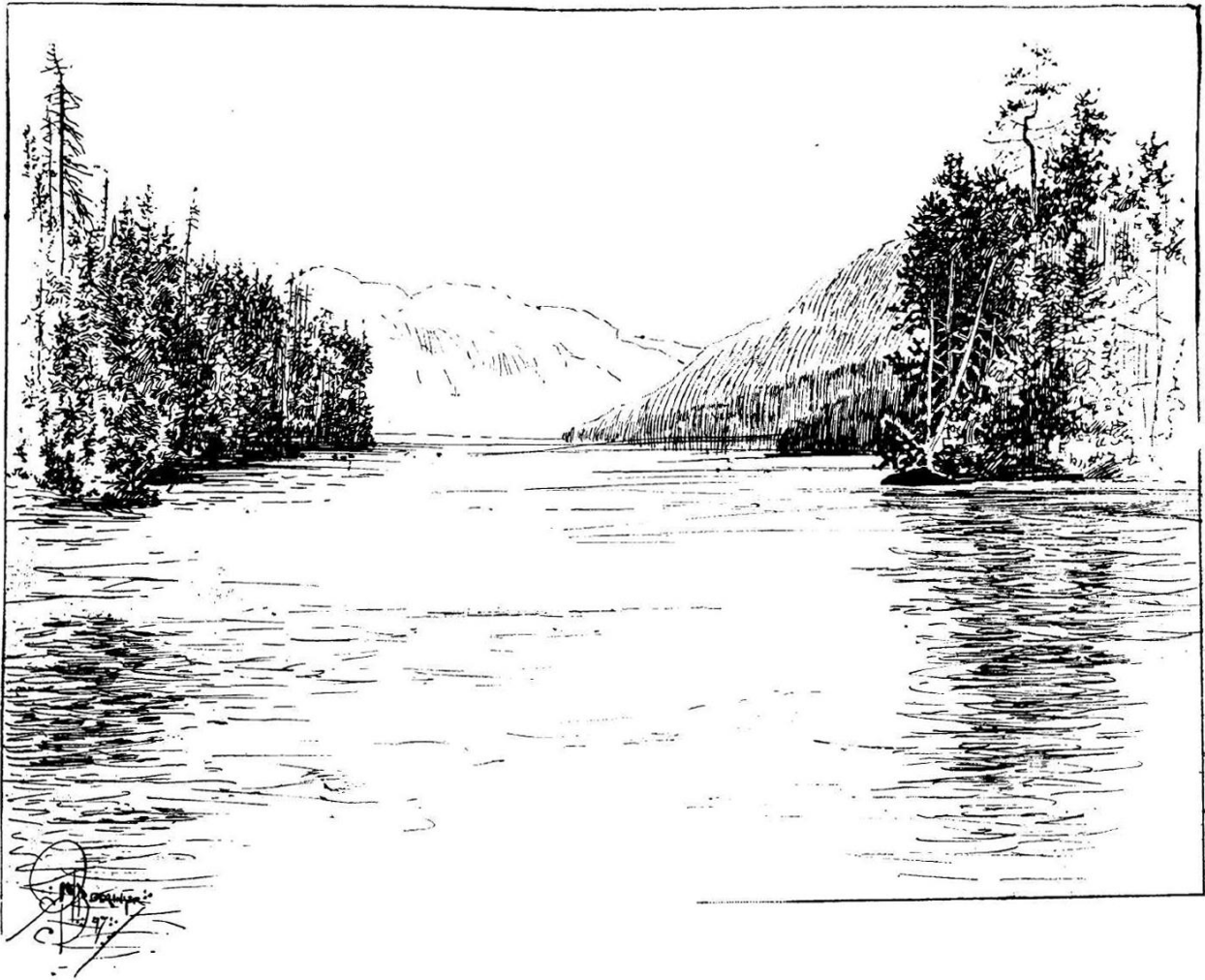
NOOTKA INDIANS

On Wednesday afternoon, July 22nd, we made camp a little distance up the East River, finding a most convenient spot, save for the mosquitoes and the devil's club, which here attains to twice a man's height, with thorns that have to be reckoned with. The following day the real start was made, and in order to lighten the canoe, two of us took to the bush, while the third assisted the Indian in poling.

No very serious rapids were met until four miles had been covered, then an extra heavy and dangerous one seemed too much for the Indian, and although the three of us offered every assistance, we could get him no further, so dumped the packs on a shingly shoreline and watched him as the little craft danced downstream and out of sight. We, along the bank, had had a stiff fight with the underbrush all the morning, but this was slight compared to what we now encountered. We made only two miles in a four hours' struggle. Axes were constantly brought into use; clothes were torn; and the river waded wherever its depth would allow. We were hemmed in by mountains on either side, with snow-capped peaks looking down upon us. Slowly we conquered, and were glad enough to throw off our packs and camp where the stream forks, coming from the south as well as east.

In the morning, the first thing to be done was to cross the fork, and as fording was out of the question owing to the rapidity and depth of the river, we felled a couple of trees, which dropped most conveniently and made an easy bridge. Then we entered a canyon which taxed our ingenuity to get through. It is one thing to clamber among and over rocks with free hands, but quite another to have a gun or axe in one hand and a pack of many pounds upon the back. We lunched and camped in that

canyon and all the next day we were in it, finally having but inches to stand on as we crawled round the face of the rocky walls, which ran sheer up a thousand feet or more.



SCENE ON GREAT CENTRAL LAKE

After the constant roar of the waters, the quiet of the spot above the canyon was most welcome, and we rested in the timber close to the edge of the river, which flowed swiftly but noiselessly by. Another day's climbing awaited us before we could reach the divide and change from climbing up to climbing down. We had not travelled above a mile when we came to a small lake hemmed in by mountains, a most picturesque little sheet of water, at the head of which we touched the snow line. Our river poured into the head of this lake, so we ascended its course through much easier ground, and within half a mile, came to another lake, larger than the first, with a most remarkable natural dam of rock at its foot. This rock is some thirty yards across and runs back so gently that we could not tell where it began in the lake itself. The water tumbles over in a beautiful waterfall, which continues more or less to the lake below. It is a fact worth noting that the Island's streams almost invariably have two lakes in their course.

We could see ahead of us our final climb to the top of the ridge, but it was by no means inviting. At the head of the lake, the land, thickly wooded, with a surface covered by snow, ran sheer up a good thousand feet and then seemed to become level for a space, beyond which a two-peaked mountain rose up into the sky. But ahead we went, working our way around the lake and then hauling ourselves

and our packs hand over hand up the incline. It was slow work and very tiring, but once on the first ridge we were well rewarded for the effort.

Here before us was a very pit of snow; a vast amphitheater ran around it and in the center was a lake all frozen, save that we could see a stream running out to the north, which found a way to the lake below by a straight drop. Tired though we were, we hastened over to that side and looked down one of the finest, if indeed it is not the greatest, waterfalls of the Island. Snow everywhere, though a lovely sky overhead, the pit was not an inviting place for a camp, but still we made it — going without a tent, for poles were not to be found and wood for a fire was at a premium. A finer sight than the last rays of the sun striking that amphitheater cannot well be imagined, and though the night wind was cold and biting, we managed to keep warm by making a common bed and sleeping with our hats on.



ENTRANCE TO TLUPANA ARM

We were early astir and glad to push on up the farther side of the great pit, warily treading, for the snow was very hard and in places dangerously slippery. Then, as explorers ever are finding to their chagrin, we saw a great chasm between us and the twin peaks, and in it lay a large lake shaped like a balloon, with ice floating on the surface. We took counsel here as to the best way. We only knew the general direction in which Buttle's Lake lay, and could see nothing in front but range on range of snow mountains. We could travel to our right and so keep the height we were on, but we fancied that this would bring us to the head of the lake — which it would have — whilst we had to meet our party at its foot. The way to the left was certainly wrong, so we determined to keep straight ahead, although it meant going down into a deep valley. But in this valley, with its source in the lake below where we



stood, we noted a river running, which naturally made us draw the deduction that it ran into some lake, for the sea was too far off to permit its reaching such as its outlet, and by the size of the stream we calculated that it must feed from a large lake, which meant Buttle's Lake or some other that man had as yet never seen.

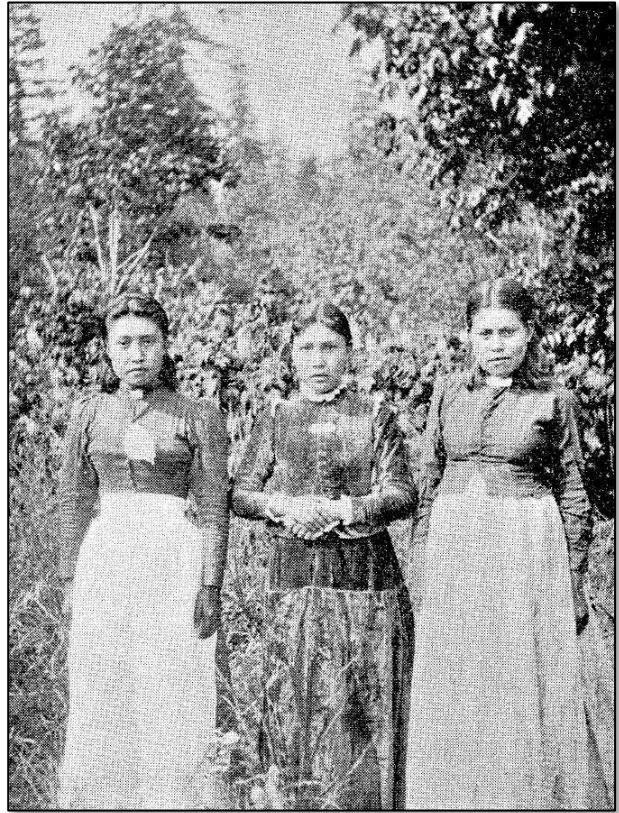


THROUGH A GRANITE CANYON

So down we went, and at times faster than we cared to, clinging to the short brush as best we could and making use of snow slides when we had the chance. Sure enough, we soon came to another lake, but to reach its banks had to make a desperate jump. Disaster more or less attended this attempt at long jumping, but men get used to a little water being added daily to their burden, and we clambered round the edge to the foot of the lake, to find no seeming outlet for the stream. This puzzled us a good deal, and after diligent search to make sure of so curious a condition of affairs, we climbed over the great rocks which were piled up at the spot and let ourselves down the ravine ahead. Not until we had gone down a full half mile did we see the water, which then oozed out at a score of different places from amid the rocks and soil, to go tumbling down until they came together in full form and the stream was once more itself. As we followed its course, we came upon a good deal of marble along the banks and in its bed; we had also seen this day, higher up in the snow, small flocks of a tiny golden-colored bird.

We had nothing to do but keep in this valley till we found where the river ended, but we had not miscalculated, for after two days more of working our way through the mass of underbrush, and ever and anon climbing the mountainside to escape a canyon or a waterfall too sheer for man's descent, unless a corpse, we came to where the river broadened and began to lose its rapidity, and then poured itself out into the lake where we would be.

But those two days were days to be remembered. Old hands as all of us were at bearing the tortures of mosquitoes in many lands, we can say with truth that this valley bears the unenviable palm for those enemies of mankind. They seemed to take special delight in attacking us. Perhaps they were wrought up over man's daring to enter the unknown land. They took us cruelly at disadvantage. What chance has a man with the little fiends when he is climbing up a wall, using both hands to hang by, and a gun or an axe in one hand to boot? We named, and we think well named, that valley and that river, Mosquito, and let him who disputes the right, test it in comparison with any other part of the Island, for himself.



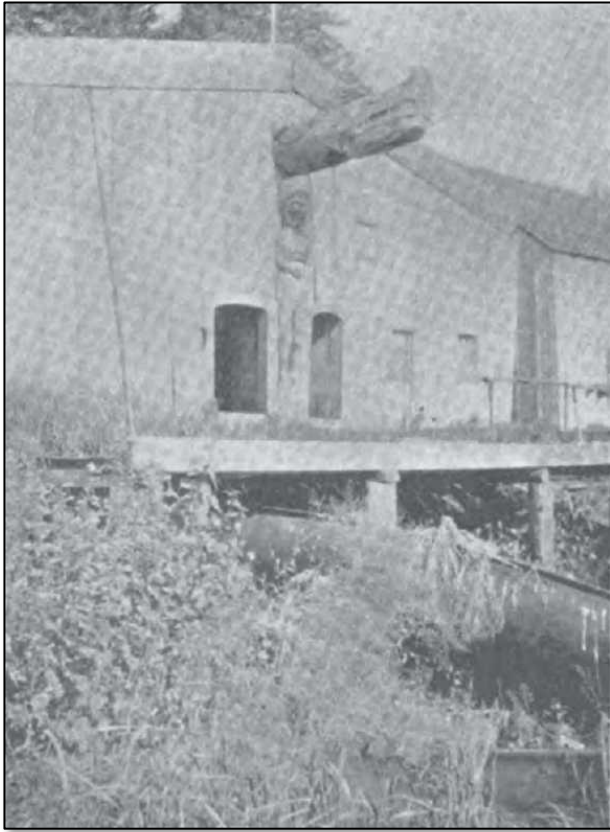
TYEE OF MUCHALAT ARM, NOOTKA SOUND

Several times, to get better walking, we had to cross the stream by means of felling trees and for the best part of the day left the river altogether, making a shortcut over a mountain. From the summit of this we had a splendid view of the mountain ranges hereabouts. They are not of a kind to excite any keen desire to tackle them. The landscape appeared but one mass of peaks, not a round top in sight, and as to any level land, not the most active imagination could conceive such to exist. But what gave us fresh heart was a tiny glimpse of our lake. We never had any doubt that it was other than Buttle's. So down we went towards it, but not without one slide more than we wanted, which broke our rifle short off at the stock and nearly collapsed one of the party. Sometimes, to get down a sudden drop, we would lower the packs one by one and then follow as best we could, but what helped us most were the deer trails, which, so far as they went, we held to tenaciously. By Buttle's Lake we stood and a noble sheet of water it is, twenty-five miles in length, surrounded by scenery of a very high order.

Then we began seriously to consider how far we might be from the foot of the lake and whether our party were likely to be there to meet us. With our elongated pistol, we fired a salute, but no reply came, so we decided to build a raft and make our way down the lake as best we could. We had neither rope nor nails, but the axe men within twelve hours had a craft ready, five logs held together by two cross pieces dovetailed in. On it we put our belongings and then swished our way along the edge, poling where the depth would permit, with young trees for poles.

We found that we were about three miles from the foot and to get there, had to round a sharp promontory, which causes the outlet of the lake to look almost like a funnel. At first the water was very calm, but just as we reached the point, a strong wind, common to these mountain lakes, sprang up, which soon threatened every moment to break up our craft. But we conquered and reached calmer

waters, soon reaching the foot where Campbell River commences its headlong rush to the sea, and jumping ashore, found no sign of our men or the now much-needed provisions.



INDIAN SHACK AND TOTEM, NOOTKA, WEST COAST

We saw at once the gravity of our situation. There was no food behind us; our rifle was broken, so there was no chance of food around us; and there was a clear four days' tramp at the very least to the east coast, where we might find a settlement. We had supplies, by living very frugally, for two days, so there was no time to lose, and the decision was at once reached to leave the lake and push on down the river bank, till we either met our party or, starving, should reach the coast.

Hunger ahead made our steps the faster and had we not met with an opponent in the river, we should have made a record in that day's tramp. Within a couple of miles, we came to where we either had to cross the river or be blocked for good. We had no knowledge of the river's depth, but we could tell it was very swift. We straightway essayed to ford it, the greatest danger of the trip. With packs high up and a long pole each, we walked in, clothes and all, and got a third of the way across, when we saw that the depth ahead would be over our heads, and swimming was out of the question. Now began a fierce struggle to keep our feet. The strain of the stream

against our legs was tremendous, as the order was given to return. Easier said than done. To turn was the risk, and only by inches we managed to face the other way. A sorry crowd we looked, as we came up out of the river, sadder but wiser men.

We camped on the spot and dried out as best we could, eating there our last piece of bacon, then turned to making a second raft. This was six slim poles tied together with bark, for time was short, and the next morning we committed ourselves to this wondrous craft and turned out into the torrent.

The few minutes that followed were very lively and it was a question whether we should land where we wanted on the other side or be carried down to a rapid below, to be broken up by the rocks. But we won against all the effort of the river, and then hurried on, only to find ourselves again baulked by the land two miles below and the stream again to be crossed. This time we found an old cedar log lying handy, and cutting it in two, dovetailed two cross pieces and within an hour were ready for a second attempt. This was, of a truth, a most rickety concern and only hungry men would have launched forth upon it. It requires an adept to ride one log, and certainly it takes skill for three men to ride on two.

We reached the other side in safety and took to the woods again, pushing our way through a very bad country of underbrush and swamp till, tired out, we halted with a heavy rain pouring down upon us, close to the head of what is known as the Upper Campbell Lake. Here we cooked our last meal, reserving just enough to give us a bite in the morning.

With determination in every step, we set out early to make our way down the side of the lake as far as we might, before building a fourth craft, and had not gone much over a mile before the usual baulk came. Here we thought it just worth while firing a signal, so loaded the elongated pistol once more and let it go, when much to our delight, we heard an answer come bounding across the water and knew that our men were awaiting us.

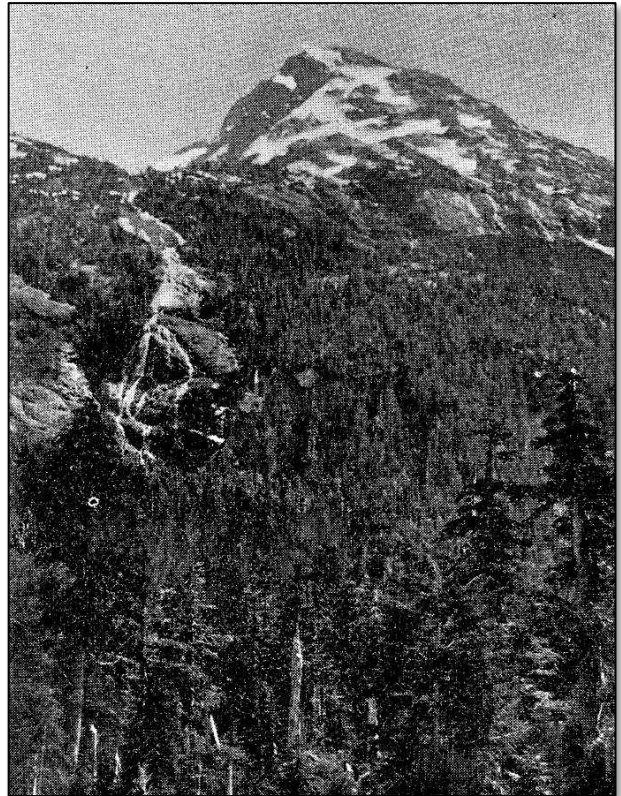
They had been camped for a week past, and had not reached the foot of the lake for the simple reason that they could not find the way. They attempted to ascend the river in a canoe they had brought with them, but this quickly ended in disaster; they tried the mountains to the south, but these threw them too much off course. They finally decided to wait where they were, surmising that we would do just what we did and so fall in with them.

After a rest and refitting, both parties returned to Buttle's Lake, passing through a splendid elk and bear country, where beaver live in plenty. We found our two-log raft gone, so hewed out a three-log one and had a spirited time making a double crossing. Then we reached the six-pole craft, which had been staked more securely. Here the cook of the first party came to grief, for in endeavouring to hold a branch that hung over the stream and might help to bring us more quickly to land, the man, his pole and the branch got hopelessly mixed together, and all three took a thorough bath. A big fire soon made things right for the man and a couple of miles' tramp brought us all to the foot of the lake.

Here we found what we had not had time to notice or think of before — a small canoe with one paddle. This was most fortunate, for it would just hold three men and would obviate the tedious work of poling a raft for over twenty miles. The dug-out had been left by a party of surveyors who had touched here some years before, in staking a line for a railway grant.



DEVIL'S CLUB PLANTATION



CONUMA PEAK, CENTRAL CRAGS.  
ALTITUDE 5,600 FEET.

We found the lake full of trout, but had no time to wait to make a record catch. The next morning, early, we saw the men who had come from the east coast off down to their old camp, and so home, then took our places in the canoe and started once again by ourselves, this time to reach and cross the very center of the Island. We had cut two paddles out of a handy log, so none were idle.

The lake runs generally due north and south, though it winds considerably, and about four miles from the head, takes a decided turn to the southwest. It is the peer of all the Island's lakes in its scenic beauty. Backed on both sides by high mountains, snow-capped and rugged, it has a lower range still closer to it, covered in most parts with fir to the water's edge. Scores of waterfalls pour



down on either side, and the streams which feed it are almost numberless. There are no islands in it, save three small rocks, the largest of which is hardly fifty yards long.

As we paddled on, we could see a mass of peaks and vast banks of snow, looming directly in our course. These are the Central Craggs of the Island and it was well that we had our larder full, as we faced the real object of the trip. Beyond those, and exactly where we knew not, there lay Great Central Lake, where our second party was to meet us, and might even be now.

White men and Indians in plenty have been on Central Lake, and some of each on Buttle's, but between the two lay those Craggs, which had been left most wisely alone, but which we now had to tackle.

We rested at the head of the lake for the night, then caching the canoe, threw on our packs and faced the mountains once again. A river ran down towards us, heading from the way we planned to go, and at once we had to decide whether we would follow up the valley or climb up to the top of the ridge, thence going parallel with the stream till some other guide turned up. We chose the latter, and it was well that we did, for another day's work brought us to where the river started and had we followed in the valley, there would have been a veritable trap for us, since a gleaming glacier blocked the way ahead, while precipices hemmed in the water on either side. So up we went, finding very fair travelling. The timber was open and the moss held us well, but the ascent was steady the whole live long day, with never a dozen yards of level. Our lunch was taken in a spot where it required the greatest care to prevent ourselves and food slipping downhill. Then we came to a dry watercourse, which we stuck to for a full thousand foot climb and noticed all the way an abundance once more of marble, but no game.

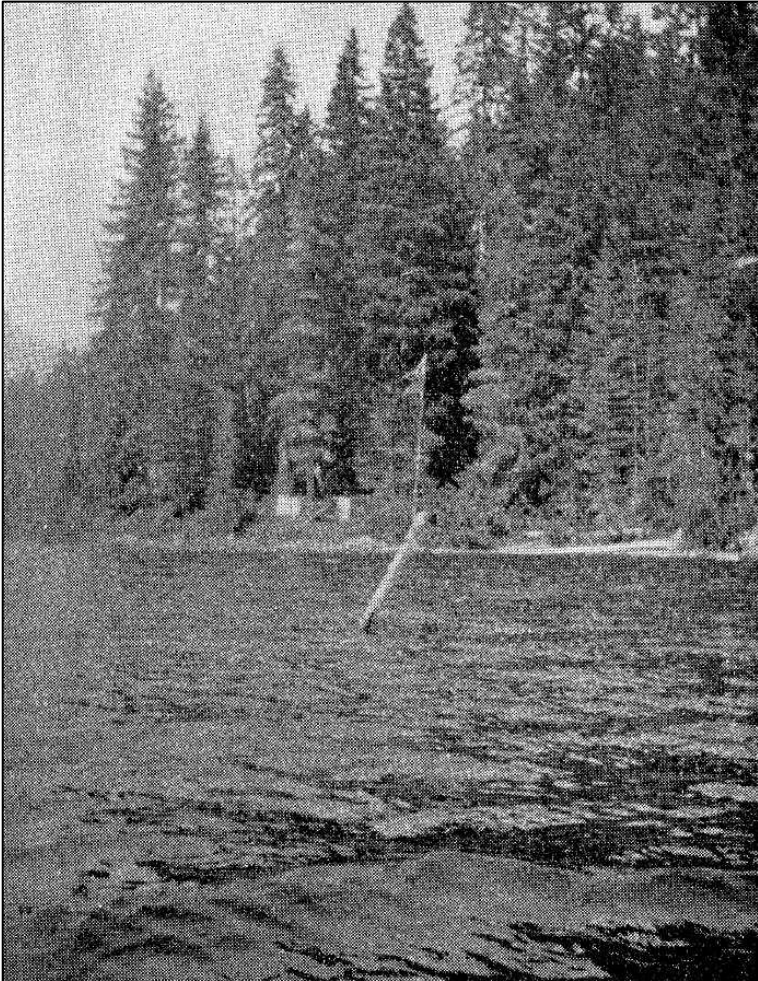


MUCHALAT ARM INDIAN WOMAN AND BABY, NOOTKA

Just before sunset, we gained the top and now had little difficulty in seeing how to reach the Central Craggs. There was nothing but snow everywhere, save stunted trees in little groves here and there. We were on a great backbone which ran straight up into the Craggs. These latter form a most perfect crescent, like a quarter moon, and to reach the center one, which rose like a pyramid into the sky, we should have to keep on our ridge and spend a couple of days in a truly Arctic scene. We had no means of telling the depth of the snow beneath our feet, but that it ever allows the earth to see the sun is a thing impossible. Whichever way we looked, we saw streams tearing off to disappear round some lower range, and glaciers were on every side.

Looking about for a night's shelter, we espied a balsam tree, and cutting off its lower boughs, crept under its remaining limbs, each lying in his own blanket, with toes to the trunk and head resting on some portion of the larder.

The cold drove us out early, and we were soon on our way along the backbone, with a tremendous drop steadily increasing as we mounted higher and higher. The usual quota of lakes were to be seen feeding the streams, and now we commenced to see very clearly the immense fissures in the banks of snow that fill up every crevice in these crags. We hoped sincerely that none such would lie across



WHERE FLOATS THE UNION JACK ON GREAT CENTRAL LAKE

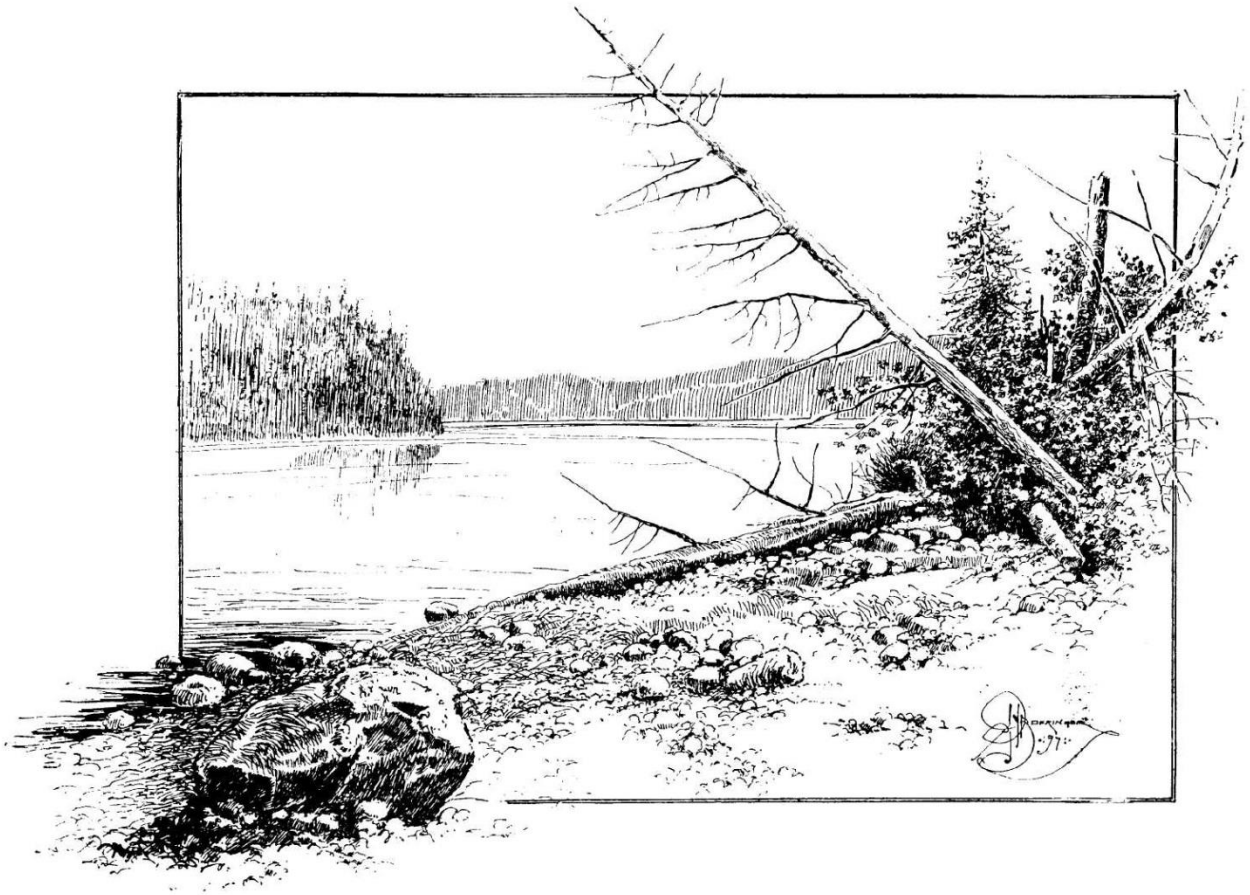
our path. At noon we took observations and calculated that we stood at the time in the exact center of the Island. To signalize the event, we took our two flags and determined to leave them there, floating before every breeze. To do this, we found a small clump of balsam trees very handy, and swarming up the tallest, squared off the trunk near the top, lopping off the branches, and then using some extra bootnails we carried, nailed the flags to our improvised mast — one for loyalty, the Union Jack; the other to show from whence the three had come, the Stars and Stripes. There we left them and unless some untoward collapse comes to the little clump of stunted trees, there they may hang for many a day.

Then we pushed on to yet higher ground, and when we halted for lunch, we were fairly amidst the Crags and right below the central peak. But now two visitors appeared, one most unwelcome, the other most effective. The latter was a goodly band of deer, which came tripping across the snow from round a

neighboring ridge as soon as our campfire was lit. Their curiosity could not seemingly be satisfied, for they came within fifty yards and stared hard and long. We had left our stockless rifle behind, so could only enjoy staring back, which there was certainly ground for, since it is a rare sight to have seven bucks, all sleek and antlered, pay a camp a visit in the daytime. The unwelcome visitor was fog, which came rolling up behind us, and in an hour just shut us in as completely as if we were within prison walls. We could not see a dozen yards ahead, and to attempt to advance under such conditions, in a new country with dangers on every side, would have been madness. So we made the best we could of our very limited quarters and hoped that the morrow would release us. But no such fortune, for all the next day we were enveloped in the fog, and had to while away the time as best we could. Every little while, day and night, we could hear avalanches of snow breaking away and thundering down the ravines. The roar of artillery is nothing to it, and we were thankful that from the configuration of the crag, there was little chance of the like happening to our position. We had another visitor during the day in the shape of a ptarmigan, with its brood of young ones; otherwise, we were made to feel that we were prisoners and might be for days longer unless a north wind sprang up — which happily it did late in the afternoon, and the following morning the sky was clear and beautiful.



Then we sallied forth and began a stiff and difficult climb. We might have slipped in between two of the great peaks had we wished, and so proceeded without further delay, but we were anxious to stand upon the summit of the center crag and see what might be seen.



BUTTLE'S LAKE

And we were well rewarded when we got there. Once up, there was a bird's eye view of the whole countryside. But what pleased us most was the fact, hitherto unthought of, that both the great lakes could be seen at one and the same time by human eye, otherwise than in a balloon. Sure enough, there was Buttle's Lake winding its way through the mountains, and its foot especially clear, while Great Central Lake lay in the distance, running east and west, with just a portion of the headwaters discernible. It looked not more than ten miles off, but with a hard country between. We had started out with the belief that the lakes were a long distance apart, so we were agreeably surprised to see our goal so near. Below us, some three thousand feet, we could see a lake of ice, and below that, another smaller sheet of open water. At our left was a ravine fast jammed with snow up to where we stood, which forms the river that feeds the lakes lying to the north of Great Central. In the far distance was the range with Mount Arrowsmith as lord and king, whilst to the south there rose the range growing every year more famous for its gold, and guarding to the ocean, the lovely Alberni Canal. It was a sight worth all the way we had come, and we lingered long before bracing ourselves to the effort of passing over the crest of the crescent and leaving Central Crag behind us.

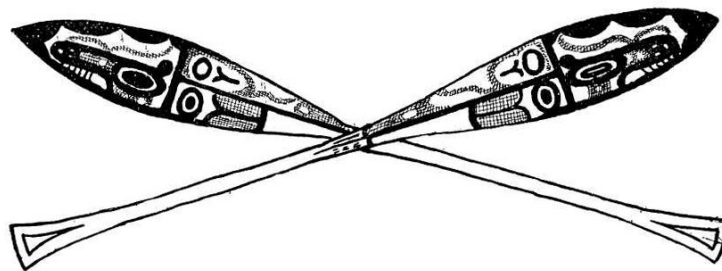
Down we went on the run, not a straight one, often exceedingly tortuous. Hour after hour slipped by and yet we had not reached the ice lake. At last we were baulked every way by rock, save one means of egress, a snow slide over half a mile in length. The chances taken were great, for a slip meant a general smash up at the bottom among the rocks which surround the lake, but necessity has no choice,

so we took the chances and went straight down, without mishap, to the broad sheet of solid ice. This crossed, we saw a pass, still of solid snow, between two mountains, which seemed in our line of march, and followed it till we came to a deep ravine that cut clean across our path. There was nothing for it but to go down and clamber up the other side, and we should be fortunate if this was the only one that lay across the way. The entire lack of symmetry or decent length of range, in the middle portion of the Island, is the cause of valleys running in the most unexpected fashion. A lovely glen we found when we reached bottom, positively clear of undergrowth, broad and well grassed. Here we camped, leaving the ascent to the morrow, which we thought might possibly see the meeting of the two parties, if all went well.

The first thing to do was to attain the grade we had left the previous afternoon, and after an hour's stiff climbing, using the snow whenever we could, we were in the line of our pass again, and could see the lake clearly. The rest of the hours were spent in going downhill. Greater care is required on the whole in going down than in climbing up a mountainside. Many a long detour has to be made to reach a lower level of only a few hundred feet. One more snow slide helped us greatly and then we bade farewell to the snow for good. Then we took to a waterfall and let ourselves down hand over hand amid its waters and boulders, till a sheer drop stopped the way. But here we reached open timber and made our way along a rushing stream heading in our direction. Once we were forced to fell a tree and cross the water, and again and again fought a stern battle with the rank underbrush, but at last, on August 10th, we came to the flat lands of the lake's head, and breaking through the brush and devil's club, came out directly upon the snug and well supplied camp of our expected party, as its fishermen were leisurely adding to their catch of trout for the day, giving us a couple more days before putting in an appearance.

That appearance would not do for the streets of a city — clothes had suffered more hardships by far than the men in our eighteen days' tramp and climb — but what cared we for looks, seeing that we had accomplished the purpose for which we set out, and had stood on the summit of the Central Crag, laying bare to future generations the unknown midst of Vancouver Island.

*W. W. Bolton and J. W. Laing.*



### III. Great Central Lake and the Alberni District

The delight of a traveller is great when, after days of journeying and keen expectation, he first sights a long-looked-for object. Such were our feelings on reaching the head of Great Central Lake. This is an ideal spot for a month's sojourn, where the tastes of the artist, the hunter, the fisherman and the mountaineer can be gratified to the fullest extent, the only difficulty being its inaccessibility. The trout fishing is superb. Two mountain streams flow into the lake, and where these mingle their flood with its waters, innumerable trout were seen, running up to six and eight pounds. We captured fifteen before breakfast, the smallest weighing two and the largest four and a half pounds, and delicious eating they were, pink-fleshed and firm. This spot in the month of May would be a veritable anglers' paradise.

Great Central Lake is, as the name would somewhat imply, the largest in the Island, and we computed its length at thirty miles. At its foot, Mount Arrowsmith stands guard; at its head, Split Mountain. Between these two sentinels the lake twists and turns, and its course is so devious that it is difficult even to discover its general direction.



INDIAN ROCK INSCRIPTION, ON GREAT CENTRAL LAKE

The scenery here has lost its grandeur. There are few bold precipices of rocks running sheer to its edge, no waterfalls dashing and hurling themselves from giddy heights. Its low hills are thickly covered with timber of no great size, and we missed that majestic background of snowy mountain peaks, which, in the north, is one of the chief sources of beauty.

Three miles from the head of the lake, facing south-west, we came quite by accident upon a curious hieroglyphic inscription, deeply engraved upon the

face of a sloping rock. Its antiquity is undoubted, from the worn surface of the cutting. What it represented, it would be hard to say. Suggestions were hazarded of music, slaves, fish, trees, logs and seven-branched candlesticks, all combined — the last-named naturally coming from the brain of the reverend member of the party. The rock was photographed and a sketch made, and the Alberni Indians were consulted on arrival, but they were unable to elucidate its meaning. The sketch was forwarded to Professor Franz Boas of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, who is perhaps as deeply versed as any man living in Vancouver Indian lore. His opinion is that it is identical in age and character with one he saw on Sproat's Lake, and is probably the work of an extinct race of Indians, who were known to inhabit this lake a century and a half ago.

If it is desired to interpret the records of this particular tribe, it is necessary to be familiar with all the features of their life. The various tribes of the west coast of the Island attribute all their carvings to their deity, Quotiath, but they are unable even to guess at their meaning. As a matter of fact, all the lakes of the interior were visited by Indians at the time when they fasted and prayed in the wilderness, until they believed spirits appeared to them. It is also known that several tribes of the Pacific coast left records of such events on rocks, either painted or sculptured. The traditions of the Indians of Vancouver Island often refer to revelations made at their lakes, particularly those above the Nimpkish River, but it is also known that one clan of the Nimpkish had their villages in early times very far up the river.



BRIDGE BUILDING ON THE ROAD TO MINERAL CREEK, ALBERNI

Professor Boas thinks it is impossible to tell for certain what the carving means. It may represent a canoe with thwarts, but that would hardly explain the central slanting bar, or it may be a tally or a record of a certain number of feasts. Mr. Joseph McKay<sup>124</sup> of the Indian Office in Victoria, British Columbia, is of the opinion that the inscription is in commemoration of the dead, whose remains had been deposited in boxes on a tree from security from predatory animals. The tree was probably burned by forest fires, with the boxes and their contents, and the nearest relatives adopted the plan of keeping their friends in remembrance by carving this inscription on the site of the tree.

Each box was represented by double lines; the cross beam was lashed to the tree by withes<sup>125</sup> and supported a stage for ladders, as the latter would not reach the sites of the higher boxes from the ground. In the course of a paper read by Mr. McKay before the Natural History Society of British Columbia, he called attention to the condition of the Indian at the period when these marks were probably made, and to certain strong points in his character and habits of thought, which even now are still prominent, and may readily be observed even under his present altered surroundings.

The Indian [he said] is but little hampered with conventionalisms; he is a creature of circumstances. His movements are mainly actuated by expediency, and in carrying out his objects, he applied to his use such means as may be most conveniently within his reach. If he be in want of food and have neither arms nor fishing tackle, he will kill grouse by throwing stones at them, or drown the marmot out of his hole by leading water into it, or failing a water supply, he will smoke the animal out. If he have water to cross and no suitable vessel to carry him over, he will construct a raft of dry wood with willow or cedar withes and cross on that, or in the springtime, when stranded floes of ice abound along the shores, he will push one afloat and use that to take him over. He shows great regard for his deceased relatives and reverence for the dead in general. He believes that the souls

<sup>124</sup> [Joseph William McKay \(1829–1900\)](#). WWB has *Mackay* here and below.

<sup>125</sup> *Withes*: a slender, flexible branch or twig



of the departed haunt the localities in which their bodies are sepulchered, that those of his enemies, if angered by the desecration of their remains, might cause him untold injury, and that the souls of his friends, if their mortal remains be neglected, might fail to assist him in his daily vocations, as he believes they do when they are not offended.



FALLS BELOW SPROAT'S LAKE

Before suitable implements for burying were obtainable by him, the Indian deposited the remains of his departed friends where they were least liable to be disturbed, sometimes on a high scaffold at the crest of a bald promontory, at other times in a canoe on a bare, rocky islet; failing these, a well-grown detached tree with all but the lower branches removed and the top lopped off was used. The body immediately after death was folded and bent so as to fit into a box about thirty inches in length; the more wealthy Indians sometimes cleaned the skeletons after the flesh had decayed and placed the bones in a smaller box; sometimes the bones of several Indians were placed in the same box. Banners of colored fabrics were hung at the cemeteries to distinguish them and thus prevent desecration. The Indian loved to commemorate important events in his life by certain marks or monuments, the meaning of which would be handed down traditionally by his descendants until these last were all extinct or had removed to other parts of the country; rude figures painted in red ochre on the faces of sheltered precipices, pyramids of deer horns and bones where a great feast had been held, arrows in the clefts of rocks where a battle had been fought — all these are instances of this habit.

Under their early conditions, few families existed in direct line for more than three or four generations; murders, raids, intertribal wars, epidemic diseases and starvation caused a constant change amongst the leaders of the different bands; sometimes a band would be

starved out by being prevented access to their fishing and hunting grounds by the enmity of powerful neighbors.

Whatever the elucidation of this rock inscription may be, it was an extremely interesting discovery and numerous inquiries from anthropological, antiquarian, and royal societies in Europe, America and Austral-Asia have been made recording it.

The totems of the Vancouver Indians are everybody's wonder, and their history is interesting and instructive.

When a child is born, a bird or beast is given to it as a guardian angel. The name of any animal which the child can pronounce after attempting to talk, or, when crawling about, the first bird or beast that crosses its path, is given as its totem. These names which one at a time become the child's are often of a common character. When the child is old enough to save money and acquire property, these treasures are passed over to the chief of the tribe as a gift. At such times, the members of the tribe assemble at a great dance, and the chief presents the child with a new name, and a higher rank, and a crest as a distinguishing mark of it. This usually happens to a girl in her teens. The mother invariably has a crest which she transmits to her child.

The father's crest, on the other hand, goes for nothing and is never perpetuated. This custom goes back beyond history or tradition, probably thousands of years. If a man builds a house after taking to himself a wife, he pays ten blankets for the beams of his roof, and ten for the totem posts. The carver is paid ten blankets for every fathom of their length, so that a totem post of sixty or seventy feet costs a considerable sum. If the builder be a bear, a bear ornaments the lowest part of his totem; above that are carved the husband's crest or that of any secret society to which he belongs. Then comes his wife's, and to top them all, her phratry or brotherhood, usually some bird, the raven or the eagle.

The totem post is literally the family tree; it reveals to the Indian, at least, who is versed in the secret of its heraldry, all the life history of the family whose dwelling it adorns, and it may have some connection in its origin with primitive tree worship.

In the fantastic totem post of Alert Bay, the lowest figure is supposed to be the head of a fish; on top is the soaring figure of an eagle. We learn from this that the owner of the house to which it is attached came from a fish, then took to himself a wife from the eagle tribe of mankind. Then reading downward, we discern that the eldest son of the fish and the eagle married into the whale tribe, and so on up to date.

To illustrate the use of charms by the Indians, when we were at Friendly Cove on Nootka Sound, we were told by the Reverend Father Brabant, who has lived for twenty-six years amongst the West Coast Indians, of an old Indian woman who had died and, as is customary, was put into a box made of cedar planks and then taken to a cave close to the village.

It may be here remarked that the Nootkas differ to a certain extent in the way of burying their dead from the other tribes of the coast. Nearly all, if not all, the other tribes squeeze the body while it is still warm into a box, then hoist it on the branches of trees or some prominent rock or island, the idea being that of respect for the dead to prevent wolves or dogs from feeding on the corpse.

The Mowachats — often called Nootkas by the whites — however, have close to their village a cave which they use as burial ground, and it was in it that the body of the old woman was placed. That she was really dead when placed there is not quite certain, for last year a young woman was supposed to have died in childbirth. She was put into a box, and the next day an old Indian heard her crying and



groaning in the recesses of the cave, where she had been laid to rest. Very few of the Nootkas die in their houses; they are put out of the house and are, in many cases, allowed to perish in misery.



FLUME OF THE DUKE OF YORK MINE, ALBERNI

But to return to the old Indian woman. The day after her death, three Indians, the leader being Chief Maquinna,<sup>126</sup> stealthily entered the ‘Cave of the Dead’. They broke open the box used as a coffin for the old woman, and then and there proceeded to cut some choice pieces from her chest and other parts of her body, and having accomplished their work, retired as noiselessly as they had entered, each one to his own place — let us call it, for want of a better term, that of *private devotions* — which Chief Maquinna, and he is not the only one, has in the bush, where he keeps his ‘charms’ and repairs from time to time, especially in the winter season, to pray and worship. There he keeps the skull of many an old warrior, a mighty hunter, or medicine man, and holds converse with them as though they were alive, ordering them to grant him victory over his enemies either at home or abroad. He asks them to give him an abundance of whales, sea-otters, and bearskins, and prays for a long life and everlasting exemption from sickness.

<sup>126</sup> Also spelt *McQuinna*. The namesake of the Nootka chief during WWB’s visit is [Maquinna](#), who was the chief of the [Nuu-chah-nulth](#) people of Nootka Sound in the late 18<sup>th</sup> and early 19<sup>th</sup> centuries.

Thus it was with a special object that he and his friends mutilated the body of the old woman. This custom is carried to such an extent that many Indians, seeing their end approach, ask their friends that they be taken away before death — the idea of mutilation after death being a thought too repulsive even for an Indian.



ALBERNI BRIDGE

Do Indians believe in the Unseen? Undoubtedly. But they are a mysterious people, and the more they are studied, the more convincing proofs they give that no white man has ever fathomed the inmost heart of an Indian. Indians believe in a Being who gives them food, to whom they pray, but in most cases they attribute to a man or woman — this is hereditary — the credit for the gifts obtained. So they have in Nootka a man who causes the presence of the herring and the herring spawn at the proper season. Another claims the honor, and gets the credit, of making the dog salmon approach and ascend the rivers.

Indians believe in a future existence after death. We were told of a young man who caught a sea-otter and attributed his good luck to his mother, who had died a short time before; this he told at a feast in the presence of the whole tribe. An old medicine woman is known frequently to enter the 'Cave of the Dead' and to have been heard distinctly to ask one or more of the dead there to be found, to cure a little boy who was very sick, and whom she was by her superstitious practises trying to restore to health and happiness.

The marriages of the Nootkas are, as a rule, arranged by the parents of the young people. The boys are married as young as fourteen or fifteen; the girls, as soon as they reach the age of puberty, some of them before thirteen. A girl whose mother and father are alive is preferred to an orphan, yet the

mother-in-law is as objectionable an article as with the whites in many cases. But the Indian is essentially a speculator. Therefore, the parents of the young man are in favor of a girl whose parents are alive, because they argue that these parents will continue to support their daughter by giving her presents, clothing and other useful articles.



INDIAN RESERVATION, ALBERNI RIVER

The marriage ceremony is preceded by gifts of money or presents, but it is not a real bargain; that is to say, an Indian does not really buy a wife for his son, as is sometimes supposed. The money and presents are a mere show, to prove that the candidate is in earnest. They are also a means of flattery, as the greater the chief whose daughter is asked in marriage, the more numerous are the presents, but when the girl is given up in marriage, all the money and the presents are returned sometime or other, or other presents are substituted. So the gifts are virtually a matter of ceremony.

Indian marriages are not indissoluble, although the Nootkas seldom separate, especially if the union is blessed with children. Polygamy is becoming rare and only three follow that custom in Nootka at the present time, Maquinna being one of them.

These people relate many interesting facts about the presence of the Franciscan Fathers in their midst over a hundred years ago. They sing several of their hymns in Spanish, describe the celebration of religious feasts, such as Christmas, and give numerous details about the Spanish settlement towards the close of the last century.

The Reverend Father Brabant has spent the last twenty-six years of his life in Christianizing and raising the status of the inhabitants of Nootka Sound, and is much beloved by them. In his opinion,



they are extremely backward compared with the other reservations on the Island. This is explained by the fact that they are mostly old men and women, and with such people much progress cannot be made. They have very few children, and the latter are decreasing all the time. Consequently, after a couple of generations, comparatively few of them will be left.

Our journey from the head to the foot of the lake was made pleasantly enough with the advantage of a dead calm, and we reached Stamps River, which flows out at the foot, nine hours after the start. This river soon becomes the Alberni River, and nearby is a lagoon, where we bade goodbye to the water and made for the woods, striking a rough trail of four miles, which brought us to Sproat's Lake. We had now reached the outskirts of civilization, and it was a pleasure, after a satiety of wilderness, to see at last some arable land and tread firmly on an actual road.

This lake is very irregular in outline, like a long arm and a short one crossed, twenty miles in length, surrounded by low hills with their ubiquitous firs, higher ranges standing some distance back. Excellent fishing is reported at the head and foot.

Alberni is a busy place, for it is the center of both a mining and a farming country. It lies at the head of the canal of the same name, and besides its easy approach by water, there is a wagon road all the way to Nanaimo, a distance of fifty-four miles, over which a stage runs weekly. It also possesses telegraphic communication with the outer world, has its hotels and stores, its wharf and school, and a young Presbyterian 'holds the fort' religiously. Here, also, is an industrial school for Indian children, and civilization has reached the present day culminating point in that the 'bike' has its ardent followers.

The Alberni River is a lovely stream, finding its placid way amid much arable land, and giving the nascent town the purest of drinking water. What with the farmer and the miner, the woodman and the orchardist, the fisherman and the cattle dealer, there is a great future before Alberni, and before long will be seen the entry of the iron horse, and those silent forests will resound with tramp and yell.

While up to a few months ago the Kootenai mining district monopolized the attention of outside capitalists, it has gradually become better known that on Vancouver Island there is mineral wealth that will call equal attention to it. It was uphill work for Kootenai to gain its just recognition, and so will it be for Alberni. Extensive development work is being done of mineral claims in the district, a large area of which is threaded by veins carrying gold, silver, and copper. The indications from surface rock are very encouraging, while the accessibility of the claims — many being on deep water — cheap transport charges, an unlimited supply of coke, abundance of wood and water, and mild climate throughout the year, are advantages not to be lost sight of by the mining investors.

We paid a visit to the Duke of York hydraulic claim on China Creek, which is worked on California principles. Near the upper end, a dam has been built, and the creek water directed into a flume, a mile and a quarter long, to a pressure box; the water then passed through a twenty-two inch pipe, seven hundred and fifty feet long, with a fall of one hundred and forty feet, and is delivered through a seven inch monitor <sup>127</sup> with force equal to 418 horsepower. The flume is a most interesting specimen of engineering skill. At the upper end, the entire structure is supported on chains driven into the face of the bluff (called bracket work) at a distance of one hundred and twenty feet, about thirty-five feet above China Creek. Three hundred and fifty thousand feet of timber were used in the construction of the flume, which is six feet wide and three feet deep. There are only three of the same kind in California. One at the Pliocene Mine and Cherokee in Butte County, another at the Milton Mine in

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<sup>127</sup> Nozzle

Nevada County, and a third at the Irrigation Ditch in Southern California. With water power such as this in a California mine, a vast fortune could be made. The large Le Grande Company in Trinity County is building a ditch twenty-eight miles long to bring water to their mine, tunneling a mile through the mountains.



COPPER MINE ON THE SARITA RIVER, AT THE MOUTH OF THE ALBERNI CANAL

The tramway for timber deserves a passing notice. It is built on railroad principles, set in ties with three rails; in the center of the tramway is a space of sixty-six feet, which has four rails to enable the cars to pass each other, the entire work being done by gravity, the loaded car down taking the empty car up. Forty thousand feet of reserve lumber is stored there. Another interesting feature is the derrick used in moving boulders and stumps of trees. The boom is adjustable to the maximum length of ninety



feet, and for our benefit a rock of six tons was dumped into a creek, a distance of one hundred and eighty feet, with the greatest ease. This is operated by water power and is in the charge of one man. About thirty thousand dollars have been spent on this property.

The capacity of the flume is six thousand inches, and it is intended to work two monitors with which to handle twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred cubic yards of gravel daily.



ALBERNI NEW TOWN WHARF

The creek has been worked by Chinamen — hence its name — in their primitive way for years, and the fact that they are anxious to return indicates that the supply of gold is not yet exhausted. Owing to a disastrous fire last year, in which the boom of the derrick was destroyed, working operations have been much retarded.

There are other placer claims on China Creek, notably the Cataract, upon which considerable outlay has been made, but through loss by fire, the company has not been in a position to commence working operations. Arrangements are now being completed in England to make another trial of the ground, and if these prove satisfactory, the mine will be taken over by an English company and work resumed on a larger scale.

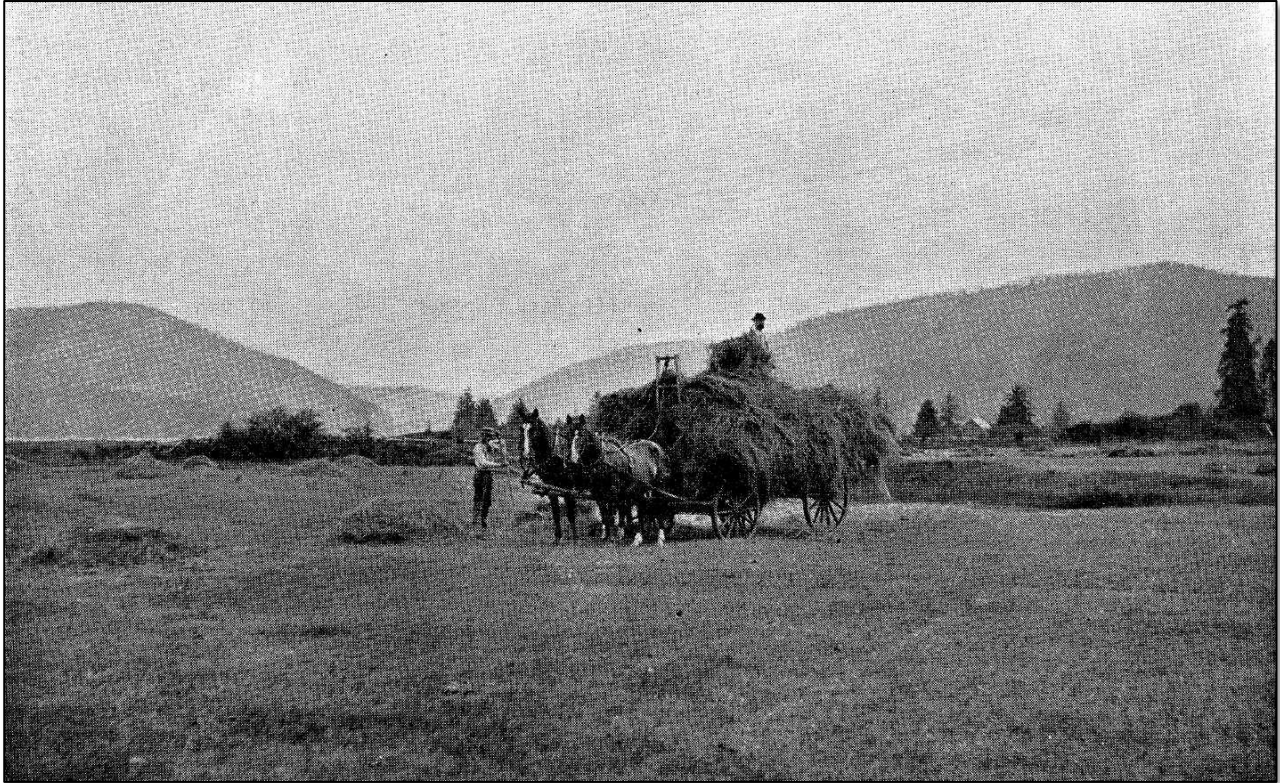
The vein of the Alberni Consolidated Mine on Mineral Hill, in which Mr. James Dunsmuir <sup>128</sup> is largely interested, has been proved to be large and rich. A three-stamp mill has been erected on the creek, and a road two miles long built, connecting the mine with the mill. A trial test of fourteen tons of the ore put through lately gave \$529.40, which is thirty-eight dollars in free gold to the ton, leaving out of the question the concentrated, which would add sixteen to twenty dollars more. It is

<sup>128</sup> [James Dunsmuir \(1851–1920\)](#)



contemplated to put up a twenty-stamp mill. Mineral Creek will be connected this year with Alberni, on seawater, by a fine wagon road, so that communication for shipping is excellent.

The Gold Eagle gold quartz lode is one of the most promising of all the Alberni mines, and is situated at the head of China Creek, about sixteen miles southeast of Alberni and thirteen miles from the mouth of the creek. It is now bonded to Lord Fingal and a London syndicate. A general sample of the ore has given an average of \$8.26 in gold and 36 cents silver per ton, across seven feet of quartz.



NEAR ALBERNI

King Solomon's Mine is a valuable mine on the sky; its is hard to reach, and tests the powers of a mountaineer. The trail starts from McQuillan's cabin in the basin, and is like walking up the side of a house, ascending zigzag to the height of twelve hundred feet to the snowline, thence up the snow for eight hundred feet, the tunnel of the mine being situated three hundred feet below the top of the divide, facing due north and running north to south. Latest assays of the ore give an average of seventy-seven dollars in gold to the ton, the nature of the ore being refractory, composed of pyrites, galena, gold and silver. The situation of the mine is unique, lying fully thirty-five hundred feet above the sea level. The view from the top of the divide is unequaled. Facing you south are the Hiwatches Mountains, with grand snowy peaks; to the west, Mount Douglas, 4,245 feet in height, and McQuillan Peak, 4,200 feet; to the east, Mount Saunders, 4,800 feet, and Hansen Heights. Mount Douglas, from all accounts, promises to rival Mineral Hill in mineral wealth.

We also visited the copper mine on the Sarita River, which flows into the Alberni Canal. This is a large vein, 275 feet wide, which runs into a mountain a mile and a half from Barclay Sound. It is naturally exposed by the Sarita River for its full width, and the owners have uncovered it in half a dozen places along the base of the mountain. A tunnel has been run into it, extending 170 feet, at the end of which it is intended to crosscut the ledge, which will give a good idea of the class of ore existing. At the river's edge, the ore assays from five to twelve percent of copper, from one to six

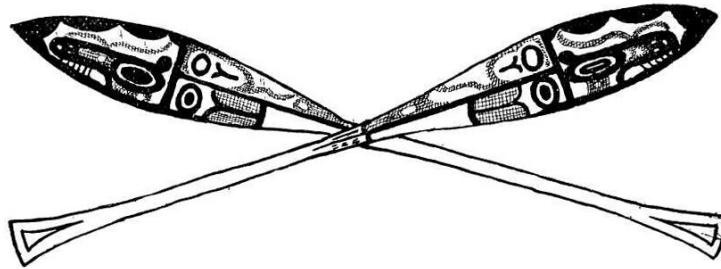
dollars in gold, and from two to sixteen ounces in silver. The ore in the tunnel is believed to be the cap of a huge copper lode, and a shaft has been sunk near the end of the tunnel, a hundred feet. The ore along the edge of the Sarita River cannot be distinguished in appearance from that of the best Rossland mines. On Santa Maria, Copper Island and Uchuckleset Harbor, <sup>129</sup> there are large croppings of similar ore, of which discoveries have lately been made.

The wharf at the new township of Alberni has been completed during the past year by Messrs. Waterhouse and Penny at the head of the navigation on the Alberni Canal on Stamp Harbor, there being a depth of twenty-four feet at dead low water, thus giving every accomodation for freight and passengers. A road has been made to the settlement of Alberni on the river a mile and three-quarters distant, and an appropriation having been asked for, it is expected that the new trunk road connecting the wharf at the town site with the Duke of York Mine, which is so urgently required, will be taken in hand and completed at an early date. This will shorten the distance to all the mines to a considerable extent, and reduce the cost of getting in supplies, owing to the easy grades and deep water facilities. The harbor is one of the finest on the Pacific coast.

The Alberni Canal has a wonderful charm about it. Bounded on each side by high mountains, its course is tortuous and narrow, but extraordinarily deep. There is a Hell's Passage in it, well named, for here is the narrowest part, where everyday the wind whistles and howls and the tides tear through at furious pace.

Then the waterway widens out as it becomes Barclay Sound, and far away we can see where the sound becomes the ocean, and reaching it, we float on the broad bosom of the Pacific, to where friends and acquaintances welcome our return to civilization.

*W. W. Bolton and J. W. Laing.*




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<sup>129</sup> Uchucklesit or Uchucklesaht